

Crith

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TORONTO, JANUARY 1st, 1884.

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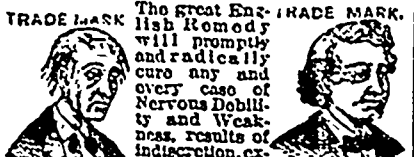
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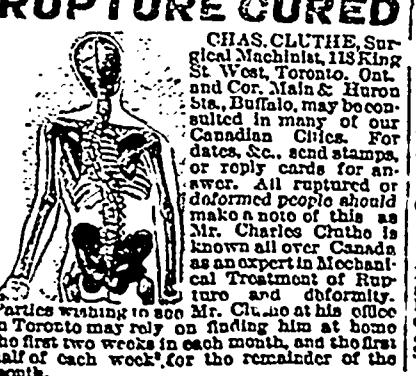
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TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., JANUARY 19, 1884.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 172.

The Publisher of TRUTH wants every present reader to become an active agent for the increased circulation of this paper. See the liberal terms now offered to agents on page 22 of this issue. These terms are the most liberal ever offered from this office, or probably from the office of any paper in Canada. It may be found necessary to withdraw them before long, so please act at once.

TRUTH'S MUSINGS.

Bangor, Maine, can boast of a Mayor of the truly Conservative school. He sets his face most firmly against the now fangled notion of the now standard time for an entire meridian. The City Council has twice passed an order that one of the city clocks should be set to conform to the now standard, but Mr. Mayor has firmly put on a veto, by virtue of authority vested in his office. His philosophical reason for all this is that "neither railroad laws nor municipal regulations has power to change one of the immutable laws of God, that the hours of noon, sunrise and sunset, should occur at different periods of the day at different localities on the earth's surface." The man is evidently a lineal descendant of the orthodox Scotchmen of other days who denounced the man who introduced a fanning mill as flying in the face of the will of God, by creating a wind when Providence intended a calm.

Much as the financial pinch has been felt during the last year the statistics in regard to the number of failures in Canada show that they were not nearly as many as during the year 1879. In '79 there were 2,875 failures reported in the Dominion against 1,460 in '83. On the other hand the number of failures in '83 in the United States is reported at 10,187 against 6,652 in '79, or an increase of 3,535. In regard to '79 in Canada it will be remembered we had had a succession of poor harvests, while in '83 the case was quite different. There were mere failures in Canada last year than in the two preceding years combined and nearly as many as in the three preceding years.

A statement has just been made by the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. showing the amount of work they have accomplished during the past year. Nearly seven hundred miles of road were built during the year, consisting of 553 miles of main line, and 140 miles of branch roads. The rails are now laid to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, nearly one thousand miles west of Winnipeg, leaving a gap of but 300 miles to complete the road through to the Pacific Ocean. Nearly two hundred miles of the branch north of Lake Superior have been completed, leaving something over 400 miles yet to build. It is now estimated that the entire road connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific, wholly through Canadian territory, will be completed in 1885, and that the trip

can then be made across the continent in ninety hours. Lord Lansdowne's wish to be the first Governor-General to cross over to the Pacific by a Canadian railway bids fair to be realized.

The experience of attempting to legislate at Washington for an enormous territory and fifty millions of people ought to give some suggestive hints to our Dominion legislators. One important fact is that the number of bills introduced each session is so enormous that but few of them can receive any amount of consideration. A Boston paper states that in one day 670 bills were introduced in the House of Representatives, and 674 the day following. Though the session had hardly got in fair working order at that time nearly 2,500 bills had been introduced. The journal winds up with the remark:—"This certainly looks like business—or wind."

The year 1883 will long be remembered as a year of terrible destruction of life because of nature's convulsion. It is estimated that over 100,000 lives were destroyed during the year by earthquakes, tornadoes and floods.

In England the farmers have had poor crops for the past eight consecutive harvests, and the result has been, as might well be expected, very disastrous to the agricultural prospects of that country. The truth is, farming in England is now a very different thing to what it was forty years ago. The cheap transportation of grain and other agricultural products from other lands, and the vast importations in consequence, have had their effect on the English farmers. The days of high land rents in England must be nearly over, and the days of overcrowding in the farming community must be nearly at an end too. Why should farmers of England, or Ireland either, cling so tenaciously to their native soil, amidst poverty and bad crops, when there is such an abundance of rich farming lands, and such a favorable climate for farming operations in the Dominion of Canada? There is a much better opening in Canada for good farmers than for any other class of immigrants.

The Hamilton Tribune has been figuring up, from the public accounts since Confederation began, to see how much of the public outlay of Canada has gone towards paying for the luxury of the Governors General we have had since that time. It figures the whole out at an aggregate of \$1,681,187, or considerably over £200,000 a year for the past fifteen years. The Tribune's inference is that this is a luxury somewhat more expensive than the people of the Dominion can well afford. If the Tribune will now give us the facts in regard to what the Lieutenant Governors of all the Provinces have cost the tax payers during the past fifteen

years, it will cast a good deal of additional light on the somewhat important question of the relative value and cost of so much "Governor" of one kind or another, as the people of Canada are supplied with.

Newspaper readers can often easily do a friendly and an encouraging act to Publishers, such as many would cheerfully do when it is suggested. Simply in this way:—When a business advertisement attracts attention and leads to business correspondence or personal intercourse with the advertiser, kindly mention the name of the paper in which you saw it. Such references are often alike encouraging to the Advertiser and the Publisher. "Then scatter seeds of kindness," of this class, dear reader, about a paper too modest to do more just here than throw out a friendly hint in regard to the matter.

The visit of Lord Lansdowne to this city last week certainly created a very favorable impression in behalf of our new Governor-General. Of course everybody expected to be pleased, and wanted to be pleased, and under the circumstances it was an easy matter to please both Press and People. The Governor came here, too, on purpose to try and please the people and was, of course, on his very best behavior. TRUTH has noticed that when men and women are on their best behavior, they always give satisfaction. It is quite evident, however, that the Governor-General made an unexpectedly favorable impression on those who know but little of him before. His speech on Thursday evening gave undoubted proof of the tact and rare ability of the man. It was very neat and very graceful in its arrangement and its phraseology, and free from anything unfortunate in its subject matter. The speech showed a man of skill, experience and good sense. The former positions of honor and trust his Excellency has occupied in the Government in England give good evidence of a man of far more than ordinary ability. The prospects are that he will yet rank among Canada's successful governors.

The waters of the Mediterranean and the Red seas having been so successfully united by the Suez Canal, thus cutting Egypt in two, it is now proposed to unite the Baltic and Black seas by a canal, cutting Europe in two. The cost is estimated at from twenty-four to thirty millions, a large proportion of which would be borne by Russia. The engineering difficulties are said to be not too great.

The sums being contributed for the relief of the sufferers by the Humber disaster are creditably large. Up to the end of last week over \$6,000 had been paid in. So many were unfortunate at once that the great heart of the community has

been stirred. It makes one think better of our common humanity to witness the spontaneous outburst of practical sympathy. It is well that these generously inclined are showing good practical methods in their generosity. The amounts contributed from so many sources are being consolidated in the general fund, and it is being wisely decided that, for a time at least, each family shall be allowed an amount equal to that earned weekly by their bread winners so suddenly cut off. The prospects are therefore, that for some time to come the bereaved families will not suffer from anxiety and want.

The Minister of Finance at Ottawa has rather a discouraging prospect before him just now. Business of nearly every kind is dull and of course the money comes in to the public treasury much more slowly than was expected at this time last year. The exports are much less from this country, in consequence of the short harvest and the imports have greatly fallen off because of the dull business prospects. All these things are against the Finance Minister, and the Opposition are sure to "make hay while the sun shines" even after such a cheerless fashion. The revenue of the Dominion for the half year ending December 31st was \$16,561,420, or a falling off on the corresponding six months of 1882 of over a million and a half. The expenditure of the half year amounted to \$13,656,023, being an increase over the previous year of over a million and a quarter. It will be seen by these figures that there is still a good balance on the right side, but the indications are such that some retrenchment will become inevitable in order to avoid the possibility of dreaded deficits in the near future. This year's Budget speech will be read with great interest.

The leading papers all contain suggestions, from editors and correspondents, in regard to more effectual methods of avoiding railway accidents. Of course the Humber disaster is the text of all these homilies. So far as TRUTH has observed, not one new suggestion of any important practical value has been made, or that is likely to be acted upon by any of the railway companies. The fact is the principal radical measure now required, in the interests of public safety, is that double tracks must be supplied wherever there is much traffic. There would not be, probably, one tenth as many collisions and loss of life in consequence, if our roads were double tracked. Certainly there would not be anything like the amount of delays and irregularity of trains as now annoy the travelling public. If the railways do not voluntarily hurry up matters in this respect, it will be in order for the Parliament to interfere. The public interests are too important, and human life too sacred, to be unnecessarily sacrificed as they now are when the only question is merely one of expense.

It is now understood that the family of the unfortunate conductor Barber, whose forgetfulness was the cause of the terrible Humber accident, are in a very needy condition, and aid has to be extended to them at once to keep them from actual want. The statement comes from them, and it is no doubt correct, that his ordinary pay barely sufficed to keep the family in comfort, not allowing any margin to lay by anything ahead. The pay of nearly all the employees of the Grand Trunk is on such a meagre scale that probably very few of them manage to do more than just live comfortably out of what they get. On the other hand, the leading officials draw princely salaries and travel and fare in princely style. The same statement is probably true of the various other railways in the country.

The conductors and engine drivers on our railways have vast responsibilities, both as regards life and property, committed to their care, and it is a matter of very great public importance that only men of first-class reliability and intelligence should be placed in such positions. That can hardly be expected when the rates of pay to them are so low as they now generally are. The only wonder is that under a system of such low rates as has prevailed for years, considering the great personal risks and responsibilities to which they are exposed, such a good class of men has been obtained.

The Canada Pacific Railway has just been doing a very commendable thing in making a very sweeping reduction on its freight rates for grain from the various parts of Manitoba. It has always been felt, on all hands, that one of the weak points of the C. P. R. Company was that it is in their power to impose their own rates on grain and other agricultural produce which must necessarily find its way to market over that road, if marketed at all. The usual charges heretofore have been equal to at least half the value of much of the grain shipped, and in some cases even considerably greater than that. If the Company wisely resolve to keep down freight rates to a point about which there can be no reasonable grounds of complaint, they will do a good thing for themselves, a grand thing for the pioneer settlers, and a patriotic thing for the country.

There is no doubt but the C. P. R. Company got an excellent bargain—for themselves—out of the Canadian Government and People, but at any rate, they deserve due credit for an honest endeavour to carry out well their own part of the agreement. The road is being pushed into completion with a rapidity unequalled in the history of any other similar great enterprise, and there are the best of reasons to believe that the hardest part of the bargain, that of the construction of the road round the north side of Lake Superior, is being fulfilled to the letter. The road is also being much better built and better equipped than was generally expected. If the rates are only kept reasonably moderate the country may yet find out that it made a much better bargain than was at one time expected.

"Independents" in politics, especially if they happen to be somewhat prominent men, are not usually in high esteem by the great body of the people. It requires a very able man to play the part of an independent in Canadian politics and keep his head enough above the surface to be visible at all to the public eye. It is astonishing how few men of the independent class are now in any of our representative bodies, from the village council to the Dominion Parliament. The reason probably is that the great majority of the electors have had about enough experience with that class of men to stand in doubt of them. The Cincinnati *Enquirer*, a leading Ohio journal, is said to have been an independent for years and it has had a good deal to do with that class, no doubt. It now defines an independent as a political sorehead who has been snubbed by both parties. That is often about how the case stands. Our party men, however, might often show less subserviency.

In Texas things are managed quite differently from Canada, in many respects. A paragraph is just now going the rounds to the effect that of the students of the Texas University forty are females. In our Provincial University females are not admitted at all. Which country is adopting the most enlightened and wisest policy in this respect? Surely in a Province like ours there ought to be a more definite public recognition of the importance of encouraging higher education among women than our authorities now give.

The New York State Engineer of last year, gives an opinion in his annual report which may as well be carefully looked into by our leading men at Ottawa. In his deliberate opinion "canals as a successful and necessary means of transport have outlived their usefulness." This conviction is becoming more general every year. Railways are becoming abundant and in consequence of the many improvements made in connection with them railway transportation is becoming so cheap, as well as so rapid that inland transportation by water is becoming comparatively less and less each year. Canada has expended many millions on its great canals, which were very important and very necessary in their time, and it is expending millions each year now in connection with its canal system. There are several new canal projects, such as the Trent Valley and others, involving millions and millions more. Is it not about time to stop and consider for a little whether all these expensive canals will be of much real commercial value to the country if completed?

The Erie canal was made free not long ago, and the large expense of its yearly maintenance saddled directly on the tax payers of New York State, in hope of greatly reviving its declining trade. The success of the experiment is more than questioned by Mr. Seymour, the late State Engineer, and surely no man ought to be in a better position to know. He now asserts that the canals of the State have greatly deteriorated during the year and no less a sum than three and a half million dollars will be necessary to put them in efficient repair. Some able busi-

ness men have suggested emptying the Erie of its waters entirely and laying the bottom with railway tracks for heavy transportation purposes. That may yet be done.

A Massachusetts Governor has just been appointing some one else to the office of his private secretary when he has a boy of his own who might fill the place. This is rather extraordinary conduct for a prominent United States politician. When asked for some reason for such an unusual course, he gave it as his determination that his boy must prepare himself for some honorable work in life, and he was not going to have his family fitted with offices. Such language might put the blush on quite a large number of our well-known public men, but it is language honorable to a man occupying an honorable position. There is something truly demoralizing in the sight of a man in authority fitting offices to half his male relations, if not to his sisters, his cousins, and his aunts. The late Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald, near the end of his important official career, made it his boast that though he had had at his disposal hundreds of offices, he had never settled one of his own immediate relations in any one of them.

There seems a good deal of madness about many of the hot-headed Irish agitators, especially those of the dynamite class, but it is pretty evident that there is a good deal of method in the madness of some of them. The wild cry goes up for funds to be secretly expended in doing deadly work on British soil almost any where, and the cry is generally successful in drawing out a good deal of funds. A case in court in New York a few days ago went to show that O'Donovan Rossa, one of the best known and most blatant of all the dynamite class, has managed to get a good many thousands of dollars of funds committed to his control, and the judge did not hesitate to intimate his opinion that the largest share of the funds probably remained with him. One of his companions sued for a few hundred dollars out of the fund, but the verdict was against him, the Court deciding that if he wanted to share a fund he must do like O'Donovan, and get one in his own hands. During the last dozen years, probably a dozen leading Fenians in and about New York have been, in the end, accused by their own party of gorging themselves with plunder from funds committed to their care "for patriotic purposes."

