

# TRUTH

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JANUARY 30th, 1886.

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TORONTO,

CANADA

Weekly Magazine

of Current Literature

\$3.00 per Year 10c per Copy

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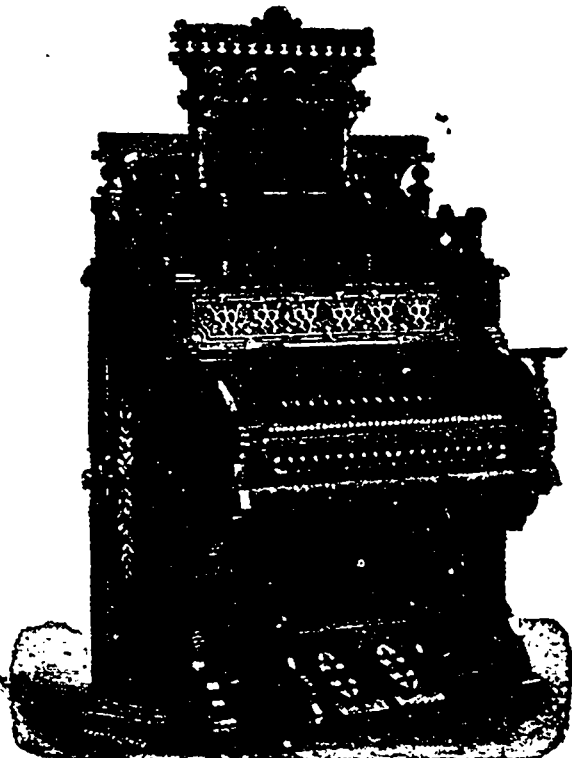
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# TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES.—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JANUARY 30, 1886.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VI. NO. 278.

## IMPORTANT.

January 31st, the date announced for the closing of Bible Competition No. 15, falling on Sunday, all letters post marked February 1st will be eligible for entrance in that competition.

## THE NOISE ABOUT THE FISHERIES.

Professor Baird has no enthusiasm for the proposed fishery arrangements for Canada and the United States. There is much talk in the newspapers now, and if one were to believe all that is said, and all that is hinted, the only conclusion he could reach would be that the Yankee people don't want our fish or our fishing privileges, and that, if we offered them for nothing, they would not be worth the acceptance. Several "representatives" and others have spoken, and as this is an international question there seems to be a strong desire to "talk" loud about it. But the loud-mouths that figure in the newspapers are not the American Government, nor the American nation, and in spite of all the verbiage hostile to a treaty arrangement, such arrangement will there be. It is a pity, however, that a man with a good reputation like professor Baird should make himself absurd about the matter. He can surely be loyal enough to the republic without making a fool of himself. He has reported to his Government, showing that the value of the privilege of fishing in Canadian waters has declined greatly within a few years, owing, first, to the fact that the habits of the fish formerly caught in great numbers near the shore have changed, and that they are now found further off shore, and second, that, with the new and improved appliances now in use, deep water fishing is more profitable and generally followed. If absurd theories are confined to pamphlets they are not of much consequence, but it is a different matter when they are dragged into an important international question as a basis of settlement. The theory that the fishes in coastal waters have changed their habits to a degree sufficient to affect this question, is the most ardent nonsense; and professor Baird cannot bring any respectable evidence of his contention into court. About twenty-five years ago the mackerel suddenly left the waters of the Newfoundland coast, and have never come back; but this is the only fact known to observers of the habits of our coast fishes that would fit itself to Prof. Baird's theory. There is something, though not very much, in his contention that certain fishery operations are carried on more extensively in deep waters of later years. But the statement rests chiefly upon the fact that within the past few years a larger class of vessels proceed from the Newfoundland coast to the Banks, instead of the operations being confined to coastal waters. This, however, does not prove that the coast fisheries have become less valuable; but that the Bank fishery has grown more popular. Hitherto fishing had been almost entirely confined to heavy vessels sitting out from France and St. Pierre in the early spring. The islanders

at last, stimulated by the example of the French, began to send ships of their own to the fertile plateau and year by year the English fleet there increases. But this, we repeat, is not proof that either the fishes, which come to shallow water to spawn, have changed their habits, or that the coastal fisheries are less important now than hitherto. The only coast fish that is falling off is the lobster; and that is chiefly due to the almost criminal indifference of the proper Department to the production of that valuable fish. Mr. Foster did not come to Marine and Fisheries any too soon.

## THE FUTURE OF OUR LAWYERS.

Mr. Harold George writes in reply to an article in *TOWN* wherein the attention of the Minister of Education is called to one of the chief evils wrought by our present Educational System. Mr. George misses our point and raises the whole question again; and this is the reason that we decline publishing his letter in full. Mr. George, from his own statement, is a "rising barrister," and he considers that such an occupation as cutting cordwood and that sort of thing is not nearly so productive of coin as legal operations. We quote: "No change or expansion of the curriculum of schools will fill the 'empty farm houses' or cultivate the 'neglected fields.' True, the common weal must suffer if the farms run to weeds, and 'the professions' become too full; but agriculturists have the same right as others to acquire wealth, influence, and commanding positions by the minimum expenditure of energy and mind. At this season I might be now cutting and piling two cords of wood in each day of ten hours, thereby earning \$1.50 per diem. But by the exercise of the energetic mind accompanying the healthy body, I shall soon be admitted to the Bar, where money can be made *ad libitum*. That I do not make assumptions or deal with hypothetical cases, I need but mention some of the details of the charges made for legal labour by a young lawyer of Toronto. Here they follow:

To Drawing a Deed.....	\$34 00
"Reading over Do.....	10 00
"Certifying to Title Do.....	40 00
"Journey from Toronto to Hamilton and back	180 00
"Interviewing Chief Justice Moss.....	40 00
"Passing Title.....	300 00
"Drawing up brief.....	17 50
"Interviewing Mr. Langton.....	50 00
	\$740 50

This bill was paid, and it is in no way exceptional, for scores of others like it are paid weekly. Is it any wonder that the sentence of agriculture lags when tempting wages like this is to be obtained in 'the professions?' We certainly agree with Mr. George that it would be very foolish to bother with cordwood when there is such a harvest to be made at the law. We ought to point out, however, lest any young agriculturist reading the above might be lured away to so promising a profession, that there is many an industrious, capable and honest lawyer in the city of Toronto, who doesn't even earn \$740 in the whole round of the year. It is a fact that "fortunes" are made now by very few in the le-

gal profession; and that there is no more difficult road to affluence than that of law, especially if the beginner has no friend already in the profession.

The young man who tells you that he finds the law profitable now is one whose father is a judge or whose brother is a Q. C. Even profound ability has to bide its time; to be content to mount the stairs at an almost disheartening pace.

The reason is, as we have said before, that the learned professions are becoming crowded to very death. There are at this day in the city of Toronto three lawyers for every one that is needed, and every lawyer's office is full of students. If this swarming condition, certain young men with a "legal turn of mind" might do worse than cut and pile cordwood "at \$1 50 per diem."

Of course there is a lot of territory yet which the lawyers have not taken possession of. When the city is literally full of the learned gentlemen they may move out into the country, and that such a plan would not be a bad one will be apparent from the following fact:

About five years ago there came to Fredericton, in New Brunswick, a lawyer from the courts of Maine. His personal property consisted of a carpet bag in which were stowed some biscuits and cheese. He went to the police court, observed that it was "slow" there, and came to the conclusion that there was nothing to be done in the law line at Fredericton. He then enquired where lay the most fertile and populous district in the province, and being told that the stretch of territory along the St. John River answered his description, he set out for that place with his carpet bag. He selected the centre of the territory and arranged with a farmer about his board. He then found that the people were prosperous and peaceful, and that they had not the knowledge of such a thing as a lawsuit in their midst. On the following morning the lawyer began operations. He called upon every farmer in the place, and impressed one and all with his lucidity, and with the quickness of his insight into questions.

In a little while a slight change could be noticed in the general tone of the community, to a careful eye. There was less of brotherly love. Deacon Gunther began to complain to his wife that Deacon Brown did not keep up his share of the line fence, and that the fence, at any rate, gave too much land to Brown. Some other neighbor complained that Alex. Laug's sheep had been "pastured" free on his land for years; "and I have it on good authority that I could collect damages." The wives sought to soothe their husbands; but it was no use. The legal spirit had taken hold of the community. In six months from the arrival of Mr. Perrigo with his carpet bag there was not a man in that whole district who was not "at law" with his neighbor. As for the lawyer himself, his condition, too, was changed. He had acquired a pair of horned oxen, a cow, and several hundred sheep. He offered pointed out to his neighbors that their "doctrines" would

ed "half dead and alive" if he had not come in their midst.

To follow in the footsteps of Mr. Perrigo is all that we can see in the future for the surplus membership of the legal profession; unless, indeed, they should prefer the cordwood occupation at \$1.50 per diem.

## CHRIST AS A DRINKER OF WINE.

A number of persons, many of them of high repute, and others without much character, have been declaring upon the platforms, and writing in the press, that it is an impertinence to condemn the use of alcoholic liquors on moral grounds, because Christ himself was known to have drunk fermented wine. One of the number says that the Saviour not alone drank wine Himself, but that He performed "a miracle in order to furnish others with the means of sinning." This may seem to be an overwhelming argument, till the other side of the case is heard. We are all aware that excessive use of wine is not a characteristic of eastern nations; and we learn nothing in the history or the poetry of the past to teach us that the nations of old suffered much from the practice of drunkenness. The truth is that in the time of Christ the owner of a vineyard pressed his grapes and drank the juice just as the owner of an apple orchard does now in Canada. It was reserved to the later generations to pervert the grains of the earth towards producing brandy and whisky. It is doubtful if such liquors as rum, gin, brandy, whisky and the other kinds which kill were known at all in those days. There were "publicans" and other "sinners" in Judea, but it would be as difficult to determine exactly what the business of the publican was, as it would be to describe the sort of beverages that he sold. This much is tolerably certain, that the Jews were not then addicted to intoxication, they never have been slaves to stimulants, and when Christ preached, intoxication was not a vice of the land. For this reason, it did not come under His ban; and He addressed himself only to the evils that were apparent. Wine was afterwards to stalk through the land, an insidious and inexorable destroyer; but as it was an evil yet unborn when the marriage feast was celebrated at Cana it was no more inveigled into the hands of the gamblers on Wall Street.

But supposing intoxication had been rampant in the days of Christ, and that then were aware of the danger of it, with the allowing of it by Christ, the weight in the scale would be added to us now.

The drink, however, was known to be moderate, and the man in that whole district who was not "at law" with his neighbor. As for the lawyer himself, his condition, too, was changed. He had acquired a pair of horned oxen, a cow, and several hundred sheep. He offered pointed out to his neighbors that their "doctrines" would

good men and women who are seeking for its banishment be opposed by those who claim to be also advocates of temperance? They know what a curse the alcoholic evil is, and it is not an argument in favor of its use to say that the founder of Christianity drank wine, but the grossest and the dullest blasphemy. Let the brewers, and the bartenders and their friends bring what arguments they choose in favour of the stimulant, but let us not hear again of the miracle at Cana in Galilee.

Sir John is accused of having an extra clerk dismissed from the civil service in order to make room for a newly arrived Englishman, one Mr. Laurence. We do not know whether the statement is correct or not; but we trust that it is not.

It is announced that the Dominion Parliament will meet for despatch of business on the 25th of February, it being found impossible, in view of the preparation of the voters' lists under the new Dominion Franchise Act, to bring the general elections on before the close of the winter. It is felt, and by no one more strongly than by Sir John himself, that the present was the opportune moment to have appealed to the country.

The Revising Barristers are now preparing the Preliminary Voters' Lists; and those who desire the exercise of their franchise, who are not already upon the voters' lists, should send in a declaration of qualification to the revising officer. The Act enfranchises any male British subject of 21 years of age who is the tenant of any real property within any city or town, under a lease at a monthly rent of \$2, a quarterly rent of \$6, a half-yearly rent of \$12, or a yearly rent of \$20; who has been in possession, and has really paid such rent for at least a year before 1st January, 1886. Or is the tenant of any real property assessed at \$300 in cities, at \$200 in towns, and \$150 in townships and villages. This it will be seen enfranchises any person who occupies a room, at a boarding house, and pays a rent equal to that specified.

The deficit in the Italian revenue for the past year has been 50,000,000 francs.

Dr. Workman entertained his hearers on Saturday last, at the Canadian Institute with a paper on hypnotism or mesmerism, so called. He stated that the subjects best adapted to the hypnotic process are persons of great nervous susceptibility, such as hysterical girls and women. Dr. Beard, of New York, repudiated this opinion, and asserted that he had found robust and perfectly healthy persons facile subjects of hypnotism or, as he called the affection, artificial trance. Those persons who have been frequently hypnotized make the best experimental subjects and are most prompt to return to the hypnotic state.

Dr. Workman means employed in the eyes of the patient at a distance of 12 to 15 inches. He can look at no other object. He is placing a finger on the forehead and constraining the patient to remain on it. He continues the operation until the eyes are closed and the patient is in a state of mesmeric trance. He then proceeds to the operation of suggestion. He suggests to the patient that he will be able to see the palm of his hand when he opens his eyes.

When the suburban villages join Montreal, the population of that city will reach two hundred thousand souls.

Mr. Chaplin is taking much political interest in the country. He is a member of the House of Commons. He is a member of the House of Commons. He is a member of the House of Commons.

the meetings of the institute are not more largely attended.

The literature of the *Globe's* local columns announces that Sir John last winter referred to the late Riel as "a sort of Canadian Mahdi," obviously intending a pun on "Metis." Sir John never makes a bad pun or a stupid joke. The *Globe* has a monopoly itself of that business.

The city toboggan slides are well patronized of late; and the spectacle presented by the participants in the sport, is very pretty and picturesque.

Lord Salisbury is opposed to "provincial" Home Rule for Ireland; and it seems that his Cabinet is a unit with him upon the question. Upon the other hand Mr. Gladstone seems as fully of the opinion as ever that justice and expediency both demand that a measure of political power should now be conferred upon the distracted "Island of Saints."

The Dominion Government have just issued a blue-book containing a report of the trial of Louis Riel. Blue-books as a rule are pretty dismal reading; but this one has certainly some lively passages.

Once again we are assured that the question of International Copyright is to be discussed during the approaching session of Congress. The United States refuse copyright to any author unless he be an American citizen; but priority of publication in the British realm secures copyright to one of any nation or color in Great Britain. One of the scandals of the nineteenth century is the condition of copyright.

Attention is being called by the *Toronto World* and other newspapers to the fact that the "philanthropists" are flooding our towns with inferior labour. In some cases cripples and lunatics have been brought from Great Britain and Ireland, to be saddled as burthens upon the people of our Canadian cities. The evil is perhaps not so widespread as the *World* thinks, nevertheless the warning is timely and the case should be looked into.

The middle-age literary wave has overtaken some of the newspapers; and in the heading to every news item or "editorial" we find a specimen of alliteration. If the editor can get two or three words, expressing his meaning, to begin with the same letter, he believes that he has performed a stroke of genius. If Dunlop is lost at sea we have "Dunlop Drowned;" or if Fahey gets "knocked out" at the second round we are told that "Fahey Falls Flat." We only mention this because this sort of literary adornment seems to be growing more generally in vogue. But it is not literary adornment; it is only literary quackery. More than a century ago literature shook the pun, and the alliteration of consonants out of her garments; and no writer with any reputation will condescend to their use, unless, in the case of alliteration, where the thing is purely accidental. As some of our young men are influenced by the reading of the newspapers, and may possibly imagine these cheap and shallow tricks to be worthy of emulation, we have taken the trouble to refer to the matter.

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could water upon the ardor of the party of revenge in the French province. Nevertheless the "count" upon the first best question after the meeting of Parliament will be watched with breathless interest.

United Ireland and other nationalist organs predict an outbreak of secret crime, and a reign of dynamite government; refuse to give the measure of Home Rule sought by Parnell and his followers.

The heart of the Queen has been always more or less with the Tories of England, and chiefly we suppose because she considers that party to be the champions of the unity and integrity of the empire upon "which the sun never sets." We take it that her appearance in person, at this crisis, to open the parliament, is a pretty emphatic indication of the direction in which her sympathies run. But happily for the popular liberty it really makes very little difference now what the private hostility or sympathy of the sovereign may be; for the people rule, and get their will through their duly chosen representatives in the parliament. The approval by the Sovereign of a statesman or a measure is a thing just about as important as if the mass some day were to start up from the table, and nod its approbation of some act of the house. There is really no such person in our constitution now as the Sovereign. The King of England, henceforth, will simply be theiface of England; and he would be as portent if he were made of wood, as he can be in his natural flesh and blood. With the predecessor of Victoria so justly named The Good disappeared forever personal royal rule in England. When Victoria came to the throne she very wisely resolved to surrender her soul to her advisers. Once indeed she sought to assert herself, in the well known *question de jupon*, or the case of the Petticoats; but that little affair served but to emphasize the fact, that political power, in herself, there was none. Our esteemed friend Mr. Martin J. Griffin may lash himself into a foam about the matter; but the fact remains. And it is better for the people, most of all it is better for the Sovereign, that it should be so.

Mr. Goldwin Smith is out with a letter to a contemporary denouncing the proposal of Mayor Howland to increase the staff of whisky informers in the city. "A Drunkard," he says, "may be not a bad man in heart, though addicted to one fatal indulgence; a professional informer must be utterly vile." As our readers know we have been unable to agree with a very few of Mr. Smith's utterances upon the temperance question recently, but we are somewhat in accord with him on this phase of the matter. We suppose that the regular police service, and the detective force, are found incapable of bringing to light many of the breaches of the license law; but one cannot help shuddering from the thought of a system which says to some wretch who is devoid of honor and of manliness, "Go into yonder bar-room; tempt the proprietor to sell you grog at forbidden hours; and you shall be handsomely paid." We are aware that since the regular officers are unable to maintain obedience to the law the hateful expedient which we have described is to some extent necessary; but we should be careful about enlarging the staff which bears the weaverly name of informers. We could admire a man who, out of zeal for the cause of temperance, laid information obtained through the means mentioned against a law breaker; we can only look with contempt and loathing upon the person who does it for hire. This question, however, arises in the minds of some: How is it that the police and detective forces are not able to cope

with the offence of unlicensed selling? The truth of the matter is they do not want to cope with it; for if they desired to stamp out the transgression they could very soon do so. Both the police and the detectives as a rule "stand in," as the vulgar phrase has it, with the "liquor men;" and the hotel-keeper on a chilly night will win the sympathy and close the eyes of the policemen with a free glass of grog. And it is to this notorious fact that the new mayor should give his earnest attention.

Our contributed articles this week are specially interesting. A subject which is occupying attention at the present time is "Ministerial Exemptions." The article on this question by "Clericus," apart from the ability with which it is discussed, is exceedingly timely. "The Mother of Angels," by Miss Keefer, is feelingly and tenderly written, and is very comforting to those mothers who have had little ones snatched from them by ruthless death. W. G. Emerson's essay on "The Decline of the Poetic Age" is ably written and very suggestive. "Unhealthy Minds" and "A Canadian Pen Picture" are also interesting and worthy of careful perusal. Mr. W. L. Smith's article on "Local v. National Prohibition" should be carefully read. His contention that the Scott Act is injurious to prohibition is certainly very well supported.

Mayor Howland has instituted the pious practice of beginning business at the City Council with prayer. The daily newspapers interviewed the various aldermen as to the desirability of the innovation, and Ald. Harry Piper said that he thought it was "a good scheme." No one more cordially than ourselves would commend a pious practice of this sort, provided the custom were sure to be received with the respect and the solemnity that belongs to it. Praying time in the House of Commons, at Ottawa, is only another name for "shindy time," and if the outsider then were vouchsafed to remain he would hear all manner of caterwauling, whistling, thumping of desks and other unseemly noises. Mr. Howland may be able to exercise a better influence over his legislative family than Mr. Speaker can do over his, but if similar outbursts of irreverence should occur at the City Council there will have been little achieved for religion by the innovation. The action of any good man, when done out of a spirit like that which animates our mayor-elect, must always be received with respect, even where the mark is overshoot in straining after an unattainable standard of piety. It was the custom at one time, and we believe the custom still, among the peasant French of many portions of *Can. Ja.*, to uncover the head and kneel as soon as the sound of the angelus bell was heard at 12. Indeed, the writer has seen, at the stroke of the hour, men and women, busily engaged stowing cargoes into fishing craft, or falling upon their knees and repeating aloud the Ave Maria and the responses. Among a simple peasant people religious exercises of this sort are likely to be more solemn and impressive, and to bear better fruit, than among a pent up assemblage of business men, whose minds are not on things spiritual, and who above all things are anxious to get at the work before them. It has been pointed out that if prayer were ever needed anywhere it is surely in the City Council, taking into account the numerous small acts of political rascality which is laid at the door of some of the ward politicians. It is feared, however, that it will take more than the pious discipline of Mr. Howland to cleanse the Augean stable.

Truth's Contributors.

MINISTERIAL EXEMPTIONS.

BY CLERIOUS.

If the tone of public sentiment throughout the country is to any considerable degree indicated by that of Toronto, the law exempting ministers of the gospel from taxation is among the things that "must go." It is a growing conviction in the public mind that they, in common with other citizens who have the benefit of protection to persons and property afforded by the police and the fire brigade, and who use the streets and other city improvements and conveniences shall pay their legitimate proportion of the cost of their maintenance. Doubtless much more is made in the argument against exemptions, of the extra burden they impose upon the poor workman, than the facts justify, as anyone who will take the trouble to examine the question for the whole country may prove, but whether the per capita sum, when distributed over the whole community is large or small, the principle remains the same: Do ministers of the gospel sustain such a relation to society as in equity entitles them to exemption from municipal taxation that would not with equal force apply to a claim for exemption from contributing to the public revenue derived from customs and excise? If the reason for any exemption lies in the moral influence they exercise in promoting industry, sobriety and public morality, then it applies to exemption in general, otherwise the law determines that the value of their services in the respects intimated corresponds with the amount of local assessment from which they are excused. It may be answered that legislators have not undertaken to specifically determine the public value of the services clergymen render in the respect of economies to the community in which they live, but to express withincertain and practicable limits their acknowledgment of such services, to which it may justly be replied, why not then extend the same acknowledgment to public and Sabbath school teachers, to lay evangelists and many others whose labors bear the same fruits, and especially to such of them as derive no income from the worth they do.

