

TRUTH

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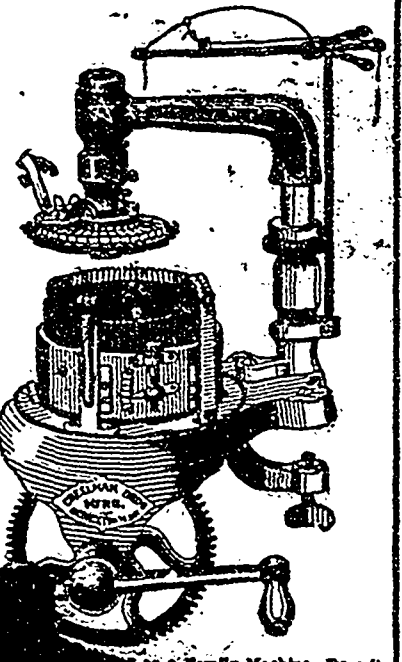
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TRUTH FOR THE PEOPLE

OLD SERIES.—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JULY 10, 1886.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. VI. NO. 301.

THE ISLAND AS A SUMMER RESORT.

If there was ever anything of which a city ought to be ashamed, then ought Toronto blush for her shameless neglect of the island lying before her doors. Our city is growing at a rapid pace; the number of "lungs" which she possesses is small, and we should be on the alert to secure every acre of bush, every hill and hollow, every cool breathing place possible for our citizens during the sultry weather.

But what have we been doing in this direction? Really nothing. Through the splendid generosity of Mr. Howard we have a delightful piece of woodland interspersed with hill and hollow in the neighborhood of the Humber; but for this, of course, no credit is to be given to the city. Winter by winter, gale by gale, the sea pounds at the unprotected and unstable sides of the Island; and year by year the area of dry land is growing narrower, till now we are threatened with the total submergence of the place. Three or four years ago a strong appeal was made to the Dominion Government for a sum of money to aid in building break-waters round the Island at vulnerable points, and in response to the request it was contemplated by the Board of Works department to give a handsome sum. But lest the Tory Government should acquire added popularity in Toronto through its generosity, some of those who speak for the Liberal party began to chaff Sir Hector Langevin through the newspapers, and they said that the minister ought to build a roof over the Island. As a consequence the handsome amount contemplated was not given; tiny efforts have been made in the direction of preservation; but the island is rapidly disappearing.

And not alone is the Island disappearing but the bay is filling up, and presently, if the water-traffic with Toronto is not to be completely at an end we shall be obliged to pay out a pretty sum for dredging. We do not know what steps, or if any, are being taken by the City Council to save this valuable piece of land. We do notice, however, that there is an unusual excitement through the city just now about parks, and drives. This is all very well; indeed the idea is a capital one. But the ravines will not run away; tempest and wave are not destroying their foundations. We want the eyes of these gentlemen turned towards the Island, and turned there immediately. It is their duty to avail themselves of the best engineering advice, and to set at work at once so that the Island may be saved from the bombardments of next winter. This question stands head and shoulders above any other presented now for the consideration of the Council; and the citizens at large expect that their representatives will be faithful to their trust. We have to commend His Worship for the many vigorous steps he has taken in the direction of public morals; we now expect that he will use his enthusiastic energies towards saving our Island. Stopping the sale of whiskey is one thing, and a very good thing, but even this will not protect it

from the waves in the storm. Whiskey and water are had; his Worship has taken away the whiskey and left the water!

When one comes to look at the almost criminal neglect shown by the city council in this matter, he cannot but ask himself this question: For what purpose do the politicians of the wards seek election to the council? It would seem as if they did so in order that they might bear the title of Alderman merely. At least this, we are morally certain, is the chief reason. By and by the people of Toronto will come to see that "any body at all" is not "good enough to be an alderman." This city as we have already said, is growing with extreme rapidity; at a rate greater than our city council are aware. Why should they lie on their ears while events run ahead in swift race? Bye-laws will always be necessary; but the city politicians wrangle about sprats when a whale requires their consideration.

Altogether the management of this Island has been very bad. The portions of it exposed to the waves are disappearing; but its heart is becoming the reservoir of poison. Vast stretches of the water so enclosed is stagnant, and the frogs are bidding the unlovely liquid a final good-bye. We know well what this means. Now it is not alone the duty of this city (of course we are entitled to some assistance from the Federal Government) to protect the Island from further inroads by water; but we should take immediate steps towards reclaiming those long reedy stretches now submerged. No attention should be given to those who tell us that in doing this we should destroy those delicious little lakes and necks upon which skiffs sometimes call. There is no scarcity of water; there is plenty of it surrounding the Island. All then contained within the outlying fringes of the entire Island should be reclaimed, and reclaimed at once. It would not be an undertaking of enormous expense; but how insignificant would be the outlay when weighed against this achievement.

Supposing some were to still adhere to the view that a portion of the water-stretch should remain, then why not convert such portion into a place for aquatic fowls as they have in their gorgeous gardens in Hell-fax? From rockeries might rise sprayey fountains; trees might be planted, summer-houses and seats erected; and a thousand and one other things done to make the place inviting, and worthy of the Conroy Island of Toronto. But it is intolerable, nay, it is shameful, that affairs should remain in their present plight.

In connection with the project for reclaiming these water stretches, and bringing the face of the land elsewhere above tide level, we have a suggestion to offer which we hope His Worship and the city council will take into their consideration. At once the work of raising the sunken levels should be commenced. It is the custom now to cart the earth taken out of excavations to some out-lying city lot. Here it becomes, in time, a nuisance; and the person who pre-

poses building is obliged to have the heaps carted to a point still further distant. In this way a constant nuisance is being committed; but thanks to the shortsightedness of our Aldermen there seems to be no remedy. Now, what we propose is this; that a regular scow service, of say one or two or more scows, be established to convey all the matter from excavations to the Island. The cost of filling and raising them would be greatly reduced; while it would be a great convenience to the teamster and builder. Instead of being obliged to cart earth two or three miles, the teamster need but drive down to the city front, and there discharge his load upon the scow. If the Board of Works Committee would consider this matter and do something in it, they would well earn the gratitude of the citizens.

We do not object to the exertions which some of our Aldermen and the Board of Trade are making in connection with the Rosedale ravines. What we do question is the wisdom of allowing to stand a matter that cannot stand without fear of evil consequences. These gentlemen should divide their enthusiasm; and they should give their first, their immediate, attention to the Island.

We do not know enough about engineering to be able to make any suggestions as to what form the defences against the waves should take, but we have read several proposals. It is quite clear that it would not be well to ring the Island about with a heavy breakwater; for that would make an end of the beach, and the beach is the greatest natural attraction at the island. But at the western end of the Island private persons for their own convenience have built narrow wharves or groins, extending some distance into the surf. Experience has shown that these groins not alone serve as a protection for the beach, but gather shingle. Imagine a series of these, sturdily built projecting outward from the threatened portions of the shore. The truth is the Island would soon increase in size, and the harbor-filling process would be at an end. There may however, be some better method than this. If there be, let the City Council get professional advice upon the matter. Something now is needed, and needed quickly.

If we are not mistaken there is a clause in some by-law making it unlawful for persons to set up camps upon the island without obtaining license to do the same. Under such license we believe they are amenable to certain regulations. Well, there are now upon the Island several tents, whether licensed or not we are unable to say. But we do know that these tents, or some of them at least, are without those adjuncts which the cleanliness and health of the Island require. Whatever the duties of the proper authorities the City Council are in connection with these matters, it ought to perform them.

If it is not out of place in this heading which this should be the first thing that since Aldermen

wise pause and consider whether it would not be well for the city to become the possessor of that range of bush-land immediately beyond the first ravine, and owned by a large land company. This bush is "primeval," and it would be a delightful and convenient place of resort for those who did not care to go to High Park or to the Island. We have no doubt but the city could purchase this land at much better terms than it would be able to do ten years hence; and breathing places, spots screened from the sun by leaves, resorts where you may forget the toil of the day and the clink of tireless wheels, is not a luxury but a necessity. Such a purchase would not be an extravagance; nor do we believe that the people of our city would consider it such.

THE YOUNG LIBERALS AT MONTREAL.

Despite the ridicule heaped upon this association by newspapers devoted to the interest of the Conservative party, the greater number of the resolutions which it passed at the late convention held in Montreal commend themselves to the approbation of all true Canadians. It has for a long time past been charged against Mr. Blake and his followers, that is to say Gritdom in its old-fashioned form, that they propose nothing new, that their policy is one of negation, that they are able to pull down but incapable of building up; in short, that all their arguments are merely the cry of Oats seeking to get in. To a large degree these accusations have not been inaccurate; but this is less due to the incompetency of the Opposition than to the attitude of the stars. Sir John Macdonald and his followers took the right side of the question when the discussion arose concerning national policy. They were more en rapport with the people upon the building of the Canada Pacific Railway than their opponents; in short, whether they have or have not been corrupt; whether they have or have not been patriotic, the people have been willing to repose a greater measure of faith in them than in their opponents. This is of course a great measure to be debited to the Opposition party itself. The Liberal interest has always been unfortunate in drawing in its ranks a number of fossils and sticks-in-the-mud; men whose personality has been repellant, or whose views have been "behind the age." Mr. Mackenzie, the most honorable man that ever lived in public life in this country, and whose ties were beyond question, was not ready to lay aside his ideas begotten of old as time-rotten as the rotting of the Anglin is a

public works. Mr. Blake is quite a different sort of man. He can readily adapt himself to the needs of the hour, and his veins are full of what may be called the "Modern Impulse." He would be a most righteous and capable political leader if he could but keep his ears shut to the hapless advice of some of the tricksters in his following. But he has not so kept his ears closed, and in spite of his brilliant and honest career, history will find at least one episode in his political life to condemn. But, notwithstanding this rather severe estimate the Reform party is, on the whole, a purer though not an able, one than the Conservative party.

However, that with which we are concerned in this article is the doings of the Young Liberals at the Convention recently held in Montreal. We may say that the showing, as we gather from the newspaper reports is, with two or three points of exception, quite a creditable one. The following resolution is unworthy of the Young Liberals or any other respectable political body in this country:—

Mr. A. F. McIntyre (Ottawa), moved seconded by H. J. Cloran, "That this Convention approve the course of the Hon. Edward Blake in relation to the extradition of Lewis Riel, and is desirous of joining in the censure of the Dominion Government for that act, for the reasons stated by the leader of the Liberal party at the late session of the Dominion Parliament."

Messrs. McIntyre, Cloran, David, Mayer Beaupre, and James McShane, J. C. M.P.P., delivered addresses in support of the resolution. They pointed out the unjust and unfair manner in which Riel had been tried and executed when all knew well that he was not sound in his mind. They also severely censured the Government for its maladministration of North-West affairs, and concluded by expressing satisfaction at the fact that the question had been taken up in a broad and natural manner.

It is really hard to keep one's temper in reading paragraphs like these. Just imagine saying in one breath that the Government by its administration provoked revolt, and in the next that the man Riel was insane because he revolted.

Here, however, is a very worthy, wise and patriotic resolution.

Mr. A. Sutherland, Parkdale, moved seconded by Mr. J. W. Harrington, St. John, and it was resolved—

That this convention is convinced that no settlement of the respective fishery rights of Canada and the United States will prove satisfactory unless the policy of England in the negotiations is based upon the recommendations of the Canadian Government.

A few such resolutions as this one is would soon turn the attention of the country to the young Liberals. And we are very glad that the following will commend itself to every honest man who reads it. Nay, more, some such measure must be written into our law upon our books before the constitution can become purged of corruption.

Moved by Mr. Howe, seconded by Mr. Chrysler, and resolved,

"That in the opinion of this Convention a conspiracy against the peace of the Dominion should be made a crime without the necessity of both parties being known."

STON, ... wing: ... by N. ... SCHOOL ... the opinion ... should be ... wing of the

of a treaty of reciprocity with the United States.

Here is plain speaking, a splendid programme, and one quite worthy of a party who has ambition and looks to a future of honor and usefulness.

"TRUTH'S" WEEKLY BUDGET.

The present number of TRUTH will, we think, be found to contain a very creditable and varied bill of intellectual fare. The editorials are upon timely and important topics. The leading article is entitled "The Island as a Summer Resort," and we commend its perusal to our readers generally, and to the Mayor and members of the City Council of Toronto in particular. The contributed articles are clever and full of interest. "Around London on Sunday," from the pen of our Special Correspondent, is a piece of vivid description. "J. A. L." in his paper, "First and Last of Fields," gives a fine description of Waterloo as it was during its bloody epoch and as it stands now. We cordially commend this contribution to our readers. "Looking Back," contributed by Archie Mack, contains diverse excellent sentiments, graciously and forcibly expressed. The "Observer" takes notice of many things of local interest in this number. Observer dislikes Victoria Park and gives a lurid picture of that resort on Dominion Day. He discusses the propriety of "nice" people making up parties and visiting the Island on Summer evenings, the wearing of Norfolk jackets about town, and the character of our Aldermen as a general rule. There is a great deal of truth in what this argus-eyed contributor says. Our two original stories, "The Broken Seal," and "Four Canadian Highwaymen," continue to increase in interest. The "departments" are tastefully stocked; much good verse will be found; the music and words, "Papa's Pat," we can heartily commend to our readers.

At Carleton Place a few days ago the Minister of Marine and Fisheries (Mr. Foster), said, among other things in his speech, "We had peace within our borders, whilst disturbing questions were agitating other countries to their very centres. He instanced France, Germany, Great Britain and the United States, in which social questions of great moment were dividing the peoples, and contrasted our condition with those countries." We clip these sentences out as an instance of the sort of thing the public man tells his audience, when he desires them to be in good humour over an administration of which he is a member. Now there is probably not a member of the Government for whom we have greater admiration than we feel for the Hon. George Edley Foster. But let us look at these statements. He tells us that we have peace within our borders. That is not much for us to boast about considering that the numbers are barely extinguished of a bloody rebellion in our North-West Territories. He pointed out that while social questions divided the people in France, Germany, Great Britain and the United States we were enjoying a happy peace. Does Mr. Foster read the newspapers? Or does he think that the small agitation which he sees every day about the departmental buildings is a type of Canada at large. He ought to know that Canada is disturbed by precisely the same social forces that move the United States, and, to a great extent, agitate many countries of Europe. If he had looked at the telegraphic columns of the Free Press he would find that we are in the midst of a bitter struggle between the various classes, and he would see how he

as Minister of Marine and Fisheries, could glory over peace, and contrast it with the turbulence of every other country. We cannot for our very lives, when we consider that the chief work of his department during the early summer was the equipment of a small naval force to protect the property along our coasts from the depredations of our huge neighbor to the south. Has he forgotten all about those seizures; or not read the violent speeches made by the American politicians; or the declarations of the English press wherein it was said that the situation was "a grave one?" We do not suppose that we are on the brink of war or anything of that sort; but we are not in an atmosphere of heavenly peace either; neither is our condition in this respect much better than any of the countries cited, the talented minister to the contrary, notwithstanding. We don't like to write a vulgar word, but all the same Mr. Foster was "stuffing" the people of Carleton Place.

Mr. Labouchere, editor of our London (Eng.) namesake, has not a very high opinion of Sir Charles Tupper's style of oratory. It appears that Sir Charles delivered a speech at a meeting of representatives held in connection with the Colonial Exhibition; and in the course of his address indulged in that style of declamation which he found so effective on the stump, and in the House of Commons, in this country. Mr. Labouchere was actually checked. He declares that Sir Charles did nothing but rant and rave, and make violent gestures; that his utterance was illegal as it was undignified; that it was tragedy without ability, and comedy without humor. And much more to the same purpose! We suppose that a speaker like Sir Charles would suffer when measured according to the dignified and collected, the severe and ornate standard furnished by orators of the Gladstonian type.

After the close of the late musical festival we made the suggestion that some of our citizens who have capital to put out, should consider whether it would not pay to erect a music hall or temple commensurate with the needs of this city. We notice that the Globe followed upon our line of argument, and we hope that this or other articles upon the matter will bear fruit.

Mr. Blake is not, and never has been, in favor of the conferring of titles upon pensioners. Our readers are aware that he was long ago offered a knighthood but refused it; George Brown made a similar refusal; so likewise did Alexander Macenzie. We confess that we are much in accord with Mr. Blake in this matter. We can hardly conceive how a very sensible man could accept a Knighthood; but it is easy to imagine how such an honor would delight the heart of a vain man. We give Mr. Blake's words, and we do not believe that any honest man or woman will gainsay them:—"Now, in this democratic country we have but few, and I wish we had no examples, of the class distinctions of the Old World. I think they ought not to have been introduced. They are foreign to our soil; they are unbecoming to our habits; they are not given under the advice of our own leaders of opinion, and I wish it might become part of our unwritten code, that these exotic distinctions should not be by us received. Let, sir, I am a believer in a certain class in a real sense, in the principle of aristocracy. I believe in the true aristocracy of energy, learning, ability, and integrity; an aristocracy whose marks and titles are found in the earnest efforts of a man to do

his duty and to excel in its discharge; and whose distinctions are such as a free people themselves confer by the expression of their confidence by mandates to the great council of the country, by selections for high offices of public trust, by the commission to regulate the affairs, to guide the high destinies, of the people among whom they live. That is the aristocracy and the only aristocracy which is suited to our day and country."

We perceive with a great deal of pleasure that the University of Kings College, Nova Scotia, has just conferred upon Mr. George Stewart, Jr., our well known Canadian writer, the degree of L.L.D. Mr. Stewart has been one of the most active of our younger writers, and has done much to give an impulse to Canadian letters. In the columns of the Chronicle he has never let an opportunity pass to say a word for one of our own writers; and he has been chiefly zealous in giving words of encouragement to our younger men. The distinguished honor that he has received at the hands of Kings has been well earned; and we extend our congratulations to Doctor Stewart.

Lord Randolph Churchill writes that he does not believe that "Mr. Parnell will influence loyal Parliament to dismember the Empire which that great historic dockyard town has done so much to construct and preserve." "Mr. Parnell, he continues, "leads a party which is composed mainly of rebels, and which is supported by American gold collected by dynamiters, whose greatest ambition is to blow Portsmouth into the air."

Hanlan has once more defeated Rier at St. Johns, Quebec. But the ways of scullers are as inscrutable and as honorable as the ways of race horses. It is a pity that the daily newspaper should devote so many columns to their episodes of gambling and demoralization.

Messrs. Bright and Chamberlain, new two of Mr. Gladstone's most severe opponents, have been re-elected for Birmingham.

Since "Observer" seems to understand what he is talking about, and as his style is attractive, and what he has to say readable, we do not care to omit one of his paragraphs even when his conclusions clash with our judgement. We do not agree with his remarks in a late number upon the Drama Tecumseh by Mr. Mair. Observer says "naturally enough Colonel Denison admires it of (Tecumseh); because the ideal of Mr. Mair is the ideal of our righteous police magistrate." He also says that he thinks there was "quite too much of a hulla raised about it." Colonel Denison is a loyal Canadian and we are unable to put a lower estimate upon the poem because that gentleman finds that in it Mr. Mair has an ideal similar to his own. What virtue is there more noble than the love for ones country; and this quality stands conspicuously out in nearly every page of Tecumseh. As for the "hulla"; we may inform Observer and his correspondent that people are not in the habit of making a hulla over a book, especially a volume of verse if it is "stiff uninteresting and pragmatic."

The Toronto Board of Trade has aroused itself to special exertion in behalf of City of Toronto. They are bringing out a handbook looking into the pages of which the outsider or the tourist will be enabled to see how splendidly we can entertain for a few days, and what a very fine city is this of ours. The Board is to be congratulated for its praiseworthy and public spirited enterprise.

Truth's Contributors.

AROUND LONDON ON SUNDAY.

[From "Truth's" Special Correspondent.]

LONDON, ENGL., 14th June, 1886.

Sunday can scarcely be said to be so well observed in London as in Toronto—that is outwardly. Cabs and buses lumber through the streets in every direction; trains shoot across the street overhead or rumble underfoot carrying their hundreds and thousands away from the smoky city to the green lanes of suburban towns. (Who can blame those who go solely to get out of this great riot of humanity and hold a short service of their own with the congregation of trees and flowers that stand ever ready to "clap their little hands in glee," as Longfellow would say, and never utter a harsh sentiment about us or sermon?) Fruit and candy stores stand open here and there; oyster-mongers display their cart loads of oranges close to the sidewalk and tempt the appetite of the thirsty stroller by showing a few oranges partially skinned and with a slice off the top exposing a depth of lusciousness beneath, while—another feature of English life—dense crowds stand in front of every public house as morning draws on, waiting for the bars to open, and these crowds number old women, young girls and little children who are sent with jugs for the family's beer, if they do not come on their own account. We hear, by the way, of a deep depression over all Great Britain, but we forget that money enough is drunk in beer, whiskey and gin in a single day to provide employment for all the poor of the Kingdom for a week.