Last year a very large fund was raised to make a present to Parnell. Probably the general impression among the contributors was that, in some undefinable way, Parnell would place the fund so as to do the most good to the greatest possible number of Irishmen. That seems to be just what he did—according to his own ideas at least. It turns out, however, that the greatest possible number in this case was "Number One." Parnell had at that time, it is said, some heavy mortgages on his Irish property, and these were at once paid off. Of course, all this went to "lighten the burden" of at least one of the Irish people. The balance of the money was put to his own

credit, so that it will "relieve oppression," it may be, from some future indebtedness. Of course Irishmen everywhere have a perfect right to pay out their money to pauper agitators, but it has an awkward look to see it thus squandered, while the whole world is being called on to contribute for the relief of furnished people in Ireland.

The body of Capt. Webb, the notable swimmer, has just been exhumed from its temporary resting place and re-interred with Christian and Masonic ceremonies. It now rests quietly beside the grave of the notable Niagara Hermit. It is well that there was but little demonstration made over the remains of the brave but misguided man. His death was little other than a suicide, with no object to serve for voluntarily undertaking such hazardous risks than additional notoriety. Had there been great demonstrations over the dead man, the effect would have been to stimulate a number of other madcaps to unnecessarily hazard their own lives to make a holiday for sightseers. The kind of "bravery" that prompts men to put themselves in positions of great peril merely to satisfy the public craving for excitement ought not to be encouraged.

Capt. Webb's widow has been left poorly provided for. She has now to maintain herself and her children by acting as bookkeeper in some Boston establishment at a small salary. Surely it looks like a cruel thing for any man, having given such hostages to fortune, to toy so recklessly with his life. His family might have been in quite a different position to-day had the man, with Capt. Webb's energy and skill, but taken a different course of life. The next man who proposes to jeopardize himself, in or about the Niagara, ought to be frowned upon severely.

What is to be done with all the helpless poor in and about us? The question is becoming more and more urgent, and as the winter advances and the hard times grow still harder the difficult matter must be grappled with in some other way than our present make-shift manner. The street of Toronto are all but swarming with poor, many of whom must beg, or steal, or be sent to prison, in order to keep from actual starvation. It is well known that some of them do not want to work, and will not, unless as a last extremity; but it is also well-known that just now, at any rate, many of them could not procure employment, however industriously inclined. There are, no doubt, cases each week of some poor creature committing crime for the mere purpose of being arrested and imprisoned. The Police Court news indicate that. Others probably commit crimes, driven to such acts by sheer poverty, some of the cases not having been detected at all. It is an unsatisfactory thing, to say the least of it, to allow this to go on in a Christian community, and it is a very unsafe thing for the people.

The old question runs, "When doctors differ who shall decide?" In connection with the state of things we now have in Canada, between the conflicting claims

of jurisdiction of the Dominion and the Provincial authorities, the important question appears to be, "When lawyers differ who shall agree?" The ready answer certainly of every lawyer is, "The Courts of course!" But there are so many of them; and in connection with each one there is such a sickening delay, and such an impoverishing expence. Dozens of cases have arisen in which the leading lawyers differ widely in regard to a decision given, and of course, the first resort is the Queen's Bench; then the Court of Appeals; then the Supreme Court; then the Privy Council. Thank goodness the thing must stop there or a first-class paying case would flow on forever, or so long as the money would hold out to prosecute it. It takes two or three years to go all this round, and often longer. The mischief is that in so many instances each "Court," from the country Squire to the Privy Council appear to give alternate, conflicting decisions. Cannot some means be devised to make our laws sufficiently clear and well understood that so much litigation will not be necessary to know just what they do and what they do not mean? The present state of doubt and uncertainty may be fun for the lawyers, but it will turn out totally ruinous to many a litigant.

Forest Protection.

Mr. R. W. Phipps, of Toronto, it will be remembered, was an acknowledged authority on the subject of "Protection" when the N. P. was at its height some years ago, and his writings were admittedly among the ablest that appeared at that time on that great question. He has, of late, been paying a great deal of attention to another important phase of the protection question, and respecting its importance to the country there can be no question. It is in regard to the protection of our fast disappearing forests in Ontario. In too many parts of the Province there are large farms, if not large townships, in which almost every acre of valuable timber land has been cut away.

The importance of a fair proportion of forest land all over the country is now generally admitted by those who have paid any considerable attention to the subject, and some means of preserving our forests, and at the same time of encouraging the cultivation of new ones, cannot be devised too soon. Our Provincial Legislature would do well to give serious attention to this question at the forthcoming session.

Mr. Phipps has just written a valuable letter on this subject, in which he gives the following illustration of the importance of having the present forest land well fenced in:

"For the continuance of the forest in a reproductive state, the presence of the undergrowth is absolutely necessary. Without it, grass gets in, overpreads the earth, injures the larger trees, and prevents the growth of any smaller ones. The drying winds sweep through the bush, the roots are loosened, the soil appears to shrink from them, and many trees fall. There is no more vivid contrast than that of a piece of forest left unfenced, and another better protected. I had opportunities lately of seeing many such as they stood side by side. On one side of the fence all was in the bright strength of fervid life, everywhere the small buds of infant saplings just rising from the earth, above them the interspersing underwood, high above them many a magnificent tree, old and ready for the axe, and many a younger one already at hand to replace them. But all had an air of health and of brightest verdure. On the other side of the fence the leaf-brown will is bare of vegetation, every cutting-pruning leaf had been destroyed, the wind whistled shrilly over the denuded ground

and among the moss-covered trunks of the old trees; for there was nothing but old trees; no young ones had grown to replace them, and they, themselves, the earth below them deprived of its natural covering, seemed sickly and many of them tottering to their fall.

"If every farmer could be induced to preserve rightly in forest but ten acres in his hundred, besides what bush (it need not be much) he wishes for his cattle, the good resulting to himself and to the country would be incalculable; for a few acres of dense forest thickly undergrown holds and distributes much moisture, and is of more climatic benefit, especially to the surrounding farms, than a far greater surface of woodland dried up and impoverished by the destruction of its undergrowth. For his own benefit, too, and that of his successors, especially in the too probably coming scarcity of timber, it should be remembered that this patch will yield a valuable amount yearly of timber of many descriptions which may be taken from it, tree by tree, as needed, and yet the remaining bush be all the better."

Mr. Phipps makes the very sensible suggestion that an Act might be passed providing that such lands on each farm as may be set aside and cultivated for forest purposes only, may be exempt from taxation. It would be the duty of the assessor each year to see that such exempt land is kept in reserve for that purpose, and should it at any time be abandoned for forestry purposes, or not properly cared for as it should, the land may be held responsible for all back taxes. The plan suggested certainly looks feasible and reasonable. The Government will do well to give this question earnest attention as early as practicable.

Our Senate.

Five new Senators have just been appointed for the Dominion. They may turn out to be excellent men for the position, but TRUTH respectfully hints that there does not appear much evidence as a guarantee to that. Not one of them has had any previous parliamentary experience, and every one of them, it is well understood, is a strong political partizan. There is nothing extraordinary about these things as the system of the appointment of Senators has gone on ever since 1867—only so far as the matter of previous experience is concerned. The *real* Senate should be composed of a body of men superior to the Commons, in the matter of legislative experience and knowledge, and much above the strong partizan spirit by far too prevalent in the Commons. The *real* Senate as it now exists, and as it will probably continue to be filled up under the present system—no matter which party is in power—is not of this sort, by a long way. It is expected to act as a check on whatever acts of the Commons may be hasty, or immature, or partizan, or indiscreet in any way. It cannot do these things unless superior men, in all respects, compose the body.

The Senate is now the conundrum of Canadian politics, and there are many quite willing to "give it up." As matters now stand there is no blinking the fact that the Senate does not now command anything like the general respect that it should, throughout the country. Its ordinary deliberations seldom attract any attention. Its sessions are generally very short and unimportant, and it is a rare thing for spectators to attend, in any considerable numbers, if at all. Its debates, where there are any debates, are seldom reported in the leading papers, and still more seldom read by the people. It is usually taken for granted that whatever Bill the Government passes through the Commons will certainly pass the Senators, as a matter of course; and in one recent notable instance but a few hours were

given for it to pass a measure of very great importance, involving very serious constitutional questions. In case a bill is rejected by that body the members are at once denounced as "obstructives," and nearly every body gets indignant about its assumptions. The Senate is usually blamed for not doing anything, but blamed more loudly still if it happens to do anything other than to merely confirm the acts of the Commons.

What is the country to do about it? That is just the rub. The Opposition may cry out to remodel it, or reform it, or wipe it out altogether; but let the Opposition get into power and all is silence on the subject. One leading man in opposition denounced it as a "laazr house of political sinners," while others may refer to it as a "house of incurables," but intelligent readers well know that these utterances are only made *while* in opposition, and not by the same men when in position and power. Surely the days for some change must come before long. There is nothing in our Canadian political and social system that will warrant an attempt to imitate the English House of Lords. Two houses may be considered necessary in our Canadian parliamentary system, but the general sentiment undoubtedly is that both of them should, in theory at least, represent the people in some way.

The Bothwell Case.

Judge Galt has been hearing the somewhat noted Bothwell election case, and last week gave his decision giving the seat to the Hon. David Mills. Justice was tardy in this case, but justice came at last. The Bothwell election case has laid bare some of the very worst features of our present party system, and in the interests of ordinary political fairness, and of honest justice to the electors, it is very much to be regretted that it over occurred at all. It has been well understood, on all hands, that the Hon. Mr. Mills received a majority of the votes cast in the general election in 1882, and yet for one entire year he was not only deprived of the seat to which he was elected, but Mr. J. J. Hawkins, though not actually elected at all, took that seat and usurped the position for one entire session as a representative of the people.

A man with a keener sense of honor would probably never have taken a seat in Parliament to which he was not regularly elected by the people, and in a Parliament less hopelessly partizan a man claiming membership under such circumstances would have been frozen out by the actual members, even though the tardy courts had not yet reached his case. But so long as there are some men willing to claim a seat under any circumstances, and there are some representatives of the people quite willing to see the people thus deprived of their actual choice, it is evident a change of some kind is urgently demanded, in order to prevent any thing of the kind in the future. In the particular case of Mr. Hawkins it did not practically matter much in regard to the Government whether he was allowed to sit and vote in the Commons or not, as the party is now strong enough in the House without him, but it can easily be seen how, under different circumstances,

a government might cling to power for an entire year by the aid of one or two usurpers of that kind. In the case of the Mowat Government just now a couple or so of members so "pitch-forked" in might make or unmake the continuance of the government, and the same remark holds good in regard to the Macdonald Government at the time of the "Pacific Scandal" crisis. So long as such wrongs on the people can be of such service to either one party, and of such injury to the other party, and of such injustice to the people in either case, there ought to be some provisions in our law or system making them absolutely impossible.

The series of circumstances that combined to keep Mr. Mills from the seat was either the result of a deliberate plot, politically and morally disgraceful, or there were several most singular coincidences with a very unfortunate color. TRUTH most charitably inclines to take the latter view of the case.

Mr. Mills it is well known was a very prominent member of the Opposition party in the last House, giving strong and bitter opposition to the Government. His defeat would prove an important party victory. Before the election took place his constituency was so readjusted as to leave him a considerable weaker man than before, and therefore make his defeat more probably. Then, the returning officer appointed was not the standing officer such as is usually designated to that position, but a man was selected represented as being a strong partisan against the election of Mr. Mills. Some of the Deputies appointed by this returning officer were so much at variance from the duties required at their hands by the law that the entire votes in their divisions were rejected, and the ugly look of the whole thing is that the votes in the particular divisions so rejected gave majorities for Mr. Mills, and their rejection was just sufficient to warrant the return being made in favor of Mr. Hawkins. The latter then took advantage of delays caused by legal technicalities raised and so held on to the seat for nearly two years, though all the time well aware the actual majority of the electors did not vote for him. The Courts in this particular case were unusually tardy, and so the matter was helped along.

TRUTH is glad to see that so prominent an organ in the party as the *Hamilton Spectator*, and some other influential journals of less note, have spoken out decidedly against the constitutional wrong done in the Bothwell case, but if *The Organ*, generally understood to immediately represent the views of the Chieftain, and other leading spirits of the Party, has had any word to say in the same honest direction the lines have been unfortunately overlooked here.

After all, as things go, it is quite probable that the *Globe* would have been just about as mum as the *Mail* has been had it been a Tory who was left two years out in the cold instead of a Grit. However, so far as the People—the honest electors whose rights ought to be jealously guarded—are concerned, two wrongs will not make a right. When the interests of justice are at stake the interests of any one Party should stand aside.

Temperance Department.

NEWS AND NOTES.

PHILADELPHIA.—The Philadelphia Record says that there are about ten thousand and liquor saloons in that city, and about one third of these are not licensed. That looks a good deal like "failure" on the part of the license law. If there exists from three to four thousand illicit liquor shops in a prohibition city there is usually a good deal of noise about it.

TENNESSEE.—The Hamilton Times says—Temperance people in Tennessee are actively enforcing the four-mile law in that State, which prohibits a saloon within four miles of a school house. It is to be hoped that no Tennessean topor will so much forget that he owes to his offspring as to prefer a saloon to a school house, and thus aid in keeping up the illiteracy that is yet far too common in the South.

A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Father Nugent, whom Cardinal Manning once spoke of as a second Father Mathew, has provided free concerts for the "common people" of Liverpool every Saturday night, the best vocal and instrumental amateurs giving their services. The music is of a high order, the hall is crowded, and the hundreds unable to get in show how strong a counter-attraction it is to the public-house.

FEMALE DETECTIVES.—In London, Ont., female detectives have recently been successfully employed in liquor cases, against shop license holders. Two licensed grocers were fined \$20 each and costs on the 11th inst., for selling in less quantities than the law allows, on the evidence of the females. It is quite probable that a large proportion of the mischief of female tipping takes place at licensed shops.