The fact is, this whole question of clerical exemption from taxation is a feature of state-churchism which ought to be expunged from the statute of our country, and with all the other privileges of citizenship which they enjoy let the law give to clergymen that of paying taxes as other men do. In this country the state exercises no control in ecclesiastical assemblies nor in the determination of the form of denominational organizations nor in limitation of their enterprises. It extends no favor to one to the exclusion of others, but to all allows an open field with guarantees for their protection from disturbance and in the prosecution of their work. More than this the state ought not to do, and to continue a sort of quasi pecuniary subsidy in the form of clerical exemption from taxation is to perpetuate a principle of state and church union which in all other respects few in Canada at all events will agree should be maintained. That any considerable number of the clergy will oppose the repeal of the exemption clauses of the assessment law in so far as their personal income is thereby affected, no one who appreciates the large-hearted liberality characteristic of their profession supposes, hence much that has appeared in the daily papers upon the subject has been as unjust as it has been ungenerous. The minis-

ters of to-day have not asked for any such favor from the legislature, neither have they by pen or voice attempted any opposition to the repeal of the statute in the case. They have kept themselves entirely aloof from the discussion, except in self-defense when false issues have been raised, and it is more than probable they will maintain the same attitude in any future discussion of the question. The fact of their having availed themselves of the present statutory provision in their behalf is no proof to the contrary, neither is it any evidence of their desire to evade their share of the burdens of citizenship. They have simply accepted, as civil service officers, judges and certain others have done, the provisions of the assessment law as it is and in doing so have no more exposed themselves to the charge of profiting by the involuntary contributions of the public than have the other classes named.

TORONTO, ONT.

THE MOTHER OF ANGELS.

BY BESSIE STAR KEEFER.

It is Sabbath evening. A solemn stillness pervades the air. The church bells have long since ceased ringing. My children are asleep in their cosy nest upstairs. And I, with my feet on the fender, sit dreamily looking into the fire. There is no one else in the house and I can rest in my easy chair undisturbed. What thoughts come crowding in upon my mind, visions of the past, regrets, self-reproach. The wind is rising and a mournful wail sweeps past the window. What waves of unconquerable longing, what billows of anguish come rolling over me. I rise and walk rapidly up and down the room, struggling against the overwhelming agony, how long I know not, but at last the storm is over, for the same dear voice which commanded the waves of Galilee has said, "Peace; be still!" and Sabbath calm again possesses me, driving out this spirit of unrest that will at times seize upon me.

I said my children were asleep upstairs. Two are there, but three are under the snow. O friend, do you know what that means? Do you know what it means, when the wind is whistling down the chimney, to realize that out in the desolate grave-yard, down in the frozen ground, lies the babe, that scarcely entered your home ere it left it, whose first feeble wail was a farewell—the little daughter, just learning to lip your name, when an unseen finger closed her lips forever? A darling boy; your pride; a treasure guarded so jealously, and without whom it seemed 'twould be impossible to live; whose feet ran on such willing errands; whom you folded to your bosom with all the intensity of a mother's yearning affection while the blue eyes lovingly looking into yours gave emphasis to the caressing "mama darling;" suddenly, without warning, snatched from your arms, the loving eyes closed, the dear voice hushed, the willing feet nevermore to run to meet you? If you understand the bitter, bitter meaning, God help you, for He alone can make light to shine in this darkness. And He will help you.

Though so many centuries have elapsed, the promise is as sure to-day as when it first was given—"My grace is sufficient for thee." It is useless for friends to counsel us to "be resigned," it is worse than useless for us so to counsel ourselves. Zealous Christians speak no reproof, come not to us with saintly homilies on the blessed meaning and mission of affliction, or duty of submission. We have heard all that before. But

sometimes we cannot bear even a sympathetic hand-clasp. Only leave us alone with our grief and our God, let us wait upon Him, and the time will come when in the midst of our mourning we shall say: "He leadeth me bestride the still waters." O what stillness after our turbulent grief! Slanderer, do you know we are mothers of angels! The preciousness of that thought is taking possession of me to night as I resume my chair by the fire.

"They are not dead—  
But gone into that school  
Where they no longer need our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule."

The cold grave and desolate churchyard pass; I see the gates of pearl, the streets of gold, the crystal sea, and the "great multitude which no man can number," forever free from pain, or crying, or sickness; happy where there is "fulness of joy forevermore." The wind dies away and in its stead I hear the sound of "harpers harping on their harps," and the triumphal song of the redeemed. And above it all there comes to me the well remembered greeting—"here's my mama's darling boy," and as I strain my eyes to see my children on the other shore, the vision fades; but my sorrow will never again be quite the same. Heaven is a reality.

Perhaps you have asked why does God give us our children only to take them again and leave us desolate. But, bereaved mother, would you give the remembrance of the happiness that was yours for a season, the thousand treasured words and ways, to escape this pain? I know you would not. Rather let us, from the remembrance, gather inspiration to truer womanhood and nobler lives, as deep down in our hearts we say:

"The mother of angels must walk softly."

TORONTO, ONT.

THE DECLINE OF THE POETIC AGE.

BY W. E. EMERSON.

And the angels, all pallid and wan,  
Uprising, unrivelling, affirm  
That the play is the tragedy of man,  
And its hero the conqueror worn.

In this truly wonderful and progressive age, that has accomplished so much and solved so many mysteries, the seemingly simple question, "What is poetry?" remains unexplained. That which we consider unexplained is a something, countless leagues beyond stereotyped definitions. We have all heard of poetry in real life; of poetry in nature. We see it in sunshine, feel it at dusky evening, and hear it in the moaning storm. It blossoms in the tender flowers, it sighs o'er desert wastes, and, though we feel its magic, we fail utterly to identify its real essence. We listen to the innocent prattle of children, the laughing voice of the brook, the sweet thrill of nightingales, the quiet murmur of leafy groves, and the deep diapason of the storm-tossed ocean; and we know that man has sensed and blended them into harmonious and eloquent melodies, but the soul of song is and remains unshored, for 'tis fathomless indeed in this boasted age of practicality that we do not even attempt to understand that which we feel belongs to the age of poetry. Reader, write the name of all the poets of whom you can think, strike your pencil through the names of those upon and against whom seemed to rest the dark frown of Providence. Examining the list and see how few names remain unscathed. What does this prove? That genius finds a potent sword, not oft-times its very origin. Truthfully said that "happily and women have some startling

their best energies, 'at which was looked upon at the time as a calamity." Thus poetry must be composed of soul—must spring from the heart—or it falls short of moving us; from heart strings often that have been attuned to misery, struck by passion, vibrated by ambition, or it finds no answering tremor in our own. There is a long train of misfortunes and unhappy eccentricities of characters met with in reading the lives of poets. Public opinion is to day, and has ever been, quick to censure and slow to appreciate. What an example in these immortal lines:

"Seven cities proudly claimed the Homer dead  
Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

"Distance lends enchantment." So we, to-day, look far away to the towering forms of poetry. We call this Homer, that Virgil, others Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, and so on down the dazzling coterie, sparkling, and radiant in the sunlight of universal applause. Familiar names are these in the geography of literature, but we do not remember, as we should, that these giant representatives of genius were brought forth from obscurity, uplifted by turbulence, made enduring by disaster, and that a robe of poverty and a crown of thorns gave way for the halo of glory. The earliest part of this century witnessed the noontide of the poetic age. The heavens were ablaze with meteors which shot upward toward the zenith of poetry, suddenly to fall beyond the horizon of their times, there revolve in the darkness and gloom for a time till another age should fix them in a constellation, both fadeless in fuster and deathless in sublimity. After death, genius is appreciated and receives its reward. Once there was a plow-boy who sang as he walked the furrows of his father's field. The mountain flower and the talking brook found in him the poet; he led a life of misery, struggled in poverty, and at last died of a broken heart—when, lo! he was suddenly exalted to a place in lyric poetry, beyond which no one can ever pass. This was Scotland's bard, Burns, by far the greatest and grandest poet that ever sprang from the bosom of the people. Again, on a bright summer morning the blue waters of the Mediterranean chanted a quiet requiem as they bore to their shores the stark and motionless body of an outcast, and the sunny Italian skies looked sadly down from above while the sea beneath sang hoarsely to rest her laureate. At the feet of Mont Blanc, upon a rocky tablet of her side, you may yet find his name carved by his own hand, "P. B. Shelley, atheist;" no God, no hope, no future, and yet he was a child of nature; a lover of the simplest flower, a worshipper of the tiniest bird, and touched to tears by the symphony of music. There is another deformed, discolored, misanthropic one—Byron. Here there comes a voice:

"Have I not suffered enough to be forgiven?  
Have I not had my heart's blood, my heart's  
Hopes sapped, my life's life?"

Better die you than to have  
pain. Why should I  
security of Halle's danger  
Drake, the suicide  
we remember  
night, at my feet  
demon and the  
the long, over  
heard, and

do  
star  
Edg  
do

him and them in tender and sacred keeping. To-day contemporaries may offer insult and reproach to his ashes: to-morrow posterity will stand guard by his tomb and scatter flowers upon his casket in token of grateful remembrance. Time will unveil what the madmen of the hour fails to discover. The noble few will lose nothing when progress overtakes them.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**UNHEALTHY MINDS.**

BY LOUISE PHILLIPS.

The tendency of the times is to mental overwork.

Among men political ambition and the desire to accumulate property are the stimulants. The question "How shall we keep from starving?" and "Who is to be the next Premier or the next President?" are ever before them. But women are the principal sufferers from the effects of this mental strain; social ambition and obligation, including church and charity work, constituting the goads. These are usually larger than the purse and strength, therefore to economize in the kitchen and lavish in the parlor and outside is the result, and a state of nervousness and morbidness arrived at that is undesirable. "What shall we wear?" "Ought we to visit her?" and "Where shall we go when we die?" are the principal questions which engross the minds of women, and in which are involved many painful perplexities.

A thoroughly healthy mind has become one of the rarest of possessions. Among women it is seldom seen, but this is not to be wondered at when we remember how modern life has widened their sphere of activity, and quickened their sense of individual responsibility. Some women become morbid by thinking constantly of what they are expected to be. Never was their such high demands upon womanhood as now. They see that they are expected to come up to a lofty standard, and that society depends upon them for its highest pleasures. To be an ideal and yet to be severely real is the task set before them. The result is that many women undertake so much. The mind is overstrained to meet unreasonable expectation, and this modern tyranny of ideal women works havoc among those who, most sensitive to duty and impulsive aims, are sure to be most completely sacrificed.

Women are also led into morbidness by what they supposed themselves expected to do. Of late years the church, benevolent institutions and practical organizations for usefulness, have laid heavy duties upon them. Nor can it be doubted that in these spheres of action they have rendered immense service to various enterprises. No one would leader them in good works, and especially those that belong to nature to womanly nature, yet it must be confessed that nature has its temptations to dissipation, and work as well as the most of society. Women fall victims to the schemes, and the spirit of the age, in the attention, sometimes great men are recorded. At York...

ness it is very likely to produce bitterness and rebellion against the confused and jarring economy of things under which we are living.

The political question alone is sufficient to drive us all—men, women and children—to distraction. Think of the thousands of our citizens whose existence depends, nearly or remotely, on the victory or failure of political parties, and who work all their life on the slippery edges of precipices! Add to this the petty wranglings between neighbors and in families during a campaign, and the concentrated agony of half our population on the morning after an election, or worse still the suspense of weeks that follow when the contest is close.

The morbidness that so often accompanies worry and disappointment, is one of woman's greatest enemies. It soon becomes a disease, a fierce and feverish consumption that destroys the strength and beauty of her life. If she has a work to do let her do it for love of the work, and not for the popularity or fame or thanks that it may bring, nor altogether from a sense of duty, for her highest duty is to herself and family. Let woman work by all means, but let her work unobtrusively and self-forgetfully, for not otherwise can she have security against an evil that does her fearful harm. Let us remember that the most desirable thing we can possess, both for ourselves, and for the sake of those with whom we come in contact, is a healthy mind.

CHICAGO, ILL.

**A CANADIAN PEN PICTURE.**

BY W. H. T.

My memory often reverts to a day in the long past, the incidents of which made a strong impression on my mind. In fact that day stands out in bold relief each time I allow my mind to wander back to childhood. The picture then shown upon the easel of Time was a strange mass of coloring the shades of dark death, and the warm fleckings of animation blending with wondrous results upon the canvas. Let me try and describe it with my pen.

Three years before the incident occurred of which I write, Henry Proctor had become a neighbor of my father. Two miles of forest intervened between the dwellings. He had entered the backwoods with a young wife and aged mother; had chopped, and logged, and toiled from starlight until starlight to build up a comfortable home in the wilderness for his beloved family, with the result that forty acres had been cleared, a temporary log house and barn erected and three wonderful harvests of grain had been gathered. Then, in the autumn, he began to enlarge his clearing, as he had done each previous season. But one day he did not come home at the usual hour, and—suffice it to say—he was found dead where he had been laboring, with the axe still clutched in his hands. A dislodged limb had deprived him of life.

I went, among others, to attend the funeral. It was one of those hazy, yet sunshiny, Canadian autumn days, the loveliest of the year, when the clouds are few and fleecy, and the sun imprints a last warm, seductive farewell kiss ere he resigns his sceptre to the tyrant Boreas. On this particular day the sun was at its kindest, and its silvery rays glistened and shimmered through the many-colored foliage of maple, birch, and elm, as we wandered through the forest path, making a belt of light and shadow that danced and shimmered in the larger stream before the woodpecker...

resounded from the tree-top; a red squirrel screamed with fright, and scurried up the nearest tree; in truth the forest seemed alive with voices, both loud and low. Life, bright and happy, was all around us; speaking in the dancing breeze-blown leaves, the whisperings of the wind, the chirruping of the woodland birds. But a distant tinkling bell warned us that we were approaching a much different scene, and following its musical notes we soon arrived at the small clearing in the centre of which stood the small rough log-house, which contained two rooms only. The scene which we encountered contrasted sadly with the life, and joy, and gladness we had just passed through. The aged mother and the young widow, with two little children, were drowned in a bitter grief, which sympathetic friends endeavored to allay with kind attention and counsel. A minister from the distant village had arrived and the burial service was proceeding, interrupted only by the heart-wrung sobs of the stricken family.

The funeral was very primitive. The coffin was constructed from rough pine boards, fashioned into something near the ordinary shape by a kind neighbor. On the day of the funeral some twenty bronzed, bearded, rough, yet kindly sympathizers, had congregated to pay their last respects to a deceased comrade. After the chapter had been read, and a short earnest address delivered by the chaplain, they bore with tender hands the rough box with its inanimate clay across a field to the verge of the forest; and there, in the shade of a giant maple, they laid their burden to rest. A neat country church now stands on the spot. Henry Proctor was the first dweller in the little city of the dead which now raises its silent towers around the church.

The grave was soon filled, the last sod smoothed; then the impressiveness of the occasion was made doubly impressive by the singing of that beautiful burial hymn of Heber's:

"Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee  
Though sorrow and darkness encompass the tomb;  
Thy Saviour has passed through its portals before thee  
And the lamp of thy life is thy guide through the gloom."

As the strains of the untrained, yet melodious voices, died away, the bared heads bowed for a moment, and the grave was bedewed with tears. It was a solemn sight, and the impressions of that day will linger long in my memory—the gloomsome, joyous forest life, the sorrowing widowed mother and orphan, the lonely grave beneath the maple. Then, as we turned away with aching hearts from the newly made mound, a swirling breeze stripped the tree above us of innumerable leaves, adding them to the quota of earth's dead.

TORONTO, Ont.

**LOCAL V. NATIONAL PROHIBITION.**

BY W. L. SMITH.

In letters published in your journal of July 12th, and Sept. 6th, 1884, I endeavored to show that the Scott Act not only would not secure the object people had in view in voting for it, but that it would even tend to set back the cause of Prohibition. I endeavored to convince such of your readers as were open to conviction that whereas the Scott Act would unjustly harass liquor dealers without materially lessening the traffic, that on the other hand an Act passed now totally abolishing the traffic and brought into force by proclamation throughout the whole Dominion ten years hence would practically secure the total suppression of the traffic. I pointed out that the Scott Act, being an attempt to destroy vested interests without either compensation or a sufficiency of warning, naturally arrayed against itself a sufficient force of public opinion to prevent the Act from becoming an effective preventive. On the other hand, I endeavored to demonstrate that a measure prohibiting the traffic throughout the Do-

minion, brought into force after due notice, would be an Act of simple justice to a trade for which we are all responsible, that it would allow time in which to still further educate the people in the cause of prohibition, and that when such an Act did come into operation it would be supported by so overwhelming a force of public opinion as to render resistance futile.

Have not subsequent events proved that I was correct in this view? Few will assert that there is the ardent desire for Prohibition now that there was eighteen months since, that desire having largely given place to a demand for a rigid high license system; and in the face of the evidence I am about to submit none can deny that the Scott Act—as a measure of Prohibition—has shown itself to be even worse than a failure. This evidence I will now lay before your readers.

The Parry Sound Star, at one time a staunch advocate of the Act, now says:

"In this village there was not one place under the Crooks Act where liquor was sold, whereas we are informed on good authority that liquor can be procured in six or seven places. In Penstangulshene and Midland we personally know that more liquor is sold than during the time of the License Act, and there are more places which may be justly called "dens" all over the country."

The *Algoma Pioneer*, the editor of which is a prominent member of the Methodist Church, says: "All Prohibitory legislation must of necessity be a partial failure until a large and preponderating majority of the people are able to compel its observance. It is impossible for 3,500 people to enforce Prohibition in a county when 3,000 others are bent on its evasion."

Addressing the Grand Jury of Victoria, Judge Dean expressed the fear "that the Scott Act is not enforced with anything approaching efficiency in more than one or two counties. The evidence of its non-enforcement is overwhelming."

Speaking of Woodstock and Ingersoll, the editor of the *Toronto World* avers from personal experience that "every tavern sells liquor as freely as under the old law. And adds that "a gentleman from Wroxeter, Huron, says it is just as bad in that county."

The *Penetang Herald* says: "After visiting most of the towns and villages in this county (Simcoe) we have been forced to the conclusion that the Scott Act, as at present enforced, is a dismal failure. We fail to see any material lessening in the amount of liquor consumed."

And TRUTH, which is *par excellence* THE temperance journal of Ontario, is forced to admit that "in Milton reputable business men have publicly stated that in their estimation drunkenness has materially increased since the Act came into operation in Halton.

Temperance people should by this time be fully satisfied that in spending their time and money in securing the adoption of the Scott Act they are not only spending the substance for naught, but that they are actually retarding the reform they have in view. Let them, then, ere it is too late, turn their energies into another channel. Let them, in the first place, lead their assistance to secure the rigid enforcement of our present license laws and at the same time circulate petitions throughout Canada asking the Federal Parliament to pass a law at its next session totally prohibiting the importation, manufacture and sale of liquor, for the purpose of a beverage, throughout the Dominion, said Act to be brought into force by proclamation in ten years, or whatever time might be considered a reasonable period. Prohibition can only be effectual by making it universal all over the country, and the only measure enacting Prohibition which can be characterized as honest is one which recognizes the justice of giving sufficient time to those engaged in the traffic to place their capital in other branches of trade. Spasmodic local efforts has proven abortive; let us now try national effort and be content to delay the era of Prohibition until we have a force of public opinion which will ensure its being effective and until it can be made so without causing practical ruin to those engaged in a legitimate traffic.

MANITOWANING, Ont.

## The Household.

### Soap-Making.

So long as it is more economical to buy than make soap many a woman will make her own soap. A lady in the Farm Journal tells how she does it.

Drive down your posts in a square about four feet apart; place a trough in the centre with the end where the lye is to run out the lowest. Take clapboards or waste boards of any kind, sharpen them at one end, and put the sharp end in the trough, leaning the wide end against the strips of wood (that have been nailed to the tops of the posts all around) at the sides and ends, this will make the hopper. Then carry two big armfuls of straw, spreading it up the sides a ways to keep the ashes from sprinkling through between the boards.

Put in about a bushel of ashes, pour in a gallon of water, and pound it down with an old meal that has one side split off. Then put in more ashes, more water, and pound again, using the rest of the straw up the sides as it is needed till your hopper is full or run out the ashes (I always run out), flatten the top evenly, pour on about ten gallons of water (two gallons at a time), and leave it to soak for a week; then pour on water as fast as it soaks through till you have your kettle two thirds full of lye, bring it to a boil, dip a feather in it three times; if it cuts it put in the grease; if the lye is too weak, boil it down and keep running off the lye from the hopper and pouring into it.

As to the amount of grease to be put in, that is something that no woman knoweth (nor man either). I generally put in about five gallons of meat tinds, cracklings, and such, then I put in more clear grease (if I have it) till it "comes," boiling it all the time, and putting in more lye from the hopper. My kettle holds about fifteen gallons. Sometimes I make a kettleful in an hour, sometimes in a day, and once in a while I have to boil it three days. This is the way to make "liver" soap or "jelly" soap.

There is another kind of soap made with the same kind of lye and grease that is called "ball" soap. It is as thick as the cornmeal dough that we feed the chickens, and about as yellow as yellow cornmeal.

It will go three times as far in washing as the "liver" soap will; it takes strong lye and lots of grease to make it; then, I believe, there is always a quantity of lye in the bottom of the barrel, while "liver" soap is soap all the way down. Have I made it plain?

I read in an agricultural paper to-day that few farmers' wives now use soap made of wood ashes; that they prefer the concentrated lye soap. It is not so. We all hate that blue, slippery, ill-smelling stuff, and never use it if we can help it. I do not know a single instance where the real old-fashioned soap is not preferred to the imitation article.

### Household Hints.

To clean brass, take one ounce oxalic acid, six ounces rotten stone, one-half ounce gum-arabic (all in powder), one ounce sweet oil, and sufficient water to make a paste. Apply a small portion and rub dry with flannel or leather.

Colored hose that stain the feet should be put into a pail of boiling-hot clear water, let them stand until cool, rub them out by hand, and put into hot salt water. When cool rinse from that thoroughly, wring dry, and hang out smoothly in the shade to dry. Black cotton goods of all kinds are benefited by the same treatment the first time they are washed, using the usual method of washing with soap after scalding.

Flannel underwear should reach from throat to wrists and ankles in winter. Why should the legs of children be left with less protection from the cold than the rest of the body? They should be loose and easy in every part with allowance for shrinkage and growth. The legs should slope by both outside and inside seams from the calf of the leg down. Leave them open a few inches at the bottom of the inner seam, that they may be folded smoothly under the stocking.

The old-fashioned slippers, worked in silk and wool on canvas, are coming in again; but they are improved upon in the designs. Tulips and other flowers are worked in embroidery-stitch, the ground only in cross-stitch. Griffins and heraldic devices, as well as crests, are also placed on the front, while some of the ground works are shot

with silver. Quite the newest have large pieces of plush tied on the canvas, forming part of the pattern.

To cure chapped hands—Wash clean every evening with pure soap and tepid water, not hot or cold. Do not use a towel to dry them but a lotion of glycerine two ounces, pure carbolic acid eight grains or drops, and pure water six ounces; a teaspoonful will be enough for both hands. Rub the hands together briskly until they are dry. Persistent and the cure will be sure.

### For Those Who Will Fry Things.

Frying is one of the most common methods of cooking meats, just as it is one of the most objectionable. But, as all meats cannot be broiled, boiled, or roasted, frying in small families when fuel is scarce, and fires too costly to be maintained on a large scale, becomes indispensable. Such being the case, it is well to understand the best possible method of performing the operation.

The process is a very simple one, consisting merely of having the fat in which the article is to be fried red hot, by which is meant heated to a degree far hotter than boiling water. When that is done a thin, brown crust is immediately formed on the outside of the meat, which prevents the fat from penetrating it, as it certainly would do if the meat is put into it before it is properly heated. The greasy, soggy fried potatoes so usually served owe their greasiness and sogginess to the cold fat in which they are first placed and allowed to stand after they are done until the fat grows partially cold. The proper way to fry potatoes is to scall them thin, and then plunge them into boiling lard. As soon as they are browned to a crisp they should be skimmed out and thrown into the colander to drain. So much for the art of frying.