The first Sunday I spent in London I took the opportunity of hearing Spurgeon, the celebrated Baptist preacher. He had been ill for a long time and had just reappeared in his pulpit. He did not look like a stranger at least—as if he were suffering, for he has a corpulent figure and a round and pleasant English face. The tabernacle was crowded as usual. All seats not occupied ten minutes before the time of starting service may be appropriated by strangers. I got a good seat in the body of the tabernacle, and with a sea of faces all round me was relapsing into reflections on the loneliness of being in a strange church, feeling that one is in somebody else's pew and surrounded by a multitude with not one familiar face, when—leaving the gallery near the preacher's chair I beheld Mr. of Toronto, while a few seats in front of me sat Mr. and Miss—of Niagara Falls. I immediately felt at home. Mr. Spurgeon on opening the service referred to his illness, and hoped that if his voice was not so strong, or his sermons as clear as it ought to be, they would know the reason why. His sermon was founded on the incident of the Samaritan woman at the well of Jacob, or rather the conversation which takes place between Christ and his disciples when they return from the town with food. "In the meanwhile his disciples prayed him, saying, master, eat. But he said unto them, I have meat to eat that ye know not of." The disciples had been charged with grossness, for their incapacity to see any other than a physiological meaning to our Saviour's words, but the preacher thought these words were quite natural. No man could live without eating, and he thought man should devote a full share of their exertions to providing their tables with healthy food; but what he wished to show was the enthusiasm of Christ in the work he came to do. This Samaritan woman, whose past life had been none too good and who had come out for water at an hour when few people were

about, was the first convert made by Christ. Step by step, in the conversation about the water of this life he had led the woman up to a degree of realization of the source of spiritual life, and as he looked into her soul and saw the first evidence of her willingness to receive the new "gift of God," a new enthusiasm filled his own soul and made him forget for the time his own bodily wants. Mr. Spurgeon's hearers might think it was a great thing to be able to preach before a vast congregation and have his sermons repeated in papers read by millions, but he assured them he felt a greater satisfaction and deemed it a greater honor to have some person come quietly and testify that he had been saved through his preaching. He never felt a deeper joy than when he read one day in some paper of a West Indian who had been converted by reading a translation of one of his sermons. There was more honor in doing the obscure work of Christ than in making a public noise. This first sermon of the greatest preacher on earth was preached to but one person, and that a woman of doubtful character, when many a preacher of these days would not think it worth while to waste a word upon. And yet Christ's highest skill of illustration and his greatest tact were thrown into this conversation, and the reception of it filled his whole heart with joy and anticipation of the future of his gospel as he pointed to the crowd of Samaritans then coming up and said: "Lift up your eyes and look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest." The whole sermon was an encouragement to those who are willing to do the solid and unostentatious work of Christianity in this world.

There was no collection; but strangers, as they came to the parish, were handed a little envelope into which, if they wished, they could put something for the new college.

Spurgeon's is the eloquence of plain words; he uses no flowery oratory, but, like Moody, says what he means in words that any ordinary man may understand. This, with his earnestness, is the secret of his power.

Yesterday a friend took me to hear Dr. Joseph Parker at the Congregational church known as the City Temple, in High Holborn. Dr. Parker has a fame in the Congregational Church of England corresponding to that of Dr. Widd in Canada, except that Dr. Parker's gifts are not of the prophetic order. His talent is rather in the dramatic line. He is about 60 years of age, in physique, and especially in voice, he calls Henry Irving to mind at once. If he had not been a preacher he would have been a splendid tragedian. The church was well filled, as I supposed it always is. The interior is very handsome; having a gallery supported by columns with Corinthian capitals, and just enough of gilt and light coloring about them, and the other decorations, to relieve it of the sombreness of most London churches. It has the everlasting stained glass on all the windows. In one close by us, our Saviour in a bright colored garb is represented talking to the Samaritan woman at the well, the woman also dressed in bright red, with the apostles so close about them that they must have heard all that was said—in fact they seem to be participating in the conversation. Again, in the midst of a sort of Catharine wheel window, behind the pulpit, the Saviour of the world in a garment of the brightest red, and—

But, to the preacher. It appeared that this was one of a series of sermons the doctor was preaching on the book of Job. The general design was not quite clear, but one point in this part was that the speech of

Zophar, the Naamathite, in which he accused Job of indulging in too much eloquence, was justified by the facts—that Job insisted too much on his own virtues, and held up to a stronger light than needed, his sufferings. It was like a banker who was fond of telling how he could do the financing of the world. In hearing such a man we could not forget that it was a banker who was talking; Eliphaz, the Temanite, was presumed to be one who saw visions and had a turn for spiritualism; Bildad, the Shuhite, was versed in the literature and philosophy of the day, and Zophar, in his speeches, represented the contemporaneous thought of the time. These men could not help thinking, as was natural to them—that Job, for his sufferings, had committed some secret crime which he could not confess to the world. Job, on the other hand, appeared to have misunderstood the teaching of his trials.

So much for the sermons. Before the congregation had chanted one of the familiar church of England chants, joined they in singing the plaintive:—

"Miserable, sighing to be blest,
Home, and longing to be free,
Wearied, waiting for my rest,
Lord be merciful to me."

The effect of an English congregation's singing is that of a melodeon, compared with the thinner pipe organ sound of a Canadian congregation, I fancied.

Just before the collection the doctor reminded us that the contributions would be in aid of the annual Sunday School treat, and they proposed bringing the children down to the seaside and give them a breath of sea air, a romp on the sea shore, or a dip in the surf. It was also proposed to take a few of the poor old men—and the doctor lingered pityingly on the "e" till the people smiled sympathizingly—and it was remarkable when it was mentioned to the few poor old people, how many other old people had turned up during the week and said, "they had heard of it." In consequence the committee had more to provide for than they expected. The appeal was made with perfect art, and I noticed a good number of gold pieces in the collection box, when it came round. I had had a penny in my hand, but when he brought out that pitying old I brought out a sixpence instead. If I had been anything but a newspaper man I would have made it a sovereign.

"FIRST AND LAST OF FIELDS."

BY J. A. L.

The distance from Belgium's beautiful capital to the battlefield of Waterloo is about 10 miles. On the evening of June 15, 1815, when the officers of the allied arm were tripping around the ballroom of the Duchesse of Richmond, and the rank and file were snoozing quietly in their respective billets, few of the peaceful inhabitants of Brussels knew how far it was to Waterloo. But some 60 hours later, when the roar of the great battle swept over Brussels from the southward, each peaceful citizen was doubtless convinced in his own mind that Waterloo was just around the corner. When on the morning of June 16, 1815, the allied soldiers were ordered to set out in the direction of Waterloo they were obliged to walk. At the present day the tourist who wishes to visit Waterloo drives to the Station du Midi and takes a train which 40 minutes later sets him at a queer little cross roads station, Braine l'Alleud. Here he finds the famous battle site. The number

blouses and black caps. They all speak broken English, and they all do their talking at a considerable distance down their throats. And they all have colds. There is nothing musical about the heavy guttural utterances of a Flemish peasant, who rejoices in the possession of a voice in perfect health, but when he is suffering from a cold his cadences strike susceptible nerves quite unpleasantly. The tourist belongs to the guide who reaches him first. Those who ascend to the top floor of the bus do so by means of a ladder, which is then removed. This makes it difficult for the dissatisfied passenger to get off before he reaches the first inn connected with the bus line. The road from Braine l'Alleud to the battlefield is beset by juvenile beggars, who turn somersaults whenever a bus or carriage approaches, and then run after it chanting, "Please, Messieurs, charity; please, Messieurs, charity." The creatures keep this up as long as there remains a single person in the vehicle who has not thrown them something, and then, without stopping to rest, they

SWOOP DOWN BENEVOLENTLY ON the next conveyance. The foot traveller who falls into the hands of these youthful brigands must be liberal if he hopes to escape. The little beggar will follow his prey regardless of an apparent determination not to notice him. From the road which leads to the battlefield may be seen a number of pretty little villas, which are evidently the summer homes of the retired gildes and of the parents and guardians of the youthful beggars. Shortly before the bus reaches the end of its journey it suddenly halts in front of a quiet inn, out of which comes a polite waiter, who calls out, "Will not the gentleman have some of the good beer what they like?" Within a few moments after the tourist has made his escape from this inn he alights near the foot of the Lion Mound. This mound, which was erected over the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded and where still rest the bones of thousands who perished in the fight, is 200 feet high and over 2,000 feet in circumference at the base. A flight of steps lead up to the top of the mound, which is crowned with a block of granite, on which stands a huge figure of the Belgian lion resting one of his fore paws on a cannon ball and looking down proudly into the little valley which lies before him. In this little valley, which does not appear to be more than half a mile in width, was fought the famous battle of Waterloo. Along the ridge on which stands the Lion Mound were posted the allied troops, who, all day long on the famous 18th of June, successfully resisted the gallantry of France and the genius of Napoleon. The ridge to the left of the mound is not as high as it was when the battle was fought, as the cart of which the mound is composed was moved from there. Across the valley, exposed to the wind, can be seen the ruins of the village of La Belle Alliance, while to the right of the mound, and just outside the city of Waterloo, stands the heretofore mentioned Napoleon. To lay aside one's thoughts of the battle with the view of other things, one may see the Lion Mound. At a little distance from the mound is the village of Waterloo. The number

man Legion and of Gen. Garden. To the right of the mound, and near the bottom of the valley, are the remains of the Hoagumont farm-house, the key to the British position, which was held throughout the day at such great cost. Many changes have been made in the appearance of the country in the rear of the ridge which the allies held during the great battle. The forest of Solgalee, which was immediately in the rear of the British position, has since retreated some distance toward Brussels, and several flourishing hamlets have sprung up in the neighborhood. An old stone windmill, however, which stood at the edge of the forest, still remains.

The valley on which the Belgian lion looks down has undergone few changes. The only inscription on the lion memorial is "XVIII. Jane, MDCCXXV." The block on which the lion stands has been covered with the autographs of tourists. Some have been written in pencil and others in chalk. Some have faded out, while others will remain, for the reason that they have been carved into the stone. Among the prominent of these autographs is that of William Smith, of Texas, no doubt a wealthy cattleman who in his humble cowboy days was known as Wolf Hill. But he gained wealth, and having a strong arm and a trusty jackknife he resolved to make his name known to the tourists of the world. The gate of the little farm yard of Hoagumont stands invitingly open to tourists, but when the latter attempt to leave they are met by a matronly-looking woman, who remarks in a business-like manner. "A half a franc for every one of you." Although a Belgian woman, and probably knows no other English, constant use has enabled her to get of this sentence with a truer accent than the average English peasant woman could master. In the ruins of an old Hoagumont outbuilding which was shattered during the fight is a little chapel with an altar on which stands the figure of a saint. The wall, and even the saint, are covered with the autographs of vandal tourists. Even the eyes have been disfigured by initials. In the little wood which adjoins Hoagumont still remains the red brick wall which an advancing column of French soldiers mistook at first sight for the British position, and in connection with which mistake THEY CAME TO A SUDDEN HALT. Among the allied troops were a number of Belgians who early in the fight were troubled with weak knees. Some of these men were very anxious to get away, and, not wishing to rouse general attention by walking over to the French, modestly started in the direction of Brussels. Among them was a man who lived to rear a large family of healthy sons. The youngest of these sons has for some time past been a professional orphan. The path to the Lion Mound has been fenced in in such a way that the returning tourists are compelled to pass in review before the health orphan of the Waterloo soldier referred to. The guide of the tourists that they are the orphan, and required to be taken to the guide. If you, with all his English being imposed upon, had enough of the prophetic what annoyances of your countryman of a British victory he would be doing, a thrill of sadness pervades the whole being, as some after some, and the eye? Here we come to the day of, which is a

allied troops were posted. Close to this road and immediately under the shelter of the summit of Mont Saint Jean was the cornfield in which until the close of the battle the sturdy English bulldogs of the Guard lay and listened to the shouts of the fray and the whistling of the cannon balls which were

MOWING DOWN THE BANKS
of their comrades while they impatiently awaited the order to throw themselves upon the enemy. When at length the day was nearly over and Wellington from his post at the neighboring cross roads observed the Prussians rushing out of the woods on his left he also saw a heavy column of men from the opposite side of the valley moving toward the crest of Saint Jean, where was posted the British artillery. Then Wellington spurred his horse toward the sheltered cornfield and told the sturdy bulldogs who lay there to "up, and at them." The fact sinking sun streamed out through a break in the evening clouds and poured its mellow rays over the forest of Solgalee as the Guards rushed out from among the ripening corn and threw themselves upon the gallant Prussians who had forced their way up Saint Jean's side. Across the valley, near La Belle Alliance, Napoleon then set upon a snow white charger and calmly awaited the result of the fierce struggle on the hillsides of Saint Jean. The struggle was soon over. Then the grim figure on the white charger saw his gallant Imperial Guard flying down the hill pursued by the men who had routed them. He saw the line of the allies which had stood like bulwarks all day long against the French onslaught now turn into moving, shouting, masses, which poured triumphantly down into the valley. He heard the stubborn Prussians thundering on his right, and saw the veterans around him wavering. Then he knew that the star of his destiny had fallen, and pushing blindly forward, strove to fling himself upon the bayonets of the approaching conquerors.

Over 70 harvests have been gathered in from that little valley at the foot of Saint Jean since the day when death reaped her great harvest there. Each Springtime the peaceful Belgian farmer utters the same wail which 70 years ago was plowed up by the cannon of the contending armies. That soil which was once sprinkled with the blood of thousands of the bravest sons of France, England, Germany, and Belgium looks as peaceful as if it had never been disturbed by anything heavier than the soft care of the laboring peasant. Cattle and sheep graze quietly on portions of the historic field, while in other portions the ground is hidden by the ripening grass. The quiet evening mists sometimes settle where the clouds of battle once rolled. The lowing of the oxen, the bleating of the sheep, and the voices of the guides and tourists are the only sounds that now come up from the quiet valley which on that fatal Jan Sunday shook beneath the mad thunder of Waterloo.

BRUSSELS, BELGIUM,

LOOKING BACK.

BY ARBIE MAOK.

Who amongst us does not do it? Who but sometime or other lifts the curtain from Memory, and gazes on the scenes and familiar faces of the Past? Who does not feel, when by doing, a thrill of sadness pervades the whole being, as some after some, and the eye? Here we come to the day of, which is a

then, scarce a shadow to dim its enjoyment, merry faces gladden every hour, and youth and pleasure walk hand in hand; there looms up one of the dark days of our experience, when we seemed to stand utterly alone, forsaken of God and man, when the billows of adversity were swallowing us up, when friends had deserted us and Hope almost gone, and as we gaze on that dark picture, we feel, even yet, our cheeks pale, and the heavy heart that speaks of sympathy with that sudden past.

And so, dear, familiar faces of "Long Ago." Some have slept for years beneath the green sod, and a tear rises unbidden in memory of these early days so rudely surrendered. Some have drifted slowly and surely out of our lives, and a light sigh escapes us as we think of the many changes which lead to such a consummation. Some, but they are few, still cling to us, and each day grows more precious, for their trust and love have been tried by separation, sorrow, and the kindred ills which come and go with the years of life; but each year only strengthens and brightens the chain which binds us to them, adding link to link of pure gold, untrilled by act or word unworthy of a place in the highest and noblest of all virtues, and one of the rarest,—unselfish friendship. But, alas! there are some who were friendship's mask only to conceal the hatred they bore us, who never lost an opportunity of wounding sorely the heart that trusted them, nor of spreading malicious slanders where they could ill be traced and brought home to the smiling hypocrite, who fawned to our face, vowing eternal friendship. This last is one of the ones which brings no ray of joy with it, which even at the distance of a score of years causes our blood to pulse with indignation, and like many other disagreeable things, the less dwelt on, the better.

But there are other thoughts intruding. Our own lives loom up before us, and it is a solemn thing to turn leaf after leaf of the book of life and read what we have inscribed thereon. Some of the pages are dark, almost illegible with blot and failure, others are fairly clean, but none perfect, no, not one! If we dwell on them in the right spirit they will benefit us, but if not, alas! for the page we are writing at the time! If we heed the lesson, taking past faults and failures as a guide for the future, to help avoid the stumbling-blocks which daily, hourly meet us, the experience gained by these very failures will eventually lead us forward to success; but if, instead, we weakly sit down and sigh over what is gone forever, bemoaning the ill fate which led us astray, pitying ourselves and nursing our misery, sitting spiritless under the weight of past failures and misdeeds, then is the memory of these things worse than a scourge, infinitely worse for it has grown into a curse, one of the kind that keeps on growing till it overshadows us completely, sapping all the life and spirit from our nature. No, Memory never was intended for a curse.

Let us, then, look things boldly in the face, and if some pages of our Past will not bear inspection without weakening and dispiriting us, let us resolutely close down that page, place our heel on it determinedly, and keep it closed, keeping our face ever forward and upward, full of a grand purpose to make each succeeding page of our life purer and fuller of that great love which is promised to us, if we only seek it in the right way.

When we do indulge in the luxury of "looking back," let it be with no vain longings for what cannot now be altered. We cannot always help feeling and ever some of the "might have beens" of our life. It is

human nature to regret as much as to hope, but we must also bear in mind that the Past is beyond recall, and useless regret never yet righted a blunder or righted a wrong; the Future spreads before us whether for weal or woe time alone will tell, but the Present is ours, and of it we are expected to make the best use that lies within our power. Let us do so humbly, heartily, praying God's blessing on our earnest endeavors, and we will not fail.

"Trust no Future, how'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead."

BRITISH COLUMBIA, 1886.

Boulanger's Unselfish Act.

A Paris paper relates an instance of unselfish bravery in the career of General Boulanger, the French minister of war:

In 1871 General Onmond was operating against the Communists, and had commanded a young lieutenant to carry at the bayonet's point a barricade which commanded the Paris road.

"Take some men with you," said he. "Do not give them any cartridges. At midnight advance, try to get as near as possible to the enemy without attracting attention, and when you are discovered charge with the bayonet! Behind the barricade you will doubtless find the Cross of the Legion of Honor."

The lieutenant, having formed his men, according to command, at midnight, was preparing to advance when Colonel Boulanger arrived in uniform, came in hand. The lieutenant could not conceal his vexation. Doubtless the colonel was going to command the small force, and the promised cross would fade from the horizon. The colonel saw what was passing in the mind of the lieutenant, and hastened to reassure him.

"I have nothing to do this evening," said he, "and have come here to amuse myself. I will follow your company as an amateur, without pretending to command."

The order to march was given. At sixty paces from the barricade all the men and the two officers extended themselves on the ground and tried to get as near as possible to their hands and knees. On a sudden the Federalist sentinel, who was guarding the barricade, leaned forward, listened, and then spoke to his companions.

"We are discovered," murmured the lieutenant in the ear of the colonel. "We cannot prevent a general discharge, and shall lose some of our men."

"Very well," replied the colonel. "This is what must be done. I will get up suddenly; they will fire at me and miss me, and before they can reload, you can carry the barricade."

"But, colonel, this is my duty."
"There is no 'but' in the case, and for this occasion I resume the command. Stay where you are and don't get up till I tell you."

The colonel suddenly stood upright in front of the Federalist Chassepot. As he had foreseen, he was fired at and missed. Then, with a loud voice he called out:

"Forward, my lads, at double-quick!"
The barricade was carried with the loss of one man.

Queen Victoria is the eldest reigning sovereign of Europe with two exceptions, Emperor William, who is in his 80th year, and King Christian, of Denmark, who has entered his 59th.

The great Bismarck has stipulated that his eldest son, Herbert, at present Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, shall succeed him as Chancellor, and with that view he is making him a depository of all his schemes and plans.

Women sometimes attain a great age in Russia. A Mrs. Bontzki died in the workhouse at St. Petersburg the other day at the age of 122 years. In the same institution another woman named Irene Nicolaieff has reached the age of 110 years.

Charles Johnycake, chief of the Delaware Indians in Indian Territory, is on his way to Washington to hold a conference with the "Great Father." He is 72 years of age and has presided over the Delaware for forty years. For thirty-five years he has been an ordained Baptist minister and at his present age delivers two sermons every Sabbath to his people.

THE OBSERVATORY.

A VISIT TO VICTORIA PARK—CERTAIN DISTURBING SIGHTS THERE—HEEDLESS STEAMER CAPTAINS—PROPRIETY OF VISITING THE ISLAND IN PARTIES AT EVENING—NORFOLK JACKETS—THE STANDARD OF CIVIC REPRESENTATION.

BY OBSERVER.

"O, isn't that just horrid!" screamed a number of my fair and fashionable friends when they read my remarks in the last number of TRUTH on Chaperoning. "What dreadful things to say. I declare I will never go to a picnic again. I am sure that Observer was at the last picnic Mrs. Atlas had. Isn't it dreadful. You never knew where he is." "Yes," replies another demure friend, in my very hearing, "but isn't he half right? You know that every word of it is true." "Perhaps it is; but how dreadful to put it into print and to have people talking about it." "Ah, yes, Constantine," replies she of the hazel eyes; "all these things are well enough provided they can be done on the quiet. I enjoy sitting under an alder bush with the grackles chattering above my head and somebody at my side; to me it is delightful to steal away from the Chaperon under pretence of admiring the beauty of some distant beech or Linden; nevertheless, Observer is right, and I am sure that everybody will soon look anxiously for his weekly columns."