GOOD ADVICE.—The Trenton, Ont. Courier give the following advice to the Hon. Dominion Premier—Now that Sir John has become a total abstainer and since the Dominion License Act although better than the Crooks Act must remain inoperative in consequence of the Crooks Act having been sustained by the Privy Council, the only way for Sir John to take the wind out of Mowat's sails and doubly immortalize himself, is to pass a Dominion Prohibitory Bill.

A SENSIBLE SUGGESTION.—A Toronto physician, of a good deal of practical experience, writing to the *Globe* about the late Humber railway catastrophe, makes several valuable suggestions in regard to avoiding such accidents. He concludes by saying: "Another matter of prime importance to the public safety is that railway employees be required to abstain from all kinds of alcoholic beverages, as well as all narcotising substances, such as chloral, opium, and tobacco, as it is well-known that these, not excepting tobacco, deprive the nerves of that peculiar acuteness which is so essential in cases where prompt and accurate decision is demanded."

ANOMALIES.—A London, England, lawyer who was once a reporter for one of the London dailies has been speaking out in regard to his own experience. It is to the effect that he had attended banquets where some of the court dignitaries became so helplessly drunk that they needed to be carried away. Next day he had seen the same men sitting in court and sentencing those charged as "drunks" and "disorderlies" the same night. We honestly believe there is not a reporter of many years extensive experience in any of our Canadian cities who has not witnessed anomalies of this class. It is probably so in the United States as well as in England and Canada. The statement may look like a sweeping one, but it is no doubt too true.

KENTUCKY WHISKEY.—Whiskey making does not seem to be as flourishing a business in Kentucky as in bygone years. That state was formerly more noted for whiskey making than any other line of manufacture. Now the supply exceeds

the demand considerably, and the market is glutted. At a recent meeting of an association of liquor makers it was decided that the production in the state be reduced no less than two-thirds, or 66 2-3 per cent. of the production of the last two years. It is to be hoped that the people may soon decide that the production be decreased another one-third. The makers have already decided on two-thirds of all that prohibition requires, leaving the balance of the work comparatively easy for the people.

LONDON'S DRINK TRAFFIC.—Rev. J. M. Horsley, Chaplain of one of the English prisons writes an interesting letter to the Church of England Temperance Chronicle in regard to the amount of drunkenness as shown by the Metropolitan Police Returns for 1882. The total number of persons taken into custody for all causes during the year was 78,416, being something over 2,000 beyond the average number of the past ten years.

The total number charged with being drunk and disorderly was 19,254 of whom 8,927 were females.

The total number of arrests of various kinds arising out of drinking, including "drunk and disorderly" and "drunk" merely, was 26,296, of which 11,872 were women.

There were 182 publicans summoned by the police from drunkenness, and 126 convicted. Among those arrested the learned professions were thus represented: Ministers, 6; lawyers, 22; medical men, 49. Of those who describe themselves as of no trade or occupation 2,739 were men, and 8,597 women, the latter being in most cases married women.

The writer concludes by remarking that no doubt a large number of the others committed for other crimes had their origin in intemperance, probably three fourths of the whole. The number of commitments, too, does not represent anything like the total number of drunkards, as a very large portion of the well known drunkards, escaped apprehension during the year.

Father's Come Home.

A quiet, warm, summer night, the moon shining brightly, no wind stirring; the air so still, that the church clock striking the quarters fell startlingly on the ear that was listening, longing, trembling, hoping—for a footstep that did not come. Nine o'clock! a quarter past! half past! She could bear it no longer. Harry Blunt's young wife sat in the moonlight all alone, the cottage door wide open, the baby's soft breathing the only sound within. A flushed cheek, a beating heart; but no word, no sigh, no tears. These had been, but as the heart-sickness of hope deferred was slowly becoming exchanged for the more deadly heart-sickness of fear deferred, her eyes grew hard and tearless, her words fewer and fewer. What was the use of anything, while, night by night, the one question filled her mind and heart. "How will he come home, drunk or sober?" "Alas! the most usual answer was the first. And she was past being glad of the better alternative—looking so surely to the worst that would follow.

At last, she could bear the loneliness no longer; she took up the child, wrapped her in a shawl, and crept up the hill to Harry's widowed sister's house, where there was a silent welcome always ready for her. "Sarah, I can't stay by myself; may I come in for a bit?" "Come in, dear"—and the two sat and listened, but neither spoke.

In the distance, further up the hill which formed the village street, sounds of loud voices, rough singing, and, presently, sudden and angry shouts burst on the strained ears. A few minutes more, and a merry boy ran by calling out to a companion coming to meet him: "A jolly row at the 'Red Lion' Harry Blunt's pitching into Jack Brown—both of them mad drunk—fight—policeman"—they heard no more. It was Mary who spoke: "Sarah, let's see if the baby can get him home." And the tired women,

with the child, their hearts sinking, their faces full of shame, were soon at the public house door.

Poor Mary Blunt could not speak; she scarcely dared to look, but she went straight up to her husband as he sat there; his face a purplish red, his eyes glaring and bloodshot, his coat and waistcoat off, his shirt torn, his hand trembling, trying to pour down one glass more, to get up his pluck for another round. He did not care for her; she knew that. The love had been all on one side when they married, and one might think it had pretty well died out on that. But no, she clung to him with a loyal remembrance that she had given him her whole heart once, and a certainty that she could never never take it back. A sort of comfort and pride, too, in the knowledge that he did love his little girl—her's as well as his—the one link that still bound them together.

The baby was one of those rarely beautiful, winning children, born to be blessings, whose specially pretty ways seem sent on purpose to cheer the saddest homes, to bring a ray of light from Heaven into the darkest hearts. Little Alice had all her father's love that was not given to himself and blunted by low pleasures. Whether he got home drunk or sober, he must and would take her (often to her mother's terror), and the touch of her soft little fingers seemed to soothe his angry temper, and awaken his stupid senses; so that, strange to say, she was safe with him, and seemed too much used to his ways to feel afraid.

So the poor mother thought the sight of her would bring him home, and for the first time took her right into the noisy public house—a little angel of peace among those wild and excited men. The child was wide-awake now, her cheeks flushed and eyes bright. The father put down his glass, and held out his arms to take her, as the mother said, "Baby ask father to come home."

Of course, a loud laugh followed, but, in spite of that, Harry Blunt would have let the little child lead him; evil would have been overcome with good, only—little Alice, for the first time, would not go to him, would not look at him; frightened and perplexed, she did not even seem to know him, but turned around in her mother's arms with a terrified scream, and had to be carried away.

Then the miserable man, left by his good angel, drank more and fought again, and, a fortnight later, the two familiar words might be read in the *Police News*: "Henry Blunt, drunk and disorderly; refusing to quit; assault on police; fined so much, with costs. Three months with hard labor in default." And Harry Blunt was in jail.

Open disgrace, loss of work, the convict's brand upon him—these were a terrible retribution; but, as he sat alone, hour after hour, in his cell, they were as nothing in his thoughts, compared with the one bitter remembrance, My little girl turned away from me."

The three months were gone at last, though each day of solitude, privation, remorse, and growing anxiety for wife and child, seemed like a year; and, night after night, Harry Blunt dreamt that feverish dream again, of the child turning away, and seemed to hear the terrified cry, and awoke to the knowledge that it was all true, and worse might be to come.

An October night, damp, dark, and chilly, and so still, you could hear the dead leaves fall. Mary Blunt's cottage-door closed, but the light burning in her window; the child sitting in her lap, bright, awake, and listening—waiting; a tired, slow hesitating step outside; a white face glancing in at the window in passing; a gentle, half-fearful lifting of the latch;—and—in one moment more, a joyful little cry: "Father! come home!"—the first real words Harry Blunt had heard his baby say. Then a warm loving little form in his arms once more, a rosy mouth kissing his lips and cheeks, soft, tiny hands straying over his face and his poor cropped head (no hiding them in

father's black curls now!), and, again and again the lovely words, "Father! come home!"

How many times Mary had made her say that sentence over! gravely and slowly as the statement of a fact: "Father's come home;" but she could not say the "s" right, and in her delight, each of the newly learned words came out with a sort of bound and spring, so it sounded the very welcome the poor prisoner had so sorely longed for. "Father! come home!" "Father!" and "Home!" the little girl's first words. Then she did not turn away from him. She should never turn away from him again. So he resolved.

But let no one think Harry Blunt found life all easy from that moment. His place was filled up long ago; there was many a weary tramp after work, ending, perhaps, in a three days' job, and six miles to walk back every night; many a fierce struggle to pass the ale-house, and keep from the one thing that he knew would bring an hour's forgetfulness of his misery; many a despairing thought, almost turning to a despairing deed. But, through all, there was the bright, merry little welcome to look forward to. "Father! come home!" And he did come home, and never stayed out anywhere else, when his work was done, whether it took him to strange places for a day or a week at a time. No tone of anxiety, or doubt, or reproach, ever spoiled that glad welcome. And gradually, from almost helpless seeking and striving,— "Our Father, give us this day our daily bread," became his prayer, and its answer his comfort. And then, as God's goodness led him to repentance, "I will arise and go to my Father," was his heart's uttered cry.

And, at last, the Saturday evening came, when he knelt in his long forsaken place in the "Father's House," his patient wife with him, her long faithfulness rewarded, and his little girl by his side. The last note of the opening voluntary had died away, and in the utter stillness before the service began the child, hearing a deep sob, put up her little hand to stroke his face, and whispered the words she had found out would always comfort him, but slowly and plainly now: "Father's come home."

DRINK'S DOINGS.

KILLED ON THE TRACK.—An unknown man was run over and killed on the Kingston and Pembroke railway track near Parham station, recently. A half filled bottle of whiskey was found lying beside him.

THE HORRORS.—A few days ago a man named Michael Kane, of River street, Toronto, terrified a number of residents by his antics while laboring under *delirium tremens*. He brandished a loaded revolver until it exploded, a ball just grazing his head. He had a narrow escape from death. He was caught and held until his friends, who were searching for him, took him in charge.

BADLY BEATEN.—At London, Ont., two young men, named Daniel Arbuckle and Fred Henderson, went to James Daley's hotel, in that city, to collect an account which was paid by Mrs. Daley. James himself came in about that time considerably intoxicated, and assaulted them savagely with a loaded horseship. Henderson was knocked down and very severely injured about the head, and Arbuckle was also considerably injured. Daley has been arrested.

FRIGHTENED INSANE.—A drunken fight took place at Burko's tavern, Brecon, near London, a few days ago. Mrs. Burko was so badly frightened by the acts of Henry and William Boyd, two of the fighters, that her reason evidently gave way. A telegram of the 12th, says: "Her nervous system suffered a fearful strain on that eventful night, and every time she hears the slightest noise downstairs, the poor woman starts up in the bed and endeavors to grasp a descending axe in the hands of an imaginary man. It is feared her life is in danger."

I. O. Good Templars.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada, I. O. G. T. Items of information in regard to the Temperance work everywhere always thankfully received by the Editor, T. W. Casey, G. W. S., TRUTH office, Toronto.

DON'T NEGLECT.

to renew your subscription now if it expires during January. You can get any of these valuable books offered in the Publisher's Department, page 22, or you can compete for the valuable prizes in the new Bible Competition. Remember it is the first correct answers that take the prizes.

Toronto W. E. Y. P. Association.

At the regular meeting of the Young People's Association in connection with the West End Christian Temperance Society, held on Friday evening last, the Treasurer and Financial Secretary's report for the quarter ending Dec. 31st was read, in which was shown that there was a balance on hand of \$34.55 and that there had been 60 members initiated during the quarter. After the report had been read, the following officers for the ensuing quarter were installed by the Hon. President, A. Farley Esq:

President, Bro. H. C. Tugwell; 1st Vice-Pres., Bro. Munns, 2nd Vice-Pres., Bro. M. J. McCarthy; Chaplain, Bro. J. Powe; Treasurer, Bro. W. Penny; Secretary, Bro. J. W. Fielding; Assis. Sec., Bro. W. Bateman; Finan. Sec., Bro. Huntington; Marshall, Bro. J. Woodward; Deputy-Marshall, Sis. M. Munro; Inside guard, Bro. E. Blacklock; Outside guard, Bro. F. Cook.

NEWS FROM LODGES.

EMERSON, MANITOBA.—There is a flourishing lodge at Cameron, with Bro. David Fraser as L. D. Bro. W. H. Hesson writes: "The work is doing well here and the lodge is in a flourishing condition."

CO-OPERATION WANTED.—The Grand Secretary will be glad to hear from any parties where new Lodges of the I. O. G. Templars may be organized, or dormant ones resuscitated. Letter addressed to T. W. Casey, G. W. S., Napanee, Ont., will receive prompt attention, and the necessary arrangements for work will be made.

HISTORY OF THE ORDER.—Bro. W. H. Rodden, 46 Hayden St., Toronto, has on hand a few copies of Rev. Bro. Parker's history of the I. O. Good Templars from its commencement. It is a well written and reliable work, recommended and endorsed by the R. W. Grand Lodge. It is probably the only reliable history of the Order procurable. Price, post paid, \$1.25. Send orders direct to Bro Rodden.

NEW LODGE.—At Ancaster, Wentworth County, a new lodge was instituted by Bro. R. W. Dingle, of Dundas, assisted by the members of his lodge. "Mountain Village" Lodge begins work with good prospects of success. Meetings every Tuesday evening. James E. Ritchie, L.D.; Sister Jackson, W.V.; Bro. Jackson, W.S.; J. Collins, W.T.; G. McCrinnon, W.F.S.; J. Crooks, W. M. Bro. Dingle since writes, saying: "The last time I visited the new lodge they initiated five new members and several proposals were received. They are doing well."

HAMPDEN, GRAY CO.—Bro. T. C. Smith, L.D., of the newly organized lodge, writes:—"At a public meeting held in the school house, on Wednesday evening, Nov. 28th, it was decided by those present to form a temperance society in connection with the I. O. Good Templars. On Wednesday, Dec. 12th, the officers of Refuge Lodge, initiated thirty-eight persons into the Order and organized the lodge, to be known as

Hampden Lodge, No. 133. The officers were installed by Bro. C. Ramage, L. D., of Refuge Lodge."

There is a lively interest being taken in the Lodge just now, which I hope may continue. Eight persons have joined us since the organization, making a present total of forty-six members in less than a month. If they continue to come in as it is thought they will, I trust to have a good report for another quarter."