### Housewife's Scrap Book

Stain on cups and saucers may be removed by rubbing with ashes.

When sponge cake becomes dry it is nice to cut in thin slices and toast.

If the oven is too hot when baking place a small dish of cold water in it.

To remove mildew, soak in butter-milk and spread on the grass in the sun.

To prevent mustard plaster from blistering, mix it with the white of egg.

Never put salt into soup when cooking till it has been thoroughly skimmed, as salt prevents the skum from rising.

When the burners of lamps become clogged with char, put them in a strong soap suds and boil awhile to clean them.

Boiled starch can be much improved by the addition of a little sperm or a little salt, or both, or a little dissolved gum arabic.

To brighten the inside of a coffee or tea pot, fill with water, add a small piece of soap, and let it boil about forty-five minutes.

If matting, counterpanes, or bedspreads have oil spots on them, wet with alcohol; rub with hard soap, then rinse with clear, cold water.

It is said that canned berries retain their flavor, and keep better, when a buttered cloth is laid over the top of the jar before screwing down the cover.

Nurses in a sick room should not sit or stand too near the patient, and above all things they should avoid talking when leaning over a sick person.

A liquid black lead for polishing stoves is made by adding to each pound of black lead one gill of turpentine, one gill of water, one ounce of sugar.

Picture frames made with a combination of polished oak and gilt ornaments are admirably adapted to water color drawings, and are less expensive than other styles.

To keep insects out of bird cages, tie up a little sulphur in a bag and suspend it in the cage. Rod ants will never be found in closet or drawer if a small bag of sulphur be kept constantly in these places.

Old newspapers will put the finishing touch to newly cleaned silver, knives and forks and tinware better than anything else. Rub them well and make perfectly dry. They are excellent to polish stoves that have not been blackened for some length of time.

Burmah is six times as large as Scotland.

## Health Department.

### Fast Living.

How to live morally in reality includes how to live physically. Yet it is to be feared that a great many in this world forgot what it is to be just to the body. The impositions upon our human natures are often self-inflicted. The race of fast living is rapidly increasing. It is not wonderful that in these days of rapidity, man himself should rush on, and in many ways lose his balance. It is altogether probable that Methuselah had very little to hurry him, and that the modes of doing business as late as the Roman Empire, had but little of the hot haste of the present day. When we are rushed along by steam at the rate of fifty or sixty miles per hour, and can have intelligence from around the globe in a day, it is inevitable that business methods will receive a like impetus, and that men and women will seek to crowd into a day what formerly took a week. The influence extends into every walk and run of human life. Just as every mile of speed, added to the locomotive after it has attained a high rate, adds tenfold to wear and tear; so in this human race, it is the stress and strain beyond a certain mark that puts the whole framework into a state of tension. It is true that, by early and continued training, method may be so attained, and an automatic response so secured, that one does with ease what would exhaust another. But the measure of the capacity must be known to the person himself.

Rapid eating is one of the first developments of this haste. It must be ludicrous to a restaurant boy to see a cow chewing her cud, and quietly resting in placid enjoyment. The idea of resting and recreation and deliberation in eating, no longer occupies the thought of the average Canadian boy, much less of the business man. Yet the power of life depends as much upon this as upon any one conduct of life. The relation of the chewing and the juices of the mouth to the after digestion, all along the digestive track, and to that assimilation which is to give force and vigor to work, is such that we cannot afford to forget the essential relationship. The failure of this part of the apparatus to do its part, does not involve immediate loss of power or bed-ridden sickness, but is a more frequent limitation upon forceful life than any one disability. A thorough digestion not only leaves the mind clear, and the nervous system placid, but so improves the physical and mental machinery with its propelling power as to make thought as natural as if it were a physical function. It is not difficult to see in the work, as well as in the writings, of some men the traces of a bad physical condition. Emerson overstated the case when he said that the sick man is on the road to rascality, but, nevertheless, did indicate what is true, that a man in a chronic state of embarrassed digestion is out of gear with himself and the rest of mankind. We believe that the foundations of many an incapacity are laid in this want of quiet, deliberate eating.

Methods of study, to a large degree, have similar errors. The cramming process is still too popular. It is not always that the amount of study assigned is too great. Often the child leaves the work to be crowded into too small a space of time, or to hours which are those of tire and sleepiness. The mind is with difficulty goaded on to its work, and what is accomplished is at a much greater expenditure of vital force. So as to methods of business, too much is done under the pressure and excitement of hurry, and in such a way that as few hours as possible may be occupied.

Irregular meals and irregular sleep come in for their share of influence. Because the system seeks to some degree to adjust itself to the forced conditions, the person is too apt to conclude that it is no serious matter. But observers, even on change, are noting the effects. There are few middle-aged and old men that continue to do business as they formerly. Young life is at the head of most mercantile and banking establishments. The number that are retiring too early from actual break-down or premature old age is undignified. There is need to order a halt to all this fast living. Most men are happier not to retire too early from work, even if they have a competent successor. It is the result of damper life, the ocean, or for any great

many there are who are only partial invalids, and yet whose life-work is restricted by imprudence as to the care of life. If, now, a man past sixty is found in the full enjoyment of business activity, he is looked upon as rather a wonder. Such men as Metternich, Nesselrode, Palmerston, Gladstone, and Victor Hugo are scarce on this side of the water. While there are a very few that survive fast living, if you will gather the histories of one thousand persons over sixty-five years of age, it will be found that, both by good inheritance and careful living, the race is prolonged. The laws of self-control and self-restraint need to be brought more thoroughly to bear on each individual life. For, next to character, health is the best capital to have in this world. He who spends the thrill of a good constitution is a spendthrift more than he who is careless as to accumulating wealth.

### No One Rule for All.

No two persons are alike physically. People differ in temperament, heredity, susceptibility to disease, and in recuperative power. There is also an acquired disposition to particular diseases from occupations and habits of life; and temporary susceptibilities from anxiety, grief, watching, and overwork, mental or physical. Bad hygienic habits also make a vast difference, as do bad hygienic surroundings.

There are, moreover, undefinable changes in the physical system from childhood to old age, that render the liabilities of the later period quite different from those of a previous one. Removal to a different climate also greatly changes the susceptibility. So much is this latter fact true that vaccination, good at home, may be powerless abroad.

Hence a medicine good for one person is not necessarily good for another. Here appears the value of a family physician, one who knows the family history of his patient and the latter's physical individuality.

We see, also, that the same hygienic methods are not equally adapted to all. One can sleep with his window open not only without harm, but with positive benefit. The depressed condition that characterizes sleep, the more noxious night air, and the liability to marked changes in the outside temperature, would render the habit perilous to many others.

So one must not blindly take a daily cold bath because others have tried it, and strongly recommended it. It might be death to one, though life to another. One needs to have regard to the condition of the heart, and the readiness to react from a chill to a glow. To some a semi-weekly warm bath is much better.

It is somewhat the same in the matter of exercise, which may help or may harm. One, if at all delicate, should carefully find out what is best, both in kind and degree.

It is equally so in the matter of food. While the vigorous, who largely live out doors, may eat almost anything within the limits of their appetites, others must learn the limits of their own digestive powers, and act accordingly. It is certain that these limits vary greatly.

### Bacteria.

The proportion of bacteria in a cubic meter of atmospheric air is, according to M. de Parville, 0.6 in sea air, one in the air of high mountains, sixty in the principal cabin of a ship at sea, two hundred at the top of the Parnassus, three hundred in the Rue de Rivoli, six thousand in Paris sewers, thirty-six thousand in Paris houses, forty thousand in the hospital of the Hotel Dieu, nine thousand in the Plie. In Ryder public m... dred an... Rue... co... three... Pa... as d... not... but... smaller.

Young Folks' Department.

DISCONTENTED PUSSY OAT MEAL.

BY F. I. M.

Said Pussy Cat Mew, Whilst eating rat stew, (Such a grumbling Grimalkin was she!) "It's not half so nice, As a pie of fat mice," (Such a grumbling Grimalkin was she!)

"I am fully convinced, That grasshoppers—well minced— (Such a grumbling Grimalkin was she!) "Make the very best dish, Saving always fresh fish," (Such a grumbling Grimalkin was she!)

"But no! I'm absurd, For a tender young bird," (Such a grumbling Grimalkin was she!) "Is the tidiest of bits And just suits me to fits," (Such a grumbling Grimalkin was she!)

"I'd like a nice little Pancake of black-beetle," (Such a grumbling Grimalkin was she!) "In fact this stewed rat Tastes remarkably fat," (Thus she grumbled—but finished her tea!)

Sunshiny Tilda.

The cold winter's wind blew fiercely, and rocked the crazy old house in the miserable quarters where the city's poor were crowded in houses long since condemned as unsafe.

"Oh, I'm so cold!" said Tilda Ryman, as she lay in her low bed of straw, shaking with cold, in the fireless and carpetless room. The wind through the crevices in the wall chilled the weak little body, and there was no warm covering upon Tilda's bed.

Tilda was hungry; though 'twas afternoon, she had not tasted food, and her supper the evening before had been cold boiled potatoes without salt or pepper. But Tilda expected nothing; it was no new experience for this 10-year-old to be alone, cold and hungry.

"Oh, I wonder if mother's drinkin' again. I'm so afear'd she'll freeze to death, such cold days as this! If I could only watch after her a bit. 'Pears as if I shouldn't want to be in this world without mammy!" and tears stole down the thin cheeks of half-starved Tilda.

"Are you awake, Tilda? and don't you want to take care of Polly Pipkin while I'm gone to the school?" And a larger girl pushed open the door and seated herself in the one shaky chair in the room.

"Oh, Martha Jane, please hand me Polly this very minute!" and Tilda sat up in bed, eagerly reaching out for a battered, soiled dolly, so ugly that few little girls would have wanted to look at it.

Tilda couldn't move her lower limbs. A drunken papa had struck her cruel, heavy blows when a wee girlie, and ever after something was the trouble with Tilda's back, her rosy cheeks grew thin, and mamma sobbed all the time.

Tilda didn't mind much then that she had to sit still and could never run or play, for mamma was so loving and tender with her crippled girlie; but she had not learned to drink then.

Tilda hugged Polly Pipkin close to her breast. The tumbled flaxen hair had not been combed for several days, and the thin dress was tattered and dirty; no lover had looked after Tilda's com-

ing. "Tilda?" asked Martha Jane. "The sun'll melt the snow, and you'll be able to dig out the

...n't had dinner, ...n for one ... My ... time he ... it up ... mean ... and ...

... With a bang Martha Jane closed the door. Tilda snuggled up into a heap and cuddled Polly close to her, and then went to sleep.

"I'll ask the ladies to help her, I'm strong and can work, but Tilda never can. Why—

—if here isn't old Mag, drunk, and almost snowed over! I'll have to miss school, but I promised Tilda to look after her mother.

... think she'd rather I'd bring ... than anything, though I wanted ... bread and meat and a bit of

... Martha Jane knelt ... an to dig out the



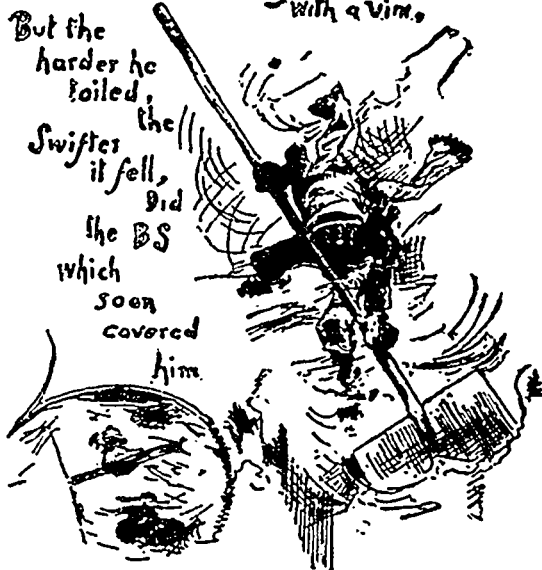
The beautiful Snow! In profusion it fell. One cold, cold winters day.

And the little boy came with his shovel to clear

The BS fr. the Sidewalk away.

The beautiful Snow! So white and so soft: And the little boy worked with a vim.

But the harder he toiled, the swifter it fell, did the BS which soon covered him.



The beautiful Snow!

So silent, so deep; Another small boy sought a job.

For 23 cents he'd

He'd "bounce the whole lot,

How could, So help him Bob!"



The beautiful Snow!

Still faster it fell:

(I said YES, an hour ago.)

Number 2 went to work:

But it wasn't ere long

He lay under the snow.



knew; and now look at her!—all purple and bloated—Hush! I didn't mean to make you cry. Here, Tilda, let me warm you up a bit;" and Martha Jane held the cripple in her arms until she had warmed a little the benumbed body of Tilda.

"I must be goin' to the school. We learn to mend and sew things there. I'm goin' to bring you something; it'll be company for you to try to guess what it will be."

"Martha, if you—should—see—mammy—lyin'—in—the—street, will you—will you—just—"

"I'll try to bring her home, Tilda. The boys shall not throw snowballs at her while I'm around, and I'll try to sober her up with a cup of hot soup."

With a bang Martha Jane closed the door. Tilda snuggled up into a heap and cuddled Polly close to her, and then went to sleep.

"I'll ask the ladies to help her, I'm strong and can work, but Tilda never can. Why—

—if here isn't old Mag, drunk, and almost snowed over! I'll have to miss school, but I promised Tilda to look after her mother.

... think she'd rather I'd bring ... than anything, though I wanted ... bread and meat and a bit of

... Martha Jane knelt ... an to dig out the

woman, stupid with drink, not minding the approach of a beautifully-dressed lady.

The drunken woman muttered in her sleep as Martha tried to arouse her, when the lady too knelt, saying, "Let me assist you." And before Martha could think, the lady had called help and her carriage, and and they were all driven to Tilda's.

Mrs. Manning's tears blinded her eyes as she looked upon Tilda and Polly Pipkin.

With Martha's help she soon had Tilda in a warm bed, wearing a flannel wrapper, in a home specially for weak, poor children.

Tilda's mother was cared for by ladies who work earnestly to help men and women break off the habit of intemperance and become respected, pure, good souls again; and Tilda prays daily for "mammy."

"My! but you're fine! I s'pose you wouldn't look at Polly Pipkin now!" said Martha, as she visited Tilda in her warm room, just after she had eaten a breakfast of warm oatmeal and milk, and a pink-sheeked dolly in a pink dress lay in Tilda's arms.

"No, ... can't mean a word of that, you dear summary Tilda! You'll always stick to homely old friends, and I'm glad you have a new dolly. Good news! Daddy's taken the pledge, and maybe I'll have a new dolly too, I know you're glad, Tilda dear."

WINTER WRINKLES.

A new comedy is called "The Girl With a Tin Heart." Nearly all the girls have a tin heart, when a young man comes round with a soft solder.

A woman may not be able to sharpen a pencil or throw a stone at a hen, but she can pack more articles in a trunk than a man can in a one-horse wagon.

The saying, "full as a goose," does the goose great injustice. A goose never gets so full that it has to hold on to a lamp post, as did some folks the other night.

"He is steely unscrupulous," writes an Irish editor of a political opponent, "and his memory is so poor that he frequently forgets one minute what he says the next."

"Don't you like this room?" asked the principal of the new teacher. "Oh, yes, I like the room well enough," replied the miss who had a large class of boys, "but I find it very sonny."

We have several encyclopedias running around loose in this office, but they are as unsatisfactory as \$7 business suits. They are all silent as to how boarding-house messages are made.

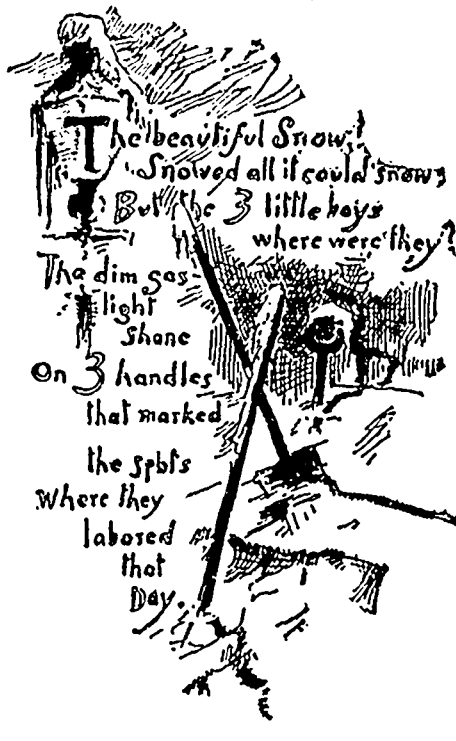
"Naw!" (ha: version of grandma) "Is



The beautiful Snow!  
 Profuses it fell:  
 Along came small boy No 3  
 "Shov' yer  
 walk 'n?  
 No if aint  
 ben  
 leched,  
 Them  
 other  
 boys'  
 SLID,  
 They's  
 N.S.



The beautiful Snow!  
 Snowed all it could snow  
 But the 3 little boys  
 where were they?  
 The dim gas-  
 light  
 Shane  
 On 3 handles  
 that marked  
 the spots  
 where they  
 labored  
 that  
 Day.



Know Him.

The man who arranges an informal visit to a lunatic asylum may have occasion to wish that he had chosen a place from which it is easier to depart. Some experiences of that kind remind one of the fental air with which a fly enters the innocent-looking trap and the frantic persistence with which he stays there.

Sir Edward Sugden, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, about the middle of the present century, once visited, somewhat by surprise, a lunatic asylum in the neighborhood of Dublin, to satisfy himself as to its condition. A hasty notification of his visit reached the place just before his arrival,—one which was strongly colored by the waggish propensities of the sender. The head of the establishment, chancing to be absent, the notification in all its coloring, was accepted as truth.

In consequence, Sir Edward, while awaiting in the parlor the return of the proprietor, found himself rather unceremoniously treated. When his patience became exhausted, and he signified his intention of going over the establishment without further delay, he was amazed at being informed by the attendant that he could not be allowed to do so.

"Can't be allowed to do it? What do you mean, fellow?" asked the indignant Chancellor.

"I mean just what I say. You can't go, so you may as well be quiet."

"What do you mean by this insolence? Open the door, sir, and show me to my carriage. I shall report your conduct, and if your master does not punish you, I shall take steps to make both him and you respect my authority."

"Oh, be aisy now wid yer authority!" put in another official. "Kape quiet, will ye? Not a fut do ye stir out o' this, till the docthur comes back and tells where ye're to be put."

"What is the meaning of all this? Don't you know who I am, fellow, or are you mad?"

"Oh, faith, there's one of us mad, sure enough! Troth, I know ye very well, if that's all that's troublin' ye."

"You can't know me, or you wouldn't dare to behave in this manner to me. I am the Lord Chancellor of Ireland."

"Lord Chancellor? Well, sure, ye're welcome home to us. It's three or four lord chancellors we've got here already!"

Sir Edward was indeed forced to submit to his keepers until the return of the manager of the asylum.

A Lonely Island.

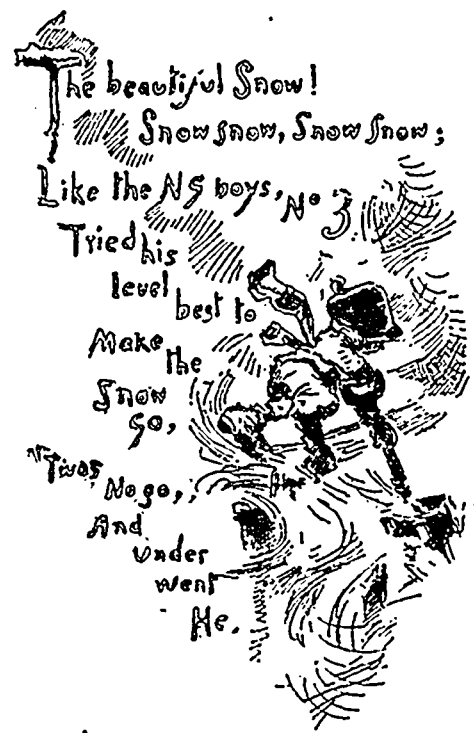
Lundy, a tiny island in the North Devon electoral district, has a grievance. In the winter, it is often cut off for weeks together from all intercourse with the outer world, and a petition has just been addressed to the "adjacent islands of Great Britain," which sets forth the peculiar disadvantages under which this isolated bit of territory lies. It states that Lundy forms a portion, however insignificant, of her gracious majesty's dominions, and is inhabited by 100 human beings, who are unsurpassed for loyalty. Electorally, Lundy belongs to the North Devon district, but its inhabitants are utterly unable to record their votes, as there is no polling place upon the island, and no regular postal communication between it and the mainland. "At the present time," adds this melancholy protest, "we have nearly 30 qualified electors residing here, not one of whom will be able to vote. Strange as it may seem, we have been for upwards of three weeks without letters or papers, entirely cut off from the outer world, though the great political contest is so near us, we are in ignorance of all the latest news. Cannot something be done to lighten our darkness?"

A girl... frequent... ber kills...

It is said... found it necessary... Then he never... mer while...

"Now... his mother... upon... go...

The beautiful Snow!  
 Snow snow, Snow snow;  
 Like the NS boys, No 3.  
 Tried his  
 level  
 best to  
 Make  
 the  
 Snow  
 go,  
 "Twas  
 No go,  
 And  
 under  
 went  
 He.



The beautiful Rain!  
 In profusion it fell  
 That night, and lo!  
 the next  
 day  
 The thaw  
 told the  
 tale  
 of 3  
 Missing  
 small  
 boys!  
 As it melted  
 the boys  
 away



your papa dead?" "Yes," answered grandma. A long pause, and then came from the little lips: "Then the only papa you got is just a corn-popper!"

A scientific journal claims that nothing will improve a woman's complexion like early rising. This may be true, but every woman knows that for immediate results a powder rag is not to be sneezed at.

Examiner in zoology (to small aspirant)—"Can you tell me any thing peculiar about the cuckoo as regard to nesting?" Student—"Yes, sir. Please sir he don't lay his own eggs himself, sir!"

Superintendent (to little girl)—"Now, my dear, how can you best show your appreciation to your parents for the liberal education they have given you?" Little girl—"By marrying rich, sir."

"Good morning Mrs Gilligan; how is Patrick, this morning?" "Sure, he's no better, sir." "Why don't you send him to the hospital to be treated?" "To be treated, is it! Faith, an' it's the delirium trim make he has already."

A little boy was asked how he liked his new baby sister. "Well," he replied, "I don't think she agrees with me." "And why not?" was asked. "I don't know," said he, "but I always want to cry when I see mother kiss her."

An exchange recommends boiling coffee in a salt sack to settle it. Fogg remarked, when he read this: "Ah! the secret is now out. Our boarding mistress must follow this recipe. At all events, her coffee is never fresh."

Second husband (to wife)—"Are you as fond of me as you were of your first husband, dear?" Wife—"Yes indeed; and if you were to die, John, I would be just as fond of my third. I'm not a woman to marry for anything but love."