On Dominion day myself and a friend took passage on a steamer for Victoria Park. We had heard much of the natural beauty of the place; and not caring for horse-racing, much less for baseball, we resolved to judge for ourselves concerning this resort. As my readers know, the route to this park lies through a gap between the easterly end of the Island and a long bar projecting out from the neighbourhood of the Don's mouth. As we passed through the "channel" as it is called we struck bottom several times, and left behind us a wake of muddy water. Now this I hold to be a disgrace to these authorities who are charged with the preservation and maintenance of our harbour and its approaches. I do not know if any steps have been taken to obtain assistance from the Dominion Government; but much I do say that a dredge-boat should at once be set at work to clear the channel.

Arriving at the park we found scattered about through the green vistas among the woods about two thousand persons. "I do not care much for their faces, my friend said to me as we got on shore. "Surely there are not many like these." We went upon the plateau, and looking saw a few hundred peevish and a structure open at the front, and having upon the end of it this legend, "Lager Beer here." We went up to the place, and stood to take note of things about us. Several men were sweltering with the exercise of drawing and serving lager. Let me state once for all, that this is the most abominable place that I have ever seen in all my life. I attribute, of course, no blame to the proprietors, about whom I know nothing; but such a repulsive congregation of human beings as I saw gathered about that green, and assembled in the drinking place, my eyes never before rested upon. The assemblage of course was comprised of females as well as men. Many of the girls were the very lowest that our slums can produce. They had loud voices, a bold, free stare, and they drank glass for glass of lager with the men. Lewd conversation was a feature of the revelling ensemble, and there was no guardian of the

law present to public care for decency. A wretched lurcher was the centre of the group which I try to describe, and his gyrations and his speech formed the most sickening spectacle of all. From the drinking-place the coteries adjourned frequently to the swings; and the exhibitions there were immediate and disgusting. So loathsome was the conduct about this park that all the respectable persons who went there in the early afternoon after a few moments stay returned again to the city.

I do not know who grants license to the people in this park. It is beyond the city limits, and therefore proceeds from the County of York. But I do wish that the persons who grant the license would attend there during a holiday as I did; and I am sure that they would not again confer the right to sell. Such a place of abomination would not be tolerated for an hour after its character had become known within the precincts of Toronto. It is a great pity that a place so beautiful by nature, so contiguous to the city, and so well suited for pic-nicking parties should be closed, by its present character, to all modest, refined or respectable people. I am not a prude at all; indeed I enjoy "fun" as well as anybody else; but such a spectacle as that park on Dominion Day presented, nobody who has a spark of decent or proper feeling could tolerate.

I have been credibly informed that the captains of some of the boats plying between Toronto and the Island are becoming indifferent to the safety of persons in small boats. I have been informed that they "take no heed of small craft," and maintain that the duty of the small boat is "to look out for itself." This will require looking into; and I beg to call Mayor Howland's attention to the matter. The other day a steamer ran into a skiff and sunk it; and one of its occupants, a young man, perished.

I received this letter "Mr. Observer, Do you consider it the proper thing for "nice" people to make up parties and go to the Island during the evenings of summer?" Yours, LAURA."

And my reply is that I consider it most proper. And the thing now has the sanction of the best precedent; for most of the "nice" people of Toronto have already joined in parties and visited the Island during the evening hours. Of course there are rowdies on the Island as elsewhere, but if the party keep together it will be as safe from insult as it would be in the streets. I do not care to see ladies upon the merry-go-round. I think that it looks, if not loud; then, to say the least, vulgar. Ladies who need exercise can have it in privacy; to take it in this public way I do not regard as "just the thing."

"Harry H." writes me as follows: "I notice that a number of our Toronto young men this Summer wear Norfolk coats—the belted one of course. Is that, think you, Mr. Observer, who seem to have your eyes open for all these matters, a proper sort of street costume?"

Of course in this free country one is at liberty to wear what one pleases, even though it be a perforated wool-sack. But the Norfolk jacket is really a shooting coat. It might be worn by tourists or travellers; it is never a la mode to wear it "about town," unless the wearer happens to be a travelling stranger. Instead, therefore, of this garment bring an evidence of fashionable taste in town, it is an evidence of vulgarity.

Frequently noticed in the columns of TRUTH criticisms of the character of members of the city council; and with these strictures I

most cordially agree. If Toronto any sort of shabby demagogue is considered of sufficient importance to represent a ward. If the man have only an onion and carrot stand, his chances are good provided he stands in with the person who conducts the destinies of one of the party newspapers. There are men in our city council now who cannot speak English any more than they can spell it; they have little or no stake in the community; lacking capacity for the transaction of business as they are devoid of ideas and foresight. So low has the standard of civic representation become that no man of proper pride or of high feeling will care to run into the muck and scuffle for the tarnished honor of civic representation. Before a man is elected to a seat in an important council like that of Toronto's, he ought to be decent enough to wash his hands, and intelligent enough to spell a dissyllable.

WEAKNESS OF STRONG MEN.

The Nervous Collapse of Men With Plenty of Pluck.

"I remember that one of the most daring and strongest-willed men in our regiment was much given to laughing at the poor fellows who went down under disease or who complained much of what we called mere scratches of wounds. For two years it seemed that he was proof against all troubles incident to army life, but one day as he stood in line of battle, as fine a specimen of soldierly spirit and courage as I ever saw, there came bounding and rolling toward the line a heavy cannon ball fired from one of the large guns of the enemy. The temptation to stop a spinning ball of this kind was so strong that most soldiers nerved themselves up to the point of resisting the inclination to give the apparently harmless ball a kick. The only man to yield to the temptation was my superb soldier. He put out his foot with a smile on his face, and went down a shattered, maimed and helpless man. His foot was cut off as by an axe, and the shock made him on the instant as helpless as a babe.

"Riding last Fall on a crowded train I noticed a young fellow, handsome, dashing, and reckless, who was indulging in all sorts of dare-devil sports on the platform. He seemed to have most perfect control of his nerves. He would lean out from the car, standing on the platform steps, stoop to grab at the flowers and shrubs along the line, as though he took delight in frightening the ladies who were protesting against his movements. He gave no attention at all to the warnings of the railroad men, leaning out even as one spoke sharply to him, with a look of smiling incredulity on his face. The train was flying by a switch, and the signal piece of the switch beam or lever struck the man fair on the cheek. It was a terrible blow and it left a terrible wound. My bold, reckless, daring man was on the instant as nerveless as a frightened girl. It required the quick use of restoratives and the most careful treatment to have him rally, and he was for weeks the most dependent, discouraged invalid that I have ever been called upon to treat." "Per contra," said a young fellow who had listened with great attention to this story, "there is my wife. She is the most nervous, excitable little piece of humanity that you will find anywhere. A caterpillar will frighten her off of the sidewalk and a mouse or a rat will give her more trouble and misery than a wild lion would me. The other day we were moving some piece of furniture, and in the skirmish I squeezed my thumb until I howled like an Indian. I dropped everything to look after my bruised thumb. I was called to my senses by the quiet tones of my nervous wife. She said, without a trace of excitement in her voice: 'My hand is under this;' and that was true. The little pinch that had set me howling was a drop to that crushed hand, and yet she waited patiently until I lifted the heavy load from it and released her. Will never say mouse to her again."

At a recent ball given by the Co. (thence in Paris many couples were seen. Miss ... can lady from ... white ...

CHINA'S GREAT WALL.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Celestial's Walled Defences.

Of course we had to go to the great wall of China. China abounds in great walls. Her mural defences were most extensive—walled country, walled villages, walled palaces and temples—wall after wall and wall within wall. But the greatest of all is the great wall of China. To go to Peking and not go to the wall would be unpardonable. It matters not that the Peking wall is higher and wider, nor that the way is cold and rough and often perilous—you must go and see the great wall.

Six mortal hours to make the last 15 miles. Squeezing through the last deep gorge and a deep rift in solid rock, out onto a series of rolling wadis and tramping feet, we reach the great frowning, double bastioned gate of stone and hard-burned brick—one archway tumbled in. This was the object of our mission—the great wall of China, built 213 years before our era; built of great slabs of well-hewn stone, laid in regular courses some twenty feet high, and then topped out with large hard burned brick, filled in with earth, and closely paved on the top with more dark, tawny brick—the ramparts high and thick and castellated for use of arms. Right and left the great wall sprang

PAB UP THE MOUNTAIN

side—now straight, now curved, to meet the mountain ridge, furred each 300 feet—a frowning mass of masonry. No need to tell you of this wall; the books will tell you that—how it was built to keep the warlike Tartars out—25 feet high by 40 thick, 1,200 miles long, with room on top for six horses to be ridden abreast. Nor shall I tell you that for 1,400 years it kept those herds at bay, nor that in the main the material used upon it is just as good and firm and strong as when put in place. To tell you how one feels while standing on this vast work, scrutinizing its old masonry, its queer old cannon, and ambitious sweep along the mountain crest, were only folly. In speechless awe we strolled or sat and gazed in silent wonder. Twelve hundred miles of this gigantic work, built on the rugged, craggy mountain tops, vaulting over gorges, spanning wild streams, netting the river archways with huge, hard bars of copper; with double gates, with swinging doors and bars set thick with iron armour—a wonder in the world, before which the old-time classic seven wonders, all gone now save the great pyramid—were toys. The great pyramid has 85,000,000 cubic feet, the great wall 6,360,000,000 cubic feet. An engineer in Seward's party here some years ago gave it as his opinion that the cost of this wall, figuring labour at the same rate, would more than equal that of all the 100,000 miles of railroad in the United States. The material it contains would build a wall six feet high and two feet thick right straight around the globe. Yet this was done in only twenty years without a trace of debt or bond. It is the greatest individual labour the world has ever known. You stand before it as before the great Omnipotent—bowed and silent.

Travelling on the Mississippi.

"Do you not like steamboat travel on the Mississippi?" was asked of an Irish woman. "Now, cawn't sol that I do. Divil know that as I came down I came in contact with such a beastly and 'orrid man from Arkansas. One night darlin' a great alarm prevailed, and it was a rid old boat was exposed. I 'orried to the Arkansaw man, while bur ... oried; 'Oh, for right his ... preservor!' All ... next moment 'e open'd a black bottle and drink 'arty.' I halme knew before that ... vor, don't ye 'orrid man." "What ...

FOUR CANADIAN HIGHWAYMEN;

—OR—

THE ROBBERS OF MARKHAM SWAMP.

A STORY OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

WRITTEN FOR "TRUTH" BY EDWARD COLLINS.

Author of "Annette, the Metis Spy," "The Story of Louis Riel," "Nancy, the Light Keeper's Daughter," &c.

CHAPTER VI.—(CONTINUED)

THE DEATHS OF ROBBERS LIVE.

Nancy was engaged making for herself a winy gown; the hag was sewing buttons upon a pair of breeches belonging to one of the highwaymen, and Silent Poll was kneading dough.

"I do not regard it as surprising," our hero replied.

"My, but that's strange," quoth the Lifter.

"Two can play at a game of that sort; I do not relish an encounter, but whoever gets my life will have to work for it. But that is of little consequence. What is on now?"

"If you will just remain standee where you are and keep your eyes open you will see."

Presently our hero saw a strange head rise from the cavern; and then the entire figure appeared. The disguise was most complete, and the robber, whichever one he was, held a buck-saw in his hand.

"Off hooks!" whispered the Lifter. The fellow wore a very ragged coat, and corresponding breeches; but our hero could not remember having ever seen him before. He stood close to the mouth of the pit looking first at Nancy, and then upon Roland. The jealous glare settled the point in our hero's mind. The disguised ruffian was Marfrey. The next moment out popped a sleek, respectable looking personage, carrying a Bible under his arm, and a walking stick in his hand. He was dressed like a dissenting clergyman, wearing at his throat the white bow that characterizes the Wesleyan preacher.

"The fear of God is the beginning of all righteousness. Tread ye in His ways, my children," he said, raising his hand above the group. And then pronouncing a benediction, the miscreant departed.

The robber chief next appeared, and him our hero could never have identified. Under his wide-brimmed hat tufts of curly chestnut hair were visible; and his jaws and chin had a huge beard to match in colour.

"Dattle dealer," whispered the Lifter. The robber's clothing were such as to harmonize with a man who bought and sold sheep, bullocks and flocks of sheep. In his hand he carried a heavy, knotted stick.

"We return at moonrise," he said to the woman who was kneeling away.

"What do you say to that?" quavered the yellow chloer.

And she waved her hand.

"The robber many years I've lived in this swamp," he said, "and he's the finest one I ever seen."

"I'll be bound," he said, "to see you again, if you'll be good enough to let me see you."

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at our here. "I would be ashamed to eat either people's bread and accept their shelter, without trying to make myself useful." Roland was in one of his irritating moods so he said,

"I perceive that you are a very wicked old lady; and I am quite sure that if the officers could only lay hands upon you, they would give the birds something to peck at. Do you know what they do with bad old ladies like you? They hang them up to trees that stand upon a bleak common; that the boys may peck and the crows may feed."

The rage of the old gentlewoman was now so great that she was unable to articulate; and when her fury reached the highest and most impotent stage Roland arose and walked away.

"Do you wish to take your arm with the rod?" Nancy asked.



THE ROBBERS KIDNAP THE GIRL WITH THE "GOLDEN HAIR."

"Yes, I should like to get out of sight of our uncharitable grandmother here."

"Hush! I would not advise you to provoke her too far. If you know what her career of crime has been you would shudder to bring her ill-will upon you. I am afraid that you have brought a great danger upon your head." Our hero and Nancy emerged from the wood and there lay spread before them a lake of shining water, though dark as soot. Its area was probably about twenty acres; and although its depth seemed to be great a black stump rose here and there from the surface. The two had not walked far when the shrill voice of the old woman was heard calling

"Nancy, Nancy!"

"I must leave you; but I will return as soon as I can. I have many things to tell you, and many warnings to give. The Lifter I think has taken a great fancy to your ways; and I think you will be able to credit what he says to you. I will join you up the brook and we'll have a flask together. Good-bye, dearie!" and the girl flung a kiss to him from her finger tips and was away.

A minute later the Lifter came whistling along and joined our hero.

"Well, stranger, what did you think of that?"

"That he is a black-bamboo villain; and that God Almighty does not send such a creature to heaven upon such a good deed."

deal of patience in heaven. Well, I think they must or they never would suffer the Rev. Mr. Jonas to walk the earth. I often sit a thinkin' about him; and always come to the conclusion that he is not sincere."

"Cease your knavery, fellow. What purpose can it serve to talk in this fashion to me?"

"Well I will. I like you, because you knocked down the bully. I have a great liking for the fellow's gal; but till you come she cared best for Jud. I'd like to tell you summat of my brethren. But say, are you here hard and fast?"

"I fear, alas, that I am."

"What did you do; kill your man in a duel?" Roland sighed and bowed his head.

"Then you cannot go away and preach; so I'll give you a bit of our indoor history. You saw these as went out to-day. Wall they are off spotten ("spotting.") Jud will go to some comfortable farm house and ask for a job sawen wood. He can be very good-natured and obliging; and pretty soon he gets the run of the house. If there is a silver spoon or a watch in the family, he seldom leaves—though he often returns day in and day out to the same house—without bringin' it away. Sometimes he hears of a man who has a lot of shiners, and if he can be sure that he keeps it in the house, he makes himself at home for a few days about the place decen cheap. His next visit is when they are all asleep; when there is no moon, and the storm makes much clatter. He escaped from Newgate in the old country; came to Muddy Yerk and got jagged. He broke bars, and was plucked up one evening as you

he would scorn to eat a crumb that he did not work for; so he was every day abroad, and if he could bring in nothin' better he was sure to return a little after dark with half a dozen chickens, or a couple of quarters of lamb or veal around his neck. One day he came by with something that was not lamb, nor veal, nor fowl. Now, what do you think it was? Blow my eyes, if it wasn't a Methodist Parson.

"The parson was a mook looking man, with a white bow under his throat; and his name was Mr. Jonas."

"What in thunder did you bring that Sky-pilot here for?" the captain asked in his most angry tones; while could misser run a screechen into the cavern.

"I have good reason, I assure you, captain, for the capture," was his reply. "Give the man of God somethin' to eat. He must pray for us this evensin. It'll be as good as a circus to listen to him. It's been so long since we had divine carvies in here."

"Ah, young man, but it was good fun to hear that parson pray and preach that night. The very

"Aisles of the dig-wood rang to the anthem"

that he raised; and I am sure he thought that he had carried our hearts by storm. He prayed God to soften our obdurate hearts; and especially asked heaven to cause these misguided men to relent in their intentions, and permit him to go and carry the refreshing rain of the gospel to the ground. After the prayer was ended I showed him his couch; the same whereon you slept last night; and before I said good night I asked him to pray for me. He squeezed my hand and said:

"Is your heart softened? May I depend on you?"

"I answered 'Fear not. I have been a burning brand, and you have snatched me from the fire. He turned his eyes towards the clayey roof and gave thanks. When I returned to upper air Mr. Sykes had gathered Mr. Jonas' late congregation about him, and thus addressed the meeting:

"Brethren and sisters, I intend to amend my life. I have been a wicked man; but the good parson below has carried the grace of God to my heart. Henceforth my mission shall be to preach the word. So zealous am I in this respect that I intend to preach instead of Mr. Jonas!"

"For several minutes I could not gather what he meant; but it became quite clear when he added:

"This congregation is large and wealthy enough to retain a preacher unto itself. Captain, with your permission we will keep Mr. Jonas! The captain, who long before had caught Mr. Sykes' intention, nodded a hearty approval.

That evening Mr. Sykes took possession of Mr. Jonas' private letters, recommendations, &c.; and likewise bore away to his own diggeens a Bible, several prayer books, and three or four hymn books belonging to the preacher.

"Brethren and sisters," he said, "I am no longer the wicked Ned Sykes, but the good and Reverend Mr. Jonas."

"That day, clad in the clergyman's very robes, with a white tie under his chin, and three holy books under his arm, he set forth. He visited every Wesleyan family in the neighborhood; presented his credentials at each house, and received from one and all a cordial and Christian welcome. Since that time he has preached regularly every Sunday; he has 'the run' of every Christian house in the denomination through the County of York. More than this, he is noted for his piety and his eloquence, and people who will not trust the banks, deliver their wealth into his hands for safe keeping. About twice in the year he preaches a charity sermon, for the help of the widow, the orphan, and the distressed, generally; and requests that the amounts be forwarded to him for disbursement.

During his ministerial mission he has collected about thirty watches; close upon a basketful of silver spoons; while he has led a nocturnal attack upon just ten houses belonging to his parishioners. He has killed with his own hand, in his own bed, the class-leader in the Wesleyan Sunday school; and

were on the edge of this swamp. He was the very man they needed here. But there is a very interesting history belonging to the Rev. Mr. Jonas. That is, as to how he became the Rev. Mr. Jonas. Wall it was like this. He was caught when very young at Piddadilly poken a gentleman's pecke' Helcarat the trade under one Fagan, a Jew, the cheese toaster that you read about in that new book, *Oliver Twist*. He was sentenced to three years; but when he got out he joined the pickpockets again; was again caught and transported to Australia. From that far away place he beat his passage to Halifax; and worked his way from that town, too, till he got to York. He was prime always at workin' anything. Well, he got tired of idleness in York, and one night climbed into the residence of Sir Edmund Bond Head, the governor, and stole his watch. The governor fired but harmed nothin' except the glass. The next day he sold the watch to a Jew; but the detectives were on his track and nabbed him. He was sent down for six years.

"When two years were served he began to lang for a more active life; slipped one night out through the bars he came away. They put up the hue-and-cry next mornin', and had half the country at his heels. The captain met him; said he was jart the young man; wanted; and took him to the heart of the establishment.

"And now comes the interestin part of the story, Mr. Sykes was not an idle man

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

wounded one of the church trustees. But he attended afterwards with much concern, and read words of consolation to the wounded man.

"My God! Roland interrupted. "This is shocking. Does he still continue at this work of infamous hypocrisy?"

"Bless your heart, yes."

"Eternal heaven, he is not the eloquent minister who preaches every other Sunday at the Don?"

"The very same."

"Why, I have gone there myself and heard him, attracted by his great repute. Yes; now that I come to reflect, this miscreant who went out this morning and the preacher to whom I listened with such rapt attention, are one and the same man."

"I hope that you were made better by his discourse," the latter said.

"And pray," earhero inquired "what became of the poor minister, the real Mr. Jonas?"

"O they kept him confined for several months, and he wasted away past belief. Nobody here took to him like. At least the new Mr. Jonas said to him one morning.

"Mr. Jonas that was, pray come down with me to the side of the lake that we may converse. I like best to contemplate the might of God through the agitation of the waters, and behold how the storm blows."

"The poor wretched Wesleyan went with him; but he never came back. An hour later the new Mr. Jonas returned; but he made no allusion to the real minister. We afterwards learnt that he drowned him to the pond."

"Great God, how horrible!"

"There now you must not say anything against the habits and customs of the place. I will bid you good mornin'." Taking his rod and line the sleek deer made his way up the stream; and our hero was left to horrible recollections. There was a noise among the paroled leaves, and a moving of boughs. Then Nancy stood before him. She did not expect to find him here at the first turn; and she blushed deeply.

"I thought the latter was with you still. But I am glad that he has left you. We shall fish and talk here. Has the latter told you anything about the history of the highwaymen?"