ANOTHER NEW LODGE.—On Friday evening of last week "Peninsula" Lodge was instituted in the city of St. Catharines with twenty-four charter members, by Bro. T. W. Casey, G. W. S. The new lodge is composed of excellent material, being all active and intelligent young people. There are good prospects that the number of members will be doubled in a few weeks. The officers elected and installed are:—W. C. T., Wm. C. Steele; W. V., Miss Bessie Weaver; W. S., Wm. Kerr; W. T., Miss Senkler; W. F. S., Bro. Black; W. M., Bro. Kay; W. I. G., Miss D. Hennegan; O. G., Thomas Johnson; W. C., Bro. Silverpiper; Lodge Deputy, Charles Robinson. Night of meeting, Monday. The new lodge is largely the result of the active efforts of Bro. Steele and some others, formerly members of the Order in other localities.

CLINTON, HURON Co.—Of Clinton Lodge, Bro. Jacob Taylor writes:—"I am glad to say that the lodge is on the increase. I have no doubt but what in the future many will be able to look back and say that they were glad the I. O. G. T. was started in Clinton. Our Lodge consists chiefly of young people. Quite a number of young men who, before they joined us, were reckless and wild, are now sober and industrious, and respected, not only by themselves, but by others. In order to make a lodge successful, especially among the younger people, I believe we must make it interesting and entertaining. We have a programme prepared every time we meet, consisting, at times, of readings and recitations, and at other times we have debates, spelling matches and impromptu speeches. Since the winter set in we have had two public entertainments, both of which were very successful. We intend visiting Seaford Lodge on the 11th, and Bro. Rev. J. Kenner has consented to preach us a temperance sermon on the 13th, when we intend marching in a body to the church. Several of our members have left here, and I expect to be among the next to go, but Clinton lodge has got a good start, and is bound to do a good work."

ENCOURAGING.—Letters are coming by every mail such as cheer both the publisher and the editor of TRUTH. Bro. Daniel Young, of New Glasgow, Ont., in sending in the name of a new subscriber says: "I am delighted with TRUTH, and will get you all the subscribers I can." Bro. Poole, L.D., Cantown, Ont., has also sent in a number of subscribers during the past few days. Bro. P. McPherson, of Tiverton, has also just in six subscribers, with more to come. Bro. M. Lynch L. H., of Dunville, P. Q., has forwarded another good list of yearly subscribers for TRUTH, and has kindly arranged with an active agent to make a thorough canvass for it. That is just the kind of encouragement we would like to get everywhere. Bro. T. H. James, Glen Williams, has also sent additional names. His list of new subscribers now numbers forty. He wears the belt. TRUTH has the satisfaction of knowing it has warm friends everywhere it circulates. Mr. E. D. Mills, Lake View Lodge, Cross Lake, Keowatin, writes:—"I am certainly very much pleased with your magnificent paper. I am interested and profited in the reading of it. I will try and get you subscribers."

HUMBERSTONE, WELAND CO.—Humberstone Lodge I. O. G. T. meets Saturday evenings at Templars Hall. Visiting members always welcome. W. C. T., W. L. SCHOFIELD; W. S., A. M. NEEF; L. D., JAMES KINNEAR, Port Colborne, Ont.

Good of the Order.

FOR READINGS & RECITATIONS.

Go Not Back.

My Brother, go not back,
The pledge is taken now;
I see it in the healthful smile
That plays upon thy brow;
I see it in the sparkling eye,
So dull and dim before;
Then go not back, my friend,
To cure destruction's door.

My Brother, go not back,
Press on in virtue's way;
Be steadfast to thy sacred pledge,
And truth shall be thy stay.
Hope, bright as morning's dawn shall spring
Where'er thy feet may tread;
Then go not back, my friend,
To path of terrors spread.

My Brother, go not back
To sorrow and to vice,
To reap the bitter fruits of sin,
Where none of glory rise;
Where, strangers to the joys of earth,
Life will be steeped in woe;
Then go not back again, my friend,
But upward, heavenward, go.

My Brother will not go—
I read it on his cheek,
I see it in the tears that flow,
And when I hear him speak
He has resolved in God's own strength,
Who will I know, sustain,
Never, while reason holds the throne,
To touch the cup again.

The Widow's Appeal.

Stay, stay thy hand—Oh, tempt him not,
For he is all that's left to me,
The sunshine of my lonely lot,
The partner of my misery—
My youngest born,
His father's pride—
Oh tempt him not,
Take all beside.

Take all beside, but leave my boy,
Nor tempt him with the accursed bowl,
He is the widow's only joy,
The solace of her troubled soul.
Father and friend
Thy victim fell,
Oh, spare the boy
I love so well.

Thrice have I seen the cold grave yawn,
And swallow, in its darksome gloom,
The forms I loved from earliest dawn—
And thou, alas, didst seal their doom.
The tempting bowl
Thy hand didst hold,
And all was done
For paltry gold.

Those painful scenes I can forget,
This bruised heart can heal again,
And burning tears shall no more wet
These pallid cheeks now sunk with pain.
All is forgiven
If thou'lt but swear
By hope of heaven
Thou wilt forbear.

And tempt no more my darling boy,
To taste those bitter dregs of woe,
No more the mother's peace destroy;
But onward let thy footsteps go,
To seek the lost
From virtue's ways,
And joy shall crown
Thy future days.

A Leap-Year Episode.

Can I forget that winter night
In eighteen eighty-four,
When Nellie, charming little sprite,
Came tapping at the door?
"Good evening, miss," I blushing said,
For in my heart I knew—
And, knowing, hung my pretty head—
That Nellie came to woo.

She clasped my big, red hand, and fell
Adown upon her knees,
And cried: "You know I love you well
So be my husband, please!"
And then she swore she'd over be
A tender wife and true—
Ah, what delight it was to me
That Nellie came to woo!

She'd lace my shoes and darn my hose
And mend my shirts, she said,
And grease my comely Roman nose
Each night on going to bed;
She'd build the fires and fetch the coal,
And split the kindling, too—
Love's perjuries o'erwhelmed her soul
When Nellie came to woo!

And as I, blushing, gave no check
To her advances rash,
She twined her arms around my neck,
And toyed with my mustache;
And then she pleaded for a kiss,
While I, what could I do
But coyly yield me to that bliss
When Nellie came to woo!

I am engaged, and proudly wear
A gorgeous diamond ring,
And I shall wed my lover fair
Some time in gentle spring.
I face my doom without a sigh—
And so, forsooth, would you,
If you but loved as fond an I
That Nellie who came to woo.

Forward, Still Forward.

BY EVELYN L. PARRAR.

Forward, still forward, each year growing bolder,
The call to our ranks may be heard from afar;
Onward, aye onward; yes, shoulder to shoulder,
At home and abroad we're engaged in the war.

All are united, each comrade a brother;
The faith we profess in our lives shall be seen,
Rest we, ah! never, until the drink vices
Bring no more reproach on our country and Queen.

Down with the vice which now seeks to destroy it,
And up with our cause, which is spreading with years;
Thousands, ah! thousands of sad hearts will bless us;
So come, join to night with the brave volunteers.

Loyal, united, like those who before us
Our leaders in battle the foremost have been,
We swear to bear onward the Temperance banner,
Until it floats proudly o'er the country and Queen.

Beyond These Chilling Winds.

BY NANCY AMELIA PRIEST.

Beyond these chilling winds and gloomy skies,
Beyond death's solemn portal,
There is a land where beauty never dies
And love becomes immortal.

A land whose light is never dimmed by shade,
Whose fields are ever vernal,
Where nothing beautiful can ever fade,
But blooms for aye, eternal.

We may not know how sweet the balmy air,
How bright and fair its flowers;
We may not hear the songs that echo there,
Through those enchanted bowers.

That city's shining towers we may not see
With our dim earthly vision,
For Death, the silent wardon, keeps the key
That opens those gates elysian.

But sometimes when down the western sky
The fiery sunset lingers,
Its golden gates swing inward noiselessly,
Unlocked by silent fingers.

And while they stand a moment half ajar,
Gleams from the inner glory
Stream brightly through the azure vault afar,
And half reveal the story.

O land unknown! Oh land of love divine!
Father, all wise, eternal,
Guide, guide these wandering feet of mine
Into those pastures vernal!

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Miss Christie, a young girl of eighteen, secures an engagement as governess to Haidee, the daughter of Mr. Rayner, a country gentleman of leisure. The family home is in a marshy district, and is covered with ivy, which, with the marshy nature of the surroundings, makes the house damp and unhealthy. Mr. Rayner is a genial, kindly gentleman, apparently devoted to his wife—a hatless, nerveless sort of woman, whom Miss Christie cannot make out. There are two children, Haidee and Mona, the latter a more baby, chiefly remarkable for the fact that she cannot endure the sight of her father—very much to his amusement. There is a gentleman acquaintance—Mr. Reade—who as evidently dislikes Mr. Rayner as he is evidently fascinated by Miss Christie, who, in her turn, is evidently impressed by his gentlemanly bearing and manner; and there is a tall, gaunt, servant, Sarah, who is apparently a person of some importance in the establishment, and between whom and her master there is apparently some strong hidden link. The mystery which evidently surrounds the household, puzzles and distresses Miss Christie, who is young and inexperienced, and has already learned to dislike Mrs. Rayner, as much as she admires Mr. Rayner, who treats her with a good deal of parental affection and kindness, and loves little Haidee. In fact, so strong is her admiration for Mr. Rayner, who plays the violin devinely, and goes to all the horse races in the country, that she actually quarrels with Mr. Reade, who, in a conversation with her, ventures to hint, that Mr. Rayner is not all that her fancy paints him.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

"If he did nothing worse than that, I should think no worse of him than you do, Miss Christie. But I think that you will allow that a man who has lived within half a mile of another man for nearly three years must know more of his character than a young innocent girl who has seen him at his best only for a month."

"But you cannot judge a man fairly until you have seen him continually in his own home. I have seen Mr. Rayner among his family; I have played for him, walked with him, had long walks with him; and I must surely know him better than you, who have only an ordinary outside acquaintance with him."

Mr. Reade drew himself up very stiffly, and the color rushed to his forehead. He was getting really angry.

"No doubt, Miss Christie, you know him a great deal better than I do. I have never played for him, and I have not found either talks or walks with him particularly delightful. But then I dare say he did not try so hard to be agreeable to me as he did to you."

He said this in a sneering tone, which brought the hot blood to my face. I tried to answer, but my voice would not come. I turned away sharply, and left him, with an agony of anger and pain at my heart which would have made him remorseful indeed if he could have guessed what his words had inflicted. As it was, he followed me a few steps down the drive, with apologies to which I was too angry and too much hurt to listen.

"Don't speak to me now," I said—"I can't bear it;" and, turning off rapidly into a side-path, I left him, and fled away through the alleys into the house.

Luckily I managed to keep back tears, so that I could return to the drawing-room with the flowers I had gathered before they began to wonder why I had been so long. Mrs. Rayner told me that the note from Mrs. Manners which Mr. Reade had brought was to ask that the articles which we were preparing for the "sale"—a sort of bazaar on a small scale which was one of the attractions of the annual school-treat—should be sent in to her within a week, as they had to be ticketed and arranged before the sale-day arrived, and whether Miss Christie would be so kind as to give her services at the stall; and, if so, whether she would call on Mrs. Manners during the next few days to settle what should be her share of the work. I was delighted at the thought of this little excitement, and, although Mr. Rayner warned me that I should have nothing nicer to do than to see the pretty trifles I had worked fingered by dirty old women who would not buy them,

and to have hot tea poured over me by clumsy children if I helped at the feast, I would not be frightened by the prospect.

That evening I debated with myself whether it was not too damp and swampy still for me to go and peep at my nest and see if the water had subsided and left the top of the bricks dry. I chose afterwards to think that it was some supernatural instinct which led me to decide that I would put on my golo heand go.

When I got there, I found on the bough which formed my seat a basket of Gloire de Dijon roses, and the stalk of the uppermost one was stuck through a little note. I never doubted those roses were for me; I only wondered who had put them there. I looked searchingly around me in all directions before I took up the rose which carried the note and carefully slipped it off. It contained these words.

"For Miss Christie, with the sincere apologies of one who would not have offended her for the whole world."

I did not know the writing, but I knew whom it was from. I think, if I had been quite sure that no one could have seen me, I should have raised the note to my lips, I was so happy. But, though I could see no one, the fact of the basket arriving so surely at my secret haunt seemed to argue the existence of a supernatural agency in dealing with which one could not be too discreet; so I only put the note into my pocket and returned to the house with my flowers.

The supernatural agency could not follow me there, so I slept that night with the note under my pillow.

CHAPTER VIII.

"You are getting pale again, my dear child," said Mr. Rayner to me the next morning—he met me, at the foot of the stairs, dressed for my walk with Haidee. "We must find some means of bringing those most becoming roses back to your cheeks again. You work too hard at those self-imposed evening tasks, I am afraid."

"Oh, no, indeed I don't, Mr. Rayner! I am getting very lazy; I haven't done anything for two or three nights."

The fact was that I had felt too languid even to sit down and write, and I had wasted the last two evenings listlessly turning over the pages of a book I did not read.

"Ah, then you want change of air! Now how to give it you without letting you go away—for we can't spare you even for a week! You will think me a magician if I procure you change of air without leaving this house, won't you, Miss Christie? Yet I think I can manage it. You must give me a few days to look about for my wand, and then, hey, presto, the thing will be done!"

I laughed at these promises, looking upon them as the lightest of jests; but the very next day I met a workman upon the stairs, and Mr. Rayner asked me mysteriously at dinner whether I had seen his familiar spirit about, adding that the spirit wore a paper cap and a dirty artisan's suit, and smelt of beer. That spirit pervaded the house for two days. I met him in the garden holding very unspiritual converse with Jane; I met him in my room taking the measure of my bedstead; I met him in the passage carrying what looked like thin sheets of tin and rolls of wall-paper, and I heard sounds of heavy boots in the turret above my room. Then I saw no more of him; but still there were unaccustomed sounds over my head, sounds of footsteps and knocking, and I met sometimes Jane and sometimes Sarah coming out of a door which I had never known unlocked before, but which I now discovered led to a narrow staircase that I guessed was the way to the turret.

On the fourth day, when I went to my room to dress for tea, I found it all dismantled, the bed and most of the furniture gone, and little Jane pulling down my books from their shelf and enjoying my discomfiture with delighted giggles, not at all disconcerted at being caught taking an unheard-of liberty.