"Oh, mamma," said a little girl who had stopped in front of a glass case containing dentists' models, "here is just what you want. I have all the teeth I require," replied the mother. "But you haven't a thing fit to crimp pies with, have you?"

"Who was Moses?" asked a Sunday-school teacher. "He was an ox-driver," said a little boy. "An ox-driver!" repeated the teacher in astonishment. "What put that idea into your head?" "Cause," replied the boy, "wasn't he found among the bull-rubbers?"

Miss Diffident—"Aunty, you don't understand Italian, and your applauding at me wrong time attracts attention to you from all over the house." Mrs. Vulgarities (sharply)—"My dear, you see this ne-

wrap? It cost \$800 to import. What do you think I came here for?"

"And so you're married, Gracie?" "Yes." "Is your husband a good-natured man?" "Well, now, isn't he though? I can eat onions whenever I take a notion, and he never says 'Boo!' about it."

At a recent popular assembly in Paris a speaker pathetically inquired: "Why don't the great men of Paris bestir themselves? Why do they remain cold and unmoved at the calamities of our country?" "Because they are cast in bronze!" shouted a sarcastic voice in the gallery.

We learn from a reliable exchange that a good, healthy hippopotamus is valued at \$20,000. Here is an idea for the fashionable girls who lead a \$1,000 dog along. Get a hippopotamus and kill the other girls with envy. This suggestion is thrown out without any charge.

At a London dinner-party the other evening the ladies entered one room and the gentlemen another. In each room there was a basket of flowers, and the ladies were asked to make choice of a flower from the basket, the flowers being all different. The gentlemen went through a similar proceeding in another room, and on the ladies entering the drawing room the gentlemen saw how chance had

# THE WEDDING BELLS;

OR,  
TELLING HER FORTUNE.

By the Author of "PROVED OR NOT PROVED," ETC.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

AT ORKNEY.

It was about eight o'clock on a fair October evening. The sun, as it set behind the hills, had left a beautiful crimson blush on the face of the sky which it had called into life by its farewell kiss. There was a soft breeze moving among the trees, which made Clara Frith draw her wrap more closely round her as she went slowly down the path of the little garden in which she stood, and leaned over the gate leading into the road.

Before her lay the high road from the pretty little village of Greymere and the city of Winchester; behind her the background was filled in with the old farm-house and its outbuildings.

Clara had been staying at Greymere Farm for nearly two months. She had left Fetherstone Hall on the day following her interview with Mr. Burke, pleading her health as an excuse for the change—in reality, only anxious to get away from the hall and its inmates.

"Let me go away for a time, mother," she had entreated, passionately; "I am fit for no society. If I stay here I shall go mad. Let me go for a time to Carris, where I shall see no one and where I shall get my right senses again, perhaps."

And Lady Ellison was too anxious, at the intense nervous excitement the girl betrayed to oppose her wish; therefore, the next morning, before Mr. Burke had time to carry out his intention of leaving the hall, Clara, attended by Baxter, was on her way to Greymere.

Greymere Farm was the property of Robert Franklin—a substantial gentleman-farmer, and a generous, open-hearted man. He had married, somewhat late in life, a lady who had been governess to Clara Frith, and who had made him very happy. They had no children, and all the maternal love overflowing from Caroline Franklin's kind heart had been given to the girl whom she had taught, while Clara loved her deeply.

The welcome Clara received on her arrival at Greymere Farm was a very warm and tender one. Caroline asked no questions. She led the girl into a large low eoled bedroom which had been prepared for her; and as she took her in her kind arms Clara's composure gave way, and she burst into a passion of tears on her breast. Caroline held her tenderly in silence, waited patiently until the paroxysm was over, and then made her rest on the comfortable, old-fashioned sofa, while she got her some tea, and peered her to her heart's content.

But the agitation and excitement Clara had gone through could not fail to have some effect upon her, and the next day she was prostrate with a sharp attack of low, nervous fever, which kept her in her room for a fortnight, and left her very weak.

Mrs. Franklin was too discerning not to perceive that the cause of the girl's illness was her mind, not her body; for although Clara was not delirious, she often made some remark that proved that something was troubling her deeply, and a little tender questioning soon elicited the truth, and the matters have doubtless already been made known to Richard Burke with the exception of her lately awakened conviction that she was guilty of the theft of the jewels.

Mrs. Franklin, when she saw Clara's face, said, earnestly, then, "I wish I had seen Mr. Burke. I have not lost my old trick of judging countenances. Of course you have not a photograph of him?"

"No; but—"

"But what?"

"I drew his face once," Clara said, shyly. "I will show it to you if you like."

"What!—you kept it? You did not destroy it?"

Clara's face of distress was eloquent. "What do you mean?" she said, "I can't fetch it? she said, "What is it? what a child you are!"

"Then tell me all about it, dear; we may see some way out of the difficulty."

"He seemed so good, and noble, and true!" said Clara. "I could not help loving him, Carrie. At first he took no notice of me; I don't think he liked me; but after a while we were friends. One night—it was that very night of the ball—he said something which made me think he cared for me, and he kissed my hands," the girl said, simply, a faint color stealing into her face. "When I went to my room I could not sleep. I was thinking of him, and how, if he loved me really, I could make him so happy that he would forget his past—it had been a sorrowful one, I think. After a time when the dancing was over and the house quiet, I got tired lying awake. I wanted to go to sleep, and I recollected that two or three turns up the passage made one sleepy. I got out of bed, alighted on my dressing gown and went out of my room."

She paused, shuddering a little at the remembrance, and her hand clasping Mrs. Franklin's gave it a strong convulsive pressure.

"I heard a sound in the passage, and I saw—I saw him come out of my mother's dressing-room, and go noiselessly across the picture-gallery toward the bachelor's wing."

"And on that evidence you convict him of theft!" said Mrs. Franklin.

"But, Carrie, in the morning the jewels were gone, and no one else could have taken them."

"And you say you love Mr. Burke?" said Mrs. Franklin, quietly. "Yours must be a strange kind of love, Clara."

"But, Carrie—"

"But, my child, hundreds of thefts happen yearly without the thief being discovered," said Mrs. Franklin, gently. "The mere fact of your having seen Mr. Burke leave your mother's dressing room would not make him a thief. He may have mistaken the room."

"Impossible; his was on the other wing," said Clara, quickly.

"And, Clara, if it has not come within your experience it has within mine, that after a ball and supper gentlemen are sometimes likely to make mistakes."

"As if he would drink too much!" said Clara, indignantly.

"Is that worse than stealing, my child?" Clara colored and was silent.

"My dear little girl," Mrs. Franklin said, "if you have convicted Mr. Burke on no other evidence, you were exceedingly wrong."

"But, Carrie, when I accused him he did not deny it!"

"Did you accuse him?"

"Not in so many words! How could I? It was bad enough to believe him guilty—that almost killed me!"

"Then why did you say that he did not deny it?"

"Because, although I avoided every opportunity of seeing him," Clara said, wearily, "he managed to see me alone, and—and I told him that I knew all."

"Well?"

"He turned pale, and then he said that he had sought me that day to tell me what, by some means or another, I already knew, and—"

Tears choked further utterance, and the girl hid her face in the pillows.

Mrs. Franklin was silent for a pace.

"My child, there must have been some mistake," she said, earnestly, then. "I wish I had seen Mr. Burke. I have not lost my old trick of judging countenances. Of course you have not a photograph of him?"

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"It is in my writing-case. Will you give it to me, please?"

Mrs. Franklin gave her the writing-case. Clara unlocked it, and took out a square piece of drawing-paper, which she handed to her friend in silence. It was a pencil sketch of Ted's friend, so beautifully finished that it had evidently been a labor of love with the artist. Mrs. Franklin went over to the window and examined it in silence. Clara was a good artist; the likeness was a speaking one; and as her eyes dwelt on the proud, striking features and noble lineaments, Mrs. Franklin felt with the poet:

"I trow that countenance cannot lie  
Whose thoughts are legible in the eye"

She took it back to the sofa in silence, remarking just as she gave it into the eager little hand outstretched to receive it, that underneath was written the word "Dick," and a date.

"Well?" Clara said, eagerly.

"It is a beautiful and a noble face!" said Mrs. Franklin, gently. "You ought to be a happy girl, Clara, if that man loves you."

"O, Carrie!"

And Clara's eyes dwelt full of an undimmed tenderness on her sketch; and as Mrs. Franklin turned considerably away, she saw in the looking-glass opposite that, with the prettiest, shyest gesture of tenderness, Clara bent her head, and touched the sketch with her lips.

After that conversation Clara's health steadily improved; and although she was often depressed and low-spirited, there was no cause for anxiety about her. Mrs. Franklin said no more about Mr. Burke; but the result of her conversation with Clara had been a long letter to Lady Ellison, who was still staying at Fetherstone Hall; and although that lady's reply had somewhat surprised her, it had given her unmixed satisfaction. She kept both letters, however, to herself, only admitting her husband into her confidence.

So six long weeks slipped by, and Clara was beginning to weary a little of her quarters, kind and affectionate though her hosts were. Lady Ellison wrote frequently (Sylvia fulfilled Clara's former duties as amanuensis)—at first from Fetherstone Hall; then from her house in London, where Sylvia was staying with her on a visit, the principal object of which, she declared, was shopping for Captain Dashwood's regiment was under orders for India, and Mr. Fetherstone had at last consented to Sylvia's going out with her cousin as his wife, and this departure would be less keenly felt, for Ted was engaged, and would shortly bring home a bonnie bride of his own, to fill Sylvia's place in Fetherstone Hall.

Clara read all this with mixed pain and pleasure. She was too unselfish not to rejoice in her friend's happiness; and Ted's somewhat whimsical epistle, announcing his engagement to Gracie Allen, received a very sincere and charming congratulatory reply in return. But Clara could not help feeling pained at the ease with which they all accepted her absence, and how happy they seemed without her.

Lady Ellison's letters, written as usual by Sylvia, had lost none of their tenderness of expression; but they hinted at no loneliness without her adopted daughter; on the contrary, she wrote as if she were glad that Clara was away from her.

"How happy you must be, dear child," ran one of these epistles, "enjoying this lovely autumn in the country. I remember the time when October used to mean to me the loveliest month in all the year, with its rich russet hues, its reds and browns. London is empty and dull, and Sylvia tires herself greatly over her shopping, but she does not neglect me. I cannot praise her here, for she utterly refuses to write what I should like to say of her. But you must not think that I am dull. I am very happy—happier than I can almost realize, my darling; and I am looking forward to a pleasant Christmas with you and our dear friends, who have all promised to join us at Charnock. Meanwhile you must get strong and rosy at Greymere!"

But Clara found the process of getting strong and rosy a somewhat trying one; and as she leaned over the gate, on that October evening, her heart ached with longing for those so dear to her, ay, even for a glimpse of the man she had insulted so deeply, and whom she loved, even though she deemed him unworthy. Of him none of the letters contained any mention.

As she stood leaning on the wicket-gate,

her face was sad and wistful, and the sweet brown eyes were weary and full of pain, a gentleman coming slowly down the road toward the house, watched her for a moment in silence, then went forward and addressed her.

"Is it not rather late for you, Miss Frith?" he said, in a tone of pleasant childling.

"It is such a nice evening, Dr. Watson, and I have a show!" she answered, giving him her hand with a smile, for during her illness she had grown to be on very pleasant terms with the village doctor.

"I am not going to scold you," he answered, smiling. "I walked down to the village to get a letter I was expecting, and at the post-office I found one for you. I volunteered to bring it up, and they were willing to entrust it to me."

"How very good of you, and how very confiding of them," Clara said, smiling. "I hope you are coming in?"

"Thank you, not this evening. My wife will be expecting me home to tea. Run away in now," he added, as he shook hands. "You still look far whiter than I like to see you."

When he had left her Clara turned and sat back slowly up the little path, with the letter in her hand; she had not looked at it, and had received it somewhat indifferently. In the drawing-room, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin were sitting with the rector and his wife. Clara did not go in; but passing through the hall, mounted the stairs and entered her own room. It was not dark, but there was not, of course, sufficient light to read by. Clara struck a match, deliberately lighted her candle, settled herself comfortably by the table and took up her letter. The first glance at the address seemed to puzzle her, then a sudden flush of eagerness spread over her face; she tore open the envelope, spread the letter before her with trembling hands, and read as follows:

"MY OWN DEAR CHILD: Were I not so happy myself that nothing, I think, could make me happier, I should be as at the thought of the joy I know you will feel when you read this letter. There are three separate causes for this joy, Clara, and one of them this beginning will have already told you. I have recovered my eyesight—I can see. Oh! my darling, after such a long darkness, what a joy there is in the light! Five weeks ago, immediately on my arrival in London, I went to the great German oculist, who had already given me hope of recovery. I did not tell you, my child, because you had undergone so much agitation, and were so out of health, that we dared not give you any further cause for anxiety, so we kept it a secret. Herr Wittmann said that he could at once perform an operation, the result of which was not doubtful but certain. I submitted. The operation was performed on the second day after I came to town. It was completely successful; but I was not allowed to use my eyes for a month. Yesterday the last bandages were removed, and the first use I make of my new treasure is to write to you, my darling, who made the loss of sight so much less hard to bear. Was I very selfish, my Clara, to reserve the pleasure of telling you this with my own hand! Now, the greatest pleasure I store for me is the pleasure of seeing your face—the face which some one sitting beside me now, says is so sweet, and lovely, and true, and which I have not seen, except in dreams, for five long years."

"The second cause for happiness is a less important one; the recovery of my lost jewels. The thief has been discovered. He is a professional burglar of great skill and dexterity, who had got into the house through one of the windows opening on to the terrace; he wore evening-dress, and would easily pass as one of the guests. He confessed, after having taken my diamonds, to having got his great-coat from one of the servants, who offered to call his carriage. He declined saying he would walk to the inn where he had left it. The robbery was committed with such consummate skill and coolness, that we cannot help admiration mingling with one's natural repugnance. He actually took the trinkets from my room while I was in it, and moved so noiselessly that I failed to detect him. My little daughter was wrong in her suspicion, you see, and if she had confessed all, she would have spared herself much misery."

"And now, my child, I am going to tell you my last and chief cause of happiness. I am writing this in my sitting-room at

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Charnock, and while I write, if I lift my eyes, they fall upon the face of my son. Ah! Clara, here words fail me. I cannot speak, I cannot write; I can only feel my intense happiness. Grant has returned, strong, healthy, older, but still my own dear son. The report of his death was a false one; the circumstances of his return he will tell you himself. He is free; the unhappy woman he married died over two years ago. Clara, dear, in my wildest dreams I never pictured such happiness as this. Come, then, my darling, come to us quickly. Only Grant and I are here, and he is longing to see you to thank you for all you have been to me, and to explain much that will seem strange to you. He will not send you any message yet but this one; he does not despair of winning your affection.

"And now, my child, I have written by this post to Dr. Watson. He is only to give you this letter if he thinks you equal to the agitation and excitement, and to the fatigue of a journey to-morrow. Therefore, if you have read it you are well enough to travel, and tell our good, kind Carrie, with my love, that she is to send you to me to-morrow morning by the train leaving Greymere at 11:35. She must label you 'with great care,' for you are a very precious treasure, both to Grant and to your loving mother,

NORA ELLISON."

With an April face full of tears and smiles, Clara flew down stairs to impart this happy news to Mrs. Franklin and her husband, who, although they sympathized thoroughly with her joy, did not seem to share her astonishment in a like degree.

CHAPTER XIX.

GRANT ELLISON.

The next morning, with her eyes bright with pleasurable anticipations, and her cheeks flushed with the soft rose tint of returning health, Clara made her preparations for departure. While Baxter was busy with the packing, her young lady went round the farm, bidding farewell to the various creatures with whom she had made acquaintance during her visit. Mr. Franklin smiled to see how sorry she seemed to leave them, and how she pressed her soft cheek against the pony's neck, and whispered that she would come back again soon.

"We shall not hope to see you again for some time to come," he said laughingly, as Clara slipped her hand through his arm and they went back to the house. "You will have so much to see and to do with all these gay weddings in prospect, and perhaps your own soon, that you will not have time to look us up."

"I shall not give you time to forget me," Clara said, lightly, as she ran upstairs; but something in his words touched a still tender chord, and her face lost all its brightness as she went thoughtfully into her own room.

Baxter, on her knees before a huge imperial, was folding away the pretty dresses and costumes which had made no small sensation in Greymere, and as Clara glanced at the clock she saw that it was still early. She lingered a moment watching the maid's operations, then she crossed over to the window-seat, and sitting down, looked out thoughtfully over the old-fashioned garden.

In her joy at the two great pieces of news which her letter had contained, she had almost lost sight of the "centre-piece" of intelligence in Lady Ellison's letter—the recovery of the jewels, and the discovery of the culprit. In her excitement Clara hardly realized how this affected her, nor how bitterly she had wronged Mr. Burke.

Now, as she thought, it came before her strongly that, on very slight evidence, she had accused him in her own mind of a treachery base beyond conception. How grossly she had insulted him she realized now for the first time and the pretty rose-flashed at the thought. How could she atone? She could never hope to win forgiveness, she knew that was impossible; he had loved her and she had insulted him in a manner which could surely never be obliterated from his mind. Never—never would he forgive her; never would he think kindly of her again—while she must love him, love him with all her heart and soul to her dying day. Well, she would own her fault; she would write to him and ask him to forgive her, tell him how the suspicion had almost broken her heart. Perhaps, who knows—perhaps he might forgive!

Clara glanced at her watch; it was just ten; there was time to write now—ample time for the few short lines necessary. She would write them at once; he should see

that, at least, she had lost no time in asking his pardon for her insult.

She ran downstairs to the drawing-room; it was empty, for Mrs. Franklin was an eminently practical farmer's wife, and never entered her drawing-room until afternoon. Clara went to the writing-table and sat down; but her pen, usually a tolerably fluent one, had taken a strong fit of shyness and unwillingness, and for some time she sat idly playing with the writing materials before she began to write. The clock striking half-past ten warned her that her time was limited she snatched up the pen and began to write. The note was a very short one; it ran thus:

"Will it be any excuse for my strange conduct to you that it cost me a far greater suffering than anything I could do or say could inflict upon you? I was under a very terrible mistake, for which you may find it hard to forgive me. When I was wronging you most—when I was saying the hardest, bitterest things to you—then I loved you best; and for the sake of that love forgive me, and if you think of me, let it be kindly. We shall, in all probability, never meet again, and I cannot explain the mistake to you; but deeply as you must have despised me in your heart, I merited your contempt and you bore with me only too patiently. I hope you will be very happy—always."

She closed the letter, did not read it over, but fastened up the envelope, and directed it to "Richard Burke, Esq." There she did not know the address, and she slipped the letter into her pocket saying to herself that she would ask Ted for the address when she saw him in town. At the same moment Mrs. Franklin's voice called her from the hall, and she hastened to obey the summons.

TO BE CONTINUED.)

Col. Jerome Bonaparte, grandson of King Jerome and Mrs. Patterson Bonaparte, lives in Washington, where himself and family are great social favorites. He is a tall, distinguished-looking man, with regular features and an iron-gray moustache and Imperial.

Since the Stead-Armstrong business it has been a common practice for girls and women in England to accuse doctors attending them of impropriety. In some instances the jury have promptly acquitted, but a Dr. Brady was sent to prison. On Dec. 11 this gentleman was entertained at dinner and presented with an address and 400 guineas by the members of the profession, as a mark of their esteem and belief in his innocence. Sir William Jenner, physician to the Queen, was one of the first promoters of the fund, and the address was signed by him and the leading medical men throughout the country.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

After Brother Gardner had opened the meeting in due and ancient form he placed a letter on the desk and used his jack-knife to hold it down, and said:

"Heah am a letter from a cull'd gem'lan of high renown in St. Louis axin' if de lack dat an applicant has a white wife am considered cause to rejek him. De Secretary will be requested to reply to de effect dat it am, an' I want to call publik attention to by-law No. 4,286,420, which reads: 'No applicant who am, libin' in de marriage state wid a white female kin be married into dis club under any saroumstances.'"

"We kin look up an' down dis hall an' see ebry shade of color, from de ebony blackness of Samuel Shin to de gold complexion of Waydown Bebee, but dat am a different matter. No man kin lay his hand on a member, either active or honorary, who has so entirely ignored de eternal fitness of things as to marry into another race an' brought a life-long curse upon innocent children. While de laws in sartin States may sanction sich marriages, I kin but look upon 'em wid de greatest abhorrence. De degradation of de one kin not elevate de position of de other."

"I say to you, my frens, dat de pusion now holdin' de mos' painful an' embarrassing position in dis kentry am de man who am neither black nor white—who belongs to no race—who am too good fur one an' not good 'nuff fur de other. I speak of de mulatto. He has got de pride of de white man, an' yet he am not white. He feels hisself superior to de black man, but am driven to his level fur society an' to do business. He am looked down upon by one an' cordially hated by another fur no fault of his."

"No one of you men, wid your pitch-black faces turned dis way, would trade dat complexion for two-thirds white if a bag of gold war flung at you to bind de bargain. When you go home, an' de little black faces peep at you from de trundle bed, deir worry blackness makes your ole hearts glad. Let folks call 'em niggers if dey will, but dey belongs to a race of 6,000,000 people in de United States."

"I say to you an' aloh philanthropists as hev striven fur laws to legalize de union of whites an' blacks, dat a mo' grievous wrong was nebber committed on posterity. De result am to add to de number of no-race folks. It am to make honest white folks disgusted, an' honest black folks indignant. It am to give pride, ambishun an' self-respect to young men an' young women, an' den seek to deliberately grind 'em to pulp in a social way. Let us now purposed to bizness."

LET THE KINK REMAIN.

A communication from Burlington, Ia., signed by the Hon. Jabez Coon, the great

African warbler, stated that during a recent trip to the South he ran across a white man who was selling a preparation called: "Anti-Kink," and warranting it to straighten the hairs of any colored man in three days. He claimed that the Lime Kiln Club indoctrinated his preparation, and that every member used it. In conclusion the writer asked:

"Now, what we want to know is, if there really is any virtue in the preparation, and if it is proper that the colored race should use the same?"

"Do you not think if it were possible to take the kink out of the hair of the colored race, that we could pass for Abyssinians, and thus reduce, in a measure, the prejudice that exists against us?"

"Do man who was sellin' dat preparashun was oberhauled in bargainin' de odder day," replied the President, "an' he now occupies a bed of sickness. He am, of co're, a base impostor. As to de question of our passin' ourselves off as Abyssinians, I prefer our present position. I reckon de date hasn't yet arrove when our race am called upon to play second fiddle eben to de Turks. It ain't in kinky ha'r so much as it am in de man who wears it. Gize me an honest ole black head, wid de kinks fastened to it by long roots, an' I'll trust my oorn crib in its care an' feel jist as safe as if a white man was on guard."

TOO MUCH.

A communication from the Rev. Jasper, of Virginia, announced that he would come to Detroit and deliver his celebrated lecture on "De Sun do Move" for \$50 in cash, but would expect some member of the Lime-Kiln Club to board and lodge him, and a committee to meet him at the depot.