"Yes; I have heard enough to make me sick at heart."

"Did he tell you about the Captain?"

"No."

"Well, the captain is his own father; and the old woman is his grandmother. The robber chief's father was known as 'Nick, the Highwayman,' a terrible person whose name made everybody's heart beat fifty years ago."

"But how came you here Nancy? You look different from the people about you; your language is elegant and you appear as if you had been born well."

Such words coming from his embarrassed girl. But when the blood began to return to her cheek she heaved a sigh so piteous and profound as to move every spring of pity in our hero's heart.

"Ah, yes; I knew purer, and more happy days," she replied; but to commence my story as I was opening again wounds that once have hurtled. My father came to this country when I was an infant under the nurse's care, my mother having died a few hours after I was born. My father had served for many years as an officer in the army; and he fought under Lord Wellington, as captain, at Waterloo. He had several connections in this Province, and shortly after his arrival here, through the influence of the governor, obtained the position of Sheriff for York and the allied counties. He built a house in the heart of the wilderness, and cleared a farm, stocking it with horses, cows, oxen and sheep.

"I found it very lonely during the years of my early girlhood; and I used to go, despite my father's wishes, much away from home, spending a day with one friend and a week with another. Nor was I choice at all in the selection of my acquaintances. My father frequently used to point out that as I was a lady by blood I should seek the companionship of ladies only. But his remonstrances never exceeded words; and when I disobeyed his orders he only sighed and wished my mother had been spared to watch my welfare.

"When I reached my seventeenth year, my friends were pleased to tell me that I was 'a beauty,' and they predicted that I would make sad work among the hearts of men. I always was a coquette, and to

capture the affections of a man I regarded as the greatest victory a woman could win. So I felt proud of my beauty and of my gifts, for I had a natural way of pleasing everybody, and resolved to make the most effective use of both. In the spring I looked to the sugar season; and wished for the dawn to break upon nights that the frost was keen. When the sun shone out I knew that the maples would merrily drip; and when breakfast was ended, tying on my hat, I hurried away to join the sugar-makers. It made no matter who the persons were; and I used to be as happy and as much at home among the servants who did our domestic work, as among the high-bred folk who were my father's associates. In the evening I attended candy parties among the rustics; danced and played at games. The game that pleased me most was post-office; for there was plenty of kissing when playing that. But oh! I did like kissing! I always singled out the most popular man in the room for conquest; and no other girl had any chance whenever I entered the lists. And in spite of the profane which all men gave to me I was popular, and no unkind words were uttered about me. If anybody hinted that I was a flirt, there was sure to be some person present who would promptly say:

"Oh she is not proud anyway. She is a real lady; and she is not too good to mix with common folk."

"Well, in this way things went till I was eighteen. One evening, at this period, I attended a dance which wound up a 'quitting bee' at a house about a mile distant from our own. All the rustics there were known to me; but there was a stranger present who at once attracted my attention. He had met the concussions air and clumsy movement of the country folk, but seemed as cool and as much at ease as if he were in the woods alone. He was handsome, too, and no sooner did I see him than I felt attracted by his splendid eyes.

"He asked the hostess to present him; and my heart throbbled wildly as he came up, bowed, and asked if he could have the pleasure of a dance. I readily consented, and before the party broke up I had given to the stranger all my heart. I had never loved before, much as I had enjoyed men's company. Yet, although I gave my heart away, I had some undefinable dread of this dark, daring stranger, with the remorseless though beautiful eye, and dare-devil step and bearing. Many times, again, we met; frequently in the meadows when the gloaming came; and often in my father's orchard.

"He declared in burning words his love for me and asked if I would become his wife. I consented. Then I bade him ask my father's sanction; but this he would not listen to. He said that our wedding would have to be kept a profound secret; and asked if I knew any clergyman upon whom I might rely to perform the ceremony. I knew that it would be useless to apply to the Episcopalian minister who preached once in the month in the district church, for he and my father were the closest friends. But Mr. Wyman, a Baptist missionary with whose family I was very intimate, contrary to my father's commands, I felt sure would not refuse. I had an interview and he consented to wed me to my darling.

"In a little while it was accomplished; and writing a letter wherein I stated what had happened, and telling how I loved my husband, I laid it upon my father's desk and went away. My husband took me into another county and provided for my comforts at a little rustic hotel. I should have been supremely happy but that he was obliged to be the greater portion of his time absent upon business concerning which he would not give me the faintest clue. I noticed, too, that he always came at night and went away before the dawn; and that he always seemed afraid of something and of everybody. Sometimes it ran through my mind that my husband's reason was not sound; a suspicion that some act of good judgment or clever reasoning on his part would soon dispel. But his long and frequent periods of absence soon became intolerable and I told him that take me with him."

"That I was prepared to share his travels, and storm with him."

"If you do not take me with you, I said one day, after he had been absent for a fortnight, 'I shall go home again and will never permit you to see me more!' I knew he understood I would keep my word. He was very much agitated, and he said to me, 'Since you desire it I will take you

with me. When I take you there shall you see more of me than you have since we were wedded. But hearken to what I say: I would as lief carry you to the churchyard as to the abode which is mostly mine.'

"I was wayward; and declared that I cared for nothing provided that I were with him. One evening he came and bade me to make ready. He had a pair of horses outside, and across the back of his own steed my clothes, which he stowed in sacks, were put. For hours and hours through the night we rode; and when the faintest tinge of silver showed itself in the east we were on the edge of this hateful swamp. From that day to this I have never left it."

"And what became of your husband?"

"Later on you shall hear. When I discovered who my husband's associates were, what he himself was, shame, rage, and despair entered my heart. I suffered no complaint; but fearfully resigned myself to my doom. The revelation, of course, instantly crushed the love out of my heart for the man who had betrayed me. Six months later he was shot by a farmer while committing a burglary. I shed no tears when I heard the tidings; nor have I enquired where they buried him."

"Whence came your husband?"

"He was a gentleman and possessed many accomplishments. At the gaming table he squandered a handsome fortune; and he then committed forgery. He flew from justice and fell in with the gang of Markham Swamp."

"And how has your lot been since then?"

A flush came into her cheeks.

"Not indeed as you surmise. Oh, no; fallen though I have by mating myself with murderers, I have in one respect naught that can bring reproach. Shortly after the death of my husband, the robber chief offered to wed me. His offer I refused; and it has never since been made. To shield myself from the advances of the rest I have permitted the odious ruffian Murfree to pay court to me. He is my constant persecutor; and he is persistently urging that I marry him, that vile man, Jud Bykes, to perform the ceremony. I promised, at the last, to wed him in May of the coming spring; but I shudder to think of his violence now that you have come amongst us."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Inquisitive people are the funerals of conversation; they do not take in anything for their own use, but merely to pass it to another.

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution of body by intemperance, do as manifestly kill themselves, as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.

Good manners, is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse; whoever makes the fewest persons uneasy, is the best bred man in company.

Two persons who have chosen each other out of all the species, with design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that action bound themselves to be good-humored, affable, discreet, forgiving, patient and joyful with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections to the end of their lives.

The real difference between men is energy. A strong will, a settled purpose and invincible determination can accomplish almost anything; and on this lies the distinction between great men and little men.

"How," said one to Sir Walter Raleigh, of whom it was said he "could tell terribly"—"How do you accomplish so much and in so short a time?" "When I have anything to do I go and do it," was the reply.

For drunkenness, drink cold water; for health, rise early; to be happy, be honest; to please all, mind your own business.

Plain.

A farmer's wife living up among the New England hills had a longing all her life to see a hippopotamus. A circus and menagerie visited a neighboring town, and she seized up her old horse and rode over the rough roads, in front of the case which

Mrs. Jennie Wright, of Indianapolis, has brought suit to recover the value of her sewing machine, which her worthless husband carried to a liquor saloon and raffled off.

Georgia is likely to be known as the Mother of Evangelists. The Rev. J. H. Munday is her latest product in this line, and he is said to be doing a great work at Columbia, Tenn.

The venerable Joseph Kleinfeldt of Utica recently died at the residence of his son, Alderman Littlefield of Detroit. Since the death notice appeared the Alderman has been busy explaining that his name is simply his father's name translated into English.

A young colored woman in Lakeview, N. J., while carrying a kettle of boiling water, suddenly fainted and fell. She kept tight hold of the kettle, and thus succeeded in peering its entire contents over her legs, scalding herself terribly.

John Coulter, of Richmond, attempted to hive a swarm of bees the other day, and they lighted upon him and nearly stung him to death. It was thought that he would surely die, but he managed to pull through and is now very sore but convalescent.

Charley Sheehan, 18 years old, of Lafayette, went in bathing accompanied by his dog. The boy could not swim, and while paddling about in water nearly up to his neck, the dog got on his back and pushed down. As fast as he came up the dog pushed him under and the boy was drowned.

Stephen Gleason, of Fall River, is 100 years and six months old, attends church every Sunday, walking unaided to and from the church; he is a long walk daily, has excellent sight and hearing, and unimpaired memory. Mrs. Gleason is nearly ninety years old, and likewise well preserved.

G. A. Barclay, of Edinburgh, told a Chicago reporter that he had been by night through the slums of his own city, of Glasgow, Liverpool, London, Paris, Rome, and Naples, and that, except in Naples he had never seen anything so bad in the way of drinking, and vice as he had seen in Chicago.

Accounts begin to come in of girls who kill themselves jumping the rope. The eleven-year-old daughter of Andrew Bosmer of Louisville has just died after matching herself against some playmates at a picnic. She jumped until she brought on heart palpitation that could not be controlled.

A writer in the Bee Journal says that bees have a strong antipathy to dark-colored objects. A brood of chickens ran about his hive. The bees stung one of the dark ones to death, and did not molest the light-colored ones. He says that a man with a black plug hat rarely gets stung, the bees devoting their entire attention to shooting the hat.

Three years ago, after a tornado had devastated the farm of a Georgia farmer, he and a two-year-old boy among the shrubbery of his garden. No one claiming the wolf the farmer took him and cared for him. Last summer the farmer took the boy with him into Mississippi, and then another tornado took the child, and he has never been heard of since.

There is a cave about four miles from Houston, Texas, about 100 feet long, 50 feet broad, and from 4 to sixteen feet high where numberless bats roost by the millions. It is said that there are so many that takes them nearly an hour to get into the cave each morning and in the evening hundreds are killed. It is proposed to form a company to collect and utilize the bats.

John Carothers, while in Akron, Ohio, caught his foot in a heap, and was in danger of being killed. His yell brought a man who offered him \$500 to get him out. Carothers refused the offer and was rescued by a man who offered him \$500 to get him out. Carothers refused the offer and was rescued by a man who offered him \$500 to get him out.

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Young Folks' Department.

How Johnny Helped.

"Dear me! dear me!" said Johnny's mother, in a tone of great dismay. "I do believe that's old Mrs. Brand coming up the road. Look out and see, Johnny."

"Yes it is," said Johnny. "And she always stays to tea. I don't say but I'm glad to have her, but somehow my work's all behind to day—and now I can't get the baby to sleep. And my last jar of raspberry jam's been working so it isn't fit to eat, and I haven't a speck of fruit for tea."

Johnny wanted to ask what kind of work raspberry jam was in the habit of doing, but knew it was no time for questions when his mother was so much worried. He quickly said,—

"Put baby in his buggy, mamma, and I'll take him out in the garden. And don't you think I could find enough strawberries for tea, if I look hard?"

"You're a dear, helpful little fellow! You can put off these other things, and have a nice visit with the old lady. No, I'm sure there are not enough strawberries ripe."

"But if there were just a few, you could flatten 'em out in the glass dish so they'd look like a good many; and when you said, 'Have some strawberries, Johnny?' I'd say 'No, I thank you, mamma,' just as usual; and then they'd go round, you see, mamma."

Johnny thought his plan very clever indeed, but mamma only laughed and shook her head, as Johnny drew baby out of the back door, just as Mrs. Brand slowly came in at the front one.

"I'll see, anyhow," said Johnny to himself, for he had a very tender feeling for his mother's small troubles. "Now, Harry, you sit still, while I get mamma some berries."

Harry chatted in very crooked English to some dandelions and buttercups, while Johnny peeped among the strawberry vines, greatly delighted at soon finding some of the red fruit.

"I thought so," he said to himself, in great satisfaction; "I thought we hadn't had those two hot days for nothing."

He ran softly into the house to get a pail without mamma knowing, and then eagerly bent over the bed, wondering all the time why raspberry jam had any work to do, and if it worked as hard as his mother did. And if, as the sun was hot and his back ached with stooping, it worked as hard as he was working to get those strawberries.

But Johnny was not afraid of work, and laughed merrily to his small self as one after another the berries seemed to smile out at him as he spied them in their hiding-places under the green leaves.

Into the pail they went, and it filled up so fast that he forgot all about the hard work and the raspberry-jam in thinking how glad mamma would be.

And Harry really must have had some kind of an idea of how important those strawberries were, for the darling turned his curly little head over and went to sleep just as Johnny was ready to take the balls off them.

He got the glass dish and carried them in just as mamma was setting a dish of honey on the table and thinking how trying it was to have no other sauce, when all the neighborhood had honey, and Mrs. Brand was probably tired of the sight of it.

Mamma was just as much surprised and delighted as he expected her to be.

"O you little darling!" she said, "you are the comfort of my life."

And when the berries were helped, Johnny, with a very large smile on his face, which only mamma would understand, said,—

"Yes, if you please, ma'am, for there were plenty to go round."

Bather's Cramp.

The return of the bathing season is an appropriate time for a few words on the subject of the "cramp" therewith associated. If the nature and causes of this dangerous affection were more generally known, it is probable that many deaths from drowning in the summer might be prevented. Cramp is a painful and tonic muscular spasm. It may occur in any part of the body, but it is especially apt to take place in the lower extremities, and in its mildest form it is limited to a single muscle. Pain is severe, and the contracted muscles are hard and exquisitely tender. In a few minutes the

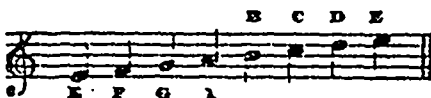


THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO.

A, — E, — O, — D, — E, — F, — G, That's "the scale," as you may see; On the "lines" and in the "space," Each in order you may trace!

Chorus.—A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A musician I would be; Oh, it is such merry fun, Up and down "the scale" to run!



E, — G, — B, — D, — F, — on "lines," Learn by sight the useful signs; F, — A, — C, — E, — in the "space," Don't forget the spelling F A C E.

Chorus.—A, B, C, D, &c.

Notes are simply "signs" you see, Round and black as black can be; From the perfect number "seven," Each its proper place is given!

Chorus.—A, B, C, D, &c.

"Sharps" and "flats" some patients need, If at music you succeed; But "sweet melody" is there, When you take great pains and care!

Chorus.—A, B, C, D, &c.

Soon my little friend may try Something greater by-and-by, If her teacher she obeys, And remembers all he says!

Chorus.—A, B, C, D, &c.

Just be patient—never fret, Or take a passion yet; Else "a discord" you will make, Which would be "a great mistake!"

Chorus.—A,

spasm and pain cease, leaving a local sensation of fatigue and soreness.

When cramp affects only one extremity, no swimmer or bather endowed with average presence of mind need drown; but when cramp seizes the whole of the voluntary muscular system, as it probably does in the worst cases, nothing in the absence of prompt and efficient extraneous assistance can save the individual from drowning.

Persons of middle age suffer most from the affection, and men more so than women, and the robust and vigorous more so than the weakly. Neither can there be any doubt that the shock of cold applied to the surface of the body, especially when the body is unduly heated, is the commonest determining cause of the worst and most extensive form of bather's cramp. On this fact is founded the common prejudice against bathing when the body is much heated.

Many fatal cases have illustrated this point. Last summer a robust man who was an expert swimmer, rowed in a boat, upon a sultry evening to a deep pool; with his body glowing with muscular exertion, he plunged into the water, when he was immediately seized with general muscular cramp, and at once drowned. The most powerful and most avoidable cause of serious cramp is the sudden immersion of the body, when highly-heated, in water of a relatively low temperature.—Popular Science News.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

NO. XXV.

Who is this Jewish prophetic, who receives five royal messengers, and boldly dares to tell them terrible truths which they must carry back to their anxious sovereign as a reply to his inquiries?

(The initials of the subjoined will give the answer to the above.)

- 1. The outwitted of the keen Abithophal.
2. The fine gold that formed the girdle of the majestic figure in Daniel's vision.
3. The name by which St. Mark designates Matthew.
4. The idolatrous tribe omitted from the "sealed ones" in Revelation.
5. The prophet who foretold the imprisonment of Paul.
6. That which precedes honour.

ANSWER TO NO. XXII.

The Cross of Christ.—Gal. vi. 14.

- 1. Cain Gen. iv. 6.
2. E-am Gen. xxii. 13.
3. O-badiah 1 Kings xvii. 4.
4. S-amaria 1 Kings xvi. 29.
5. B-apphia Acts v. 1.

The following have answered No. XXII.

correctly:—Master A. L. Campbell, Lindsay, Ont., to whom is awarded the prize; Mrs. T. G. Bushey, Mrs. M. Hells, Jeanette Robertson, Isabella D. Armitage, Mary Mulhens, Chas. Hendry, Jr., Jas. McManis, jr., L. Sanderson, Elizabeth Huyter, Mrs. T. M. Reid, Mrs. J. A. Downey, Mary Jane Murray, E. A. Heming, H. B. Atkins, Mrs. E. Arkley, Minnie Maudsley, M. A. Jamieson, John Waddell, Maggie Rogers, E. J. S. Vicars, Sarah McQuinn, Mrs. John Laimer, E. W. Key, Mrs. John Robinson, J. C. Worthington, P. J. McInty, Edyth Murray, Mrs. E. H. Owens, Mrs. Nelles, Margaret Meiklejohn, E. Frederick W. Coyne, M. Macleod, Harding, Mrs. J. Mann.

The following additions to No. XXI have been received: M. J. Wilkins, Haler, Seldem.

A prize, a beautiful copy of the best poetry, is given to the first correct answer.

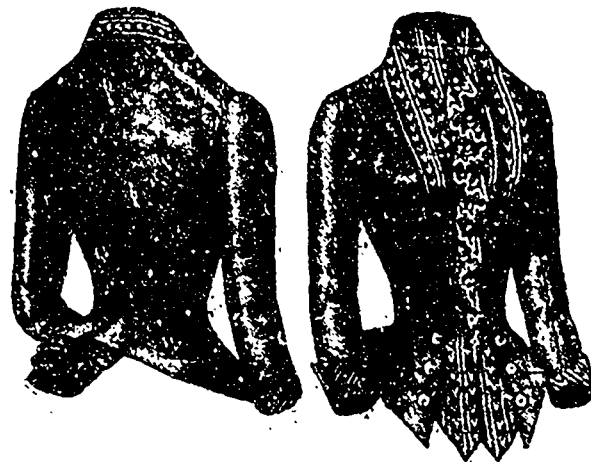


FIG. 4.—No. 3469.—LADIES' BASQUE.
PRICE, 25 CENTS
For Quantity, see 3469.

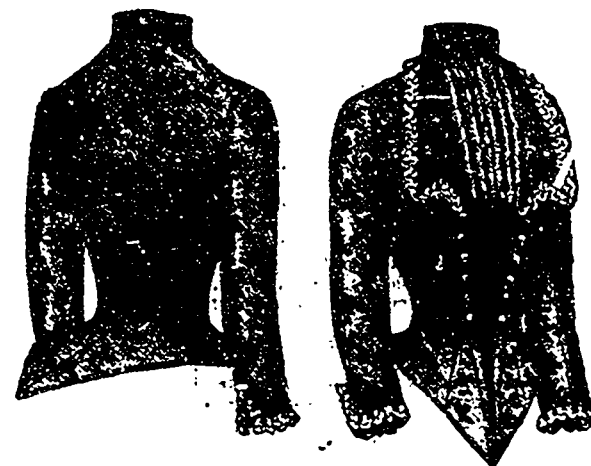


FIG. 3.—No. 3468.—LADIES' BASQUE.
PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
30 inches, 2½ yards; 32 inches, 2½ yards;
34 inches, 2½ yards; 36 inches, 3 yards;
38 inches, 3½ yards; 40 inches, 3½ yards;
42 inches, 3½ yards; 44 inches, 3½ yards;
46 inches, 3½ yards.

Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for
30 inches, 1½ yards; 32 inches, 1½ yards;
34 inches, 1½ yards; 36 inches, 1½ yards;
38 inches, 1½ yards; 40 inches, 1½ yards;
42 inches, 1½ yards; 44 inches, 1½ yards;
46 inches, 1½ yards.

No. 3469—LADIES' BASQUE. PRICE, 25 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (24 inches wide) for
30 inches, 2½ yards; 32 inches, 2½ yards;
34 inches, 2½ yards; 36 inches, 3 yards;
38 inches, 3½ yards; 40 inches, 3½ yards;
42 inches, 3½ yards.
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide) for

30 inches, 1½ yards; 32 inches, 1½ yards;
34 inches, 2 yards; 36 inches, 2½ yards;
38 inches, 2½ yards; 40 inches, 2½ yards;
42 inches, 2½ yards.
No. 3470—LADIES' TRIMMED SKIRT.
PRICE, 30 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (24 inches wide), 13 yards.
Quantity of Material (42 inches wide), 7 yards.