"What does this mean, Jane? I can't sleep on the floor; and what are you doing with my books?" I cried in one breath.

"I don't know nothing about it, miss; it's Mr. Rayner's orders," said she, with another irrepressible snigger at my bewildered face.

I was turning to the door to wander forth, I did not know exactly whither, to try and find an explanation of this most extraordinary state of things, when Sarah came in, her dark frowning face offering a strong contrast to that of the laughing Jane.

"Sarah, can you tell me what this means?" said I.

"Mr. Rayner has ordered the room in the turret to be prepared for you," said she shortly. "Perhaps you will be kind enough to manage down here till after tea, as it's his orders that you shouldn't be shewn up till the room is quite ready."

I answered that I could manage very well, and they left the room. I said nothing at tea about my adventure, reflecting that perhaps some surprise for me was intended, which would be sprung upon me at a fitting time. And so it proved. While I was quietly writing in the schoolroom, after tea, Mr. and Mrs. Rayner and Haidee, who had not yet gone to bed, came in and conducted me in a formal procession up-stairs, up the narrow winding turret-staircase that I had so often wanted to explore, and opening the door of the one room the turret contained, Mr. Rayner, in a short but elaborate speech, begged to instal me without further ceremony as the "imprisoned princess of the enchanted tower."

I gave a cry of delight. It was an octagonal room, the four sides which overlooked the marsh containing each a window, while in one of the other sides was a small fireplace with a bright fire burning. The carpet was new, the wall-paper was new; there were two easy-chairs, one on each side of the fire, a writing table and a Japanese screen, besides the furniture of my old room. It looked so bright and so pretty that my eyes danced with pleasure at the sight, and I could not speak while Mr. Rayner explained that now I should be high and dry out of the damp, and he expected me to become red-faced and healthy looking immediately—that he had had tinfoil put behind the paper in one of the cupboards which was considered damp, that the picturesque ivy had been torn down—all but a little bit to hide the unsightly chimney—and that I was to have a fire whenever I liked now, and one every day when it began to grow colder.

"I don't know what to say. I don't know how to thank you," said I, almost pained by the extent of the kindness showered upon me.

I tried to include Mrs. Rayner in my thanks; but she hung back almost ungraciously, and she seemed to have been drawn into this demonstration against her will. She was the last of my three visitors to leave the room, and in the moment that we were alone together, before she followed her husband and child down stairs, she said, seeming to be moved out of her reserve by the unaccustomed little excitement, and casting upon me a keen look from her great eyes—

"Are you not afraid of sleeping so far from every one? Or do you prefer it?"

I am not at all nervous; but I was enough impressed by her almost eager manner to answer rather shyly—

"No, I don't prefer it. But there is no thing to be afraid of, is there?"

She glanced toward the door, and, saying hurriedly, "Oh, no, of course not! I hope you will be comfortable, Miss Christie," she left the room.

Afraid! No, of course I was not afraid; I never had minded sleeping away from everybody else; and, if burglars were to break into the Alders, they certainly would not expect to find anything worth stealing in the turret. I wished Mrs. Rayner had not put the idea into my head, though. I was not so strong-minded as to be proof against fear even at second-hand, and ever since the sensation caused by that jewel-robbery in Derbyshire I had been very careful to hold away my watch, my one bracelet, and my two brooches under my pillow at night. But I was too happy in my new abode to trouble myself long with idle fears. I found that, by opening out my screen in a particular position, I could completely hide the wash-hand stand, and make myself a sitting-room; then I sat down by the fire in one of the arm-chairs and gave myself up to the enjoyment of this new piece of good fortune; and I was still gazing into the fire, with my feet cosily warming—the nights were already cold enough for that to be a luxury—on a hassock close to the fender, when I heard Sarah coming up the stairs. I knew her footsteps, and I would rather not have heard what I considered her ill-omened tread on this first evening in my new room. For I knew that Sarah disliked me, and even the fact that she had brought me up some coals to replenish my fire, which was getting low, did not reconcile me to her presence; I could not help thinking of the

grudging manner in which before tea she had announced to me my change of residence. I tried to be friendly, however, and, when I had thanked her for her trouble, I said—

"I wonder this nice room has been neglected so long. Has no one ever used it, Sarah?"

"Mr. Rayner used to use it for a study," she said shortly. "I don't know why he gave it up; I suppose it was too high up. That was six months ago, before you

"It is a long way from anybody else's room, Sarah, isn't it?"

"Mine is the nearest, and I have ears like needles; so you needn't be frightened," said she, in a tone which really sounded more menacing than consoling.

"It will be rather lonely on a stormy night; the wind will howl so up here," I said, my spirits beginning to sink under her sharp speeches.

"Oh, you won't want for company, I dare say!" she said, with a harsh grating laugh.

"Why all the company I am likely to get here is burglars," I answered lugubriously, with my chin between my hands.

That start she gave startled me in my turn.

"Burglars! What burglars? What are you talking about?"

I looked up amazed at the effect of my words on Sarah, whom, of all people in the world, I should have considered strong-minded. It was promotion for me to be soothing Sarah.

"Why, I have more courage than you!" I said, laughing lightly. "I'm not afraid of them. If they came, they would soon go down again when they found there was nothing to take. Would you be afraid to sleep up here alone, Sarah?"

But she hardly took the trouble to answer me except by a nod; her black eyes were fixed upon me as I spoke, as if she would, and almost as if she could, penetrate to my inmost soul. Then, as if satisfied with the result of her scrutiny, she relaxed into her usual hard, cold manner, and, answering my good night shortly, left me alone.

Then I made up my mind definitely on a point that had often occupied me vaguely, and decided that Mrs. Rayner and Sarah were, in different ways, without exception, the two most unpleasant and disagreeable women I had ever met. And after that I went to bed and dreamt, not of a burglar, but of quite a different person.

The next day was Sunday, and there were two strangers in church who attracted the attention of all the congregation. They were two fair-complexioned, light-haired girls who sat in the Reade's pew, and who had evidently spared no expense on rather tasteless and unbecoming toilettes. I caught myself feeling not sorry that they were ill-dressed, and glad that one was plain and that the one who was pretty was dreadfully freckled; and I wondered how it was that I had grown so ill-natured. Mr. Laurence Reade sat between them, and he shared his hymn-book with the pretty one; and I did so wish it had been with the plain one! And when we came out of the church, and he and his two sisters and the two girls trooped out together, the breaking up of the group left him to pair off again with the pretty one.

I remember noticing, as Haidee and I walked home together, that the midges teased me more than they had ever done that summer, that the sun was more scorching, and that it was just as dusty as if we had not had any rain at all. It was a horrid day.

Mr. Rayner asked us, a dinner, if we had noticed the two girls with the pretty hair in Mr. Reade's pew, and said that he had heard that the one with the blue eyes was the future Mrs. Laurence Reade, and that it would be an excellent match for both of them.

"I noticed that he paid her a great deal of attention in church, and afterwards they paired off together quite naturally," said he.

And that afternoon the heat and the midges and the dust were worse than ever.

Mr. Rayner complained on the day after this that I was looking paler than before, and threatened to have me sent back to my old room if I did not look brighter in two days from that date. Luckily for me, my spirits improved a little. The next day Haidee and I passed by Colman Park in our walk, and saw over the fence Mr. Reade,

his sisters, and the two strangers playing lawn-tennis. None of them noticed us that time; but, as we were returning, I observed that Mr. Reade jumped up from the grass where he was lounging in the midst of the adoring girls, as I thought contemptuously, and shook out of his hat the leaves and grasses with which his companions had filled it; as for them, they were too much occupied with him to see anything outside the park.

Haidee and I had to go the village shop with a list of articles which I felt sure we should not get there. But it was one of Mr. Rayner's principles to encourage local trade, so we had to go once a week and tease the crusty and ungrateful old man who was the sole representative of it by demands for such outlandish things as wax-candles, blotter-paste, and stovelle. I had been tapping vainly for some minutes on the little counter, on which lay four tallow "dips," a box of rustycrochet-hooks, and a most uninviting piece of bacon, when Mr. Reade dashed into the shop and greeted me with much surprise. When he had asked after Mr. and Mrs. Rayner, and heard that they were quite well, there was a pause, and he seemed to look to me to continue the conversation; but I could think of nothing to say. So he roamed about, digging his cane into the cheese and knocking down a jar of snuff, which he carefully scraped together with his foot and shovelled back, dust and all, into the jar, while I still tapped and still nobody came.

"He must be at dinner," said I resignedly. "In that case we shall have to wait."

For I knew Mr. Bowles. So Mr. Reade seated himself on the counter and harpooned the bacon with one of the rusty crochet-hooks.

"Convenient places these village-shops," said he, not thinking of what he was saying, I was sure.

"Yes, if you don't care what you get, nor how stale it is," said I sharply.

He laughed; but I did not intend to be funny at all.

"I came in only for some"—here he looked round the shop, and his eyes rested on a pile of dusty toys—"for some marbles. I thought they would do for the school-treat, you know."

I thought it was a pity he did not return to his lawn tennis and his fiancée if that was the errand he came on, and I was determined not to be drawn into another *te-te* with him, so I turned to leave the shop. But he stopped me.

"Old Bowles can't be much longer over his bacon, I'm sure," said he, rather pleadingly. "I—I wanted to ask you if you were any better. I thought last Sunday you were looking awfully ill."

"Last Sunday?"—and I thought of those girls. "I was never better in my life, thank you. And I am quite well. Mr. and Mrs. Rayner have put me into the turret to keep me out of the damp. It was very, very kind of him to think about it. It is the best room in all the house."

"Best room in the house? Then Mr. Rayner doesn't sleep in the house at all," said he, in a low voice, but with sudden decision.

I got up from the one chair and turned to my pupil, who was deep in an old story-book she had found.

"Come, Haidee!"

"No, no; that is revenge—it is unworthy of you," said he, in a lower voice still. "Don't let us quarrel again. Mr. Rayner is an angel. No, no, not that!"—for I was turning away again. "He has his faults; but he is as near perfection as a man can be. Then you are very happy at the Alders now?"

"Yes, thank you."

"And you have no great troubles?"

"Yes, I have—Sarah."

"Sarah? That is one of the servants, isn't it? A gaunt, shrowd looking person? I've often met her on the road to and from Beaconsburgh."

"Yes. She goes out when she likes, I think. She is a very important person in the household, much more so than Mrs. Rayner."

"Oh! And she is a trouble to you?"

"Yes; I'm afraid of her. She doesn't like me. And whenever I used to give her letters to post I never got any answers to them."

"Does Mr. Rayner like her?"

"Like her? I don't think any one could like Sarah, except of course, her young man. That doesn't count. But Mr. Rayner thinks a great deal of her."

"So the young man's liking doesn't count?"

"Of course Tom Parks is prejudiced in her favor," said I, preferring that the talk should remain personal.

"Surely it is a compliment to a woman that a young man should be prejudiced in her favor?" said he, preferring that the talk should become abstract.

"He must have finished by this time!" I cried; and a vigorous thump on the counter did at last bring in Mr. Bowles, who declared it was the first sound he had heard.

I was sorry to find that he had several of the things I wanted, as everything he sold was of the worst possible quality; and, while he was doing them up, Mr. Reade found an opportunity to whisper—

"You got my flowers?"

"Yes, thank you; it was very kind of you to send them."

"Bring them," corrected he, "What did you do with them?"

I remembered the fair-haired girl and my resolve to be discreet.

"I put them in water, and when they were dead I threw them away."

"Throw them away?"

"Yes, of course; one doesn't keep dead flowers," said I calmly; but it hurt me to say so, for the words seemed to hurt him. It is very hard to be discreet.

He said no more, but took his parcel and left the shop, saluting me very coldly. I had taken up my parcel, and was going out too, when Haidee's soft voice broke in.

"You've got Mr. Reade's marbles, and he has gone off with mamma's wool and curtain-hooks, Miss Christie."

I had not noticed this.

"How stupid of him!" I exclaimed.

He had marched off so fast that I had to run down the lane after him before he heard me call "Mr. Reade!" We laughed a little at the embarrassment he would have felt if he had produced a ball of wool and curtain-hooks as the result of the morning's shopping, and I if I had gravely presented Mrs. Rayner with a bag of marbles. And then, remorseful and blushing, I said hurriedly—

"I did keep one of the roses, Mr. Reade—the one with the note on it;" and then I ran back to Haidee, without looking up. Whether he was engaged or not, I could not be ungracious about those lovely flowers.

Then Haidee and I went home to dinner. I had met Mr. Reade quite by accident, and I had done nothing wrong, nothing but what civility demanded, in exchanging a few words with him; but I was glad Haidee was not one of those foolish prattling little girls who insist upon chattering at meal-times about all the small events of the morning walk.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What Millionaires Eat.

Joseph E. Brown, of Georgia, is the wealthiest and one of the oldest of the United States senators. He is also one of the plainest men to be found anywhere. He may be called a "home granny." He wears long white whiskers and store clothes. He is fond of old-fashioned things, especially olden time dinners. The other day he sat in the cloak-room on the democratic side of the senate with a number of his old senatorial friends, smoking and joking. Finally the conversation turned on dinners and good things to eat. Senator Butler, of South Carolina, knows a good dinner as well as any man, when it is served out to him, and in his most elegant terms he told of how he liked canvas-back duck and santerne, and Canada grouse and champagne, and terrapin and gold old sherry, and how he wanted it, served up hot, with a royal old crowd of boys about him. Then several other senators named their favorite dishes. Senator Brown looked on and listened, while a stream of water trickled out of his mouth. Finally he broke in:

"Well, gentlemen, you may talk of your terrapin and champagne, and your crowds, and all that, but you may just dish up old Joe Brown and his old woman puddle duck and sweet potatoes."

And he wiped his mouth on his coat-sleeve and fairly worked his jaws at the sight of it.

Brown—"Confound it! Did you see me kiss this lady?" Boy—"Well, I'm not stone-blind." Brown—"Here's fifty cents—you needn't say—"

Boy—"Oh, it's all right. I've made over \$10.00 off of her this summer and fall."

JOCKO FOUND DEAD.

The Famous Orang-Outang that Bore the Name of Darwin's Missing Link.