The secretary was instructed to answer to the effect that the season was approaching when the club would cease to care whether the sun moved or not, providing the moon appeared on the regular dates, and to add that \$10 was the highest figure the club would pay for any sort of a lecture no followed by a grand display of fireworks.

BOUNCED.

The Secretary then announced a communication from Selma, Ala., perfering charges against the Hon. Fardown Johnson, as follows:

- 1. Playing on the fiddle while his wife lay dying in the house.
2. Placing shoe pegs in his mule's feed-box to make his cats go further.
3. Crawling under the tent to get into a circus, and being hit with a neck yoke in the hands of an employe.
4. Speaking disrespectfully of the Bible and in favor of a dime novel.

Full proofs accompanied every charge, and the Secretary was instructed to cross the name from the rolls and to warn the deposed member by the first mail that any further attempt on his part to use the name of the club for his personal benefit would result in a sudden stroke of paralysis.

TROWN OVERBOARD.

Judge Walkinbeam Davis, Chairman of the Committee on Meteorological Disturbances, submitted a report in regard to the thermometer presented to the club by Prof. Hydrostatto Smith. The Professor claimed a great many things for this instrument, but it has failed in every instance. The committee charged it with the following crimes and misdemeanors:

- 1. Registering 150 degrees above zero in the forenoon and 250 degrees below in the afternoon of the same day.
2. Indicating the approach of next spring when this winter had scarcely set in.
3. Indicating the approach of a hurricane when there wasn't the slightest excuse for such conduct.

On motion of Prof. Average Williams the "Smith Duplex, Back-action, Rose Thermometer" was declared defective and ordered removed from the record book of the club.

The meeting then adjourned.

The widow Kinkin says:

sen why so many of de kinks is that they marry.

The great question of the race is not permitted. The Free Church has decided that it is not only a matter of the church but to the laity. It is guarded with a jealous eye.



Mrs. Jackson. Yes, since dem mis'ble Chinkies has come in we too' whites has to scratch fur a livin'. An' do to know Missus Muffy, my boy ez goes to school was tellin' me all the people in Chanker walked with th' heads down an' ez free up!

Mrs. Murphy. Laws, ter down say—O! knowed th' Chinkies went walkin' up, but jus' as ez though' ez ladies was more gentler 'n ter do that.

# AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE Nihilist," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### THE CITY OF THE SILENT—ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

It was a wild ride, with the great white moon and the countless stars of heaven for sole witnesses.

The desert comes up on three sides to the very walls of Cairo, and it is the desert sand that blows in the streets. No sooner, therefore, were the fugitives clear of the city than they entered upon this great waste of boundless and eternal desolation, though they had another city yet to ride through before they were free of all that had been man, a city tripling in population the one of three hundred thousand souls which they had just quitted, the poetically Arab named City of the Silent.

Frank Donnelly had hardly been prepared for invading the still and sombre avenues of the dead, but there was no help for it since it lay directly in their path, and the fact of their being pursued obliged them to take all things as they came.

Galloping alongside of Nellie he told her this, and her reply was:

"We have less to fear from the dead than from the living. I have already observed what we are coming to and am prepared to brave it."

For all that she spoke so bravely her face was almost as white as her snowy shoulders (quite as white no face save that of the moon could have been); and as Pat Monaghan came tearing along behind, keenly enjoying the excitement that caused his master so much uneasiness, he more than once muttered: "She's a rare beauty an' no mistake."

Another minute and they were amongst the streets of the departed. Thousands and thousands of Mussulman's headstones were around and about them, looking like squat, cloaked figures with battered head-dresses, for the turban of the defunct Moslem is always placed on the round knob that rises from the shoulders, so to speak, of his tombstone, and there reposes until wind, birds or time, or all three united, have made away with it, and not unfrequently the poor or the parsimonious man whose headgear has become shabby takes a walk out amongst the tombs in the hope that he may find a better one in exchange for his own.

Amongst these tens of thousands of lesser monuments, some of which were painted in bright colors, and nearly covered with Arabic characters, rose here and there hand-some tombs, with high walls, and domes and minarets, that caused them to look like stunted mosques, whilst above many of these waved the sombre fronds of palms, some few of them being almost enclosed in a grove of such.

The nature of the ground required wary riding, for there were holes here and there, and sometimes deep rifts, whilst not infrequently stones and even fragments of masonry strewed the way, for the Moslem never cracks or repairs what has once fallen, it being contrary to his creed.

The possibility of a fall occurring to Nellie almost an agony to contemplate, so she looked in her low cut even with its mere inch-wide band for

to come crashing to the of those exquisite curves broken, one of those to be torn open contemplated of a casual pursuit of almost should have not

prepared of them near

did not know, that wherever jackals gather in force "gaffer wolf" is not for off, though looking out for something a little more savory for he, as a rule, does not care to eat his game so high.

Thus it happened that whilst passing one of the palm-shaded tombs, of which I have before spoken, a huge, gaunt wolf, followed by either his spouse or his dam, came bounding out of the gloom and at once sprang upon Nellie, whilst its female companion made for the young officer.

It was then that Frank Donnelly gave vent to a wild scream of terror, and it was not wrung from him by his own peril, but rather occasioned by that of the lovely girl, who at that moment was about three lengths in advance of him.

So excited and agitated was he that he never felt the strong jaws and gleaming teeth of the wild beast that had fastened upon his leg, but pressing his terrified steed forward, he, by rare good fortune (or the special interposition of Providence), shot the other wolf just as it was in the act of making a snap at one of Nellie's full, rounded arms.

Almost at the same instant Pat Monaghan, with a boisterous Irish whoop, dashed forward in turn, and, causing his horse to make a demisvolt, so as to give greater force to the descending blow, with one sweep of his sabre cleft in twain the neck of the fierce brute that had assailed his master, the body dropping to the ground, but the head, for the full space of half a minute, retaining its hold on its intended prey, just as an ant's often does after it has been literally dismembered by a daughter or a more powerful antagonist.

Then, however, the jaws relaxed and fell, while the greedy eyes gave one agonized roll before glazing in death.

"My darling, I trust the brute's spring did not hurt you? I can see that its teeth did not."

This in tremulous tones from Frank, to which Nellie made gallant reply:

"Oh, I'm all right; but you? Why, you never even thought of yourself, Frank."

"Pat did though. I'm much obliged to you, Pat. That was a fine stroke."

"Aye, your honor, it would be a lie to contradict ye. Sure an' I slung me lance, not being used like to the haythen, for the cobbler should stick to his last and the dragoon to his sabre. But sure and is your honor hurt?"

"No; he didn't get much beyond the leather of my boot, thanks to you. The spearpoints of those rascals who are pressing after us would sink deeper, I'll be bound; wherefore, I don't care to give them the chance. Now, Nellie."

The fair girl took this as a signal to spur on again, and did so at once.

She was surprised at the small degree of terror that she felt. She even laughed as it occurred to her how she had on more than one occasion screamed at the sight of a rat or a toad, but the fact is that a wealthy girl has at all times more courage than she is sensible of, only it lies latent.

The rencontre with the wolves had made the horses only too anxious to place a great distance between themselves and the dismal howlings that still surrounded them on all sides, so that no sooner were they given the rein than they almost flew down and through the broad avenues of the City of the Silent, until at last even the tombs of the murdered Mamelukes, with their windows of stained glass, were left behind, and night but the open desert lay in front, looking in the moonlight like a still, gray, waveless lake, of the most vast dimensions, and with patches of moss and an occasional shrub floating upon its surface.

Oh, the pure, exhilarating air with which this was accompanied, an air full of a strange and mysterious sweetness, so that the very horses dilated their quivering nostrils to catch it, uttering joyful whinners while, and Nellie exclaimed in cheer to her companion: "No wonder a man might make sure of the ace of spades

the plains better than being copped up in the cities. I feel as though I had been drinking champagne."

"All the better, darling. It gives me joy to hear you say so. You are of the right mettle for a soldier's wife. I declare, I didn't think you had it in you."

"We never know what qualities we possess, Frank, until time and opportunity bring them to light. I'm perfectly astonished that I'm not frightened out of my very wits. Hark, I hear music in the distance. What can it be?"

"I hear it; too, but I'm sure I cannot even guess what it is. It seems to be made up of flutes, trumpets and drums. Can you make out anything, Pat Monaghan?"

"Only that flock of white sheep over there, yer honor. Bedad, it's a big crowd 'em an' it must be they that's making all the music somehow."

Frank Donnelly glanced in the direction of Pat's outstretched arm, and he immediately ejaculated with a laugh.

"Well, they do look in the distance like sheep, certainly, but I think 'tis a regiment of white-uniformed Egyptian soldiers marching towards Cairo, and that it their band that we hear."

"Faith, yer honor, then I hope they'll put that Tomiba Pasha in Quom Street for wanting to take our swords and pistols away, bad cess to him."

"I'm afraid that is far more likely to be a mutinous than a loyal regiment, Pat, but, by Jove, here comes those with whom we are more immediately concerned. They are gaining on us, too, I do believe. What think you?"

"Sure, yer honor, I don't fancy that they are. It's only the distance that's deceiving across the sands. But anyhow it's a fair course and no favor, and if we let them overtake us be jabers we will deserve all they'll give us."

"Right you are, Pat, rejoined his master cheerfully, and away they stretched again across the level plain, almost as noiselessly as though they had been spectres, for there was no thud of the steel-shod hoofs upon the desert sand, and they were too excited any longer to converse.

Nellie Tremor could ever and anon look back over one of her snowy shoulders to see for herself whether their pursuers seemed to gain upon them, whenever she imagined that such was the case her cheeks would blanch still paler and she would bite her cherry lips with her little pearly teeth in the attempt to master all show of emotion. But such actions revealed rather than concealed it, so that her lover would address to her a few words to cheer her up and restore her waning confidence in their ultimate escape, and thus still on and on they sped, while even the City of the Silent lay many a mile in their rear.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### THE DESERTY RACE—A DEADLIER JOB THAN MAN.

On, still on, for liberty and perhaps for dear life as well.

The perseverance with which the Egyptian cavalry followed after them convinced Captain Donnelly that a high reward had been offered for the recovery of Nellie, either by her parents or by the war minister, or perhaps unknown to either by both. And it was the brave but reckless Pat Monaghan who had put these sleuth hounds upon the right scent.

That was a fact beyond question, but Frank never upbraided his humble but faithful follower for the blunder that he had made, for he knew that it was a mere blunder at the most.

As for Pat himself, he enjoyed the excitement of the headlong chase still, never troubling to reflect how it would end, but making up his mind that somehow or other they would get away from their pursuers.

His master felt by no means as sure of this, for he was painfully conscious that two of his horses were too large and heavy to a prolonged desert flight, plunging at each stride too deeply in the sand that the lithe-bodied, small hooped and evidently unshod Arabians of their pursuers just skimmed and that was all.

True, the number of their pursuers had diminished to nine, but nine is long odds against two, especially when armed with lance against sword, and though Pat had a lance also, he was unskilled in its use, which isn't learned properly in a day, no, nor even in a month, whilst, as to their pistols, a man might make sure of the ace of spades

by day who would miss an elephant by moonlight, in every way so deceptive is it, besides which the captain felt that he would be afraid to use his revolver for fear of drawing a return fire upon themselves and of Nellie falling its victim.

As they still sped across the gray, unrolled sea of sand Frank Donnelly's heart grew heavy within him, and every time he glanced back (and these rearward glances grew more frequent every quarter of an hour), the twinkling spear points, the red tabouches, the dusky, sinister faces, the white uniforms and toasting heads of the Egyptian cavalry seemed to have approached nearer and nearer, whilst at last even the over-sanguine Pat Monaghan betook himself to the same way of thinking, and muttered to himself half aloud:

"Be Saint Patrick, an' if it wasn't for the young laddy, wouldn't the captain an' meall jest enjoy it, and that's all. We'd turn round and ax 'em boldly what they wanted, and if we didn't like their answer we'd give 'em what the drum boys give the drums, a thundering good beating."

But whilst the light-hearted Irishman was reflecting in this manner another foe was gathering his forces in front of the fugitives, at whose advance, had it been yet visible, even his gallant heart might have quaked with fear.

"Oh, how hot and stifling the air has suddenly become," gasped Nellie.

"I myself notice a change," rejoined Frank. "The wind has altogether dropped."

"And yet hark to it rearing in the distance. What can it mean, I wonder?"

"I don't know, Nell. I'm unaccustomed to these regions. It can't hurt us, anyway." The loving girl made no answer at the time, though truth to tell her lover's remark did not at all tend to reassure her.

In silence she more fearfully regarded that mysterious something which she half saw and half felt was before them then the more certain peril that was fast coming up with them from behind.

She noticed the entire heavens rapidly reddening, as with a dull, lurid and yet faint sunset glow, whilst in the far distance, where the desert horizon had hitherto been sharply defined against the until now dark indigo bins of the sky, she beheld what appeared like a brick-colored fog, advancing silently across the apparently boundless plain.

A few minutes more and she knew that she was in a mistake, but by that time the fog was so thickly remembered enrolling clouds of dense smoke, with here and there the red flame of cannon flashing through.

A roar also as of many cannon, yet perhaps more like the continuous rumble of thunder amongst mountains, came from its rear, and so terrified now did Nellie become that she found it impossible to help gasping out:

"Oh, God! something terrible is about to happen. I feel sure that there is death to us all in yonder cloud. Death from which there is no escape."

Frank Donnelly, impressed by those fearsome words and the fervor with which they were uttered, for the first time bestowed his real attention on what, hitherto deeming to be an imaginary peril, he had taken little notice of.

Even then, blind, unthinking soldier that he was, the sight might not have much impressed him had not Pat Monaghan suddenly exclaimed:

"Bedad, an' if they hasn't left us in pace after all, an' just too whin, pon zy sowl, I thought they was getting the best av it, the poor, miserable, mane-spirited naygurs. Och, mother o' Moses, an' it's the easto that wants to be after them, bad cess to him, an' I wonder what's come over him now, at all at all, that's been behaving so decently all along."

Well might he wonder, for his Arab steed was exhibiting every symptom of equine alarm—throwing its ears back, rolling its eyes back, snorting, backing and also betraying a strong disposition to buck.

But whilst Pat was entirely engrossed by the strange conduct of his horse, Captain Donnelly compared its actions with the sudden and headlong retreat of the Egyptian cavalry Cairoward, and with the swift advance from the boundless desert of that dun-colored cloud with the scintillating flashes of red artillery flame gleaming through, and there immediately occurred to him a memory of something that he had read in books when a boy by the cheerful fireside at home, and the recollections blanched every vestige

of color from his cheeks in the twinkling of an eye.

"Nellie," said he curtly, "we must change our course. We must ride this way."

As he spoke he seized hold of her bridle and turned her horse's head half round, at the same time pointing toward the neighboring mountains.

He knew that could they but gain their lower slopes before the fearful alrocco, still many miles away, could sweep down upon them and overwhelm them with its columns and its clouds of hot, burning sand, they would be safe. He really thought that they would be able to do it at the time.

Away they went, therefore, at right angles to their former course, and Pat's horse was now docile enough, though evidently very far still from being at its ease, as a frequent plaintive whinny and now and then a kind of hoarse shrieking snort sufficiently testified to its rider.

As for Pat himself, he was in a complete state of bewilderment as to what it all meant and as to what had caused his master to turn so white all of a sudden, but unquestioning obedience is the first lesson in the British army, and Pat followed on silently, as in duty bound.

As to the lovely girl, she was silent for another reason, namely, because she was afraid to ask the nature of the new danger that threatened. True, she already guessed it, but she did not wish her suspicions to be confirmed, for she felt that the more hope that she'd entertain the better.

But, oh, how oppressive the heat had become, for another kind of breeze had by noon sprung up, a breeze so hot, and dry, and withering in its nature that it seemed to obstruct the very breathing, so that oppressed thereby Nellie's fair and expanded chest heaved like that of an exhausted runner.

"My darling, for God's sake bear up. The mountains are very near."

"Yes, but I can no longer see them, Frank. We seem to me to be sailing through the clouds instead of traversing the earth. Oh, it is terrible!"

Sailing through clouds? Alas, when he looked up again from that beautiful and glowing bust the same sensation struck him. The storm was sweeping down upon them in crescentular form, and one horn thereof had already concealed the hills with its muddy mist.

Another minute and it seemed as though sand, and sky, and air glowed with the light of a conflagration, whilst assuredly the heat of one was about and around them, and the roaring noise of one pounding in their ears as they still tore onwards.

"Bead, an' is it the world that's tuk fire at last, loike as the praists tell ov? Holy Saint Patrick, an' if it is we'd better be stopping an' offering up a prayer, seeing as we can't hope to gallop out ov it, than be tearing along at this rate," muttered Pat Monaghan at this juncture.

"It's the strocco, the hot wind of the desert; so we'd better pray and ride as well, for while there's life there's hope," rejoined his master.

Ride and pray they did, for never was human peril greater than theirs. Already was the sand rising past them, entering in at their eyes and ears and stinging Nellie's glossy semi-nudeness till it fairly quivered with the smarting.

But this was only the light-armed skirmisher in advance of the main host, which they could now see rolling upon them like a solid wall that reached unto the very heavens, but inclining inward, as though on the point of toppling over.

"Lord have mercy on our souls," said Pat could be heard vociferating again and again, and then all at once it seemed as though the Almighty had answered his prayer through the little, parted, cherry-hued lips of Nellie Trezart as she gasped forth, "Trees! trees! We are saved!"

But the three fugitives watched its course from beneath trees laden with luscious fruit, and not a particle of the burning sand came nigh them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WORLD OVER.

It is estimated that there are 1,100,000 cattle in Montana.

George Hingston of Walroa, New Zealand, recently died from a bee sting.

Omaha is said to have more of its surface devoted to streets and alleys than to building space.

Dolls to the number of 17,000 and 5,000 baby carts were destroyed by a recent fire in a great toy factory in Brandenberg, Germany.

For chilblains the Lyon Medical advises that the part affected be bathed twice daily, ten minutes at a time, with a mixture of half an ounce of sulphuric acid and one quart of water.

A statue of Alexander Selkirk, otherwise Selcraig, the more than doubtful original of Defoe's immortal hero Robinson Crusoe, has just been erected at Largo, the birthplace of that refractory seaman.

From a recent report of the Dogs' Home in London, it appears that the number received in 1884 was 14,772, and in 1885 21,614. Yet the number of cases of rabies among them for the two years was but 71.

Some Indian arrow heads were lately shown at the Societe d'Anthropologie which were poisoned with curare over a century ago, but still retained their deadly power. Small animals scratched with them died in half an hour.

Krupp's famous works at Essen have turned out a larger number of guns during the last three months than are usually produced in a whole year. The heaviest delivery was made to Turkey, after which came Greece and Servia.

A prosperous farmer at Marion, O., has eloped with his hired girl. The local paper accounts for it by saying that he had always "manifested a deep interest in religious revivals, but of late had become a speculator in Bohemian oats."

At a race in South Australia, a few weeks ago, the fall of a leading horse brought nearly the whole field tumbling over him. Two jockeys were killed outright, half a dozen others seriously (some fatally) injured, and several horses killed or maimed.

Princess Isabeau, who recently inherited \$1,000,000 from her mother, keeps twenty dogs and twenty cats in her Parisian palace, who, being fed to the full, agree very happily together. She is going to found a home for the aged and indigent of both races.

A bill has been introduced into the French Chamber of Deputies to tax foreigners in France. It is proposed that each foreign resident shall pay either 18 francs or 6 francs a year, according to the class to which he belongs. Non-registration within two months after arrival will involve double taxation.

The food of Burmese peasants includes almost all kinds of reptiles, the grub of a ball-rolled beetle, a kind of ant which constructs nests of leaves in tree-tops (eaten in curries), and rats. The last named exist in such hordes that their consumption is almost a necessity to prevent the rats eating the Burmese.

A woman in Bohemia was lately sentenced to imprisonment for ten days for forgery because she changed her physician's prescription calling for 1.20 grammes of morphia so that it read 6.20 grammes. It is said that no similar case has ever appeared on the court records of the United States or England.

In a marriage register in the Church of St. James, Bury St. Edmunds, says an English journal, the following curious notice appears: "1832, Nov., 6, Christopher Newsum Charity M. rell. Charity Morrell being entirely without arms, the ring was placed upon the fourth toe of the left foot, and she wrote her name in this register with her right foot."

A man who went hunting in the wild mountainous region near Stratton, Vt., recently, was found dead after three days, with his gun locked in a crevice of the rocks, where apparently it had accidentally discharged both barrels into his body. The snow was tramped hard about the corpse by the efforts of his dog to arouse and comfort his master.

The Poet's Corner.

Our Idols.

SEW. F. FENN.
Seems strange
How life
Gives but ill
In this endless strife
Of the will?
For the better self,
Or the self,
The worlds all.

Thought we strive
And toil
With the days,
Breathe the rude turmoil
That repays
Nothing for our needs,
Save a trichster's beads,
Wherewith to pray.

That we may be
What then,
Only what he or she
May defend.
Is it the rule of might,
Is it the rule of right,
To the bitter end?

Was it for this that truth
Is ever young?
Was it for this that love,
Led forth in the dawn,
As blooming as a rose,
Lays the thorns?
For this that manhood's soul,
Is rudely torn
By wrong, ingratitude, and scorn?

Shattered, broken, dust,
Those idols be,
One by one, Love first,
Proved faithless.
Departed, though unforgetten,
They lead the way untrodden,
In Memory.

Lament.

How meagre seems the life so briefly doled
That I who noted in your earliest hour
The dimple in your lovely cheek untold
With the first smile of all—that I who told
The promise of your beauty as some flower
Flaming across the dark days of the year
Promised summer—that I who in your first
Dear warble that dirined the glorious burst
Of music in your throat that yet might be
The marvel of some later minstrelsy—
How meagre seems the life so briefly doled
That I shall never see that beauty grow
To the meridian, full-orbed as the moon
Which grees and golden in the mist swims low,
And hangerwide-winged in heaven when perfect June
Transfigures night—that I shall never hear
The voice in all the passion of its tune,
Sweet, sweet, and rich, with the unfallen tear,
The stream of love, the wine of life!

I shall be lying in my dust, all mute;
For song the crows over me shall hood;
I shall be gone, like the loose leaf from the tree,
The idle leaf that flutters in the blast,
And falls, and sodden with showers returns at last
To the enriching earth. For late nor soon,
Dead in the dark, shall I be known to me
That you, the one consummate flower and fruit,
Still show all men how goodly is the root!

Thus murmured I when the child's loveliness,
With gracious prophecy of lip and brow,
Filled all my yearning heart with sweet distress
And longing for the impossible. And now,
Less even than the loose and idle leaf,
A mere blown petal from the blowing bough,
The child is gone, and I grow gray and old,
And still I murmur to my angry grief,
How meagre is the life so briefly doled!

Only a Year Ago.

And is it only a year ago
Since we two watched the falling snow,
As it robed the earth in bridal white?
I wake from reverie with a start,
To ask this question of my heart,
My lonely heart so sad to-night.

Only a year ago?
In the brightest warm glow
I sit and muse on the joyful past;
Fanciful figures rise and fall
In flickering shadows on the wall;
Outside the snow white thick and fast.