Cambric for underskirt, 5 yards.
No. 3468.—LADIES' SUIT. PRICE 35 CENTS.
Quantity of Material (48 inches wide) for
30 inches, 6½ yards; 32 inches, 6½ yards;
34 inches, 6½ yards; 36 inches, 6½ yards;
38 inches, 6½ yards; 40 inches, 6½ yards;
42 inches, 6½ yards.

stylish when not carried beyond reason, as it appears when the handle assumes the appearance of a lightning rod. As usual, there are more black ones seen than any other design. Red or cream linings are preferred and the wooden handles twisted into some sort of a ring. It is said that the handles have been lengthened on account of the high bonnet trimmings, that would interfere with a short parasol.

DESCRIPTION OF ILLUSTRATIONS.
FIGURE 1.—Our midsummer plate includes two costumes equally appropriate for use or strict wear, showing a variety of materials in either case, as the almost universal fashion. The first, priced at 35 cents, is the model which requires an ordinary dress with a flounce of protective pleats. The second, priced at 25 cents, is of the finest woolen goods and is a model of draped drapery of the latest fashion. The skirt is of the latest style, with a high collar and a "blind" pocket of the contrasting color. Woolen goods and striped silk are combined in this

the sleeves are cut wide at the wrist, with the extra fullness pleated in the back-seam. The basque shown on the remaining figure has the new jabot or pigeon-tail back faced with the contrasting fabric that forms the high collar, double pointed vest, cuffs and turn-over collar ending in long revers. The basque-fronts are cut off at the first dart to form deep points, the whole effect being especially stylish. Pattern No. 3469, price 25 cents. The skirt is taken from Pattern No. 3470, price 30 cents, and is of the practical order now in vogue. A box-pleating forms the underskirt with a ruffling apron and wing drapery; the only decorative detail is a panel, tapering revers on the sides, and a "blind" pocket of the contrasting color. Woolen goods and striped silk are combined in this

has a deep point back and front; the silk-plastron is laid in narrow pleats to the bust where a V-shaped vest begins, ending at the point, and partly outlined by buttons; large revers above are of the same velvet, as are the cuffs and collar. The finish of lace is easily omitted if preferred and a finish of beads applied to the edges of all basques with the revers, etc., of bead ed net edged with large jet beads, would be extremely stylish.
FIGURE 2.—Pattern No. 3468, price 35 cents, offers a plain but attractive model for woolen goods with accessories of plain or striped silk or velvet. The jabot back is faced with the trimming, which also forms the high collar, cuffs, vest with all velvet points, and rolling collar ending in revers. The fronts are cut late points at the first dart, widening above and below the waist, and are apparently held down with large buttons.

Striped satin and brocaded moire is handsome, with a bow on the handle introducing all the colors. Pink coral and jeweled handle are used for full dress. Vienna leather is sometimes used, and resembles old ivory. A wooden strap imitating leather is favored, grained rings, crutch sticks, balls, rough knobs and ivory rings run through this, straight handles. Those of silver, care of often have a slender chain attached, which falls over the hand. Novelties have part of the handles covered with the material at the top.
FIGURE 3.—Pattern No. 25 represents this fashion on the lower design, which is of black satin edged with several lacinations; diamonds of plush and satin cover part of the wooden handle, which also has a "hanger" of plush on the end. The second parasol is of red and black stripes, with carved silver head and pampas balls on the wooden handle. FIGURE 4.—Pattern No. 14 represents an open shape of rounded canvas, like two squares laid over each other, edged with cream, handle of ebony plated with silver. The coaching

THE LATEST PARASOLS.
The very long handles seen this year are



FIG. 24.



FIG. 21.



FIG. 22.

parasol with this is of red and ochre, with a border of plain red; wooden handle, red and ochre pompan balls.

Novelties have two springs, so as to open in a flat Japanese or a curved shape. A carriage parasol has deep points back and front and shallow ones on the side, so that slight veiling is not interfered with. Striped cotton and saten designs are shown for country wear with cotton dresses. White beige and black lace covers are always in more or less demand, also the bright red designs and changeable effects, especially red and blue or brown.

Handles ending in dog's head have a bow tied about the neck. The rage for bows on the handles extends even to ladies' silk umbrellas. Traveling umbrellas are shown with handles and tops that can be unscrewed for packing. A moss-agate ball tips the wooden handle of a beige design with a brown plush border. Dark green, brown or blue silk umbrellas, with ivory knobs, rings, crutches or grotesque images, are carried with taller costumes. Deep-tinted *case ou lait* is a new shade for skin linings or canopies as well as for lace-covers.

Black and white checked silk is pretty for half mourning, but useless for one going into colors soon. The double-handkerchief is seen again with the squares laid over each other, so as to bring the points between those of the bottom square, and edged with lace. Canvas brocaded with china plish is rather too "loud" for general wear. Poppies' heads covered with dogskin belong to the same passing class. Umbrella handles, as a rule, are massive, while those of parasols are long and slender.

MILLINERY.

Hats are in such a variety that one is bewildered trying to enumerate the different styles. They are agreed, however, in having high crowns, and the trimming piled up in an extremely aggressive manner, whether it be in front or toward the back. The design shown in Figure No. 24 recommends itself for home trimming, as the simple garniture consists of a velvet facing, gallees around the crown and brim, and a bunch of grasses and poppies placed on the left.

The one represented in Figure No. 25 is of fancy straw, with a band and loop of the same around the crown below a fold of velvet which corresponds with the fargo; a bow of ribbon the color of the velvet is placed in front, and three tips wave over the crown. Figure No. 23 illustrates a favored shape faced with velvet, the crown covered with embroidered tulle, and ribbon forming the loops as represented. The same shape is often trimmed with feathers or flowers in place of the contrasting ribbon.

For very hot days there are sailor hats with straw brims and crepe crowns. Bulgarian embroideries are used for crowns



FIG. 23.



FIG. 25.

and loops on lawn tennis and boating hats of this shape, which, above all others, should only be worn by young and fresh-looking girls; when we see middle-aged women adopting it, they appall us with the courage, not task, displayed. Black sailor chapes are faced with white straw. A high crown of satin beads, net has the brim covered with fine jets, pink sprays in front, and the whole veiled in fine black lace after the style of the flower bonnets.

Jet wings are used on either side of a bonnet and in front of hats. Black lace and jet are favored materials for either hats or bonnets. Some three-cornered hats, just appearing in the market, have high crowns, the brim in three pieces, pressed closely against the crown, the back piece is entirely separate, and the sides meet in a point in front. The brim is faced with velvet or

cred with fine jets; in front are loops of lace and jet wings. Others have the edges held against the crown by bows coming from the inside between the braids of the crown.

Figure No. 22 represents a capote of lace with a flowy brim; loops of lace edging and ribbon in front, and ties of the latter. The bonnet shown in Figure No. 21 is of lace filled over a tulle and wire frame; a rosette of lace on top, and black ties; the high, full bow on top is of plait-edged moire ribbon, and is removable, so that different bows can be worn on one bonnet according to the color of the dress. Checked and grenadine ribbons are used to cut the loop edges. Some are on canvas and gauze with wide edges. They are

velvet lining, bow and strings of cream-colored ribbons, and a bouquet of flowers on top. Three rows of graduated jet beads form a Marie Stuart front on bonnet, with a crown of Chantilly net, high bow of lace, and a half-wreath of pink roses and foliage. Silver or gilt-wire frames are covered with the d'esprit net, edged with the lace, pleated; bunch of flowers on top, and loops of velvet or grosgrain ribbon, which also forms the ties, and is of a dark green, red or brown shade.

Strings are discarded from full-dress bonnets, yet they are universally becoming to all faces. Yellow appears in some form on two-thirds of the hats and bonnets worn. The net and lace designs have the crowns in loose, irregular puff, rosette or high bow on top, and ribbon velvet loops in preference to silk ribbon. Roses, hyacinths, grasses, poppies, and beautifully shaded green leaves vie with all sorts of yellow buds and blossoms. Transparent capotes of beaded tulle, wired beads, and dotted net, are trimmed with aigrette bouquets only.

Black tulle bonnets with strings of the same, and jet bead edging, are worn for summer mourning. Colored crapes are shirred or laid in tiny folds over the brim; velvet bow on top, with flowers, and narrow velvet ribbon ties. Red designs are faded with jet beads and wings, brown, with rosary beads, and yellow flowers, cream-color, with the delicate green known as oclery. Single, double and treble rows of beads edge brims. Bonnets of jet-netting have bows of ribbon, ties and flowers of some bright color that are easily removed when another shade is desired. Many of the flower bouquets are apparently tied on with the ribbon.

Children's Tam o'Shanter in fancy and plain straws are now trimmed with rosette on one side under the crown of plait-edged ribbon; babies wear a smaller one of the same shape, with a bow of ribbon and three tiny tips on crown. High hats are covered with ribbon, falling in all directions from top of the crown, then there is a front, partially hidden by the the brim lined with crepe, silk. Leghorn shapes are lined with gauze; tips or small bouquets are mingled with the crepe.

PURE PREPARED American Standard found absolutely

TOOQU

The Household.

Summer Breakfasts.

Breakfasts are a nuisance in these warm mornings. Potatoes are no longer the balls of floury whiteness they used to be in the winter, and there is little one can do with them in a plain state. Uhlms has given us so many delicious methods of cooking potatoes that it seems a difficult matter to find anything new. Still, we have two or three pet ways of "warming over" that may be new to some of our readers. Cut cold boiled or steamed potatoes in thick slices (about a third of an inch thick,) and cut these in small squares. To about a pint allow half a pint of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of cream, one-fourth teaspoonful of salt, and a tablespoonful of flour. Put the milk in a saucepan and when scalding hot stir in the flour mixed to a smooth paste with milk and water, stir till it thickens then add the butter, salt, and potatoes. Simmer gently about ten minutes, stir in the cream, let it just boil up and pour it into a warm dish. Of course the quantity of salt is to be varied at pleasure, tastes differing so widely in respect to seasoning. If cream is not plenty use milk instead. These potatoes are nice to serve with cold meats.

Another way we like very much is to cut or chop the potatoes, not very fine, and for two cups of the potato put one-half cup of milk and two tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan or frying-pan. When it boils add a generous pinch of salt and stir in the potatoes. Stir gently until well heated through and turn into a warm dish. Water may be used instead of the milk. These potatoes have a rich, buttery flavor, without the greasy taste most warmed-over potatoes acquire.

Mashed potatoes may be made into a delicious and attractive-looking dish as follows: Boil and mash the potatoes—if you once use a silver fork to mash them with you will never use anything else—and add butter, salt, and milk as usual. Then to a pint of the mashed potato allow one beaten egg, and, if you have it, one or two tablespoonfuls of cream. Butter-roll pans, or gem pans, which are much prettier, or a baking dish is preferred. Put the potato in, rounding up nicely browned. If gem or roll pans are used they should be well heated before being buttered. The potato will turn out beautifully browned all over if the oven is right.

Strawberries.

Mrs. Miller says in her cook book: Do not wash strawberries unless absolutely necessary; but if it must be done, hold the shallow basket of unhulled strawberries close under the pump while you give them one good, generous douche which will pass at once through the basket, taking with it the dirt and grit which would otherwise have set your teeth on edge; let them drain and dry for a few moments undisturbed; then hull them, handling lightly as possible. Put no sugar over them; it draws out the juice and changes the character of the fruit. If the strawberries are not to be eaten for an hour or more, hang in the refrigerator, and do not hull them until the last moment.

Strawberries dropped into powdered sugar and whipped cream piled on top make a delicious dessert. Serve with white or a jelly cake.

Make a strawberry short-cake:—With one-half cup of flour, mix thoroughly with one cup of cream-tartar, and one of sugar. Equivalent of these in baking is one cup of flour, one cup of sugar, and one cup of cream-tartar. Add a bit of butter the size of an almond, salt and sweet milk sufficient to make a stiff dough. Roll half an inch thick and cut into squares about twenty minutes. Bake in a hot oven about twenty minutes. Sprinkle with fine fresh berries and white sugar. Bake on the top of the oven as soon as the berries are whiffed.

sprinkle powdered sugar over them, and cover with the upper crust. It is a nice way to bake this short-cake upon deep jelly-cake tins, so the cake may be sent to the table whole. Cut in triangles like a pie, and pour sweet cream over each slice adding more powdered sugar if liked.

To make strawberry blanc mange, press the strawberries, strain off the juice and sweeten it well; place over the fire, and when it boils stir in corn starch wet in cold water, allowing one tablespoonful of corn starch and one egg for each pint of juice; continue stirring until sufficiently cooked, pour into molds wet in cold water, and set away to cool; serve with cream and sugar, and fresh strawberries if desired.

Spiced Rhubarb.

Some one asks for a recipe for spiced rhubarb, and now that it is in season others who are fond of spiced relishes may wish to prepare some to serve with meats during the early summer, when it is not always possible to procure fruit, etc. Peel and slice the rhubarb and weigh it. Put it in a porcelain kettle and place where it will heat very gradually, until the juice flows freely. No water should be added. Then bring forward on the stove and boil gently for half an hour. Dip out about half the juice

in a dish (not tin) which should be kept warm. Now add to the cooked fruit one-half pound of sugar for each pound allow one teaspoonful of cloves and two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon. Stir well, and if you like it stronger add more spice, but this amount makes it sufficiently spicy for most tastes. Should it be too thick, reduce with a little of the warm juice; the mixture should not be quite so thick as jam. Simmer for ten minutes and pour into glass fruit jars. Screw on the tops closely, and when cool wrap each jar in thick paper and keep in a cool, dry place.

Hints.

Whale olives are now used to exterminate moths. To remove flower stains from window-sills, rub with fine wet ashes, and rinse with clean water.

Strong brims may be used to advantage in washing bedsteads. Hot alum water is also good for this purpose.

The under crust of pies will bake better if the pies are baked on tin plates. On earthen plates it is apt to be soggy.

Cayenne pepper blown into the cracks where ants congregate will drive them away. The same remedy is also good for mice.

A lady writes that to kill insects she uses

one teaspoonful of kerosene to a gallon of water and sprinkles it on the plants with a hand-broom. It destroys green flies, currant worms, and other pests, and was used without injury on foehlas, geraniums, callas, and other plants. But it must be used with care.

If your dining-room has a window commanding a pretty view, dress the table in front of that rather than in the centre of the room, and give the seats commanding it to your guests, or to those who can appreciate such things.

Handsome pillow-shams can be made by using eight medium-sized, hem-stitched handkerchiefs, four for each sham. Trim them by inserting either lace or fine embroidery so that the insertion forms a cross in the middle. Edge with lace or embroidery, and make up over bright-colored cambric.

Stains may be removed even from the most delicately colored kid gloves, without injury, by suspending them for a day in an atmosphere of ammonia. Provide a tall glass cylinder, in the bottom of which place strong aqua ammonia. Be careful to remove from the sides of the jar any ammonia that may be splattered upon them. Suspend the gloves to the stopper in the jar. They must not come in contact with the liquid.



The Poet's Corner.

An Old Told Tale.

BY M. A. M.

He wooed her with his mellow voice, His lightest smile, his words of cheer...

He sought her in her childhood's home, The gayest of the household band, And jewelled gifts, and graceful tone...

But by and by, like fickle child, The man grew weary of his toy, And other charms his hours beguiled...

With blighted faith and wounded pride, She gave him back his gifts of old, Nor wot he, tears that would not hide...

And as I watched her brush them past, I thought of those that deeper lay Upon the shattered bands of trust...

The Lost Soul's Lament.

BY G. A.

Poor that poor sinner; he's lost! He thinks it not; yet 'tis too true, He's lost forever. Where? In misery and woe.

He thinks there is no God And now 'tis too late; He has crossed the unseen line That severs hope from fate.

He would return; he cannot, All in vain— He cries "no more, no more, My latest hope is gone."

I see him as he passes death Into the dismal space beyond; He's entered into an eternity, Into a time that knows no bound.

I see him as he wings his flight Across the thundering sky; I see him on the verge of night He cries "no hope, no hope for me."

Still the dark clouds are rolling on, He follows with ceaseless wing; The sun his course has ceased to run, The birds their notes have ceased to sing.

Yet again, 'tis eve of another night; He stands upon the mountain side, He tried to reach the goal with all his might, His weary wing hangs listless at his side.

Hark! comes a sound 'tis borne upon the breeze; It rolls from Heaven's very gates, And as it rolls so o'er the sea, It seems to agonize lost sinner's awful fates.

The angels gather round the throne, a massive host; The shining light gives out its ray; They lo-ely chant, "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord." The lost one cries, "no place, no place for me."

That weary one now folds its wing, The gates of Hell enclose; No more he hears the angels sing, He's shackled in his woe.

Death, like a dream, sweeps on and on, Carrying destruction in its sway; But all is past and all is gone, But all shall live throughout Eternity.

'The Prairie.'

There is not a bush or tree, Nothing that the eye can see, Far beyond me, like the sea, Lies the prairie.

Snow clad plain bow dull thou art! Nought of joy canst thou impart To a dull, unthinking heart, Nor make merry.

But, how full of beauty thou Art to those whose hearts do bow To the One who makes thee so, Lovely prairie!

Now the spring has come again, Now the grass is on the plain, Lightly falls the gentle rain, On the prairie.

Beauty, beauty, all around, Birds with notes of sweetest sound, Flowers covering all the ground, Charming prairie!

Oh! the summer, summer plain, Falling lightly o'er the plain, Watering the thirsty grass, Thou art cheery!

Summer days are long and bright, Summer skies are full of light, Bright by day, and light by night, Naught is dreary.

Summer morn, how bright and clear! Nature singing everywhere, Thou art come out hearts to cheer, And make merry.

Evening's sun is sinking low, Evening's skies are all aglow, Evening's zephyrs gently blow O'er the prairie.

Now the summer day is past, Now the dew is falling fast, Now the moon doth shadows cast, On the prairie.

Evening air is damp and chill, Darkness spreads o'er nature still, Everything is hushed and still, On the prairie.

Who would think our lives forlorn? Who would laugh our joys to scorn? Come, and taste the dewy morn, Of the prairie.

As Night Came Darkly Down.

The night came darkly down; The birdies' mother said, "Peep! peep!"

'Tis time my little ones were safe in bed! So, sheltered by her wing in downy nest, The weary little birdlings took their rest.

The night came darkly down; The baby's mother said, "Bye-bye!"

You mustn't trollo so! You should have been asleep an hour ago! And, nestling closer to its mother's breast, The merry prattler sank to quiet rest.

Then in the cradle soft 'Twas laid with tenderest care, "Good-night!"

Sleep till the morning light! Whispered the mother, as she breathed a prayer. Night settled down, the gates of day were barred, And only loving angels were on guard.

'Mid Gleaming Sheaves.

BY C. M. HAEGER.

'Mid gleaming sheaves—rich pillars fair— In summer's high flood-tide, Broad chested forms with earnest care Are swinging brawny arms and bare, Strong-measured, side by side.

'Mid gleaming sheaves of golden hue The reapers move in line; Their cleaver cut track leads winding through Bright glades o'crarched by olivaceous blue, And vales where waters shine.

The restless clink of flashing steel Resounds in accents bold; Our hearts a tender pity feel For plant-lives crushed 'neath ruthless heel, To gain the wealth they hold.

The nodding block of yellow grain Is slowly chiselled round; Behind the toilers stands a train Of amber towers a stretching lane Between of stubble-ground.

The throbbing hours of noonday heat Are spent where brook-waves play; The toiling ripples, sparkling sweet, Seem oft rings poured at Ceres' feet— Libations crowned with spray.

When lagging afternoon is past, And robin vespers ring, And dreaming twilight thickens fast, The gleaners homeward turn at last, Through paths where dew-pearls cling.

Do they whose eyes broad-brimmed brims hide See nature's beautiful face: Or do they think of naught beside The small due at eventide, As up the slope they pace?

Do firm-winged larks that skyward call Sing them a song of joy? Do they applaud the whistling quail? Or do their sights and sounds so stale Their scolded souls annoy?

Far from the rushing world's highways Their peaceful pathway lies; 'Tis strange if comes in them no praise Of spreading leas and song-birds' lays, Clear rills and glowing skies.

Lines to the Stars.

BY FRANKLIN E. DENTON.

How I have loved ye from my earliest days! And I remember, when a little child, In that majestic hour of dying day, When the roseate flush on twilight's cheek Is melting into dreamy lavender, I saunter far from byhood's happy din, And laid me in the long and summer grass, And watched ye as ye swam out one by one, And then methought ye beacons lit along The coasts of heaven, for huge ships of cloud That wandered the immeasurable main, Piloted by pirates of the rugged winds! And then again that ye were characters Of some celestial tongue, the pen of God, Had traced upon the table of the sky, Which, could I but translate, they would unfold The awful mystery of everything, They would reveal the destiny of man!

A Masterpiece of Fiction.