The famous female orang-outang, Jocko, supposed by many to be Darwin's missing link, was found lying dead in its cage by Frank Edwards, its keeper, recently in Herzog's Dime Museum, Baltimore where it has been on exhibition some weeks past. Jocko's death was a great shock to the managers of the museum, who were paying \$200 a month for the privilege of exhibiting her, and will be a much greater shock to the owners. Jocko had been suffering from a severe cold, contracted during a late trip from Chicago, but did not seem in any danger. Dr. Alexander Hill, the surgeon who some time ago entered into negotiations with the husband of the fat woman for his wife's body, took Jocko's remains and dissected them and embalmed them. Death was found to have resulted from pneumonia, superinduced by congestion of the lungs.

As soon as it became known that Jocko was dead an immense crowd flocked to the museum, and for a time a riot seemed imminent. The crowd refused to leave the museum until they had seen the dead animal, and shouts of "Bring out your dead monkey!" caused Mr. Herzog to hasten to Dr. Hill's office. As soon as the embalming was completed, he put the body in a wagon, and drove with all speed to the museum, where it was placed in a sitting posture upon its old cage, amid the plaudits of the spectators. Ever since crowds have continued to flock to the museum to see the body. The only mourner seems to be its little dog companion who had been with it since it was blind, and wails piteously because its old playmate will not notice it. Jocko will remain on exhibition until Wednesday, when the body will be taken to New York, where the skeleton goes to one of the medical colleges.

This orang-outang was one of the most intelligent of its species. So much did it resemble a human being, that it got the name of the missing link. It came from Borneo in 1891, and was purchased at public auction by Reiche Bros., animal dealers of New York, for \$2,500. P. T. Barnum bid \$2,000. Charles Bradenburg leased the animal during its lifetime for \$200 a month. It is said that Jocko was afterwards purchased by the Philadelphia Dime Museum people from Reiche Bros., subject to Bradenburg's lease. If this is so, it really belongs to Barnum, who has a controlling interest in the Philadelphia Museum. The brain of Jocko was not touched here, but was left to be examined by the New York experts. Something interesting may result from the examination.

A Small Boy's Painful Discovery.

"I don't altogether like this young man Millikin who comes to see you so often. I hear that he is nothing but a poor dry-goods clerk," is what the head of the family said to his daughter one day at the dinner table. "He is a very nice young gentleman," replied the daughter; "besides, he is something more than a 'poor dry-goods clerk.' He gets a large salary, and is manager of one of the departments, and expects some day to have an interest in the business."

"I hope he may," responded the old man, "but he strikes me as a very flippant, impertinent young man, and in my opinion he should be sat down upon."

"Well, I have invited him to take tea with us this evening," said the daughter, "and I hope you will treat him politely at least. You will find him a very different person from what you suppose him to be."

"Oh, I'll treat him politely enough," he said.

That evening Mr. Millikin appeared at supper, and made a most favorable impression upon the old gentleman. "He is a clever young fellow after all," he thought. "I have done him an injustice."

It was just here that Bobby spoke out. Bobby was a well-meaning little boy, but too talkative.

"Papa," he ventured, "you know what you said to-day at dinner about Mr. Millikin, that he was an impertinent young man and ought to be sat down upon—"

"Silence, sir!" shouted the father, swallowing a mouthful of hot potato.

"But the little fellow wouldn't silence. 'It's all right,' he continued, confidentially, but in a whisper loud enough to be heard out doors, 'he has been sat down

upon. Sister sat down on him last night for two hours."

After this the dinner went on more quietly, owing to Bobby's sudden and very jerky departure.

CHINESE SMUGGLERS.

Ingenuous Devices for Eluding the Custom House Officers.

The Custom House searching force detailed for duty on the China steamers is an interesting study. Their suspicions are awakened by the most trifling circumstance. They have found opium in the pockets of Chinese shoes, in pails which had false bottoms and hollow staves, in logs of wood, hollow broom handles and other unexpected places. The water-pail plan for a while was a favorite with Celestial smugglers. The pail was used for washing off the outside of the vessel or the decks, and filled with dirty water it did not look much like an opium receptacle. After being used it was allowed to stand on the mail dock until it was, as the result of an apparent accident, placed on some waggon and carted away. Then the Chinese tackled the chocking logs or blocks usually placed under the freight gangplank. One day the end of one of these blocks attracted a searcher's attention. It had been sawn off and smeared with grime, and looked like any other log which might naturally find its way to a ship, he used in rough service and then tumbled about the dock. But the peculiarity which attracted the attention of the searcher was a bright screw-head in the end of a log. Several blocks or logs of similar shape were at once taken in charge by the Custom House officials. The happy thought resulted in the discovery of a wooden box filled with opium fitted into the middle of each of the logs and held in place with a screw. The broom trick was near to that. A cargo of brooms went to Honolulu and were thrown on the wharf. The consignee, a China merchant, came down and saw them on the wharf. A charge for freight was made on them which the consignee refused to pay. There is where he made a mistake. The brooms lay on the wharf over night. Some one stepped on the pile and broke one. That revealed the trick. The lower end had been hollowed out and filled with opium and then the brush part was made over it.

A monotonous duty which sometimes comes to the searcher is to sit on the roof of the long shed over the mail dock for hours or on the elevated "bridge" of a steamer, to see that no opium is thrown on the shed roof from the ship. While the Peking lay at the dock, one attempt to smuggle the drug ashore in this way was detected. But if the searcher who sits on the "bridge" has a weary time, much more monotonous is the lot of the men who stand at the foot of the gangplanks, hour after hour, to search every one who comes from the ship, paying attention especially to the Chinese. This monotonous watch is maintained from the time the vessel first touches the dock until it sails again. To prevent any smuggling by water another searcher is compelled to sit, with relays, in a boat moored off the steamer some rods. Persistence cannot be better exemplified than by the Chinese attempts to smuggle fabrics ashore. How the trader wears several coats of silk, one outside of the other, over the gangplank, has often been alluded to of late. One or more of these coats is invariably taken from the "trader" by the searchers and a protest is always made, but about every trader tries his luck.—San Francisco Call.

The Ink Plant.

There is in New Grenada a plant, *Coryaria Thymifolia*, which might be dangerous to our ink manufacturers if it could be acclimatized to Europe. It is known under the name of the ink plant. Its juice, called *chanchi*, can be used in writing without any previous preparation. The letters traced with it are of a reddish color at first, but turn to a deep black in a few hours. The juice also spoils steel pens less than common ink. The qualities of the plant seem to have been discovered under the Spanish administration. Some writings, intended for the mother country, were wet through with sea water on the voyage; while the papers written with common ink were almost illegible, those with the juice of that plant were quite unspilled. Orders were given in consequence that this vegetable ink was to be used for all public documents.—New York Star.

Music and the Drama.

"Elijah."

The performance of Mendelssohn's magnificent master piece, "Elijah" on Tuesday evening last, was on the whole, one worthy of the subject, and that reflected much credit on all concerned, while at the same time exhibiting in a marked manner the defects as well as the capabilities of the society at large. This was the third production of this oratorio by the Society, and was perhaps the most successful, more especially when it is remembered that, with one exception, all the soloists belonged to the Society. The one exception was Mr. Stoddart, who, as *Elijah*, proved fully equal to the requirements of a most trying role. He has hitherto been better known to us as an operatic singer, and sometimes lapsed somewhat into the operatic style, but his interpretation was characterized by intense dramatic power and deep religious feeling. His style is broad and vigorous, and his voice admirably suited to the part. Mrs. Bradley, the leading soprano, sang her numbers in a most effective manner, appearing to great advantage; and the same may be said of Mrs. Potley, the principal contralto, who was especially happy in her rendition of "Woe unto them." Messrs. Taylor and Wilkinson acquitted themselves well in their tenor solos. The trios and quartettes, which form so interesting a portion of the oratorio, were, almost without exception, rendered in a most satisfactory manner. The chorus however was deficient in balance of tone, crispness, and precision. The sopranos outnumbered the other voices, and the tenors were entirely too weak. Some of the choruses, nevertheless, were most admirably rendered; and it is evident that only want of sufficient rehearsal is at the bottom of whatever fault exist. This, however, is due to the individual members themselves, not to the conductor, who has secured most astonishing results. The orchestra did uncommonly well, being much above the standard at former concerts; and in every way most satisfactory. As usual, Mr. Bayley led, with his accustomed ability, while Mr. Torrington wielded the baton, and kept his forces well in hand.

Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, "The Princess Ida," is the subject of diverse opinions. Some say the libretto is no better than that of the average Christmas pantomime. The music, however, appears to be well spoken of, and its success seems assured. The plot follows Tennyson's "Princess" pretty closely. The old king, Gama, is in the opera made a hunch-back, a club-foot, and a hypocrite, and has the taking song of the piece. The first two verses run thus:

If you give me your attention, I will tell you what I am:
I'm a genuine philanthropist—all other kinds are sham.
Each little fault of temper and each social defect
In my erring fellow creatures I endeavor to correct.
To all their little weaknesses I open people's eyes;
And little plans to snub the self-sufficient I devise.
I love my fellow-creatures, I do all the good I can,
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man,
And I can't think why!

To compliment myself I've a withering reply,
And vanity I always to my heart mortify.
A charitable action I can actually dissect,
And interstitial motives I'm delighted to detect.
I've an irritating chuckle, I've a celebrated sneer.

I've an entertaining snigger, I've a fascinating leer.
To everybody's prejudice I know a thing or two,
I can tell a woman's age in half a minute—and I do.
But although I try to make myself as pleasant as I can
Yet everybody says I'm such a disagreeable man,
And I can't think why!

We last week alluded to the approaching production of Mr. McDonnell's new opera, "Marina." We have now much pleasure in submitting to our musical readers a taking little song from the opera, which is, we think, likely to prove popular. Having had an opportunity of reading the libretto, we can say that while not particularly brilliant in any way, it is in many ways far superior to the rubbish which has done duty as libretto in many of our popular operas. As specimens of Mr. McDonnell's capacity in this direction we give the following extracts:

Pity the suffering maid
Who cannot tell her love,
Whose heart is sore afraid
Like some poor stricken dove,
Who sighs alone by night and day,
And hides her grief from all away.

Here is a somewhat Utopian vision of the future:

The good time is coming when justice shall be
Upheld by the strength of the brave and the free,
No ruler or priest shall keep man as a slave,
But tyranny sink in a dishonored grave.
Then hail to the morn when the downtrod shall rise,
And right shall be had after sorrow and wails,
When justice, impartial, weighs all in the scales.

The "Meteors," recently playing at the Grand, while not as brilliant a company as one might expect from the name, gave a very good entertainment of its kind. The musical mélange of Bryant and Hoey was one of the best things of the kind, and the skatorial feats of the Fletcher trio were excellent. The concluding portion of their scene, however, was a trifle broad, and might have been dispensed with. The French Twin Sisters looked as young and charming as they were,—well, we wouldn't like to say how many years ago; and little Eva French evidently inherits the family talent. "The Book Agent" as a wind up was highly amusing, C. E. Evans, as *D. Mucilage Nour*, the irrepressible book agent, being simply irresistible.

A very pleasant concert of chamber music took place at Messrs. Mason & Risch's music rooms, Thursday last, the occasion being Herr Jacobsen's second Popular Evening Concert. He was assisted by Mr. Waugh Lauder, Miss Perryman, and the Toronto Quartette Club, of which he is leader. An attractive programme was presented, and the various numbers were rendered in a highly satisfactory manner.

The Toronto Amateur Dramatic Club gave two performances at the Grand Saturday last to good audiences, in aid of the Humber accident fund. The programme included "£100,000," by H. J. Byron, and "My Turn Next." The characters were, on the whole, satisfactorily sustained.

Charles Evans, of Evans, Bryant and Hoey's Meteors, is building himself a \$25,000 house at his home, Rochester, New York. Charles married one of the French Twin Sisters; Mr. Hoey married the other, while Mr. Bryant, not to get left, married Miss Hoey.

Mr. J. D. Kerrison will give a course of six lectures at the College of Music, commencing on the 25th inst. The opening lecture will treat of the Bach and Handel periods, and will be illustrated by selections from the piano works of these masters.

Frederick Ward, the young tragedian, is meeting with a most flattering reception through his western circuit. His repertoire is varied, and his assumption of Richard III. is spoken of as a particularly fine piece of acting.

Our old friend Oliver Dred Bryant will commence a brief engagement at the Grand Thursday next in "Across the Continent."

The Ladies' Journal Prize Questions.

COMPETITION NO. 2.

More Gold Watches, Silver Watches, and Other Jewelry to be Given Away.

We want to get our present subscribers, as well as the general public, to interest themselves in this Bible Competition. No one can be better employed during these long winter evenings than in searching the Scriptures. This competition is open to old or new or non-subscribers, and we want to give these valuable prizes to somebody. Who will be first?

Each of the following questions must be answered correctly to secure a prize. The prizes will be awarded in the order the correct answers are received. That is, the first one sending the correct answer to each of the Bible questions asked below will receive the first prize, and the second sending correct answers to all the questions will receive the second prize, and so on. Remember all the three questions must be answered correctly, and FIFTY CENTS IN SCRIPT OR COIN must be sent by each competitor, and for this half dollar they will receive the LADIES' JOURNAL for One Year. In the case of present subscribers, their term of subscription will be extended one year. If you are already a subscriber, please say so when sending your answers and half-dollar.

The following are the questions, and they are really not so very difficult if you know anything at all about the Bible:—

CAN YOU ANSWER THEM ALL?

No. 1.—How many letters are there in the Bible?

No. 2.—How many words?

No. 3.—What verse in the Bible contains all the letters in the alphabet, count I and J as one?

The Old and New Testament are included in the word Bible, but not the Apocrypha.

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EIGHTH PRIZE.—A Pair of Beautiful Heavily Lated Gold Bracelets, retailed \$7.

NINTH PRIZE.—A Solid Gold Gem Ring—a very pretty article.

Remember these prizes are only given you in order to get you to take an interest in the LADIES' JOURNAL, and also to get you to study the Bible. You will get extra good value for your half dollar investment even if you don't secure one of these valuable prizes. This competition will remain open only till 20th January. No information whatever will be given to anyone beyond what is contained in this article. Winners' names will appear in the February issue of the LADIES' JOURNAL. The annual subscription to the LADIES' JOURNAL is FIFTY CENTS. Single copies five cents.

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Holiday Pastimes.

Following are the answers to the enigmas and charades which appeared in our "Holiday Number:"

Enigmas: No. 1—The letter R. No. 2—Eve.