Why, as I glance about the room
Half in fire-light, half in gloom,
Unchanged in smelted snow that gird night,
I can almost fancy I've fallen asleep,
And dream'd of those changes vast and deep,
While under the spell of the waning light.

But this keen regret and unceasing smart,
This poignant sorrow within my heart,
Are, alas! too vivid for seeming;
And the knowledge of all I have loved and lost,
The fleeting bliss and the heavy cost,
Too true for any dreaming.

Only a year ago to-night!
What changes come with Time's swift flight;
And how fallacious are dreams of bliss!
And how, despite their airy and smart,
We hug old memories to our hearts
Of the joys we have learned to miss.
And while with fancies my brain's been teeming
Oblivious to all but my idle dreaming
The fire in the grate has burned low;
And I whisper soft to the dying embers,
" I wonder if some one else remembers
Just one short year ago."

Snow-Birds.

How changed the fields since when the summer skies
Bent over them—a shield of tenderest blue:
When from the grass, with bright, wide-open eyes,
Sweet violets looked through tears of sparkling dew!

Then golden buttercup and allery head
Of dandelion nodded on the leas,
As down and petal felt the soft, light breeze,
Of feet unscathed, of the summer breeds.

Just on the morning silence rich did pour
And splash and dimple showers of liquid sound;
A bobolink's mad fancy bubbled o'er,
As if a shattered rainbow fell around.

Through orchard trees a flash of orange flame
Show'd where the oriole fastened to his mate;
The ruby-throated humming-bird grew tame
And came to rest him on the garden gate.

But now the fields are blanketed with snow;
Smooth, white and soft as fleeces of wool lies,
Or drifts before the biting winds that blow
From cold, gray clouds of the northern skies.

From wood and orchard, leaf and bloom are gone;
To garden shrubs few seeds and berries cling;
The nests are empty—all their tenants flown
Until the coming of another spring.

Through blinding snows, that fill the wintry air,
A merry flock of piping birds appear;
From colder regions of the north they fare,
To bring a hearty greeting of " Good cheer."

Who will not bless the rank, unclovely weeds
That fill the untill'd corners of the fence,
To furnish forth a banquet of dry seeds,
For such a greeting but scant recompense?

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ly the same as that of the poor soldier who died at Gortmouth."

"But even if this were so, you are surely not going to give in without a struggle!"

"I can only act as an honest man."

"This is all very fine, Sir Alan; but you ought to think of Annette. I cannot allow my daughter to marry anyone who thinks so little of her feelings as you appear to do. Why, if you give up your property, you have no fortune worth speaking of."

"I shall indeed be a very poor man."

"Then I cannot consent to my dear girl being engaged to a very poor man, to a man who sits down and lets somebody else step into his shoes without making an effort to keep him out. It won't do indeed, Sir Alan; and I suppose the title will go too."

"My eldest brother's son naturally inherits the title."

"And you are absolutely going to let some little, low cad from a public-house in Plymouth walk into Roden Court, and turn you and your mother adrift without going to law about it?"

Alan's face flushed angrily.

"It would be useless to go to law about it," he said, sharply, "it is an undeniable fact. Frank and I examined the register of the marriage, and the woman he married is evidently a respectable woman, though of course she is not a lady."

"Oh! well, Sir Alan, take your own way. Of course, you quite understand that neither the Colonel nor myself will hear of your engagement to Annette continuing under the circumstances. There must be an end of that at once!"

Alan did not speak for a minute, then he said in a low, pained voice:—

"Am I to understand that you have Annette's authority for this?"

"Yes, my dear girl quite agrees with me. We talked it over last night—if you choose to give up your title and position in this most extraordinary way I cannot have my daughter marry a nobody."

"No," said Alan, with a bitter smile, for he knew very well what people said of Mrs. Doyno's parentage.

"I hope Lady Lester is pretty well?" continued Mrs. Doyno in a dignified tone.

"My mother is very well thank you—good morning Mrs. Doyno. And Alan rose and went away, and as he did so hope seemed to die out in his heart.

He had loved Annette Doyno so dearly—so dearly. He was not one of those men who squander their affections, first on one woman and then another. The sorrow that had blighted his youth had made him serious and thoughtful in his early manhood, and his mother had made all her love honored in his eyes. He was twenty-seven when he first saw the sunny face of Annette; it was at a garden party in the neighborhood, and a girl in a white gown was playing battle-dore and shuttlecock under the trees—and Alan Lester stood and watched her, and had loved her from that hour to the bitter one when he walked out of the grounds of Kingsford with a very lofty bearing, but with such misery in his heart that he cared for nothing that could happen to him any more.

He went straight home, and found a telegram from Frank Doyno, just to tell him he had been obliged to leave Kingsford without seeing him, to attend a court-martial. Alan was in one of those dark moods, when every one seems false, and he threw the telegram aside with a bitter smile. He thought Major Doyno was simply keeping out of the way until his mother had gone through the unpleasant duty of breaking off his engagement with Annette. But presently Lady Lester—crippled, leaning on her two crutches—came slowly into the room, and when she saw Alan's gloomy face, she called him to her side and kissed him.

"You have been out early, my dear?" she said.

"Yes, Mrs. Doyno sent for me."

"Mrs. Doyno?"

"Can't you guess what for, mother?" said Alan, bitterly.

"Tell me why, dear?" And she took his hand.

"It was rather sharp work, wasn't it?" She sent for me to break off my engagement with Annette."

"Oh! my dear boy!"

"It's quite true; and she said Annette wished it."

"That may not be quite true, Alan; but, my darling, if it is, she is quite unworthy of your love. A true woman would have clung to you closer. It's a poor love indeed that dies out with the first cold blast!"

Alan did not speak; he was thinking how

easy it is for another person to say of your love, "she is not worthy;" but how difficult, how impossible, to thrust that love away! His mother, watching his face, saw the look of deep, unuttered pain that passed over it, and she gently slid her hand through her son's arm.

"You have one love at least that will never change, Alan," she said, "that draws nearer and closer when others turn away—your mother's love."

Alan was affected; he clasped her hand tight, a mist stole over his eyes.

"But I do not think so ill of Annette Doyno as to believe she would of her own free will act thus," went on Lady Lester; "we know what her mother is; we could not expect any high or noble thought from her."

"No."

"And beside, dear, no doubt some arrangement can be made with this young man—your poor half-brother's son—your fortune as a younger brother ought to be a large one; quite as large as Mrs. Doyno's daughter had any right to expect her husband to possess."

"This young fellow may not see it in this light, mother."

"What is he like, dear? Poor John was such a handsome young man. It was a thousand pities, for your father would have forgiven him in time."

"Well, his son does not look a very high-minded young man. Of course, one cannot tell—he may turn out very well."

"For all our sakes I hope so."

Just as Lady Lester was speaking, a footman brought in a letter for Alan, and the moment he looked at it his face grew a dusky crimson. It was from Annette Doyno, and Alan moved away to the window to read it.

"My dearest Alan," it began, "mother had no right to act as she has done to-day. She never told me you were going until you were gone. She told me she had sent for you to talk over this extraordinary claim, and she was very angry after you left, and said I was never to see you any more. But I am not going to give in to this. I care for you a great deal too much to change, just because something has happened to your money. I want to see you, dear Alan, and to talk to you. Will you meet me to-night about nine, at the seat in the park where we have sat so often—when we were so happy? I am obliged to say nine o'clock, because then my father and mother will be still in the dining-room, and mother would not let me see you if she knew. But I will see you. Be sure to come."

"Your loving  
"ANNETTE."

As a high-minded, honorable gentleman, which he was, Alan Lester should, no doubt, not have gone to keep this appointment with Annette, after her mother had broken off their engagement. But I am sorry to record that he did. His heart was beating very fast, and a tender subtle joy filled his whole being when he went out that night in the moonlight to keep his tryst with his young love.

He had argued thus to himself: "Had Annette lost everything, even her beauty, my love would have known no change. And shall we who are so dear to each other be torn asunder by the vulgar ambition and greed of another person? I love my darling so truly that I meant to give all my life to her; to comfort her in all pain, to share her joy and sorrow. What right has Mrs. Doyno to come between such love as ours?"

Annette's letter had made him so everything in a different light. He could bear anything, all this loss, if she were true to him. He had scarcely known before how passionately he loved her, or the strength and depth of his own feelings. He looked a calm, grave-faced man enough, for his early sorrow had left a shade of sadness and regret always in his expression. But as he went to meet Annette his head was erect and his heart full of the tenderest love. She would never regret the loss of his title, or his fortune, he was thinking. He would make it all up to her, give her what so earthly circumstances can touch, what is far beyond and above them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Ouida" the Novelist.

There is a mystery about Ouida which piques curiosity. She was once asked how she came to know so much about camp life, clubs, barracks, gambling houses, and other places only frequented by men, and she is reported to have leaned her head on her knees, and looking straight at her questioner with a provoking smile, to have saucily answered: "It is none of your business." Her real name is Louise de la Rame. Her father was a Frenchman, her mother English. Her face is fair and oval, her eyes are deep blue in color and very large and expressive, her golden-brown hair, which formerly was worn loose and flowed down her shoulders, is no longer kept in "much admired disorder," but is discreetly braided as befits a middle-aged woman. She is about the medium height, slender and graceful. She passes much time in the open air, driving and walking, and from April to October is out all the time except when eating and sleeping. Her favorite time for driving is in the afternoon from 2 to 6. She drives herself, and always has a couple of pet dogs with her; in fact, whether walking or driving, at home or abroad, eating or reading, thinking or writing, she has her canine companions by her side. She has a burying-place for her dogs in her garden, and they are laid to rest with a tenderness not always bestowed upon human beings. Her favorite St. Bernard dog, Isla, has a marble tomb over his remains, with an inscription quite as pathetic, but less misanthropic, than Byron's famous lines on his favorite Newfoul Island, Boat-swain.

A Sailor's Duty.

Of course there are times when a sailor's duties will be rough, rude, and stormy, like the raging elements around him. During the stress of a gale, and while a ship is being navigated through difficult and narrow channels, a sailor's first and all-absorbing duty is to watch the band and listen to the voice of the officer in command, and unhesitatingly obey. Work—hard, coarse, difficult, dangerous work—becomes then the order of the day. But even in darkness and in storm, amidst the fury of the gale and the wild sweep of the threatening waves, amidst thunders and lightnings, horrors from the sky and terrors from the deep, it is wonderful how a serene, devout, intelligent, earnest mind, previously disciplined by its studies and reflections, takes in a deep imbibing of beauty and consolation. It mentally sees a calm above the circle of the storm, and steadily hears amidst the deafening roar of excited nature the sweet words: "I; be not afraid!" There is the nature of things why the sailor, the literate of sailors, and after much spiritual success in grand the best to



A TRIBUTE TO MOTHER.

BY JOHN INRIE, TORONTO.

Oh, mother dear! what memories sweet  
Call back the scenes of early years,  
When thou didst tend our infant feet,  
And guard our life with prayers and tears.

Our little girls, at school or play,  
We poured into thy willing ear;  
But thou didst kiss the tears away,  
And quick dispelled our every fear.

And when in willful ways we trod,  
Alas! for us, too willing feet;  
Thy love did bring us back to God,  
And led us to the mercy-seat.

Thy look was love—thy smile was joy—  
Thy tears the eloquence of grief;  
Thy loving voice found sweet employ,  
In whispering to our heart's relief.

Oh! mother dear! how much we owe  
To thee, for all thy loving care;  
While memory lasts our thoughts shall go  
Back to the days of love and prayer.

Though on this earth no more we meet,  
And surging seas between us roll;  
We yet shall meet at Jesus' feet,  
Where love is all that we should hold.



FIG. 2.—No. 3360.—LADIES' BASQUE.  
PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 32 inches, 3 3/8  
yards; 34 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 36 inches,  
3 5/8 yards; 38 inches, 4 yards; 40 inches,  
4 1/8 yards; 42 inches, 4 1/4 yards; 44  
inches, 4 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 4 5/8 yards.  
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 32 inches, 1 7/8

yards; 34 inches, 2 yards; 36 inches, 2  
yards; 38 inches, 2 1/8 yards; 40 inches,  
2 1/4 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 44  
inches, 2 3/8 yards; 46 inches, 2 1/2 yards.

No. 3361.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT.  
PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for  
20 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 22 inches, 5 1/2  
yards; 24 inches, 5 5/8 yards; 26 inches,  
5 5/8 yards; 28 inches, 5 5/8 yards; 30  
inches, 5 5/8 yards.

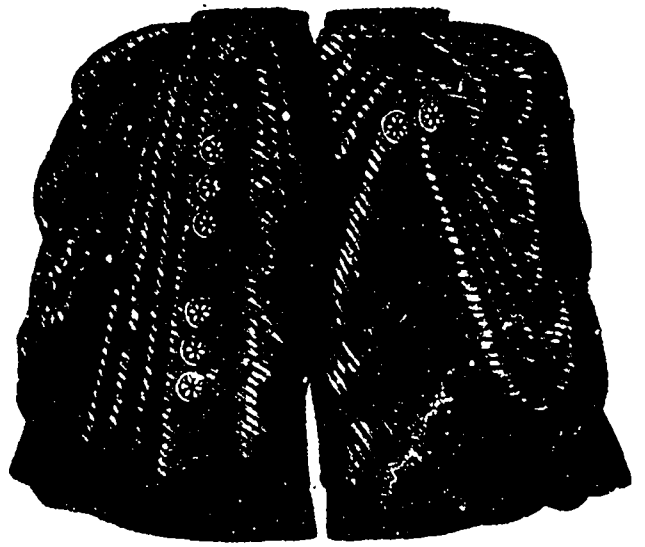


FIG. 7. No. 3361.—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT.  
PRICE, 30 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for  
20 inches, 5 1/2 yards; 22 inches, 5 1/2  
yards; 24 inches, 5 5/8 yards; 26 inches, 5  
5/8 yards; 28 inches, 5 5/8 yards; 30 inch-  
es, 5 5/8 yards.

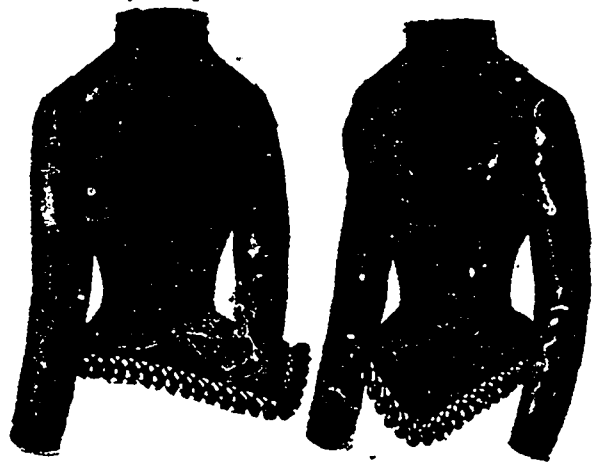
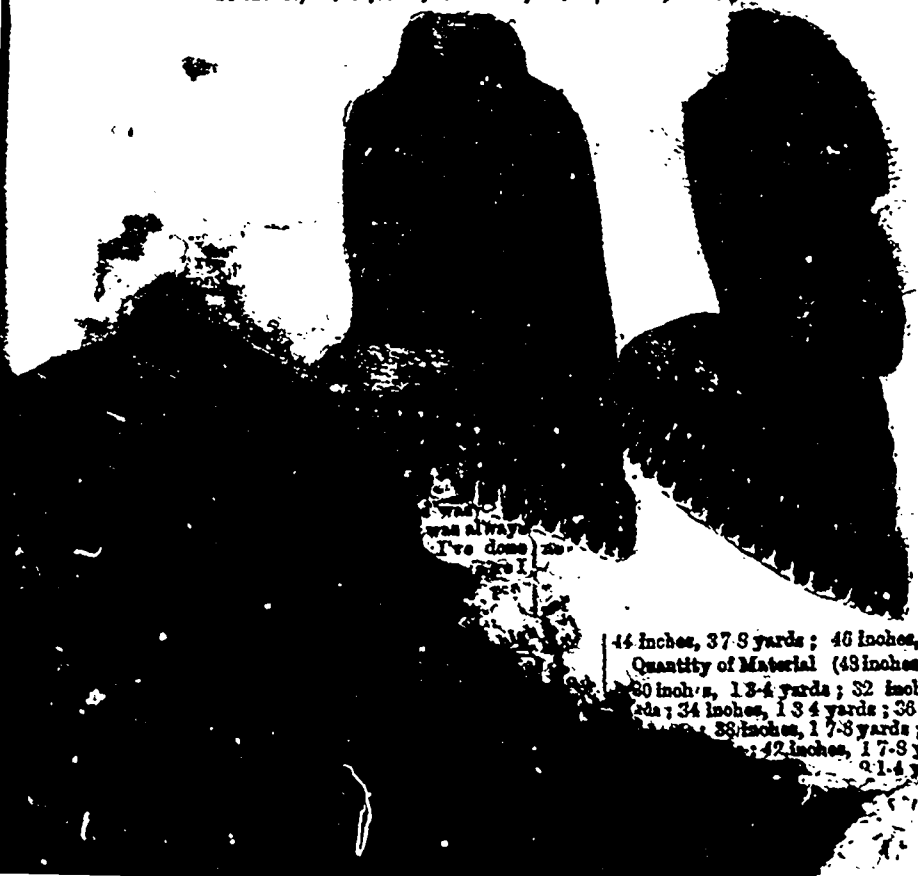


FIG. 11.—No. 3369.—LADIES' BASQUE,  
PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 3 1/8 yards; 32 inches, 3 1/4  
yards; 34 inches, 3 3/8 yards; 36 inches, 3-  
1/2 yards; 38 inches, 3 5/8 yards; 40 inch-  
es, 3 3/4 yards; 42 inches, 3 3/4 yards.  
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 32 inches, 1 3/4  
yards; 34 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 36 inches,  
1 7/8 yards; 38 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 40  
inches, 2 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/8 yards.



44 inches, 3 7/8 yards; 46 inches, 4 yards.  
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 32 inches, 1 3/4  
yards; 34 inches, 1 3/4 yards; 36 inches, 1-  
3/4 yards; 38 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 40 inch-  
es, 1 7/8 yards; 42 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 44  
inches, 2 yards; 46 inches, 2 1/8 yards.

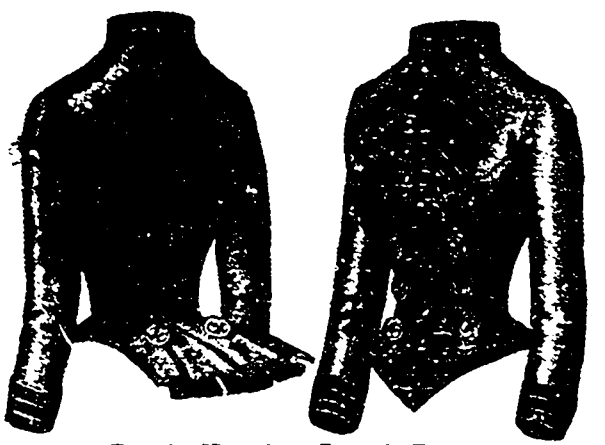


FIG. 9. No. 3369.—LADIES' BASQUE.  
PRICE 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 3 1/4 yards; 32 inches, 3 3/8  
yards; 34 inches, 3 1/2 yards; 36 inches, 3-  
5/8 yards; 38 inches, 4 yards; 40 inches, 4-  
1/8 yards; 42 inches, 4 1/4 yards; 44 inch-  
es, 4 1/2 yards; 46 inches, 4 5/8 yards.  
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for  
30 inches, 1 7/8 yards; 32 inches, 1 7/8  
yards; 34 inches, 2 yards; 36 inches, 2  
yards; 38 inches, 2 1/8 yards; 40 inches,  
2 1/4 yards; 42 inches, 2 1/4 yards; 44 inch-  
es, 2 3/8 yards; 46 inches, 2 1/2 yards.



DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FIGURE NO. 38 represents a hairpin cushion, the body of which is made on a paste-board box five inches square and two inches deep, filled with curled hair, and covered with a crocheted piece loosely worked with esru zephyr wool, over which is stretched an open network crocheted with shaded brown and tinsel wool. The sides of the box are covered with a strip of shaded brown plush, which is embroidered in a simple design with colored wools and silk (see Figure No. 31), and finished with narrow gilt galoon on either edge. A row of chenille is sowed around the top, with a cluster of loops at each corner. Figure No. 37 illustrates a mirror framed in plush, hung with a silken cord and decorated with sprays of flowers painted in oils.

Pretty quilts are made of coarse curtain net, darned in bold, effective patterns, with either French cotton or colored crewels and lined with satin. The work is pleasant and quickly done. Straight designs, especially the Grecian pattern, are recommended. The darned net washes well, and proves durable. A border can be run in straight rows round the coverlet to the depth of eighteen inches, commencing with dark garnet and gradually working in pale shades toward the centre. The rest of the net may be dotted over by rose-buds and forget-me-nots. These can be done by placing a colored sketch of the flower desired under the net, and having traced the outline in white cotton, fill in the remainder at pleasure by running the wool over and under the net, without rule, to meet the requirements of the sketch. If the cover hangs out antique lace or ball fringe of the colors will form a suitable finish. A pincushion to be suspended from the wall is attached to a small pair of bellows, that may be covered with plush, velvet, etc. The cushion is cut out in two pieces of cardboard, much smaller, each piece covered with a contrasting color and joined together. The whole is then sewn on at the top and bottom, with a bow of ribbon to hide the joining. A large bow is tied around the point and handles of the bellows. The pins are put in around the edge of the miniature bellows unless the top is padded and raised, in which case pins are stuck in there. Miniature copies of a college cap, in cardboard, covered with black velvet and edged with cord, are novel; the interior is filled with out flannel, to form the cushion.

In almost every drawing-room there is a standing basket with two shelves. They are generally of a brown tone, lined with dark red silk and embroidered velvet; the tone of embroidery subdued. This is bordered with fringe, and pendant woolen balls hang from it. The edges of these baskets are roughly worked over, as well as the handles, with two colored wools. It seems to be no longer the fashion to furnish such baskets with pockets for thread, etc. They always have strong, substantial legs. Occasionally they are oval, instead of oblong, and such a one as a vandyked bordering of velvet round the lower portion worked in raised embroidery and edged with tufted fringe, while on the lid a thick-pointed twine knotting has been laid round, the points coming toward the centre and edged with colored wool. Sometimes they are made in black bamboo, and occasionally the lower tray has a pocket, which makes a capital receptacle for wools. The sun-flower pen-wipers have now succeeded the pincushions. The centre resembles a miniature plum pudding of golden brown plush, and the frill, cut into points, sewed and gathered on double all round, is of yellow cloth or cashmere. The pieces of serge or cloth representing the useful part of the pen-wiper are cut round and fastened at the back by stitches. Packets of tailors' or drapers' patterns can be used for these. The scraps can also be utilized by being cut into a leaf-shape, and sewn to a leaf of velvet stretched over cardboard, lined with a scrap of silk or satin edged with beads, and varnished with shaded green silk. They look pretty on a writing table. The velvet leaf is a trifle larger than the cloth ones beneath it.