The following is an extract from a masterpiece of French fiction:

M. de Makershiff when the file of soldiers left him, found himself in a dungeon. Not a ray of light penetrated the dismal abode, but De Makershiff's eyes gradually became so accustomed to the darkness that he saw a broom straw lying in a corner. He caught up the broom straw, uttered a stifled cry, and pressed it to his heaving bosom. Then, in his despair, he stoked his nose with the straw and laughed.

"Who laughs?" demanded a voice. "I do." "Who are you?" "De Makershiff. Who are you?" "The Abbe Se-Leng." "Ah." "Ah, hah." "How long have you been here?" "I have now, alas! no method of reckoning time, but I must have been here since sunrise this morning."

De Makershiff gasped. "Where are you now?" he asked. "In a tunnel," the Abbe replied. "A tunnel?" "Yes." "You make my heart beat. Where did you get the tunnel?"

"Made it." "You astonish me." "Ah." "Ah, hah. Where did you get your shovel?" "Had none." "Then how did you make the tunnel?" "Listen." "I will." "I scooped it out with a shirt button. Have you a button on your shirt?"

"No." "Alas! you are married." "No." "Then why have you no buttons?" "A Chinaman does my washing." "Ah." "Ah, hah." "Well, wait until I gouge my way through this rock, and I will lend you my button."

"Oh, thank you." "Hirt, the turnkey comes." "After a long absence, 'Has the turnkey gone?' the Abbe asked. "Not yet." "Well, then, when he goes tell me and I will resume my work."

"Allright; he's gone now." "I am at work." "Soop, soop, soop. A long, bony arm was thrust into De Makershiff's cell. De Makershiff seized it and pressed the elbow to his lips. The Abbe stepped into the cell. "We must escape from here," said the Abbe.

"How?" "By scaling the walls." "How can we scale them without a knife?"

"Wait." The Abbe took off his shirt, tore it into shreds, and in a marvellous manner made a ladder. "Gotta couple of pins!" "What do you want with them?" "Make hooks to go on the end of the ladder." "Here they are." "Now," said the Abbe, bending the pins and fastening them on the ladder, "follow me." They passed out into the courtyard. De Makershiff uttered an exclamation. He saw the man who had poisoned his grandfather. The Abbe threw the ladder. The pins caught hold. The two men escaped.

A new salad is made of lettuce, frog legs and capers. The legs and capers ought to go well together.

Prince Baldwin, eldest son of the Count of Flanders, has now been definitely acknowledged as next heir to the crown of Belgium, and although only 17 years old takes precedence of his father and mother on all official occasions. He has just been appointed sub-lieutenant in the First Grenadier Regiment, and has taken the usual oath of allegiance. The reports as to the engagements between the eldest son of the Prince of Wales and the second daughter of the King are without foundation, for the terms of the British constitution forbid Prince...

Amusements.

About the Festival.

The pitch used at the Toronto festival was too high—the old Philharmonic, we judge, which is now discarded by Thomas, Gerlock, Seidel and the rest. The solo singers complained about it, and with reason. It was half a tone too high. They applaud at concerts, etc., over in Toronto a great deal more than we do in Buffalo. They are very clever about that and the artists naturally like it very much. It is asked how is it over in Toronto, a place much smaller than Buffalo, they are able to get a festival chorus of nearly one thousand voices, while we cannot, or have not, had over six hundred (about)? There are, no doubt, many reasons, perhaps good ones; but, certainly, over there the musical people all seem to join with heart and hand—local societies, choirs and solo singers were all found in the grand chorus; then the determined, unwearied push of the director, whom nothing could daunt and before whom all obstacles muscular and otherwise, disappeared.—Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

When Fraulein Lili Lehmann was in Toronto a friend consoled with her after the concert because the orchestra had so murdered her "Fidelio" aria. "It was terrible," she said, "and I had to cry. Had it been Verdi's music I should not have cared, but Beethoven's! ah! that is so dreadful." Some of the Buffalo gentlemen who attended the Toronto festival attempted to inaugurate the custom of standing up between the first and second parts of the programme. The Canadians stared at them so persistently that the ladies from Buffalo, who sat in another part of the audience, shrunk from attracting the same attention and did not rise. Our Toronto friends would find it a great relief to stand during the intermission and, at the same time, improve the opportunity to exchange a little friendly greeting.—Buffalo Courier.

The succession of victories which the Toronto baseball club has obtained over the Binghamton, Utica, Syracuse and Buffalo teams, has placed the former a good lead in the race for the international pennant.

Work on the new opera house here is progressing rapidly. Barring accident it will be ready for opening early in September.

On Monday next the Grand Opera House will open for the mid-summer season. "Demmon and Pythias" will be the attraction for the first week.

PURE PREPARED CORN.—The British American Starch Company's make will be found absolutely pure and of a delicious flavor.



[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

THE BROKEN SEAL.

A Novel.—By DORA RUSSELL,

Author of "FOOTPRINTS IN THE SNOW," "THE VICAR'S GOVERNMENT," "OUT OF EDEN," & C.

[THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION IS RESERVED.]

CHAPTER XLVIII.—(CONTINUED)

"Where is Sir Rupert?" said Alan, trying to speak calmly.

"I left him in the hall, sir—"

"I am here," interrupted a voice behind the door, and the next moment the tall, powerful form of Sir Rupert emerged from the shadow behind the door, and stalked with heavy tread into the library, brushing rudely past Alan, while in the centre of the room stood his fear-stricken, trembling wife!

"S! I have found you!" he said, looking at Annette, his face white with passion; his eyes gleaming with hate and rage.

Thus he advanced towards her, but with a shriek of horror Annette ran back, while Alan Lester at once approached the infuriated man.

"Sir Rupert," he said, "if there has been any dispute between you and your wife, would it not be well—"

"My wife!" interrupted Sir Rupert with a fierce oath, "do you think I'd call you base waster my wife! So you crept out of my house," he continued, again addressing Annette, "and left a lying message, leaving me to endure the tortures of hell for your sake, while you came here to your lover!"

"That is utterly untrue," said Alan, "Lady Miles has not been in this house for half an hour."

"I was afraid to stay," said Annette, now looking at him with some courage; "and I shall never return."

"No, you shall never return," retorted Sir Rupert, with gloomy bitterness, and with so dangerous and desperate a light gleaming in his eyes that Alan Lester creased the rosin and stood before the cowering woman; "accused by the hour I ever saw your face!"

"I entreat you to listen to reason, Sir Rupert," said Alan Lester; "Lady Miles came here because, as her brother's eldest friend, she knew she could depend on my advice and protection—whatever are your differences surely it will be better to arrange them quietly."

"Whatever are our differences?" cried Sir Rupert, with a wild and bitter laugh. "Our small differences are, Sir Alan Lester, that my wife is false to me! Do not deny it. She left my house, and I find her with her lover. You know well that you are her lover, that you were her lover before her marriage; that she married me for my money, and that she hated me. I see it all now. Hated me for love of you!"

"It is false," said Alan Lester. "It is true I was the lover of Lady Miles before her marriage, but since, I have never seen her spoken to her, except once in your presence, until to-day."

"Why did she leave me then?" Alan Lester looked round at Annette, who was standing pale and trembling a little.

"Let me see," she said, her faltering accents might be heard before last you meant to say—because I am afraid to live with you."

"I have seen a man," she said, "I have seen a man who has been with you."

"You!" cried Sir Rupert, "you!"

"The devil!" she said, "the devil!"

"The devil!" she said, "the devil!"

"The devil!" she said, "the devil!"

"The devil!" she said, "the devil!"

"The devil!" she said, "the devil!"

pressure of excitement and misery, that he was forced to turn round and defend himself, and Annette fell senseless on the floor.

But Alan was in reality no match for the powerful athlete with whom he had now to contend, and one crushing blow from Sir Rupert's strong clenched fist, struck Alan's face, and nearly blinded him. But the cool reason of one man was opposed to the mad passion of the other, and Alan gradually went backwards until he reached the bell by the side of the mantelpiece, and putting one hand behind him, gave a vigorous pull, and one minute later, Parker, the butler, ran into the room.

"Shout for assistance," cried Alan, as seen as he saw him, "Sir Rupert has gone mad!"

It required not less than four men to overpower him, and when at last, bruised, beaten, with horrible imprecations on his writhing lips, he was forced down upon the floor, the demon of his house had complete possession of him.

With a slight shudder Alan Lester turned away from the painful spectacle, and crossed the room, and went to where Annette had been lifted on a couch by some of the women who had heard the alarm, and found Lady Miles in a fainting condition.

"I will carry her away from such a sight," he said, in a low tone, and assisted by the women he lifted Annette's slight form in his arms, and bore her from the room, where her miserable husband was struggling in the throes of madness.

"Send at once for her father and mother," said Alan, "and for the doctor, and go also for Mr. Harford and Mr. Claxton. Sir Rupert must be at once removed."

The servants dispersed to obey his orders, and for a few moments Alan was alone with the woman he had loved so deeply, and who had just passed through such frightful dangers.

She was deadly pale, but conscious: the cruel red swillen mark round her slender throat, telling how fierce had been the madman's grip. And as Alan stood looking at her, an overwhelming feeling of pity, of tenderness, and of love, swept like a torrent through his heart.

He knelt down beside her and took one of her cold hands and laid it against his cheek.

"Are you better—my dear, my dear?"

She tried to speak but her voice failed her.

"You are safe now," said Alan bending closer to her, "whisper one word, Annette."

"Thank you," she faltered in a hoarse whisper, "for—my life."

He dare not trust himself to make any reply. The deep passion that he had once felt for this woman at this moment seemed to re-kindle, and he had scarcely strength to rise to his feet, and tear himself away. Yet for her sake, for his honour's sake, he must go.

"Lie quite quiet," he said gently, "you are safe here, you know, and I will bring my mother—it is better that I should go."

She did not attempt to detain him, and in a few minutes Alan had told Lady Lester as much as he thought it right to tell. Sir Rupert Miles had gone mad; had tried to strangle his wife, and she had fled for safety to Roden, followed by the infuriated maniac, and a terrible struggle had taken place in the library, and Alan had now sent for Colonel and Mrs. Doyno, and the doctor.

"But you will go now to Annette, mother," he pleaded; "she is in a terrible state."

Lady Lester had grown very pale as she listened to her son's narrative. She had never before seen Alan so tenderly; her heart was full of prayers for his happiness.

"I will go," she said, "I will go."

"I will go," she said, "I will go."

"I will go," she said, "I will go."

came as a terrible shock to this loving mother.

"How did she come here Alan?" she asked, almost sternly. "Why did she not go to her father's house?"

"She scarcely knew where she was going, I should think. Mother, for my sake will you go to her?"

He did not make his appeal in vain. Learning on her crutch and on her son's arm, a few minutes later Lady Lester entered the breakfast room where Annette lay, and with courteous though somewhat lofty manner, expressed her sympathy.

"And have you seen any indications of this illness coming upon your husband?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Annette, and she shuddered. "Oh! don't speak of it, Lady Lester," she continued, covering her face with her little hand, "but for your son I would have been lying dead."

We may be sure Lady Lester did not like to hear these words, and it was relief to her when Colonel and Mrs. Doyno hurried into the room; Mrs. Doyno hastily approaching her daughter, and clasping her in her arms. "Oh! my dear girl, what a dreadful thing is this. But I told your father, and Frank too, that it was certain to happen, though they wouldn't listen to me. I was sure he was mad. No one but a madman would have acted as he did to me, and I said so!" And Mrs. Doyno looked at her husband in mingled triumph and reproach.

CHAPTER XLIX.

ASKING HIS INTENTIONS.

Mrs. Doyno insisted upon at once taking her daughter home, declaring she would not allow her to remain another hour in the house with "that madman;" and when the doctor arrived he also advised that Lady Miles should be removed to Kingsford, as her nervous prostration was very great, and she kept watching the door as if still in fear of the entrance of her unhappy husband.

She was taken away therefore from the Court by her father and mother, the Colonel feeling himself somewhat guilty for what had occurred, and his wife not failing to remind him of her superior sagacity. Alan went down with Mrs. Doyno, Annette and the doctor to the carriage, and as he clasped Annette's trembling hand, his face was very pale, and his heart full of trouble.

A few minutes after she was gone, Mr. Harford and Mr. Claxton arrived, and by their wish the family doctor of Sir Rupert Miles was telegraphed for, previous to the removal of the unfortunate maniac to an asylum. Sir Rupert was now raving mad; and the terrible language that he used, the curses and imprecations that he called down upon the head of his wife, were dreadful to listen to.

She had driven him mad, he kept repeating, and both Mr. Harford and Mr. Claxton left the room where he lay strapped down and writhing in impotent wrath, with very grave faces, and by their request the family doctor was sent for, and he arrived early on the following morning at Roden Court.

This gentleman confirmed Alan's suspicion that the maniacal figure which Lady Miles had seen on the corridor at Grosvenor square was no doubt the mad twin-brother of Sir Rupert. This unhappy being had developed the family taint at a very early age, but the late Lady Miles had wrung a promise from her husband that he would never send this child from home, and he had lived to manhood in the house of Grosvenor-square, where every luxury and comfort that his unfortunate condition permitted was showered upon him; Sir Rupert having been charged by his dying mother never to neglect her idiot child.

"But we hoped so much from Sir Rupert's early and happy marriage," said the family doctor, "for I believe he was devotedly attached to his young wife. Ah, ah, it is ever thus! So he attacked her! Strange! when the reason is unshinged these nearest and dearest are always the first victims. But he will probably recover after a while; his father had these attacks again and again, and was able to go into the world after they passed away, though he ultimately succumbed during one of them. But I have no doubt that Sir Rupert will recover, and though I advise that his wife for the present should be kept out of his sight, yet in all human probability she will be able to return to him."

Alan was standing by when the doctor delivered this opinion, and he bit his lips

and frowned as he listened to it. But he made no comment, and during the day Sir Rupert was removed in charge of the doctor and proper attendants, and after they were gone Alan sat down with a restless sigh to think.

Good heavens! What a miserable position, he reflected—bound to this madman! Would he come back and take her away again, when they pronounced him sane? The idea was horrible to Alan Lester. And Annette's appeal to him—her words that only he could save her from this hateful foe, kept ringing in his ears. And Lily, Lily—he must think of the child!

He walked over to Kingsford during the afternoon, when Sir Rupert was gone, and he saw Lily. She came running into the drawing-room where he was, looking a little shocked, a little frightened, but very pretty, and put both her hands into his, with a tender smile.

"Thank you so much," she said, "Oh! if it had not been for you, Alan, that dreadful man would have killed Annette!"

"And how is she now?"

"Very low and weak—mother won't let me go into the room, and her voice is quite gone, and the doctor says her throat is very much injured—it's a dreadful thing."

"Most dreadful, Lily."

"And is he gone?"

"He went this morning; his own doctor, and attendants from the private asylum where he is going to, took him away."

Lily shuddered.

"Oh! poor soul," she said, "poor darkened soul! And is it true, Alan, what people say now—since this happened to Annette—that all the family are insane?"

"It is partly true, at least, a mad twin-brother of Sir Rupert's the doctor told us, lives in the house in Grosvenor square, and this poor creature escaped one night soon after your sister's marriage, and gave her a dreadful fright. But Sir Rupert would never allow this subject to be mentioned, and the servants were charged on threat of dismissal never to speak of the existence of this lunatic, and no one was ever permitted to see him but the doctor and a woman who constantly attended him."

"And Annette saw him?"

"Yes, I think she said twice—the second time the same night that she left the house."

"Oh, poor Annette, what she has gone through! But Alan, how did she reach Roden? Did she take refuge there because it is nearer the station than here, and did she know he was following her?"

Alan was conscious that his eyes fell before the clear, young steadfast gaze that was fixed upon his face.

"I—suppose so," he said, "but you know it was all so hurried—it all took place in a quarter of an hour. But I think I must go now, Lily."

"So soon?"

"I think I had better go, because, of course, the horse ought to be kept quiet."

"And when shall I see you again, Alan?"

He hesitated a moment.

"Will you meet me in the park to-morrow afternoon? That is better than my coming here, when Lady Miles is so ill."

"Very well," and she went up to him, and took both his hands, looking with those shy grey eyes of her's straight into his face. It was but natural that he should kiss her—the young girl who was his promised wife—yet Alan did not kiss her.

"Good bye," he said gently; for in truth his heart was very sad. That revelation of his own feelings which the touch of Annette's little trembling hand had only shown him too plainly, was intensely painful to him in the presence of this pure sweet child to whom he had promised love. Nor could he forget Sir Rupert's miserable words before the demon madness had completely seized upon him. "I see it all now," he had cried, addressing Alan, "she hated me, for love of you!"

Annette then had loved him; had loved him even when she weakly yielded to her mother's wishes—the mother, Alan thought with an indignant heart, who had not even shown her daughter the letter that might have spared all this bitter misery.

He had decided before Annette's return to her old home that it was only right that he should at once ask the consent of the Colonel and Mrs. Doyno to his engagement to Lily, but now he shrank from this. How could he speak civilly to this hateful woman, he thought, knowing what he did? She had spoiled two lives—his, and the poor stricken one who had just escaped a cruel death. Alan was so sorry with Mrs.

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Successful competitors, in applying for their prizes, must, in every case, state the number of the competition in which they have been successful, and also the number and nature of the prize won. Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. As many of the prize-winners neglect to send our charges for packing, postage, &c., we would remind those interested that the following sums must accompany applications for the prizes:—Pianos, \$10; Cabinet Organs, \$5; Sewing Machines, \$2; Tea Services, \$1.50; Gold Watches, and Silver Watches, 75c; other Watches, 50c; Silk Dresses, \$1; other Dress Goods, 50c; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Speaks, Breeches, and other Small Prizes, 25c.

GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—A thorough knowledge of the laws which govern the operations of the human system, and by a careful study of the properties of well selected food, has provided our readers with a diet which has greatly favoured the health of many heavy smokers. The use of our diet is a most judicious one, and its constitution may be made strong enough to resist the most powerful of the world's temptations. Humankind is now surrounded by a host of temptations, and it is our duty to point out the way to health and happiness.

PERPETUAL MOTION.

An Invented Wheelbarrow Made to Run a Tread-Mill.

A wonderful discovery was made recently by Mr. Robt. Reeves, of Eganville, County of Renfrew, which will tend to revolutionize the locomotion of machinery in the near future. The discovery was made by throwing a ploughpoint on to the tread-board of a dogchurn, the instant the point touched the board it revolved one half turn. Mr. Reeves could see "perpetual motion" at once. The tread-board of the churn requires very little weight on the side to set in motion. The discoverer thereupon obtained a wheelbarrow and placed the wheel upon the side of the board and secured the handles firmly to a beam in the machinery hall. Everything ready the breaks were loosened and the board began to revolve, the wheel of the barrow travelling up hill, serving the same purpose as the tread of a dog. We understand word was immediately sent to Ottawa to secure a patent. There is a standing bounty of \$500,000 offered by Queen Victoria to the discoverer of perpetual motion, and steps will be taken to secure this premium. The machine can be seen in motion by all who wish to call. We congratulate Mr. R. on his discovery, and trust he will be fortunate enough to secure this handsome bounty.

Strength and Diet.

The Roman soldiers, who built such wonderful roads and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farm hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet, regular and content in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onion and watermelon. The Smyrna porter eats only a little fruit and some olives. He eats no beef, pork or mutton, yet he walks off with his load of 800 pounds. The coule, fed on rice, is more active and can endure more than the negro fed on fat meat. The heavy work of the world is not done by men who eat the greatest quantity. The fastest or longest-winded horse is not the biggest eater. Moderation in diet seems to be the prerequisite for endurance.

A phenomenal base ball pitcher, who struck out twenty-seven men in a recent game, says the secret of curve pitching can be learned by watching a woman trying to hit a hen with a stone.

The Salt of the Earth.

If the salt formations of Nevada were in railroad communication there would be no market in this country for the foreign article. In Lincoln county, on the Rio Virgin, there is a deposit of pure rock salt which is exposed for a length of two miles, a width of half a mile, and is of unknown depth. In places cannons are cut through it to a depth of sixty feet. It is of ancient formation, being covered in some places by basaltic rock and volcanic tufa. The deposit has traced on the surface for a distance of nine miles. It is so solid that it must be blasted like rock, so pure and transparent that print can be read through blocks of it a foot thick. At Sand Springs, in Churchill county, there is a deposit of rock salt fourteen feet in depth, free from any particles of foreign substance, which can be quarried at the rate of five tons a day to the man. The great Humboldt salt field is about fifteen miles long by six wide. When the summer heats have evaporated the surface water, salt to the depth of several inches may be scraped up and underneath is a stratum of pure rock salt, of unknown depth. Soda, borax and other valuable minerals also exist in large quantities near these localities, and branch railroads will sooner or later bring them into market. A considerable business in gathering borax is already established on the line of the Carson and Colorado railroad. If Nevada will cut down her working expenses and develop her natural resources, she will be above the necessity of seeking land grants, from her neighbors or from the General Government.

A Cape Breton Parson.