Charades: No. 1—Non-sense.—No. 2—Sham-rock.

"Headquarters."

This is the popular name of that well-known and favorite resort, the Toronto Shoe Company's Establishment, 144, 146, 148 King St., East. This is one of the most favorably known business houses of the kind in the city. The stock of boots, shoes, and slippers, of all sorts and sizes kept on hand is something immense, and no one need have any fear of not being able to suit himself as to fit or price. Cash prices only prevail—which means that you can buy goods cheaper than you can at a credit store. Square dealing is the motto—which means that the goods are exactly what they are represented, and that when you pay for good leather you won't have shoddy palmed off on you. Call, or write. Letter orders receive prompt and careful attention.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15th, 1880.

GENTLEMEN—Having been a sufferer for a long time from nervous prostration and general debility, I was advised to try Hop Bitters. I have taken one bottle, and I have been rapidly getting better ever since, and I think it the best medicine I ever used. I am now gaining strength and appetite, which was all gone, and I was in despair until I tried your Bitters. I am now well, able to go about and do my own work. Before taking it, I was completely prostrated.

MRS. MARY STUART.
"Yes," said Mr. Brickhandler, "my bulldog has wonderful artistic taste. He wouldn't attack a tramp the other day because the cloth of the man's trousers wouldn't harmonize well with the color of his jaws."

PECTORAL Pectoral Pectoral! the great remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Influenza, Hoarseness, and all affections of the Lungs and Throat or Chest. Pectoral loosens the phlegm and breaks up the Cough. 25 cents per bottle. Don't give up until you have tried Pectoral, all Druggists and General Storekeepers sell it.

A Rochester couple were hired to be married in the show window of a clothing house, in full view of a crowd in the street.

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VICTORIA.

The Capital of British Columbia.

Much has been written and said as to the natural beauty of the Queen City of the Northern Pacific Coast—Victoria—and her surroundings her great natural advantages for shipping and manufacturing purposes, as well as her wonderful climate. Many of the your readers will recollect the opinions I expressed in the summer of 1891 as to the truthfulness of much that had been circulated in the East concerning Canada's inheritance on this coast. My experience and observations then were of the spring and summer seasons. Being now in the country I am in a position to say something of the fall and winter months. Such of your readers as may be of the notion of emigrating to this Province can rely on such statements as I may now, or in future letters, make, as being reliable.

THE CITY OF VICTORIA

is situated on the south east corner of Vancouver Island, in lat. 48° 25m. 20 sec. north, and west long. 123° 22m. 24 sec. On the south east and west are the Straits of Fuca, on the north the ever green hills of Vancouver. The present harbor is not a very commodious one—sufficient, however, to accommodate vessels not drawing over 18 feet of water. A water harbor is now being utilised. A large, substantial deck and wharf has been constructed, at which the San Francisco ocean steamers load and unload their cargoes, while at the unrivalled harbor of Esquimalt, 3 1/2 miles distant from the city, excellent anchorage is to be found for the largest vessels afloat. Here is located the only naval station Her Majesty has on the North Pacific Coast. The supply of stores and ammunition in the several buildings is very extensive. Vessels carrying the largest armaments can be equipped for long voyages on short notice. Repairs can likewise be attended to, as the machine shop contains such ponderous machinery as is necessary in connection with naval architecture and mechanism. One or more men-of-war are always in port. The older portion of the residents of the city are from England and Scotland, with a slight mixture of Irish, Americans, and foreigners. The younger portion are principally Canadians.

Slow but sure has been Victoria's motto in the past. Her growth has been steady. No inflation or bubble to cause an unwarranted advance in real estate has visited this city since 1853. Then it was equally as crazy as the worst days Winnipeg ever saw, without, however, the immense country to sustain a great city that was tributary to the City of the Plains. During the last two years much substantial progress has been made by the city in way of buildings, wharves, and other improvements, and the introduction of electric light. Real estate has increased slowly, and at present is still going up, the advance in some cases being twenty five per cent. in a year. In side property is now at its full value, possibly higher than facts will warrant it being held at. Rents are fair. Business promises on Government, Fort Johnston, and Yates streets are hard to be obtained. On side property, a mile from the postoffice, is held at prices ranging from \$200 to \$1,500 per acre, according to location, at which figures considerable can be procured. The houses are all full, none can be had at any reasonable figure, and the erection of a large number during the incoming spring and summer is a certainty and an equally safe investment. The hotel accommodation is being extended. In a word, the onward progress of the city is very marked. By many a "boom" is anticipated on the completion of the railway, but I fear many will be badly "left." Streets are being extended and outlying properties formerly farmed opened into city lots. Many of these are admirably adapted for suburban residences, as trees are already well advanced. Good pure water is everywhere obtainable.

THE WEATHER.

Victoria's balmy climate has attained a world-wide fame. At this date occasional warm showers have the tendency to keep the streets moist, the grass green, and impart a freshness in general to the herbage. One reads with wonder the records of the thermometer in other portions of the Dominion indicating a degree of freezing that astounds those who have resided on this coast for years, ranging from 10° to 40° below zero. More it rarely freezes. A slight flurry of snow causes every conceivable remark, and a new cover is assured

that this is a rare occurrence and hitherto unknown at that particular season of the year. Two days since in my meanderings around the suburbs of the city, I plucked gowans, daisies, and wild roses on vacant lots, while in gardens I beheld all the varieties of roses, fuchsias, geraniums, ivy, and honeysuckles. In the fields the Chinese are cultivating all the vegetables, such as potatoes, turnip, carrots, parsley, celery, onions, and delivering them daily to the city. This is, indeed, a great contrast with the weather met of your readers are now experiencing east of the mountains and the great lakes.

On the streets many of the ladies appear in gossamers, and a few in garment trimmed with fur. Far overcoats are worn by the gentlemen. The store doors are open, and the display of goods and merchandise inviting. I am free to confess that all this to my mind has the effect of making people listless as compared with the sharp, clear, bracing weather of other portions of the Dominion.

The Defense of Khartoum.

Khartoum is naturally marked out by its situation as the capital of the Soudan. Built in the angle formed by the junction of the Blue and White Niles, the meeting point of the roads from Dongola and Egypt on the northwest and north from Suakin and Berber on the northeast, from Darfur on the west, from Kordofan, Senaar, and the equatorial provinces on the south, it is the commercial centre of the whole region, and has ever since the conquest of the country by Egypt been the chief seat of the Egyptian power, and the residence of the governor-general of the Soudan. The town, near which are some ruins of the time of the Pharaohs, is built along the left bank of the Blue Nile, with the White Nile in its rear, in a wide, barren, and stoneless plain, and protected by dikes against inundation from the two rivers. It is 1,400 feet above the sea, and has some 50,000 inhabitants, of whom about two-thirds are slaves, for Khartoum was at one time the head quarters of that iniquitous traffic, which, after the subjugation of the country by Egypt, rapidly supplanted the legitimate trade in ivory and other natural products of the Soudan, and is the source of origin mali in all the wars which have constantly disturbed the country.

Khartoum is, from a military point of view, a position of great strength. It is protected by five ditched earthwork forts, but these are said to be weakly armed, and its most efficient protection are the broad rivers on either side of it. A force coming from the west would find it a matter of great difficulty to cross the White Nile in the face of an enemy; and, even if the movement were effected, the approach to the town across a plain which affords no shelter whatever to an attacking force, would be a very difficult operation in face of defenders armed with weapons of precision. The garrison of Khartoum is estimated at 4,000 men, all thus armed. It is true that the mehdhi, since the capture of Obeid, must have a good many weapons of precision himself, but his troops are said, whether from fanaticism or ignorance, to be averse to using them. Col. Stewart, writing from Khartoum on Feb. 20, soon after the fall of El Obeid, declared that it was "very improbable the mehdhi should venture" on Khartoum. In the course of the spring, however, the mehdhi did venture, but was easily repulsed. It is likely, therefore, that after so great a success he will make another attempt on the capital, but it is not likely that he will do so without loss of time. The present season indeed is favorable to military operations, whereas the summer, and especially the months from June to September—the time of the rains and floods—greatly interfere with them.

But his movements hitherto have been characterized by anything but rapidity. It was two months after his victory over Yacoub Pasha in the spring of last year before he appeared at El Obeid, and seven months before he took it. One circumstance may cause him to hasten his movements. According to one of the mehdhi's prophets he would be proclaimed at Khartoum prophet and ruler of the Soudan on the 12th of this month, which was the beginning of the new Mussulman century of 1320 after Hegira. He may not wish to let this prophecy remain long unfulfilled.

A winter opening: The Christmas clock.

The Chinese People.

The following memorandum was drawn up by Gen. (Chinese) Gordon in 1891 for the information of the Chinese Government, and has many points of interest in the present situation:—

"In spite of the opinion of some foreigners, it will be generally acknowledged that the Chinese are contented and happy, and the country is rich and prosperous, and that the people are as a whole united in their sentiments and ardently desire to remain a nation. At constant intervals, however, the whole of this human hive is stirred by some dispute between the Pekin Government and some foreign power. The Chinese people, proud of their ancient prestige, applaud the high tone taken up by the Pekin Government, crediting the government with the power to support their strong words. This goes on for a time when the government gives in, and corresponding vexation is felt by the people. The recurrence of these disputes, the inevitable surrender ultimately of the Pekin Government, has the tendency of shaking the Chinese people's confidence in the central government. The central government appreciates the fact that little by little their prestige is being destroyed by their own actions among the Chinese people: each crisis then becomes more accentuated or difficult to surmount, as the central government know; each concession is another nail in their coffin. The central government fear that the taking up of a spirited position by any pre-eminent Chinese would carry the Chinese people with him, and therefore the central government endeavor to keep up appearances and to skirt the precipice of war as near as they possibly can, while never intending to enter into war.

"The central government residing in the extremity of the middle kingdom, away from the great influences which are now working in China, can never alter one iota from what they were years ago; they are being steadily left behind by the people they govern. They know this, and endeavor to stem these influences in all ways in their power, hoping to keep the people backward and in ignorance, and to retard their progress to the same pace (sic) they themselves go, if it can be called a pace at all.

"It is therefore a maxim that 'no progress can be made by the Pekin Government.' To them any progress, whether slow or quick, is synonymous with slow or quick extinction, for they will never move.

"The term, 'Pekin Government' is used advisedly, for if the central government were moved from Pekin into some province where the pulsations and aspirations of the Chinese people could have their legitimate effect, then the central government and Chinese people having a unison of thought, would work together.

"It may be asked. How can the present state of things be altered? How can China maintain the high position that the wealth, industry, and innate goodness of the Chinese people entitle her to have among the nations of the world? Some may say by the revolt of this Chinaman or of that Chinaman. To me this seems most undesirable, for, in the first place, such action would not have the blessing of God, and, in the second, it would result in the country being plung-

ed into civil war. The fair, upright, and open course for the Chinese people to take is to work, through the press and by petitions, on the central government, and to request them to move from Pekin and bring themselves thus into more unison with the Chinese people, and thus save that people the constant humiliations they have got to put up with owing to the seat of the central government being at Pekin. This recommendation would need no secret societies, no rebellion, no treason. If taken up and persevered in, it must succeed, and not one life need be lost.

"The central government at Pekin could not answer the Chinese people except in the affirmative when the Chinese people say to the central government:—'By you residing aloof from us in Pekin, where you are exposed to danger, you separate our interests from yours, and you bring on us humiliation which we would never have to bear if you resided in the interior. Take our application into consideration and grant our wishes.'

"I have been kindly treated by the central Pekin Government and by the Chinese people; it is for the welfare of both parties that I have written and signed this paper. I may have expressed myself too strongly with respect to the non-progressive state of the Pekin Government, who may desire the welfare of the middle kingdom as ardently as any other Chinese; but as long as the Pekin Government allows themselves to be led and directed by those drones of the hive, the censors, so long must the Pekin Government bear the blame earned by those drones in plunging China into difficulties. In the insect world the bees get rid of the drones in the hive."

Ho Hit Him Hard.

"I met X on the avenue with his bride. They had just returned from their wedding tour."

"Where are they going to live?"
"I don't know. He told me he had been house-hunting since yesterday morning, and intended to take a flat."

"Ah! indeed! He has decided to follow his wife's example."

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The Editor's Wife.

The following extracts are from a poem read by Eugene Field, at the recent Banquet of the Chicago Press Club:

When the editor comes from his office at night
At a very late hour, in a dubious plight,
The impression prevails and the story is told
That the editor's wife can be always cajoled
With a fib about "bridges" and "broken-down
press"

But we who have been there are free to confess
That when husbands are late and suspicious
are rife
It is best to own up to the editor's wife.

And of course you'll agree since our wives are
all here
To brighten the scene and partake of our
cheer—
That the best of all angels kind Heaven has
sent

To bring a man sympathy, peace, and content—
To add to his joys and to lessen his woes—
To sew on his buttons and patch up his hose—
And to smooth out the wrinkles and the wrinkles
of life,
Is the idol we worship—the editor's wife.

You may drink to your trade and your creature
of fame—
I raise not my glass till I hear her sweet name;
'Tis to her alone who uncomplainingly bears
The all of her sorrows, the most of our cares—
Whose wealth of sweet influence subtly in-
spires

Our grandest achievements and noblest de-
sires—
'Tis to her I would drink—our companion in
life—
God's best in creation, the editor's wife!

CUPIDITY AND CRIME.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

"We loved so truly and faithfully; why were we thus betrayed?"

But the wild question was unanswered, even in her own heart. Her eyes grow dim with anguish, not with tears; she could not see the placid splendor of the waters, the sun dipping below the horizon and throwing a last roseate glory round him as he sank to rest—could not see the slender upright figure coming with rapid steps across the red sand, with an eager reflection of that sunset glow in the dark blue eyes—saw nothing, heard nothing, until a shadow fell across her, a hand touched her shoulder, and a voice she had thought hushed forever—a man's voice, full of an exquisite tenderness and joy—fell on her ears in the low-spoken words—

"Nora, my own darling, at last, at last!"

Then she looked up, and into Arthur Beaupre's face; and then—Somehow or other the horrible present, the barrier between them, the revelations to come—all became for the moment as nothing, and drifted utterly out of her thoughts. The interview dreaded and shrank from in anticipation as an intolerable torture changed to a sudden bliss. It was enough to look once more on the dear familiar face, to touch the hand she had thought cold in death, to know that the same earth held them still.