Work-bags and baskets promise to be favorite gifts this season. Plush is the richest material, and can be gotten in handsome colors for \$2 a yard. Velvet is also favored, and is from 80 cents to \$1.50. The purse work-bags are a yard long and half as wide, with one end square and the other round, the latter gathered up and finished with a cluster of loops of narrow ribbon. The lining is of Sarah or farmer's

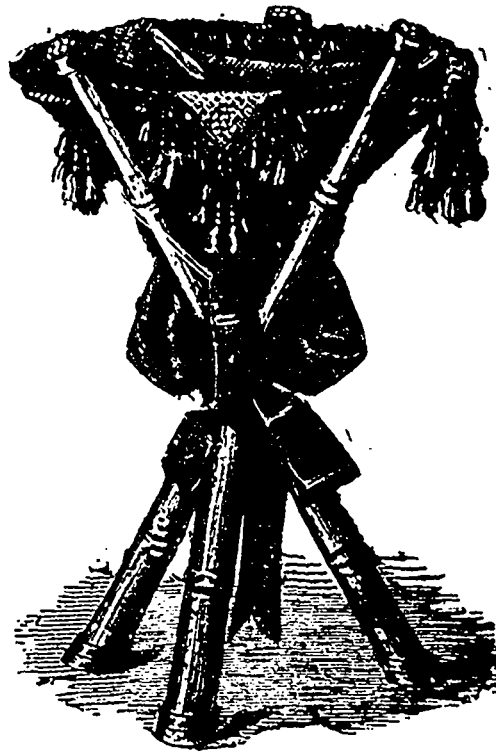


FIG. 36.

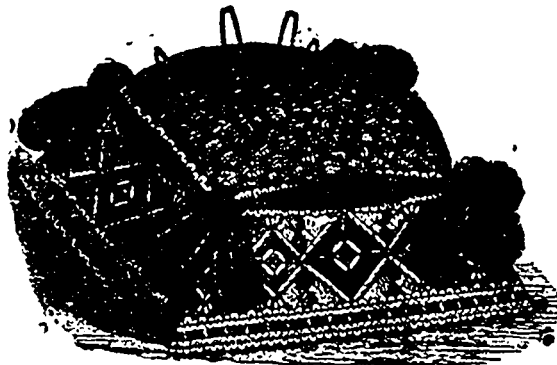


FIG. 38.



FIG. 37.

satin, and the bone ring passing over the centre is closely over-worked with colored silk; the slit down the centre is fourteen inches. The Bulgarian embroidered chair cloths on rough cotton creps, which are now tolerably expensive, from the immense quantity recently imported, are now used for forming the two ends of these long bags, and looks very well. They are cut into two pieces, with the principal part of the cloth removed, the embroidery being folded in half and laid on to the length of satin forming the bag. Sequins are sown on to the ends, and a few added to the encircling ring. Satin is used for the foundation of the embroidery. The work-basket shown

in Figure 36 is formed of three wood sticks tipped, top and bottom, with brass or a contrasting wood. The wicker basket fits snugly between, and has a silk bag hanging from the lower part, with ribbons passing around the sticks. Silk of the same color forms the gathered lining, while the bags for holding odds and ends and three square pieces ornamenting the sides are of worked in colored silks and edged with multi-colored cords, and tassels. Even old bits of cloth have their use. Other day I was admiring a table made up of colored cloth and in the Arab fashion, and hand-woven.

bluish-gray cloth had been cut from an old military cloak; and there was a mellowness about the tones which could not have been obtained with a new material. Another specimen, more curious than really pretty, was made out of the uniform of a lieutenant of Mobiles; the bits of gold lace, the grenades embroidered on the collar, and the number of the regiment appeared here and there among the embroidery—a record, tenderly preserved, of the Franco-German War.

Another new ornamental work is gumming the satin Christmas, Easter, and New Year cards on to black, dark green, brown or ruby satin sheeting, and securing and working round them in silks, designing surroundings in the way of leaves, scrolls and flowers, and adapting them to cooses, sachets, book covers, bracket valences, etc. The satin generally requires to be peeled off its back carefully, pressed, out into shape—oval or circular, diamond or octagonal, according to size and style—and then arranged as the centre of some design. If possible, the reasonable good wishes should be cut away, and only the fancy head, bird or figure, as the case may be, retained. Lace sachets and cooses are very novel. The lace is bought by the piece and cut into shape, and it should be pale coffee-colored, with a bold outline. Crimson, gold, or light blue fillo-selle or crevel silk is used for chain-stitching the design. When finished, the lace is mounted over the same colored satin as the chain-stitching, and made up with bows or a silken cord to match. The loveliest cooses and sachets are made in this way. Although somewhat late to make suggestions of Christmas presents, these hints may take some one's fancy. The approaching fire-side hours are those most prolific in ideas and realizations of future offerings of love and friendship.

FIGURE NO. 2.—Pattern No. 3361, price 30 cents, furnishes the design for this stylish basque, which is cut with a position back, short sides and straight, cutaway fronts. The pointed vest is sewed in the side and shoulder seams with the basque; the latter can be appropriately trimmed with large buttons; high collar, revers and cuffs of the vest material, which should be in contrast with the basque. The skirt is copied from Pattern No. 3361, price 30 cents, and is appropriate for any woolen, silk or velvet material. The upper part is shammed with velvet, the bouffant back rounds on either side, the left of the apron is pleated near the top, falls plainly below, while the right side forms a box-pleat with three side pleats behind it. A trimming of buttons or cord loops may be placed down the box-pleat, and clasp the draperies together on the left if wished.

FIGURE NO. 4.—3362, price 25 cents, furnishes the design here shown of a short, jaunty wrap, which is fitted with a curved seam down the centre back, Japanese sleeves and longer pointed fronts. Plush, cloth cloakings, velvet and silk combinations, are suitable for such a garment, while fur bands and tails, fringe of wooden beads, chenille, marabout or moss trimmings are all handsome and stylish garnitures.

FIGURE NO. 7.—Pattern No. 3361, price, 30 cents, furnishes the model for this design, which is appropriate for any fabrics, especially wool and velvet, as represented. The velvet extends up the sides and adorns the lower part; the back partakes of a pleating effect, while the Grecian apron is edged high on the left, has a few pleats on the right, then hangs long and below; a box and three kilt pleats on the right side, still giving the effect; the buttons and clasps are needed garniture.

FIGURE NO. 9.—The model for this basque are cutaway, fitted and extend straight over the high position back; the shoulder

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 32 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 7 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year.

TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the Publisher for its discontinuance.

PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Registered Letters.

DISCONT. QUANT. Y.—Remember that the Publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped.

ALWAYS GIVE THE NAME of the Post-Office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

THE DATE AGAINST YOUR NAME on this address label shows to what time your subscription is paid.

THE COURTS have decided that all subscribers, so newspapers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 50 pages, issued about the 30th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO., printing 150 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada.

A. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 23 and 24 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

THE AUXILIARY ADVERTISING AGENCY. Manufacturers, Wholesale Merchants and other large advertisers will advance their own interests by getting our estimates for any advertising whether for long or short dates.

Advertisements inserted in any paper published in Canada at publishers' lowest rates. As we pay "spot" cash for all orders sent to publishers, and the class of advertising we handle is all of the best, publishers much prefer dealing with our establishment to any other.

Publishers will kindly send their papers for trying regularly.

Do not advertise till you get our quotations. A. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 23 & 24 Adelaide St. W. Toronto.

CIRCULATION:

HIGH WATER MARK,

28,882!

Six Three-Cent Stamps.

Complaints constantly reach us from parties not having received their spoons. This is solely the fault of subscribers themselves, who neglect to enclose the eighteen cents required for postage.

Notice to Prize-Winners.

Useful competitors, in applying for prizes, must, in every case, state the competition in which they are engaged, and also the number of the prize won.

A PRESENT FOR EVERYBODY!

"TRUTH'S" SPECIAL GREAT HOLIDAY BIBLE COMPETITION,

NO. 15.

In order that no one shall be disappointed in this competition, we will promptly mail, postpaid, a HALF DOZEN FINE SILVER-PLATED TEA SPOONS OF ELEGANT DESIGN, to every person sending one dollar, and six letter stamps, for four months' subscription to TRUTH, and answering these three

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1st. Where are SHEEP first mentioned in the Bible?
2nd. Where are GOATS first mentioned in the Bible?
3rd. Where are OXEN first mentioned in the Bible?

The spoons will be given whether your answers are correct or not. The letters will all be carefully numbered by disinterested parties in the order they come to hand at TRUTH office, and if your answers are correct, and your letter arrives in time, you will get one of the costly prizes named below, in addition to the Silver-plated Tea Spoons.

The spoons will be sent promptly on receipt of the dollar and stamps, but the list of the winners of the larger prizes in the first, middle, and consolation rewards, cannot of course be given till the close of the Competition, January 31st next, as it will not be known who are the winners of all the prizes till the Competition ends.

In former lists of competitions are some of the most prominent men and women of Canada, as well as the most humble. All are welcome to compete, all will be treated with the utmost fairness, and everything offered in these lists will be positively distributed without partiality.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

- 1. Three Hundred Dollars in gold coin.
2. A fine rosewood grand square Piano, by a celebrated maker.
3 and 4. Two fine extra good silver plated Tea Services.
5, 6, 7 and 8. Four gentlemen's elegant fine Gold Watches, (American)
9, 10, 11 and 12. Four ladies' elegant fine Gold Watches.
13 to 19. Seven celebrated Wansler Sewing Machines.
20 to 26. Seven gentlemen's fine solid Gold Watches.
27 to 30. Twenty-four solid Gold Gem Rings, sizes to fit winners.
31 to 35. Eighty-five ladies' fine Rolled old Brooches.
36 to 335. Three Hundred Copies of a Fine German Olograph, better in quality and colors than most of the old paintings now in the market.

In order to give all persons, living anywhere, a fair opportunity to gain rewards, there has been arranged a lot of rewards to be given to the sender of the middle correct answer in the whole competition, from first to last name inclusive, the senders of the one hundred and thirty-three correct answers following the middle one, you can therefore be certain of getting a valuable reward by sending in your dollar and stamps any time from now to the close of the competition, as well as securing at once, as soon as you send your money, the half dozen tea spoons, which apart from any other prize you may get, will cost you at retail far more than the entire sum of money asked for.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1. A 10-step Calypso Organ, by a celebrated maker.
2. A fine 10-step Calypso Organ, by a celebrated maker.
3. Two gentlemen's fine Gold Open-face Watches, newest design.
4. Two ladies' fine gold Open-face Watches, newest design.

- 7, 8 and 9 Three double-barrelled English Twist Reeb-loading Shot-guns, from Chas. Stark's great gun store.
10 to 40. Thirty-one fine extra heavy silver plated Cake Baskets, elegant pattern.
41 to 90. Fifty solid Gold Rings, 20 different patterns.
91 to 133. Forty-two Fine Rolled Gold Brooches, newest designs.

After these middle rewards, for the benefit of those living at a greater distance, there have been arranged the consolation rewards. Number one of these rewards, the gold watch, will be given to the sender of the last correct answer received at TRUTH office in this competition; the second to the last, number two, the Silver watch; the third from the last, number three, and so on, counting backwards till all the one hundred and twelve rewards are given away.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1. One gentlemen's fine solid Gold Watch, elegantly engraved.
2. One lady's fine solid Gold Watch, beautiful design.
3, 4 and 5. Three gentlemen's fine coin Silver Watches.
6, 7, 8, 9 and 10. Five fine heavy extra Silver-plated Cake Baskets, newest design.
11 to 20. Ten fine solid gold Gem Rings in pearls, rubies, emeralds and diamonds, size to fit winner.
21 to 40. Twenty solid Gold Rings, new patterns.
41 to 90. Fifty solid rolled Gold Brooches, new designs.
91 to 112. Twenty-one finely bound volumes of Shakespeare's Complete Works.

We think this is the most liberal and best arranged plan yet devised of giving our customers the benefit of a portion of our profits, and distributing rewards direct to our readers, instead of giving them to agents for getting lists. We hope the public will show their appreciation of our enterprise by patronizing us generously. Just consider what you are absolutely certain of—in the first place TRUTH, a large 28 page weekly magazine, for four months,—which alone, we guarantee, will please you, and you will be so satisfied with your investment that you will renew for a year at the end of the four months, and that is where we hope to make our profits; in the second place, you will get the half-dozen silver plated tea spoons, which are sold at retail for far more than the sum you will send; and in the third place, you have a chance of a fine piano, organ, gold watch, or many of the other handsome and costly prizes in the three lists, provided you answer the Bible questions correctly.

YOU ARE CERTAIN

of big value for your money in any case, and you may get FIVE HUNDRED TIMES the value of it by giving this your attention NOW.

Our whole system of Bible Questions has been endorsed by the clergy of all denominations, and there is no doubt but that they have resulted in giving a great impetus to Bible research and study throughout the length and breadth of Canada and the States and accomplished much good. Letters have been published in TRUTH stating that the writers have in many instances taken up the Bible for the first time to study up the questions propounded from time to time, &c., &c. It will, we are sure, be to the interest of our many readers to take up this matter at once and compete without further delay. The prizes in this competition are not as numerous as the last one, but owing to the fact that EVERY ONE will get one reward (the spoons), and many persons will get two, the cost in the aggregate to the proprietor of TRUTH is very much greater than any yet offered to the public. Everything in the

three lists of prizes will positively be given, and no postponement or alteration of these offers will be made.

Complete lists of the prize winners in this competition will be published in TRUTH immediately at the close of the competition on January 31st next. Prize lists of former competitions are appearing almost every week in TRUTH and the names of any given may be referred to as to the genuineness of the offers. In order to prevent fraud, the proprietor of TRUTH reserves the right to deny any person or persons the privilege of competing for these rewards. We have always done exactly as promised during these two years in conducting these competitions, and our reputation for fair and honorable dealing is too well established now to risk overthrowing it. Address, S. Frank Wilson, TRUTH Office, 33 and 35 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Canada. All money must be sent by mail or express, so as to give all an equal opportunity. None can be received by telegraph.

The introduction of cat's-eye stones into now fringes and embroideries is wonderfully effective, especially when alternated with gilt sequins.

NERVOUSNESS.

The unhappy and distressing condition called nervousness arises from debility, irritation, poor circulation and blood of low vitality. Reorganize the system by Bar-dock Blood Bitters, which gives permanent strength by invigorating the blood and toning all the organs to perfect action.

Silk and wool mixed, jersey ribbed, perfect-fitting underwear, vests and drawers, are the choice garments in place of wool this winter.

KNOW THYSELF, by reading the "Science of Life," the best medical work ever published, for young and middle-aged men.

Jointed dolls with bisque faces are reduced to seventy-five cents for those under twelve inches and over ten inches in height.

HOARSENESS AND LOSS OF VOICE.

Public speakers and singers are often distressed with hoarseness, and much danger is lurking in the bronchial pipes. Hagar's Pectoral Balsam is a prompt remedy for the irritation, and cures all throat and lung difficulties.

The favorite trimming for felt hats and bonnet bands are brims of astrakhan and shaving-brush or Russian pompons.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

For evening dress, no matter what the occasion, gloves must reach the sleeves, or the shoulder strap if there is no sleeve.

A Complete Revolution in the state of a stomach harassed by Dyspepsia is caused by using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, or great blood purifier, a medicine specially adapted to renew healthful activity in that organ and in those which most closely co-operate with it, the bowels and the liver. Easy digestion, an increase of appetite and a free secretion of bile, mark the radical change which it produces.

Bulgarian, Oriental, Russian, and Cossack ideas in dress for hats, caps, capes, and suits prevail in Europe.

Henry Clement, Almonte, writes: "For a long time I was troubled with chronic rheumatism, at times wholly disabled; I tried anything and everything recommended, but failed to get any benefit, until a gentleman who was cured of rheumatism by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, told me about it. I began using it both internally and externally, and before two bottles were used I was radically cured. We find it a household medicine, and for cramp, burns, cuts and bruises, it has no equal."

Dog collars, collarettes, fichus, plastrons, and looped scarfs are features in dress at the moment.

Mr. W. Thayer, Wright, P. Q., had Dyspepsia for 20 years. Tried many remedies and doctors, but got no relief. His appetite was very poor, had a distressing pain in his side and stomach, and gradual wasting away of flesh, when he heard of, and immediately commenced taking, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. The pains have left and he rejoices in the enjoyment of excellent health, in fact he is quite a new man."

The spring plushes will be in stripes, blocks, bars, and figures of plush on canvas grounds.

**Pile Tumors,**

neglected or badly treated, often degenerate into cancer. The worst pile tumors are painlessly, speedily and permanently cured without knife, caustic or salve, by our new and improved methods. Pamphlet and references 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The spring styles will not be announced under two weeks at least.

"He who is false to present duty," says Henry Ward Beecher, "breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause." A case in point occurs to us. Mr. Wm. Ryder, of 87 Jefferson street, Buffalo, N. Y., recently told a reporter that, "I had a large abscess on each leg, that kept continually discharging for twenty years. Nothing did me any good except Dr. Pierce's 'Golden Medical Discovery.' It cured me." Here is a volume expressed in a few words. Mr. Ryder's experience is entitled to our readers' careful consideration.—*The Sun.*

All hats have narrow brims, but narrower on the sides and back than in front.

No lengthy advertisement is necessary to bolster up Dr. Jago's Catarrh Remedy.

Plush bids fair to be as popular in the spring as it has been in the winter.

The entries for the great Colonial and Indian Exhibition still come in from all quarters of the Dominion, and corporations, societies, and institutions of all sorts, are contributing to make the display of the most varied character. One of the novel features in the Dominion display will be a journal printed in the building. This paper will be edited and published by Canadians, printed from Canadian type, on a Canadian press, and from Canadian made paper. It will be published by a syndicate of gentlemen, under the name of the "Trades Publishing Co.," with offices in Toronto and Montreal.

Fur rugs are in demand, and sell at popular prices.

**Imperial Cough Drops** will give Positive and Instant Relief to those suffering from Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. For sale by druggists and confectioners. R. & T. WATSON, Manufacturers, Toronto.

Bright red corasages are en vogue for theatre and opera tickets.

**A Cure For Drunkenness.**

The Cure of Drunkenness is a task with which the regular practitioner has been unable to cope. Nine-tenths of mankind look upon drunkenness as a social vice, which a man may overcome by force of will. Drunkenness is a bad habit we all admit, in the moderate drinker. In the confirmed drunkard it becomes disease of the nervous system. The medical treatment of this disease consists in the employment of remedies that act directly upon those portions of the nervous system which, when diseased, cause lunacy, dementia, and the drinking habit. Remedies must be employed that will cure the appetite for strong drink, steady the trembling hand, revive the lagging spirit, balance the mind, etc. The nervous system of the drunkard being all unstrung or shattered, must be given a nutriment that will take the place of the accustomed liquor, and prevent the physical and moral prostration that often follows a sudden breaking off from the use of alcoholic drinks. Lubon's medicine may be given in tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Those of our readers who are interested in this subject, should send their address for Lubon's Treatise, in book form, on drunkenness, opium, morphine and kindred habits, which will be mailed free to any address, when stamp is enclosed for postage. Address: M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington street east, Toronto, Ont. Mention this paper.

On the title page of a recent English medical work reference is made to the "Royal College of Physicians of Philadelphia."

**Headache.**

If you suffer from Headache you may be sure that your Stomach, Liver or blood is at fault, and perhaps all three are combined in bad action. If so, the best remedy is Burdock Blood Bitters, which cures Headache by regulating the organic action gen-

**A QUICK RUN!**

**"Ladies' Journal" Bible Competition.**

**NO. 11.**

The Publisher of the *Ladies' Journal* announces the eleventh Bible Competition with a great deal of satisfaction and pleasure. The complimentary letters he is receiving almost constantly from subscribers, who have won prizes, are so numerous that he could be kept busy night and day reading them. He gives everything just as promised and carries out every engagement to the letter.

**THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.**

- 1st. Give first mention of the word **SALT** in the Bible.
- 2nd. Give first mention of the word **OXIONS** in the Bible.

The first person correctly answering these **BIBLE QUESTIONS** and sending a half-dollar for one year's subscription to the *Ladies' Journal*, a large 20-page story and fashion monthly, will receive number one of the **FIRST REWARDS** named below; the sender of the second correct answer, number two; and so on till all the rewards are distributed.

1. One Fine Grand Square Rosewood Piano, by a celebrated maker.
2. and 3. Two Fine Heavy Silver-Plated Tea Services
- 4, 5 and 6. Three celebrated Wanzler Sewing Machines.
- 7 to 10. Fourteen Fine Solid Gold Gem Rings, size to fit the winners.
- 21 to 47. Twenty-Seven Solid Gold Rings of 10 beautiful patterns.
- 48 to 127. Eighty Fine Rolled Gold Brooches, elegant new designs.
- 128 to 329. Two Hundred and Two Copies of "Ladies' Guide to Fancy Work;" a most useful book for ladies.

Then, so all may have an equal chance, there has been arranged a series of Middle Rewards, number one of which will be given to the sender of the *middle correct answer* of the whole Competition from first to last. The sender of the next correct answer following the middle one will get number two of these middle rewards; the

third number, three; and so on till the whole ninety rewards are given away.

**THE MIDDLE REWARDS.**

1. One 10 stop Fine-Toned Cabinet Organ.
2. Lady's Fine Gold Watch.
- 3 to 7. Five Fine Solid Silver-Plated Cake Baskets.
- 8 to 20. Thirteen Solid Gold Rings, lovely designs.
- 21 to 40. Twenty Rolled Gold Brooches.
- 41 to 60. Fifty Fine German Oleographs, suitable to decorate any house.

In order that even the most distant may not be left out in the cold, a series of Consolation Rewards have been arranged. To the sender of the last correct answer received after date of closing (January 31st) will be given number one, (the Gold Watch) of these consolation rewards; the second to the last, number two; the third, number three; and so on till all these consolation rewards are given away.

**THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.**

1. Lady's Solid Gold Watch, a superior time-keeper.
- 2 to 9. Eight Extra Quadruple Plate Cake Baskets.
- 10 to 30. Twenty-One Half-Dozen Sets of Heavy Silver-Plated Tea Spoons.
- 31 to 57. Twenty-Seven Solid Gold Gem Rings.
- 58 to 121. Sixty-Four Volumes of Poems, beautifully bound, ordinarily sold at \$200.

In any case you will get full value for your money in the *Ladies' Journal* for one year. You will not regret the investment. Only fifty cents required, and you have an opportunity of getting one of these costly rewards named above. Don't delay. Look up the questions now. It will do you good, whether you get a prize or not, and you will be pleased with your outlay anyway. Address, Editor *Ladies' Journal*, Toronto, Canada. Send all letters by mail or express.

A wete cashmere goat skin is the handsomest of all rugs.

**A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS**—Opium, morphine and kindred habits. Valuable treatise sent free. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send two 3c stamps for full particulars and testimonials of those who have been cured. Address: M. V. Lubon, agency, 47 Wellington street east, Toronto, Canada.

Dolls' roller skates sell for twenty-five cents the pair.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

Felt bonnets are again in demand.