He was a tall, angular person of the old severe Presbyterian type. As the local idiom has it, "You would know by his English that he had the Gaelic." He was preaching in a brother parson's pulpit to a congregation who were strangers to him. Descending on the lamb as a type of gentleness, meekness, etc., he said: "The lamb is gentle and kind. The lamb is not like the other beasts, the lion and the tiger and the wolf. Ye will not be running away from the lamb. No. The lamb is kind; the lamb will not eat ye, whatever. "And there is food in the lamb, too. Oh yes, ye will be killin' the lamb and the sheep when the cold weather will come in in the winter. Ye will be wantin' some good strong food in the winter, and is it then ye will be killin' the lamb. "And there is clothing in the lamb—he is

good for the clothing. You will tak the wool off him, and ye will mak clothing for yourselves. And how would ye and I look without clothing?" etc.

At the close of the exercises he gave out the following very peculiar notice, to explain which I must state that ravages had been made among the Presbyterian flock by the influence of a divine of a different persuasion: "And there will meet likely be a family from X. that will be baptized here after meeting on Friday night, but"—here he leaned forward, and added, in a loud stage-whisper—"ye'll no be sayin a word about it, dear brethren, as I do not think they want it known."

Questions of Economy.

Two old misers, one seventy and the other eighty years of age, fell into a dispute as to which was the mere economical.

"The proof," said the former, "that you have no idea of saving is that during the half hour we have been arguing, a fly in your sugar bowl has been having a feast, and you have not taken the trouble to drive it away."

"And the proof that I am far more saving than you, and that nothing escapes me," retorted his aged opponent, "is that I leave that insect in my sugar-bowl on purpose. He acts as my spy. Whenever I come home and find that fly gone, I am perfectly sure that my cook has been stealing sugar."

Wholesale Slaughter for Fashion's Freaks.

How enormous has been the slaughter of innocent birds for the purpose of beautifying ugly and heartless women is shown by these statistics: England imports from India, Africa and America \$10,000,000 worth of feathers and birds every year. One and a half million exotic birds, including 250,000 humming birds are annually imported to France and England. The cruel fraters alone do not imply slaughter of the birds for the sake of a fashion which fortunately is now being frowned on by the more sensible women.

Gen. Boulanger, the French War Minister, is said to be disgusted at the appearance of the bearded soldiers who have taken advantage of the permission he gave them to let their beards grow. As he wears a full beard himself he could not revoke the permit without being compelled to sacrifice his own facial appendage.



AN EXTRAORDINARY CASE.

FOR ONE YEAR, AND I HAVE NO DOUBT THAT YOU WILL NEVER TOUCH TOBACCO AGAIN. "DID NOT SMOKE ONCE FOR FIFTEEN YEARS, AND THEN I BEGAN AND ENJOYED IT HUGELY. YOU MUST HAVE BEEN VERY YOUNG WHEN YOU BEGAN."

OLD TIME MAIL SERVICE.

Reminiscences of the First Lake Superior Steamer.

Captain Dioko, Inspector of Halls, was the first who navigated a steamer up to Fort William, Lake Superior. This was in 1858. The fact was an interesting one, and a reporter, meeting the genial captain in the hotel, at Kingston had a lengthened conversation with him about it. He said that along about 1858 a company of Toronto gentlemen was formed and a contract given to them to carry the mails from Collingwood to Fort Garry, near Winnipeg. Captain Dioko and his brother went to Buffalo and purchased the steamer Rescuer, a handsome craft. The boat was originally built for service on the coast of Florida, but the company who had her in hand failed and the Diokos secured her for one-third of her value. The captain found her to be the safest steamer he ever commanded. The wildest gales of the upper lakes did not disturb her. She is now employed in the Gulf, laying the buoys. There was great opposition to the proposed opening up of the North-West by the Hudson's Bay Company, and through their efforts the mail contract was abrogated and the Terente gentlemen suffered a great loss.

Mr. Dawson, now member of Parliament for Algoma, was engineer of the company's case. He laid out the route for taking the mails through from Fort William. Bridle paths were cut through to Dog Lake, Thence to Rainy River and down as far as the boundary line. Boats were then despatched down the Winnipeg river, and finally the bags were carried across the plains to Fort Garry by Indians. The first trip of the voyageurs was a dangerous one, and the mails were forwarded at the point of the pistol. The Indians objected to the advance of civilization.

"My first trip," said the captain, "was to Fort William on the Rescuer. I had never been up the lakes before, but by the chart I succeeded in getting to my destination without touching stick or stone. It was a bright moonlight night when I anchored off Fort William, and in ten minutes afterwards the boat was surrounded by a hundred canoes. They were filled with Indians, who had silently swept out to see the monster. They would not come near to the vessel. Presently the Hudson Bay's factor approached in a huge gondola, rowed by twenty Indians, who sang their boating songs. The night was pleasantly spent in conversation with the factor, who pointed out (the night being very clear) the magnificent territory which the Hudson's Bay Company controlled. The company afterwards charged exorbitantly for everything we wanted. They were opposed to our going into the country, and finally succeeded in getting our contracts cancelled. We had much trouble in keeping our canoe stations intact. Once that at Dog Lake was torn down and the boats scattered. I later bought one of our own boats at Fort William, but as soon as I discovered our brand beneath the seat I refused to pay for it. We used coal on our up trips and wood on our down trips. We bought the land where Fort Arthur is located, and we think we still have a claim there. The Government sold it without our leave, but the money we paid for it lies in the Crown Lands office, and we intend to have a refund or some satisfaction very soon. Many a time I have taken on wood at Fort Arthur. When I first went up the lakes there were only three white men living on the route."

"What did you get," enquired the reporter, "for carrying the mails?"
 "We got \$1,200 a trip."
 "Did you carry much mail matter?"
 "The first mail I took up consisted of two letters and three papers. Previously the mail for the Hudson's Bay Company's factors was sent in from Hudson's Bay."

The original manuscript of the Wacht am Rhein has just been presented to the Emperor William by the German Ambassador in Switzerland. The composer, Max Schneckenberger, who published the song in 1840, died about twenty years ago at a village near Berno, and the manuscript was recently put up for sale by his heirs. It appears that an American offered a higher price than the Ambassador, but patriotism won the day, and the manuscript, which is written on the back of several business letters, having been purchased for \$5,000, is now in the possession of the old Emperor.

"TORNADO TOMMY."

The Waif Who was Blown Into a Memo and Then Blown Out to Sea.

"I live in Harris county, the home of the cyclone," said a Georgian to a reporter. "About three years ago, one afternoon in May, I was down at the spring, when suddenly I heard a sound like the rumbling of a freight-train. Looking up, I saw a funnel-shaped cloud coming over the top of the hill on the other side of my house and heading in my direction. As black as midnight with electric sparks emanating from it in showers, it was a fearful looking thing, and my hair stood on end as I looked at it. The spring was in a little hollow under a huge rock, and as the place was the only shelter within reach I threw myself down, hugging the ground like a good fellow. It seemed to me that it was over in a minute. I heard an awful roar. The ground shook under me. Lurid streaks zigzagged in every direction, and then came the pattering of a pelting hail.

"I rose to my feet and looked about me. I hardly knew the scene. Absolutely nothing was left of my little cottage except the floor and underpinning. Even the chimneys were gone. I thought I heard a feeble cry in the shrubbery near where my front gate had stood. The shrubbery had been beaten down and lay perfectly flat in a tangled mass. Approaching the spot I was almost paralyzed to see half hidden in the bushes a little child, apparently not more than two years old.

"Bringing up my friends with a shout, we plucked up the little fellow. To our surprise he was alive and without a scratch. He laughed merrily, but spoke indistinctly. We asked his name repeatedly, and his reply always sounded something like 'Tommy.' Of course, we supposed that he was the child of some neighbor. After putting the child to bed at a neighbor's house my friend's wife came to me and said that the boy could not possibly be one of our Harris county folks. His little freck was made of a peculiar material not used in those parts. There were no marks on his clothing. His dark face and bright black eyes had a foreign look, and his baby jargon was not English.

"Well, sir, I sent out runners and then advertised, and everybody came to see the boy. It was useless. We never got the slightest clue to him.

"The following Summer I went to Mississippi. I took Tornado Tommy along for company. Our destination was a little village on the Gulf. After our arrival I was very busy and allowed the boy to run about on the beach as much as he pleased. Late one afternoon a tornado came along, just barely missing the village. It twisted up big trees and carried them out of sight. Its course was straight to the Gulf, and the last seen of it was as it whirled away over the waters. As it had missed us I was happy, but thinking the child might be frightened, I hurried to the house where we were stopping. He was not there, and I was told that he had gone alone to the beach a couple of hours before. Then I was alarmed. I rushed down to the waters and searched and shouted like a madman. The poor little fellow was gone. The villagers all joined me, but were soon forced to give up all hope. There was no doubt about it. The tornado had caught up the boy like a feather and carried him out to sea."

Dangers of the Deep.

A letter received in New Bedford some time in October last reported that four men had been lost by the whaling bark Greyhound, two boats being captured by a whale. Capt. Joseph Silva, who has just arrived home, tells the following story of the accident:

"Sept. 4 the vessel was between Royal and St. George, and that day we landed the second mate at St. George to visit his family. The next day, a little after 6 o'clock in the evening, a large whale was raised, and two boats were manned, I having charge of one of them and the third mate in charge of the other. It was coming on dark, but the whale came up and we gave chase. The third mate striking him. His boat was immediately captured by the whale and the men clung on to the sides.

"I started to pick up the crew, and saw the whale come up a short distance from my boat. He laid so still that I concluded I would try and get a bomb into him and kill him. On coming up my boat was also stove

and captured. I expected a boat from the ship, as she had one on the crane. The vessel was only about two miles away. When it got late, and we saw no signs of any boat from the ship, the men on the third mate's captured boat all swam over to my boat, and then there were twelve of us clinging to one boat. It was hard and tiresome work for us to cling to her, as there was a strong current, and the boat kept rolling over and over. At about 11 o'clock several of the men were completely exhausted and thoroughly frightened. An hour afterward one of the men had to give in, and dropped away and was drowned. His name was Antone Domingo. Two other sailors also dropped off in about three-quarters of an hour. Antone Frates, my boat steerer, held out until 6 o'clock, and then let go and was drowned.

"At daybreak the vessel was about a mile on a haul off, and we were discovered and plucked up at about 7 o'clock. There were seven of us left, and four of them were frothing at the mouth when saved."

Important.

When you visit New York City, save baggage. Expressage a. u. 23 Carriage Hire, and stop at 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. 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.

A MOST LIBERAL OFFER!

THE VOLTAGE BELT Co., Marshall, Mich., offer to send their Celebrated VOLTAGE BELTS and Electric Appliances on thirty days trial to any man afflicted with Nervous Debility, Loss of Vitality, Manhood, &c. Illustrated pamphlet in sealed envelope with full particulars, mailed free. Write them at once.

Barely in colors is the revival of an old fashion.

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

Striped silk skirts are worn with overdresses of wool.

A Growing Evil.

Sorofula, or King's evil as an enlargement of the glands of the neck is termed, may be called a growing evil in more than one sense. Mrs. Henry Dobbs, of Berridale, was cured of enlarged glands of the neck and sore throat by the internal and external use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil.

Fawn divides public opinion as to color for a jacket.

C. A. Livingston, Plattsville, Ont., says: I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism.

Lead color is used on millinery for half mourning.

High Praise.

Mrs. John Neslande, writing from the Methodist Parsonage, Adelaide, Ont., says: "I have used Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam in our family for years. For heavy colds, sore throats and distressing coughs no other medicine so soon relieves."

The favorite promise of Spanish lace was short lived.

A Complicated Case.

Harry Ricardo, of Masford, Ont., testifies that he suffered from rheumatic gout and chronic trouble of the stomach and liver, which Burdock Blood Bitters effectually cured, after all other tried remedies had failed.

Employer (to collector): "See Mr. Smith?" Collector: "Oh, yes." Employer: "Was he annoyed at your calling upon him?" Collector: "Not a bit. He asked me to call again."

PURE PREPARED CORN.—The British American Starch Company's make will be found absolutely pure and of delicious flavor.

What is the value of a flea? According to the Rev. Mr. Erskin, who owns those insects now performing at the Exhibition in London, the highest value is "pulex britannicus."

Frightful Waste.

Consumption carries off its thousands of victims every year. Yes, thousands of human lives are being wasted that might be saved, for the fact is now established that consumption, in its early stages, is curable. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will, if used in time, effect a permanent cure. It has no equal as a remedy for bronchitis, coughs and colds. Its efficacy has been proved in thousands of cases. All druggists.

Many ostrich tips are being used. "Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer." Don't neglect your cough. If you do your fate may be that of the countless thousands who have done likewise, and who to-day fill consumptive graves. Night sweats, spitting of blood, weak lungs, and consumption itself if taken in time can be cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." This wonderful preparation has no equal as a remedy for lung and throat diseases. All druggists.

Tan and dove colors are popular. The huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets."

Quinine and Chills.

Quinine is the popular remedy for chill fever, but it does not always cure. Esquire Pelton, of Grass Lake, Michigan, took in all 680 grains of quinine for chronic chills and malarial fever. After that and various other remedies had failed, five bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him.

Straight bangs are no longer tolerated. Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs twenty-five cents to try it and be convinced.

Eoru is a leading color for summer wear.

Do no violence to the Liver and general system by repeated doses of mercury in the shape of calomel and blue pill. Many persons thus dose themselves even without the advice of a physician. The best substitute for such pernicious drugs, and the use of which is never followed by disastrous effects upon the general health, is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which permanently tones the stomach, regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, and gives a healthful glow to the cheek.

Horse hair is only used by equestrians.

A Fair Proposition.

There could be no offer more fair than that of the proprietors of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, who have long offered to refund every cent expended for that remedy, if it fails to give satisfaction on fair trial.

Red is combined with almost every other color.

Pope & Pitlean, druggists, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, writes: We have never sold any medicine that gives such satisfaction to the consumer and pleasure to the seller as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. We can refer you to numbers that have used it for diphtheria, with entire satisfaction and success.

Flat buttons are not so stylish as the round shapots.

The Face wears a Yellowish hue, pimples appear upon it, sick headaches, vertigo, morning nausea, and pains in back, side and shoulder blade, are experienced when bile enters the system and poisons the blood. Expel it from the circulation, and direct it into its natural channel, with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Great Blood Purifier, widely superseded mineral dangerous reaction. Indigestion, Impurity of the Blood. Complaints are entirely cured.

Striped figures.

H. O.

"PAPA'S PET!"

Words by JOHN IMRIE, Toronto.
Nep'ro.

Musio by Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus. Doo.

1. Down a crowd - ed thor - ough - fare, Walked a lit - tle stran . . . ger;

Alto.

Tener.

Down a crowd - ed thor - ough - fare, Walked a lit - tle stran . . . ger;

Bass.

Light blue eyes and gold - en hair, Scarce - ly knew her dan . . . ger!

Light blue eyes and gold - en hair, Scarce - ly knew her dan . . . ger!

2.
Gaily dressed, so clean and neat,
Ribbons without measure!
Stockings white and slippered feet,
Some one's darling treasure!

3.
Bustly passed the crowd along,—
Near hours are pressing;
In that busy throng,
To make carousing!

5.
Looking for her mother's smile,
In that sea of faces;
None her fears could there beguile,
Wearily she paces!

6.
Soon the blue eyes fill with tears,
And her bosom, heaving,
Shows the crowd her anxious fears,
Need some kind relieving!

7.
Now a kindly stranger came,
And wiped the cheeks so wet:—
"Tell me, Sissy, what 's your name?"
"My papa calls me 'Pet!'"

8.
Here the stranger dropt a sigh,—
A sigh of sad regret;
One he claimed above the sky,
Ah! once he called her "Pet!"

9.
How he kissed that little child,
Kissed all her tears away;
Till at last she sweetly smiled,
Just like a summer's day!

10.
Soon he found her father's home,
Kept chatting all the way;
Never more from thence to roam,
Until her wedding day.

Where the Shadows Lie.

Under the great elm near the door the old man watches the dying day. Over the meadows the herds come browsing slowly; down the hill float nearer and nearer the tinkling bells of the flocks seeking the fold; the voices of the returning harvesters come from the fields in a weary monotone. The hand which holds his staff is buried in his snowy beard. So the old man sits, where the shadows lie, leaning forward upon his staff; forward, as if trying to be nearer the golden gates opening over the western hills for the departing day.

"What are you doing, gran'pa?" "Nothing, lass, nothing. My work is done. Around me lie the gathered sheaves of my harvest home. A tired reaper, I welcome the coming night and long to lie down and rest."

"Why, you haven't been reaping today, gran'pa?"

"You can't understand, lass, you can't understand. The morning dews of life lie far away on the hills of youth. I have borne the heat and burden of the day, and I am waiting now where the shadows lie. The worn sickle roasts idly on the last ill-garnered, loose-bound sheaf. The sun is low. The shadows come down from the hillsides. I'm weary with toiling. The night is near. I will rest."

"Let us go in out of the shadows, gran'pa."

"I can't, lass, till He tells me to come in where no shadows lie. But you can't understand, lass. You are far away on the hills of youth. The shadows fall before you. You look back and see none falling upon the past. But the shadows will shorten as you go, and some day you will turn and see a dark spectre behind you. It will follow you everywhere, lass, everywhere. It is Death, lass; Death, the dark angel that hides from us all, the shadow that steals behind us while we are gathering the golden sheaves. You'll not understand till you see him there, lass. Then he'll follow you, follow you everywhere. You'll hide in the darkness, and he'll be your hiding place. When you come to the light you will see him there. He'll beckon for the shadows that wait among the western hills, and they'll hurry down to meet you, lass, and darken and deepen around you. He'll stand behind your chair as he does behind mine now, and when night comes he'll carry you away in the darkness."

"Don't, gran'pa! You frighten me so." "It will not then, lass. The shadows will all fall behind you then. You will turn with tears from looking at the past. You'll look up, lass, up to where no shadows lie on the western hills; up to where the golden paths lead away through the sky to the glories of the shadowless lands."

And she stole away to tell them gran'pa's mind was wandering again. The old man watched the sun go down in the abyss of night. The strange fancies of his childhood old heart called the tears out on his withered cheeks. They were tears for the sun. For he thought how sad it was to leave the brightness of the glowing heavens and go down in the darkness behind the hills, alone, to turn from the fields it had warmed and beautified, from the vine-clad hills, the birds and flowers, the playing children and wonder-working man, and sink down, down in the darkness alone.

Yes, he sorrowed for the sun. It seemed like the way he, too, must soon go. A lingering look from the western hills upon all the loved, the beautiful of earth, then down in the night—alone.

So they found the old man, with the evening dews and the tears for the sun on the long, snow-white beard. But he had gone away, alone, in the darkness, to the land where no shadows lie.

DIED.

PENNY—At 615 King st. west, on the 6th inst., Ethel Victoria, daughter of L. J. Penny.

Rubles, Rich and Rare.

The report comes from India that the government proposes to extract a revenue from the great ruby mines of Upper Burmah, which has recently been acquired. The ruby mining region is situated some seventy miles northeast of Mandalay, and extends over an area of about one hundred square miles. The territory has been regarded as "sacred ground" since it was known to the outside world. No foreigners have ever been allowed to visit it. One of the titles of the late King Theebaw and his predecessors was "lord of the rubies." The sovereign of the country was entitled to every ruby or other gem that was estimated to be worth more than \$50. It was reported that Theebaw had several bags and boxes full of very large rubies that fell to him by virtue of their size and value. If he did have them, they were stolen during the interregnum. None were found in the palace or royal treasure-house, though it is known that the king and queen carried away with them several of enormous value. It is presumed that most of the gems the late king collected were taken by persons in his employ and are now secreted. In due time it is expected that they will appear in Amsterdam, London, and Paris.

It is understood that the great ruby mines will be "farmed out" to companies of European capitalists as soon as suitable surveys can be made. The mines will be worked on scientific principles and the Indian government will receive a certain percentage on all the profits. Up to the present time the most primitive methods of mining have been employed. Superstition and tradition have guided the operations of the ignorant miners. They have had poor implements, and no machinery has been employed. The digging has only extended a few feet below the surface of the ground.

It is likely that the oriental ruby of red sapphires will in the course of a few years become the fashionable gem. Since the development of the diamond mines in South Africa this once rare gem has become very common. The price of diamonds has fallen to such an extent that persons of comparatively small means can afford to wear them. The ruby has always been the favorite gem of all the oriental nations. It was used as the standard for estimating values among the writers of the Old Testament. In ancient times rubies were so scarce that few except kings, high priests, and persons occupying other great positions could wear them. Most of the oriental rubies in Europe and America were obtained in Peru or Ceylon, but it is presumed that Burmah will supply the market in future. Up to the present time rubies have been extracted from alluvial deposits, but attempts will now be made to obtain them from the rocks in which they are imbedded.

A Musical Monkey.

There was a great fuss, a few months back, about Sir John Lubbock's wonderful dog, which his master had almost taught to speak. A monkey has completely eclipsed the quadruped. A well-known American savant has educated a favorite monkey to become a good pianist; all monkeys, this gentleman maintains, have more or less musical faculty. If men had not invented the piano, the learned American seriously maintains, monkeys would infallibly have done so. After only forty-eight lessons the monkey Tibitha, who is a real ornament to her sex, could play scales with surprising dexterity. The suppleness of their fingers, their agility, their strength, all tend to show, at least according to Tibitha's master, that most monkeys are born pianists. Patience is the only thing required to bring out this hidden faculty. There is another fact which strikes one. Monkeys have this great advantage over human pianists; they have four hands, while men are unfortunately not endowed with more than two. A monkey, a non-human advantage, can thus, it will readily be observed, play a duet without the assistance of accompaniment.