Mr. W. R. Lazler, Balliff, & Co., Belleville, writes: "I find Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil the best medicine I have ever used in my stable. I have used it for bruises, scratches, wind puffs and cuts, and in every case it gave the best satisfaction. We use it as a household remedy for colds, burns, &c., and it is a perfect panacea. It will remove warts by paring them down and applying it occasionally." There will be a return to plaids in the early spring.

**Swelled Neck.**

Mrs. Henry Dobbs, of Barrisdale, Parry Sound, testifies to a prompt cure of enlarged glands of the neck and sore throat by the internal and external use of Hagar's Yellow Oil. Yellow Oil is a sure relief for all painful conditions.

**New Tanning Process.**

The discovery of a safe and efficient tanning agent to take the place satisfactorily of the costly hemlock bark has long been a desideratum, notwithstanding the various substitutes which have been brought forward. Recently considerable has been said of the discovery made sometime since by an Arizona tanner of a plant which carries a large proportion of tannin, and which, when used in the manufacture of leather, is found to give extra weight to the article produced. This plant is of annual growth, indigenous to the deserts and dry uplands, and is known as gonagra. It has a root somewhat longer and more soraggy than the cultivated beet, though resembling it in appearance, and practical use has demonstrated its tannin properties to be about three times as great as the ordinary oak bark, and that in all essentials it is superior to such bark in the manufacture of leather. It has now been in use for this purpose a considerable time, proving beyond question its superior adaptedness, while in respect to cost, as compared with bark, it has immense advantage over the latter.

**IMPORTANT.**

The improvements of the Grand Union Hotel are simply elegant, and the Hotel is always kept in perfect order.

It is so convenient to all the depots, that guests arriving by the Grand Central Depot have their baggage transferred to and from the Grand Union Hotel in five minutes, free of charge.

Guests arriving by steamer or railroad, South, North, East or West, are conveyed to the Grand Union Hotel by the Elevated Railroad for five to fifteen cents, thereby saving \$3 carriage hire.

Travelers by West Shore Railroad, via Weehawken Ferry, foot of 42d St., take horse cars at ferry entrance and reach this Hotel in ten minutes for 5 cents, and save \$3 carriage hire.

During the past year one hundred and ten thousand people occupied the 613 rooms of the Grand Union Hotel at \$1 and upwards per day, including of course its elegant suites of rooms for families on the European Plan.

The Dining-rooms, Restaurant, Cafe, Lunch and Wine-rooms were supplied with the best at moderate prices.

Families lived better at the Grand Union Hotel, and for less money than at any other first-class hotel in New York.

**LITERARY NOTES.**

The *Dominion Dry Goods Report* will hereafter be known as *The Canadian Journal of Fabrics*. The new name is much more appropriate and comprehensive, considering the variety of interests which it represents. The dry-goods manufacturing and kindred trades have long felt the need of a representative journal. This is admirably filled by the *Journal of Fabrics* in its weekly twenty pages of carefully prepared trade notes, trade reviews, market reports, &c. Mr. R. W. Bigger is the energetic publisher.

**Everything for the Garden.**

Seems a broad term for any one to adopt, yet the widely known and appreciated **PETER HENDERSON** Landt St., New York, the cultivator both in garden and in the catalogue, not only "ever" all things needful for the reader.

An Arkansas man last week drove 121 turkeys 100 miles into Pine Bluff, and sold them at 64 cents each.

**Diseases of the Skin.**

Most diseases of the skin arise from bad blood and lack of cleanliness, except when caused by grubs or insects. Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Pimples and all Humors of the blood are curable by Burdock Blood Bitters, which purifies the blood.

"Is it the Dothness of the Do, or the Doneness of the Did?" proposed a Hub tutor to a little Yankee kid. The Boating urchin's answer free at once took the bun: "The pwopah tawm to use would be, the Diddness of the Done."

**EPPE'S COCOA.**—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Eppe has provided breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every ailment that may befall it."

THE sub- ready to at Col. We m holling by gr

# A KISS THROUGH THE TELEPHONE.

Words by JOHN IMRIE, Toronto.

Musio by H. F. SEFTON,  
Formerly Teacher of Music, Normal and Model Schools, Toronto.

1. Tho Tel - o - phone, in mer - ry tone, Rang "Tink - el - ty - tink - el - ty - tink!" I put my

ear Close up to hear, And what did I hear do you think? I put my ear Close

up to hear, And what did I hear, do you think?

*ad lib.*

*ad lib.*

Dr. J. STARVEY  
The voice of my own little Miss,  
"You went away  
from home to-day,  
and gave me—a kiss!  
I was a mistake,  
I was not awake,  
THE MIDDLE REWARD  
10-step Cabinet Organ, by a ce  
brated maker.  
and 3. Two gentlemen's fir  
atches, reward de  
lilies' fir  
Design: 8 wa  
Op

"Papa, hello!  
'Tis me, you know!"  
The voice of my own little Miss,  
"You went away  
from home to-day,  
and gave me—a kiss!

4. "So here goes, Papa,  
And one from Mamma,  
And another when you can come home;  
Just answer me this,  
Is it nice to kiss  
When you want through the dear Telefome?"

5. "Hello! I replied,  
With ratherly pride,  
I've got them as snug as can be;  
I'll give them all back,  
With many a smack,  
Whenever I come home to tea!"

A NEW TORPEDO BOAT.

Her Speed and Her Peculiar Beller.

The Falke torpedo boat, just built by Messrs. Yarrow for the Austrian Government, made her official trial Dec. 25, 1885, at which the mean speed of her six runs over the measured mile, made in fighting trim, reached the surprising figure of 22.283 knots per hour, the vessel having actually covered 22 1/2 knots within the hour.

Official trial was conducted in the presence of Baron de Haan, the Austrian Naval Attaché; Count Sollyk, the future Captain of the boat; Herr Popper, the Austrian naval constructor; and Herr Landecke, the Austrian engineer and inspector. Mr. Soper and Mr. Smale represented the British Admiralty.

The Falke is 135 feet long, 14 feet in extreme width, and 9 feet deep. Her draught forward in fighting trim is 2 feet 3 inches and aft 5 feet 6 inches, her displacement being 83 tons. She is built throughout of galvanized steel, her skin varying in thickness from one-eighth to one quarter of an inch, the greatest thickness being at her bows to strengthen her for ramming purposes. Her machinery is of the compound surface-condensing type, having three cylinders. One of the most important peculiarities of the boat is that she is fitted with a locomotive boiler, which generates steam sufficient to indicate 1,400 horse power.

The trial of this boiler has been looked forward to with great interest, as in the event of its proving successful it will create a complete revolution in the construction of boilers for marine engines where forced draught is necessary. It did its work in a satisfactory manner, furnishing an abundance of steam with a minimum of trouble. It is fitted with a copper fire-box and brass tubes, and it has withstood, without leaking, the bearing strain of eight full-speed trials. The boiler has more than 2,000 feet of heating surface, and there is a grate surface of 44 square feet.

The torpedo arrangements consist of two bow-tubes adapted for discharging the Whitehead torpedo in a direction parallel with the keel, as is usual in the Austrian service. No spare torpedoes will be carried, inasmuch as the Austrian authorities attach primary importance to the maintenance of the highest possible speed, and therefore object to their boat being weighted with a number of torpedoes, which would necessarily greatly reduce their speed. The vessel, however, will carry two Nordenfelt machine guns, one on each side.

The boiler and machinery are partly protected from shot by the coal bunkers, which run longitudinally right through the engine and boiler room on each side, and transversely in front of the boiler, so that when these bunkers are full a certain amount of shot protection will be secured.

The accommodation for the officers is provided in a cabin forward, the crew being berthed aft. In this respect the practice of the Austrian service differs from that of all other nations, which invariably berth their officers aft, where the noise and vibration of the screw are the greatest. The propeller, which is a two-bladed one, is forged out of a single block of steel. The vessel is steered by means of two rudders, one placed at the bow and the other at the stern, which can be worked either by steam or hand gear.

One important point with regard to the navigation of the boat is that the officer in charge, instead of being stationed forward, as is usually the case in these boats, will occupy a steering tower secured to the top of the deck amidships, and thus he will be placed in an elevated position, from which he will have an all-round view and can better direct the movements of his vessel, while he will be removed to a sufficient distance from the rush of water and spray which in most of these exceedingly fast boats, tearing through rough water, greatly obstructs the view of the steersman. In midship section the boat is almost cylindrical, the deck being considerably rounded, a mode of construction which her designers believe will give greater strength with better sea-going qualities for a given weight. All openings in the side and in the deck can be closed so as altogether to exclude water, and therefore it is anticipated that she will prove herself to be safe in a considerable seaway.

To most, however, the contingency of water finding an entrance into the boiler room, precautions have been taken to pre-

vent the fires being extinguished, the air, instead of being brought directly to the stoke-hole, having to pass first over a bulkhead, considerably above the water line, and thus, even should the stokehold become filled with water, the steaming powers of the boat will not be diminished.—London Times.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A tramp at La Grange, Ind., stole the dinners of twenty-six school children.

Owing to the competition of natural gas firewood is \$2 per cord in Jamestown, N.Y.

A man in Los Vegas, N. M., offers to capture every Apache in the Southern country if given 500 men and 50 blood-hounds.

The American colony of 3,000 in Paris is said by the shopkeepers to be worth more to them than the 20,000 Germans and 28,000 Italians of the city combined.

A Worcester, Mass., preacher thus succinctly defines atheism, infidelity and Christianity: The atheist says, "No God." The theist says, "A God." The Christian says, "My God."

In a recent inquest in London a Physician testified that the practice to which young mothers are addicted of lying over their infants at night caused the death of about 500 children a year in London alone.

In the American Journal of Insanity Dr. Pliny Earle says, so far as statistics are an indication, the recoveries in British asylums exceeds those in American institutions by between eight and nine per cent.

In the land of the Hindoos, who are a very amiable and gentle people, there is in many houses a room called the krodhagara, or chamber of bad humor, which serves the purpose of the corner for naughty children.

The hedgehog is a favorite food of the gypsies, and those who have eaten of it as cooked by them in their travelling caravans in England say it is excellent. Hedgehogs are nicest in the fall month, and are said to be more delicate than plings.

All sorts of ingenious questions are asked concerning Pasteur's remedy for rabies. "Suppose," inquired a doctor, "that one of the Newark children is attacked with hydrophobia, how are we to know whether the disease was caused by the dog bite or by Pasteur's inoculating virus?"

Several physicians having reported to the British Medical Journal cases of children whose weight at birth was only three pounds or thereabout, a practitioner with a long memory refers them back to the Digest, where it is shown that infants of one pound and upwards have been born and reared.

In a paper read before the New Orleans Medical and Surgical Association Dr. Joseph Holt deplors the commercial stagnation in that city, and believes it to be caused by unfavorable sanitary conditions. "There is no beginning to the solid advancement of New Orleans," said the writer, "except the beginning of assured health established upon the efficient drainage and sewerage of the city."

A pretty little correspondence is Mr. Gladstone's. Three thousand letters a month, thirty-six thousand a year, one hundred a day, is not bad for one man, exclusive, it would appear, of indefinite quantities of newspapers, circulars, post cards, and the like. He ought to have a special post-man, with a special Gladstone bag, to totter backward and forward with all this huge load of ink-stained paper.

Somebody says in a London paper that the highest velocity yet imparted to a cannon ball is 1,626 feet per second, equal to a mile in 3.2 seconds. The velocity of the earth at the equator, due to rotation on its axis, is 1,000 miles per hour, or a mile in 3.6 seconds; thus if a cannon ball were fired due west and could maintain its initial velocity, it would beat the sun in its apparent journey around the earth.

A Modern Jack Sheppard.

A burglar named Hacket exhibited abilities that were worthy of Mr. John Sheppard. He had been arrested on suspicion of participation in a very daring burglary, and also for an assault on a policeman named Storey. He was locked up in one of the cells of the Marlborough police court, secured by one of Chubb's patent locks and two outside bolts. When the jailer went to the cells to take the man before the sitting magistrate at 11 in the morning the bird had flown. On the Derby day that year the policeman Storey saw him in a chaise cart going over London bridge. After long pursuit and a dreadful fight he was captured, and received a sentence of fifteen years' transportation at the Old Bailey. At Newgate he made another attempt to escape, but his plan was discovered. He was then conveyed to the Model prison at Pentonville, where he was detected cutting through the bars of his prison. Extra precautions were taken in the case of such a noted prisoner. This proved to be in vain. On Sunday evening Hacket went to divine service in the prison chapel. He had managed to conceal about him the sheets and rope of his bed, the spring of the cell door fashioned into a "jimmy," and a metal weight. As soon as he entered his compartment of the chapel—which seems not to have been overlooked by any of the prison warders, as ought to have been the case—he forced up the flooring, got under the gallery, broke his way through a zinc ventilator, and gained a small closet. He then got through a window, over a parapet wall, along which he walked until he climbed the roof of the governor's room, six feet above the wall. He then got rid of his convict clothing—always the surest means of detection—except shirt and trousers, and succeeded in alighting down a gable end wall into the street. The following evening he sent the following letter to the governor of the jail: "George Hacket presents his compliments to the governor of the Model prison, Pentonville, and begs to apprise him of his happy escape from the jail. He is in excellent spirits, and can assure the governor that it would be useless for his men to pursue him; that he is quite safe, and in a few days intends to proceed to the continent that he may recruit his health."

It Looked Squally for a While.

A young lawyer, who has been recently married to a beautiful belle, was made the victim of a malicious anonymous letter that might have resulted seriously to his domestic happiness. It seems that the young man has made an enemy of a man who has an office so near that he can at times overlook his movements. A few days ago the young man's bride received an anonymous letter saying: "As new a groom as your husband ought not to have a young lady call on him in his office, and he ought not to take her in his arms and kiss her. Wednesday, 11:15, A. M." The young wife was almost heart-broken. She cried until her eyes were red, and when her lord came home upbraided him bitterly. She showed him the letter, and as he didn't have any explanation but a denial, matters began to look very interesting around his home. He couldn't think who would tell such a falsehood about him, and he started down town in a very moody condition. As he sat in the corner of the car brooding over his trouble, an idea suddenly struck him. It had the same effect on him as if he sat down on a pin. In an instant he was running at full speed homeward, while the passengers in the car were congratulating themselves on their narrow escape from a dangerous lunatic. Bursting into his wife's room, he fairly danced with delight as he exclaimed: "Don't you remember? You were in my office Wednesday morning; you were the young woman I kissed!" Peace now reigns, but he had a close call.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, a first-class Expressage and \$3 Carriage Hire, and the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevators, Restaurant supplied with the best of food. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

The largest room on the block to do.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. II.

We have already received a considerable number of answers to the enigma given last week, the majority of which are correct. Take the following for this week:—

- Great teacher of the Gentile race, Apostle tried and true, Unearthly gleams of heavenly grace Upon the earthly path we trace, Which Sillas trod with you.
- 1. Fast bound within this house of shame, Your midnight hymn you sing, And the glad tidings here proclaim, Preaching all night the saving name Of Christ, the anointed King.
- 2. Fair shines this city on her height, Though idol fanes are there; What wonder that your spirit's might Is stirred to shed on darkness light, The Unknown to declare.
- 3. False Dian totters on her throne, Though crafty craftsmen roar; Though lawless tongues her greatness own, And tumult into this has grown, Her deadly reign is o'er.
- 4. With this loved friend in Rome at last, An aged prisoner waits, Till, tells and pains behind him cast, Tumult and peril overpast, He reaches the eternal gates.

Berry, the English hangman, is a tall, respectable looking man, with the appearance of a mechanic. He is a shoemaker by trade, but does not work now, as the executioner is well paid. He gets \$50 a head, or, when there are more than one; \$25 for the first, \$25 for the second, and \$25 for the third, with all his expenses paid. The first essential is nerve. Binns, who preceded him, was a braggart, and liked publicity. He would smoke his pipe outside half an hour before an execution, and drink, and had an active tongue. Now the executioner is obliged to sleep in jail the night before a hanging. Calcraft, who was hangman for so many years, was also a shoemaker, and like Berry, a quiet, retiring man.

NEW MUSIC.

- SIGNOR TOSTI'S NEW SONGS, JUST PUBLISHED.
    - "My Love and I"..... 40c
    - "The Love that Came Too Late"..... 40c
  - MILTON WELLINGS' NEW SONGS, JUST PUBLISHED.
    - "Flow, Stream, Flow"..... 40c
    - "The Old Mill"..... 40c
    - "Lily's Romance"..... 40c
    - "Do Not Forget"..... 40c
  - MISS LINDSAY'S NEW SONG, JUST PUBLISHED.
    - "Out to the Morning Early"..... 40c
  - MOLLOY'S NEW SONGS, JUST PUBLISHED.
    - "The Old Flingot Post"..... 40c
    - "Simon Sly"..... 50c
  - NEW DANCE MUSIC, JUST PUBLISHED.
    - "Knocke Use Fols Waltz"..... Lowthian 60c
    - "Tubby Fols"..... Bucaloni 40c
    - "Wedding Bells Waltz"..... Lane 60c
- Of all Music Dealers, or by mail, at the price of marked price by the publisher.
- Anglo-Canadian Music Co., 33 CHURCH ST., N.Y.
- Catalogue mailed free.

TRADE MARK

### Music and Drama.

The Amateur Christy Minstrels will give their first performance this season at the Grand Opera House, on Friday, February 12th, the proceeds to be donated to the Hospital for Sick Children.

That week will be the great amateur week. On Tuesday, February 9th, the Harmony Club will present Planquette's "Les Cloches de Corneville" in most attractive guise.

A grand concert is in progress of arrangement in aid of the building fund of the Infants' Home. A chorus of 500 children is being trained by Mr. Sobuch for the occasion, and will be supported by a full orchestra and some of our favorite soloists.

The Howard Atheneum specialists filled a three nights engagement at the Grand this week, commencing on Monday evening. The company is first-class and the variety of the entertainment they furnish is wonderful. Most of the performers are exceedingly clever, and recalls each evening were frequent.

The balance of the week will be occupied by an English company in "Dark Days."

Arrangements have now been completed for the first production of the "Mikado" in Toronto. The first performance will take place at the Grand Opera House on Monday, Feb. 1st, when the great opera will be presented in all its splendor by the D'Oyle Carte opera company.

We have received from the publisher, Richard A. Saalfeld, 12 Bible House, New York, the following pieces of new music:

"Mary Darling Must You Leave Me?" by H. P. Danks. This little song is one of the prettiest sentimental effusions we remember to have seen.

"Little Ah Sid," [The Chinese Kid.] By J. P. Skelly. Since Bret Harte unearthed "Ah Sin and his tricks that were vain," nothing on the "Chinese subject" has appeared that is equal to this little song in point of interest.

"Mikado Waltz." By C. Ote. An arrangement of the most taking airs from Gilbert & Sullivan's latest opera. Containing the gems only.

#### Corn Sowing

Is a process conducted by the agency of tight boots all the year round. Corn sowing is best conducted through the agency of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe and sure-pop corn cure. Putnam's Extractor is now widely imitated. Beware of all poisonous and sore-producing substitutes.

Prince Adolf of Lipp-Schaumburg, holding the smallest of German principalities, is the richest of all her sovereigns. His personal estates and property is valued at over \$3,000,000. He has just celebrated his twenty-fifth accession to his principality.



**WELLAND CANAL.**  
**Notice to Contractors**

Sealed tenders for Lock Gate... addressed to the undersigned... at the office until the afternoon of Monday, the 22nd day of June...

The voice of the people... all-able for glass brown and white... THE M.B. Arrowhead, for... 10-Step Cabinet Organ... and 3. Two gentlemen... matches, newest design... Ladies' fine... design.

# WOOLS, WOOLS

## STOCK-TAKING SALE.

Berlin Wools,  
Zephyr Wools,  
Andalusian Wools,  
and Ice Wools,

IN ALL COLORS,

## At 10c. Per Oz.

All Goods Reduced in Price.  
Letter orders receive careful and prompt attention.  
We can send goods to any part of Canada.

## HENRY DAVIS, Direct Importer,

232 YONGE ST., TORONTO.  
**A NEW SONG.**  
"A Souvenir of Love."  
Made by E. GIBBELL. Words by JOHN INNES.  
BEAUTIFULLY GOT UP IN COLORS.  
Price 25c., Post Free.  
**IMRIE & GRAHAM, Publishers,**  
23 COLBORNE ST., TORONTO.  
**CHOLERA! CHOLERA!!**

The "Golden Health Pallet," a sure preventative against Cholera and Small-pox. No one need fear taking infectious diseases if they will take a dose of "Health Pallet" once or twice in 10 days. Good in Liver, Dyspepsia and Pile troubles, etc. Price, 75c. Get a box of your druggist, or send to D. L. HENDERSON, Homeopathic Pharmacist, 294-Yonge St., Toronto.

### Exchange Department.

Advertisements under this head are inserted at the rate of twenty-five cents for five lines. All actual subscribers to TRUTH may advertise one time, anything they may wish to exchange, free of charge. It is to be distinctly understood that the publisher reserves to himself the right of deciding whether an Exchange shall appear or not. He does not undertake any responsibility with regard to transactions effected by means of this department of the paper, nor does he guarantee the responsibility of correspondents or the accuracy of the descriptions of articles offered for exchange. To avoid any misunderstanding or disappointment, therefore, he advises Exchangers to write for particulars to the addresses given before sending for the articles called for.

Specimens of minerals, for others. Send lists to Y. Carpenter, Box 148, Fayette, Miss.  
A fountain pen, for an A. V. Cross stylographic pen. L. Box 140, Marshall, Mich.  
A piece of pudding and rough garnets from Connecticut, for minerals not in my collection. H. P. Oavary, Westport, Conn.  
An imperial stamp album containing a number of stamps and a good book, for a first-class banjo with less than 24 brackets. C. E. Baker, Box 1036, New York.  
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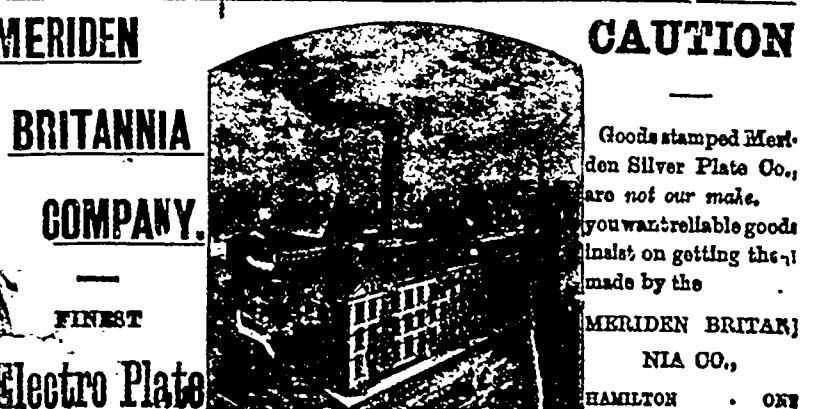
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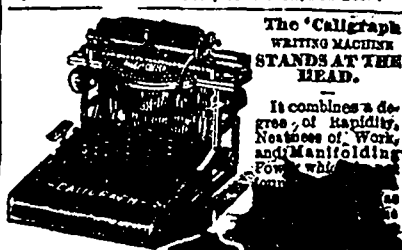
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