DRY, ULCERATIVE CATARRH



CURED BY

DR. McCULLY,

This out represents Miss Susan Fg—s/2, 239 Munroe Street, Toronto.

From early childhood she was a victim of dry, scabby catarrh. When Dr. McCully took this case in hand he removed casts from the nose, of its inner cavities, three inches long, of dry matter, until treatment reached and cured the cause, and scientific medicine scored another victory over empiricism and stupid ignorance.

Remember! We cure every form of catarrh, and in every stage; remember also! Catarrh produces more consumption, more bronchitis, more asthma, more general debility, and more dyspepsia than all other known diseases combined.

Reader, we have performed, within the last two weeks, some startling operations.

One of these operations has not, we believe, been performed before in Canada, and (we think) on this continent. We know of two continental cases that are recorded; ours is the third.

This case has gone through three operations in a hospital in this city, for what did not all her, before we got it.

The other one has been eight times operated on by medical men and cancer plaster quacks, and eight times failure has been the result. The medical profession have thrown down the gauntlet to us; we pick it and we neither ask nor will we give quarter, and the most blatant of the medical charlatans of this city who are continually howling about our unprofessional conduct in advertising are the ones that appear the greatest number of times on our black list that we are keeping for future publication.

Remember, we cure all chronic diseases and deformities. Address

S. Edward McCully, M.D. 233 Jarvis Street, Toronto, Ont. Consultation free.



1529 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa. CANADA DEPOSITORY: E. W. D. KING, 53 Church St., TORONTO.

No Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen guaranteed which has not this trade mark on the bottle containing it.

A Well-Tried Treatment for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Dyspepsia, Catarrh, Debility, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Nervous Disorders.

Prepared at Compound Oxygen, by E. W. D. KING 53 Church St., Toronto.

News has been published...

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula, Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood and conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Rose Rash, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-Joint Disease, White Swellings, Gout, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a treatise on Scrofulous Affections. "MAKE BLOOD AS TRUE LIFE." Thoroughly cleanses it by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution, will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is Scrofulous Disease of the Lungs, is promptly and certainly arrested and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages of the disease are reached. From its wonderful power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this new celebrated remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Cure," but abandoned that name as too limited for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alternative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequalled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all

CHRONIC DISEASES

OF THE

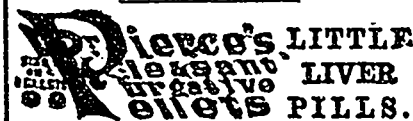
Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have yellow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternating with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and coated tongue, you are suffering from Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and Torpid Liver, or Biliousness. In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has no equal.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Consumption, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Sold by Druggists.

PRICE \$1.00, OR 6 BOTTLES FOR \$5.00.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Proprietors, 663 Main St., BUFFALO, N. Y.



ANTI-BILIOUS and CATHARTIC. Sold by Druggists. 25 cents a vial.

\$500 REWARD

is offered by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which cannot cure. If you have the nose, throat, or hearing, or pressure in head, you have a case of Catarrh. Dr. Sage's CATARRH REMEDY cures Catarrh, Croup, and Catarrh.

OVER THE OCEAN.

M. Mercie's monument to be erected over the remains of Louis Philippe and his Queen, represents the King as standing, and the Queen as kneeling, and is a masterly piece of work.

The Empress Eugenie is still in very feeble health. On the anniversary of the Prince's death she could barely crawl to his tomb to place there a wreath of roses, his favorite flowers.

The Duke of Edinburgh will take six weeks leave of absence about the end of July, for the purpose of going to Germany, as he has been advised to take another course of the Kissingen waters.

An accredited member of the Australian Commission to the Colonial Exhibition, and his daughter, aged 13, within two weeks after their arrival in London, were served with income tax returns, and were given twenty-one days to fill up and deliver; otherwise penalty.

When the chilly winds have allowed her to go out at Balmoral, the Queen has decked the grave of the faithful John Brown with flowers which have been figuratively, if not actually watered with her tears.

In the village of Cotmanhay, near Ilkerton, an unbaptized child, whose parents are Baptists, was refused Christian burial by order of the Vicar, and was interred in the church-yard without any service whatever, although a Baptist preacher was ready to officiate.

Muahir Towfik Pasha, who won special distinction in the famous defence of Plevna, and who is at present Commandant of the Fifth Army Corps at Damascus, has just been appointed Shaik el-Harem, or Chief of the Guards at the Prophet's tomb at Mecca.

Tickenhill Manor, near Bowdley, which is one of the oldest and most interesting houses in England, is to be sold shortly. It was Crown property till within the last twenty years. Henry VII built a palace at Tickenhill, and it was in the chapel here that Prince Arthur was married to Catherine of Aragon.

The Queen has sent a letter to the editor of Bon Accord, a weekly paper published in Aberdeen, expressing Her Majesty's pleasure upon reading a homely little poem published in that paper entitled "She nodded to me," and desiring to know the name of the author. The poem describes a wayside incident during the Queen's journey to Balmoral.

The representations of diamond washing and diamond cutting and polishing are among the most popular features of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in London. When the Queen went to visit the Exhibition the other day she stayed longer in this department than in any other, and quitted her bath chair that she might thoroughly examine the various processes. A small diamond, worth about \$50, was washed up while Her Majesty was present, and she purchased it on the spot.

The whirligig of time brings about changes and occasionally reveals in the order of things, to the lot of a Dutch engineer, to construct the machinery for London, by the use of a wheel and pump, into lines of machinery for the city of London.

Large Lobbies for Carter, architects, manufacturers; first price Address M. D. ELLIOTT, Montreal.

PARALLEL FAMILY... 1000 questions and answers... Address M. D. ELLIOTT, Montreal.

THE GRAND UNION HOTEL.—Everybody who goes to New York city by rail, and who wants the best and most handy hotel to stop at, should try the Grand Union. It is located on Park Avenue just opposite the Grand Central depot, and all one has to do is to step across the street, leave his baggage checks on the office counter, and in ten minutes his trunks are in his room, free of expense, and without trouble or annoyance. When he gets there he will find the very best of beds, the cleanest of linen, the most courteous attention, and as good a table as can be found at any hotel in the country—and by this we mean as good as the Windsor in New York, the Continental in Philadelphia, or Young's in Boston, and prices fully a third lower than either. Baggage is returned to the station free of charge, and special attention is given to ladies who may visit New York without escort. The Third Avenue elevated road has a station at one corner of the house and the horse-cars pass the door. The manager is Mr. W. D. Garrison, who spares no pains to make every guest feel satisfied with his accommodations. We give this commendation of the Grand Union on the strength of the personal experience of a Lowell party of seven who recently tested it, and who, having tried some of the best hotels in the country, agreed that the particulars referred to in this hotel was superior to any of them.—Lowell Daily Courier.

The Prince of Wales, fond of amusement himself, is desirous that the work-folks should have a taste of the pleasures of summer. To this end he has negotiated with the railway companies and other bodies a scheme by which every workingman, woman and child within the metropolitan area will have an opportunity of visiting the Colonial Exhibition at much reduced prices.

Count Casa Miranda, whom Madame Christine Nilsson is about to marry, is very popular in Spain, and great demonstrations are being prepared to welcome the bride.

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, &c., when you can get in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, a medicine that moves the Bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and rendering the Blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicine Coets.

A Russian convict is said to have survived a punishment of 2,000 lashes.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS, Opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and kindred habits. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send 50¢ stamps for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Luben, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont. Out this out for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

Herr Krupp is preparing to establish a foundry for the manufacture of cannon at Nikolai, the Russian naval station at the junction of the Ingal and Bug rivers.

A Lady writes: "I was enabled to remove corns root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure. Others who have tried it have the same experience."

It is said that Cayenne pepper blown into cracks where ants congregate will drive them away. What's the matter with trying it on mothers-in-law

MEN—THREE—and two Ladies—as CORYANES. good pay. H. R. KENNEDY, Toronto, Ont.

SUPERIOR FILES AND RASPS—WARRANTED equal to best imported; all kinds of re-cutting. Galt File Works, FARMERS' PARK, Galt P.O.

HAND SAW MACHINES—ALL SIZES—LATEST improvements; bracket hand saws for attaching to posts; neat, cheap and durable; send for Circulars. JOHN GILLIES & CO., Carlton Place.

Large Lobbies for Carter, architects, manufacturers; first price Address M. D. ELLIOTT, Montreal.

PARALLEL FAMILY... 1000 questions and answers... Address M. D. ELLIOTT, Montreal.

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USE WILSON'S FLY POISON PADS. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

REPRESENTATIVE in each county to sell "Propose and Expone"—a book on Love, Courtship, Marriage and kindred themes. Write for circulars. International Book and Bible Co., Toronto, Ont.

\$700 30 Acre Farm—\$500 60 Acre Farm—1 mile from Dundalk—100,000 acing pigs, 10 cents; 100,000 5 cent music; instruments half-price. BUTLAND, 87 King St. W., Toronto.

A MAN OR A WOMAN WANTED IN EVERY township, to sell Dr. Johnson's new book, "Live Goals." The keenest and most vigorous specimens of oratory ever written; nearly 700 pages; only \$2; full particulars of this and other new books FAX. & Lewis Smith & Co., Publishers, London, Ont.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—GRAND IMPROVEMENTS in the young ladies and Gentlemen during May, June and July. Bookkeeping, Commercial Business, English, Classical or Mathematical courses, separate or all together, at half the regular tuition fee. Address immediately, THE TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE, Toronto, Ont.

SCHOOL Teachers & Students Attention! During Holidays a special course of private lessons, by highest masters, will be given School Teachers and Students, on shorthand, Drawing or Painting. All who can should come. Send immediately for special circulars. THE UNION BUSINESS COLLEGE, Toronto, Ont.

GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE, Guelph, Ont. Young men and women thoroughly prepared for positions as Book-keepers, Shorthand Writers, Calligraph or Telegraph Operators; students from nine Provinces and States in attendance within a year; graduates placed in commercial centres of Canada and the United States; rates moderate; facilities excellent; instruction individual; for terms, etc., address, M. MACCORMICK, Principal.

NELSON & CO., MILLWRIGHTS & ENGINEERS. Berlin, Ont.—Sole manufacturers in Canada of automatic engines from 2 to 15 h. p., automatic engines for printing offices; high speed automatic engines for electric lighting; automatic engines for cheese, butter, etc. users factories, or any other purpose where a light and cheap power is required. For price list and other particulars address as above.

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OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. Dr. J. Stephens, Leconan, Ohio.

LADIES! GET THE BEST, "PAOR MOODY'S NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF CUTTING" Drafts direct, no paper or pattern required; also his new book on Dressmaking, Making Outing, etc. AGENTS WANTED.

J. & A. CARTER, Practical Dressmakers, Milliners, etc. 373 Yonge St., cor. Walkon St., Toronto.

DRUNKENNESS or the Liquor Habit Positively Cured in any of its stages. All desire or craving for stimulants entirely removed. Medicine can be given without knowledge of the patient, by placing it in coffee, tea or a slice of food. Cures guaranteed. Send for particulars. GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 183 Race Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

4 THREE CENT STAMPS mailed to us will make you a six months' subscription to Our Own Fireside, a model monthly, sixteen pages, illustrated, full page music. For sixteen cents we will send paper for same time, and 10 complete stories. For twenty-one cents, the paper, 10 complete stories, Called Back and Dark Days. For twenty-seven cents, all above, Home Cook Book and Family Physician For Forty Cents, all above, 57 Popular Ballads, Manual of Etiquette, and Fancy Work for Home Adornment. For fifty cents, all above, Leoline and Robinson Crusoe. References: Mail and Train. Address, Our Own Fireside Publishing Co., TORONTO, ONT.



DR. C. DORENWEND'S "HAIR MAGIC" Great German "HAIR MAGIC" IS THE ONLY EVER CURE EVER DISCOVERED FOR Baldness, Thin Hair, Gray Hair, Falling Out of the Hair, Dandruff, Etc. The "HAIR MAGIC" is a perfectly harmless preparation; it contains no injurious properties whatever; it is not a dye, and will not soil the skin, but is a powerful renewer and a vigorous tonic. The "Magic" has made hair grow on bald heads, where every other remedy has failed. As an eradicator of Dandruff the "Magic" cannot be equalled. For restoring the original color to gray, faded and discolored hair, it has never been known to fail. For sale by all druggists. Ask for Hair Magic and take none other. DR. C. DORENWEND, Sole Manufacturer for U. S. and Canada, Toronto, Can. Where not procurable through Druggists, will be sent to any address on receipt of price—\$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5.

ANTI-CORPULENE PILLS. Positively reduce Superfluous Flesh 15 lbs a month. Cause no sickness, contain no poison and never fail. Particulars (sealed) 4c. WILCOX SPECIFIC MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

"BELL" Organs. An ACKNOWLEDGED SUPERIOR To ALL OTHER MAKES — IN — TONE, DESIGN AND WORKMANSHIP. While other firms are running short time, our factories are running 12 hours per day to keep up with orders. Styles and Prices to SUIT EVERYBODY. Catalogues Free. BELL & CO., GUELPH, ONT.

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Sailing during winter from Port au... every Thursday and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at London, Genoa, and Malta and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore, via Halifax and St. John's N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow line all during winter to and from Halifax, Portland, Boston and Philadelphia, and during summer between Glasgow and Montreal, weekly, Glasgow and Boston, weekly; and Glasgow and Philadelphia, fortnightly.

For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; B. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allans, Ras & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brooker, Philadelphia; H. A. Allan, Portland Boston, Montreal.

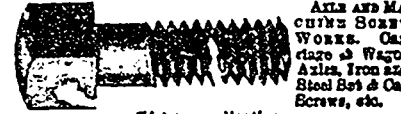
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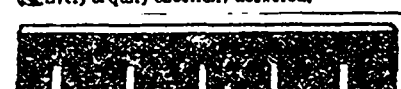
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AND CAMPING GOODS.

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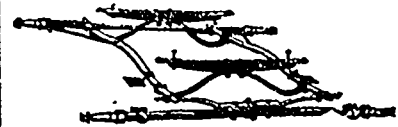
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Our Duplex Axles are all to be had at all the principal Hardware Stores in the Dominion.

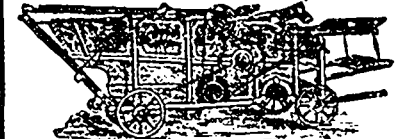
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No. 3, Thresher and Power Complete, \$3500
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Discount for Cash.
These machines are the fastest and lightest running, and make a better separation than any other style in use. I invite correspondence from farmers and threshermen. In writing mention what you want. Descriptive circular sent on application. Agents wanted. Mention this paper.

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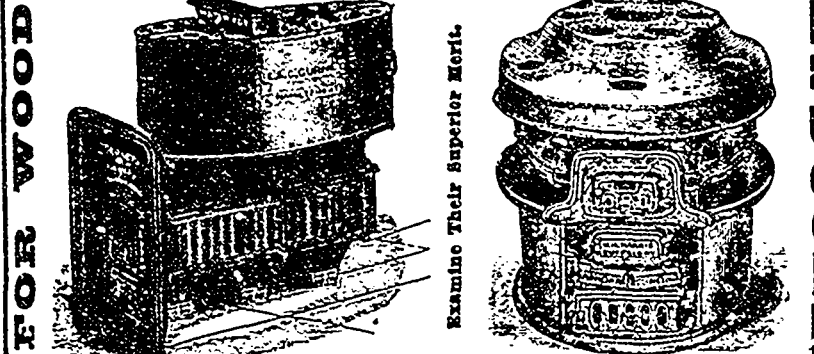
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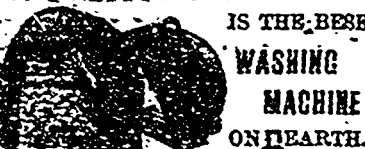
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REWARD!

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No Name is Complete Without the Eagle STEAM WASHER. Messrs. FRANK & Co.—Dear Sir,—The machine I bought of you last July has given every satisfaction, and does all that you allowed that it would. The same amount of clothes for the washing of which we paid equal to \$1 can be done really by my daughter, and whereas the washerwoman took from \$4 to \$10 per week, now, with the machine, my daughter commences after the children leave for school in the morning, and ere they return to dinner the clothes are on the line and the machine set aside. In the invention of the Eagle Steam Washer you have conferred a great boon on the domestic circle, and its use will become universal as soon as its merits are appreciated. Yours, dear Sir, your truly, Rev. J. Kennor. Oswego, January 15th, 1898.

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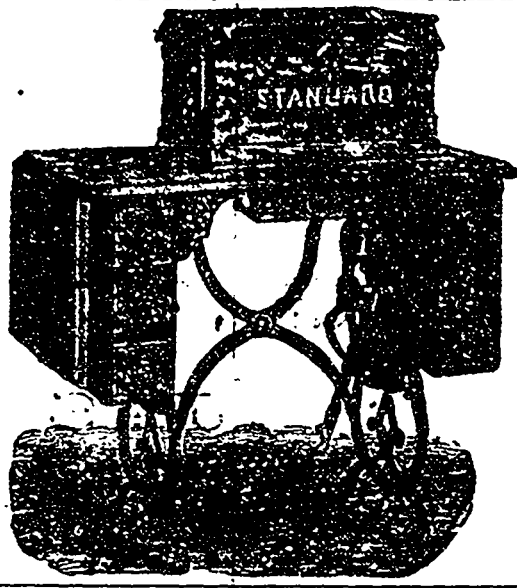
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\$10 REWARD will be paid to any one supplying information that will convict any person of selling an imitation of the "Magic Scale" for dress-making. Fraud detected by absence of autograph. "WILL C. ROBB," Inventor. MISS E. CHUBB, General Agent for Ontario.

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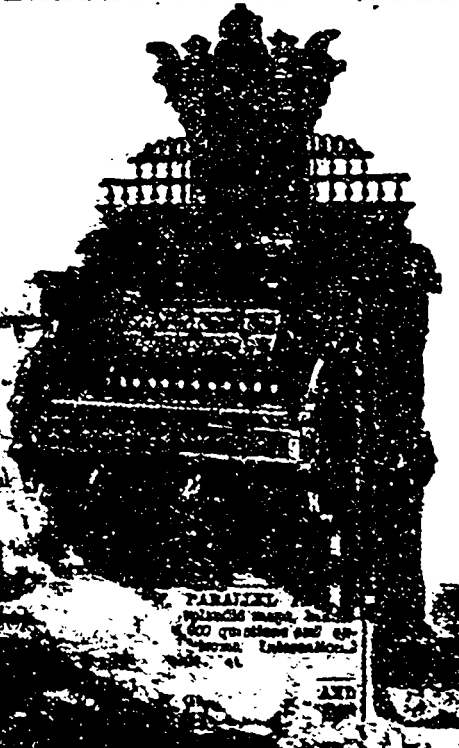
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THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEY AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incident to females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

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Manufactured only at Thomas Holloway's Establishment, 73 NEW OXFORD STREET. (late 538 OXFORD ST.,) LONDON. And are sold at 1s. 1/2d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 21s., and 31s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 73 OXFORD Street, London, they are spurious.



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All the fashionable Colorings in New Spring Dress Goods at about one-half of the regular prices during the Big Summer Sale now going on.

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We are also showing a beautiful line of Colored Cashmeres, "forty-eight" inches wide, in all the newest shades, at 25 cts per yard; the regular price for the same goods in the city is 40 cts. Also an immense stock of Black Cashmeres, Mourning Cloths, Crapes, &c., which we are selling to the public in any lengths they may require at close wholesale figures.

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ST. VITUS'S DANCE.

DEER PARK, Feby 27, 1898. DR. THOS. W. SPARROW, 123 Queen Street, Toronto. Dear Sir,—My daughter Laura had been a great sufferer for over three years with St. Vitus's Dance. After trying various treatments, without obtaining any relief, but gradually growing worse, I was advised to give you a trial, for which I am very thankful. After a few weeks' treatment she rapidly began to recover and is now enjoying the best of health. Yours respectfully MRS. O. ORINGER.



LADIES! A HIGH PRICED FINEST PER NICE CUT HAIR. You have also WAXED, GRAY, DEAD, or BROWN shades, send M to me per mail, I will send you what you want when I can pay, and if satisfactory without you the money. If it is not what you want, I will send you a large stock of Wavy, Bangs, Switches, etc., also Ladies' & Gents' Wigs, Buns, etc. in stock, at all prices, that can be sent on receipt of order.

to my address. Address, A. DORVILLE, Paris Street, Water, 123 and 125 Queen St., Toronto.



Rupture

Large Reducible Scrotal Hernia. I will pay the price of a return ticket to any man who comes to Toronto where rupture I cannot hold with my new device, without shoulder or leg straps. This is the only device that has been used by all the best of the profession. The above treatment is fitted by me personally, or by a doctor, and is made up of apparatus, by which they will be enabled to go home the same day accompanied by their families, and to sleep in their own beds and the same frame. Address, CHAS. CRITCH, Surgical Machine, 115 King-street West Toronto.