With a cry of utter rapture she sprang to her feet, both hands extended in eager welcome and the passionate silence of her lips most eloquently interpreted by the gladness of the dark dilating eyes.

"My true love!" Arthur Beaupre cried, as he drew her fondly to him and kissed again and again the tremulous lips. "Nora, are you so very glad? I will abuse my fate then never again. A welcome such as this is worth journey through the Valley of the Shadow of Death."

For one breathless, motionless moment Nora looked into her lover's eyes, read the unchanging love in their luscious depths, and forgot how soon that happy light must fade away or change to cruel scorn. If she could only die so, she thought, death would be welcome indeed.

But Death was not so merciful. He was busy striking down with remorseless arrow the young and happy, those to whom life was full of promise and rarely sweet; the harassed and sorely troubled and heart-broken might call on him in vain, as Nora in her throbbing pain called now.

With a long shuddering sigh she drew herself from Arthur's close clasp, and turned her white face and wild anguished

eyes out towards the slowly-darkening sky and sea.

The quiet resolute movement surprised and hurt him. Was this a time for prudery or reserve on the part of his promised wife—this moment in which he had come back to her, not only across a weary waste of land and sea, but almost as it were from the confines of another world?

"Nora!" he said, almost angrily; and then, as he came a pace or two nearer, and caught a side-glimpse of the beautiful face with its look of wordless woe, the anger died out of his heart, and fear, mingled with an infinite and a tender compassion, took its place. She looked like one whose reason trembled in the balance. What if the shock had been too much for her? What if she had not known?

"Nora dearest!" He touched her slender shoulder gently, and the touch sent a thrill of agony through the girl's overwrought and tortured nerves. She drew farther back still, covering her face with both small shaking hands, as though to shut out some sight of utter horror. "Nora, what is it?" he went on; and the handsome worn face, the eager eyes, and pleasant manly voice were all filled with perplexity and pain. "Surely you knew! Surely you have heard from Cristine?"

"Yes, I have heard from Cristine," she answered, in a strained broken tone, never turning her head or looking at her lover as she spoke.

"And you expected me?"

"I expected you," she echoed monotonously.

"Then, in Heaven's name, what does this mean?" he cried with angry energy again. "Nora, am I dreaming or mad, or are you? That my letters were unanswered was nothing—I crossed them on their outward voyage; but that such a welcome should await me here—He paused abruptly, his worn features contracting with a spasm of intolerable pain, then went on more firmly. "Nora, look me in the face and tell me all the truth. I can bear that, dear, whatever it may be; this cruel suspense I cannot. You thought the bond between us was wholly broken, thought me dead, and true and tender as your heart is, you might in time forget. Have you forgotten, Nora? Have you ceased to love me? If you have, say so without fear, and without one reproach I will set you free."

"Oh, no, no, no!" the girl cried, in shrill and passionate denial; had shame and death been the instant penalty of speech, she could have kept silence no longer. "Arthur, I think my heart is broken; but it has never changed to you. I loved you—love you—shall love you always till I die; but you must go. I must never see you again."

His face, which had brightened with her opening words, grew dark and troubled once again.

"You received my letters?" he asked, abruptly, speaking sternly—though in truth he was filled with pity—that he might the better check his companion's hysterical passion.

She laughed—actually laughed—a shrill mirthless peal that made Arthur Beaupre shiver.

"Yes, I received them, a little late—see!"

She held up the letters, and, as Arthur took them, he noticed, with a sudden terror, the wild unnatural glitter of the lovely eyes.

"See!" she repeated, impatiently, as he held the letters in a mechanical clasp and gazed with wistful tenderness at her.

"Look at the letters, Arthur; do you see anything strange?"

He turned them over with a deepening perplexity in his kind eyes.

"The seals are unbroken still. What does this mean?" he asked gravely, still exercising a giant self-control, though his heart throbbed wildly, and something seemed to pulsate unnaturally and confusingly within his brain.

"It means that you must tell me all that those letters hold; they never

reached me till to-day," Nora said, with a repetition of the terrible jarring laugh.

"They tell you only what you know already," the man said, with a kind of weary pain—"that I am not dead, but living; that I was wounded in the head, and remained for eighteen months, a senseless log, devoid of memory or sensation, in a Zulu kraal, saved by a capricious accident from the fate that befell my fellow-prisoners. Like all savages, these hold the insane as sacred; and for the greater portion of my captivity I was indeed mad. Then slowly, as the wound healed, the cloud lifted from my brain, and little by little sense and memory awoke—little by little I came to be the harmless privileged plaything of the Zulu camp, contented to amuse the round-eyed dusky children, and bask with blunted senses in the sun, and became the heart-sick, miserable prisoner pining for friends and home.

"The war was over when my senses came back—so much I understood from the broken words of those around me—and my heart leaped within me with the thought that I was free. But when, with many expressions of gratitude for the care and kindness shown me, I proposed to leave the camp, I was gently reminded that I was a prisoner still.

"The terms of peace had been signed, and they had included the surrender of all living prisoners by a certain date, the chief informed me, with serene gravity and polite regret. He had retained me by the wish of his women, who thought that a madman would bring luck to the kraal. Since I was mad no longer, and useless in my other capacity, he would willingly set me free; but to do so would be to admit a disobedience to the orders of the great chief above him, who invariably punished such default with death to the sinner and demolition to his kraal. In these circumstances I would, he was sure, forgive him for keeping me prisoner still.

"I could do nothing, Nora, but chafe madly at the bonds that held me, but pray and plead and threaten alternately, and try to bribe my captors with ever-increasing promise of reward. I thought of England, of those at home, of you, Nora; and my heart burned more and more hotly within me with the wildaching longing to be free. But neither threats nor promises availed me; both were received with equal indifference; and at last I began to understand that here my fate was fixed, here in this scorching alien land, amid these squalid, savage surroundings. Far from all dear to me, and from all to whom I was dear, I must live and die.

"There came to me with that overpowering conviction, Nora, not even the sullen resignation of despair, but something of the wild impulse that leads the captive bird to flutter and beat out its little life against the cruel bars that prison it. I neither ate, nor drank, nor slept; I watched with a fierce joy my wasting limbs and daily failing strength. I even taunted my captors with the power to escape them still. I might never see the English cliffs again, my bones might whiten in the red African sand; but I should look upon that abhorrent blue sky and tread the scorched earth, red with the blood of my fellow-soldiers, but a few days more.

"They were wild reckless words; I wonder that the fierce savages to whom I spoke did not punish them with instant death. I think I wished them to shorten my agony; but the wish was vain. They listened in silence; and I dragged my aching limbs away to my accustomed corner, to wait in a patient patience for the lagging freedom that must surely come soon.

"And it came at last, though not in the shape that I expected. The chief himself visited me soon after that, and told me, with evident reluctance, as though the confession were wrung from him by outside influence, that on certain conditions he would set me free,

"My strength and courage revived miraculously with that word. What conditions, consistent with honor, could he impose that I would not accept? And his were simple enough. He only asked that I would travel incognito to England, and, shielding him as much as possible from the imperial wrath, which was but a secondary consideration, save him at all costs from the ruinous vengeance of his immediate chief.

"Of course I promised; and to the best of my ability I have kept my word. Only to you did I write the story of my captivity and release, and you I bound to silence until I should reach England. I might have left that wish unspoken," he added bitterly, with a glance at the unbroken seals. "I did not guess that you would not even read my letters."

Nora had listened with parted lips and eager shining eyes, with a wrapped attention that drew him on in spite of himself, with an absorbed interest that deadened her cruel pain; but the last words brought her back sharply to the keen anguish of the present. She covered her eyes and uttered a low cry of pain.

"Nora," he said gently, yet with a passionate eagerness that thrilled and mastered her, "let there be no more mystery between us. You say you love me still."

"With my whole heart," she answered recklessly.

"Then why do you receive me thus? Why did you not read my letters?"

The cruel moment was come at last; the question she could neither fence with nor elude was put. A great flood of color flashed across the ivory pallor of her face, her eyes glittered with an unnatural lustre, her hands were clenched till the nails pierced the soft palms, and her breath came in pitiable gasps.

"Why?" she echoed; and there was the wail of a lost spirit in the word. "Because Cristine Singleton has been a she-Judas to you, Arthur, and to me. She kept your letters back when—when they might still have saved me, and sent them to me to-day."

Arthur Beaupre listened, with a look that changed rapidly from bewildered surprise to fiercest indignation. His blue eyes flashed dangerously, and the delicate-cut lips beneath the fair soft mustache, hardened and set as though chiselled in marble.

"She—But we will not speak of her now," he said, interrupting himself quickly. "You say the letters came to you to-day. Was your patience worn out that you have no welcome for me now?"

She looked him straight in the eyes for a moment's space, mutely begging him to read in that feverish anguished glance the story she found it so cruelly hard to put into words. But he held no clue to the mystery as yet, had no suspicion of the crushing blow to come. She saw this, and turned away her head with a wailing, pitiful cry.

"He does not guess, he will not help me! Oh, Arthur, do you not see that it was the very crown of Cristine's revenge to let me know you lived, to send you here to me to-day?"

"To-day!" he repeated blankly, yet with a dawning horror in his eyes. Then he added, with sudden sternness and a look at the costly velvet dress, so unlike Nora Bruce's ordinary every-day attire, "Why was it especially cruel to-day? Nora—as the girl's parted lips moved in a dreadful soundless effort to explain—"What brings you away from home, and here?"

Then she turned, and answered with a sudden desperate effort—

"Oh, Arthur, forgive—it is my wedding-day."

A dead, dreadful silence, broken only by the soft wash of the waves and the faint whisper of the wind among the trees, followed the unexpected words. The blow had fallen, and with crushing force, upon the man whose heart had beaten high with love and hope an hour before.

He did not speak, only drew back a pace or two, as though shrinking under some actual physical shock, yet the girl who watched him with miserable anxious eyes saw all the hope and all the youth die out of the bright handsome face that had always, until now, looked so carelessly happy. A gray pallor crept under the deep bronze of his skin, and she saw that he drew his breath with a convulsive effort.

"Arthur!" she crept a little nearer, alarmed at the long unnatural silence, laid her hand upon his arm, and looked up with wistful eyes into his face. "Do not hate me, Arthur; I thought you—"

"Dead!" he broke in, with a hard jarring laugh. "Of course you did. The fault was mine. Those supposed to be dead should never venture back; they should remember how soon the ranks close up, how soon their place is filled. I should have slept in my grave. Nora, and not come back and blight your bridal-day."

He turned with the last words, and moved away from her with rapid unsteady steps. Her dry, miserable eyes, followed the tall figure, a thousand thoughts chased each other through her aching and bewildered brain. This was the man to whom her heart was given, to whom her faith was pledged; to him and not to that other she was bound through all pain to be loyal and true—this man who had come back to her from the grave full of love and hope, whom she was driving from her full of anger and despair. She could not do it; the part fate and her own weakness had assigned her was too hard and cruel; she could not and would not play it.

She rose from the jutting rock on which she had seated herself, and flung out her arms to the retreating figure in a gesture of wild and passionate entreaty.

"Arthur, Arthur," she cried, "come back and forgive me!"

He turned, saw the wild pain of the white face and dark dilated eyes, and paused in pitiful irresolution. Anger could not live in presence of that utter despair. He did not doubt now that the girl still loved him, that a cold, a cruel treachery had come between them; but, for that very reason, for her own sake, it was better they should part now, at once and forever, and without the utterance of one softening word.

She had come up with him by now, had laid her little hot hands upon his wrist, and looked up into his face with a mad terrifying glitter in her dark gray eyes.

"Oh," she cried, with a little hysterical gasp of relief, "I thought you were going—without one word of forgiveness—or—pity!"

"Hush, Nora!" he said gravely, noticing with growing pain how restlessly the over-bright eyes shifted under his steady and controlling gaze. "I forgive you from my heart, child, if that assurance is any comfort to you—and if I have indeed anything to forgive. Fate has been hard upon us both, dear; but we will bear our burdens bravely—will we not?"

But the slender so-reching hands only tightened their clasp with a sort of desperate energy; the burning restless eyes never softened in response to his appeal. With a heavy sigh, and a feeling as though his heart was breaking, Arthur suddenly disengaged himself, and, laying his hand upon the small dark head as in benediction, said, a little unsteadily—

"Heaven bless and keep my Nora! Good-bye!"

But with a sudden frenzied recklessness she flung her arms around his neck and drew his head down till the blonde locks mingled with her own dusky tresses, pressed her soft burning cheek to his, and cried with fevered, desperate energy—

"No, Arthur—not good-bye, my own love! Take me too! Arthur"—the tone changing to a wailing broken cry infinitely pitiful, as the man drew back with a sudden horror—"I cannot lose you again;

you are my husband, not that other man—Arthur, take me with you!"

Arthur Beaupre's face whitened to a ghastly pallor, his eyes were dark with pain. It was horrible to hear Nora, his shy, proud love, pleading thus wildly, clinging to him with such passionate pain. For one mad quickly-passing moment he almost yielded to the overpowering temptation, born of his great love. She was his by right of their early troth-plight, of their true and loyal love; he would take her away from the life she so dreaded and shrank from, he would guard her so faithfully, love her so well, that she should never remember how much she had surrendered for his sake. So for a moment, with passion-prompted sophistry, he argued and resolved; then the true loyal spirit of the man awoke and smote the demon down.

With resolute touch he unclasped the clinging hands; with an infinite gentleness he raised the pale face from its safe resting-place, whispering as he did so—

"Child, do not make my hard task harder. Between us two nothing must be said now but 'Good-bye.'"

He looked away hastily, not trusting himself to meet the shamed anguish of his lost love's eyes, and became suddenly aware that a tall, gray-haired man of aristocratic mien, was standing but a few paces from them, at the foot of the precipitous cliff-path, regarding them with the glare of a demon in his deep-set cruel-looking eyes.

It needed not the low cry that broke from the girl's white lips, nor the shudder that ran through her slender frame, to tell Arthur Beaupre that this was Nora's husband; and his heart sank with a chill hopeless terror as he remembered the terribly false position in which the wife of a day was placed.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Turkey.

It has been chronicled by trustworthy writers that turkeys were first introduced into England, in the time of Sebastian Cabot, from America. They were found in this country, running wild in large flocks, by the first settlers; and the pioneers, especially in the Middle States, found them handy game, easily captured, and furnishing luxurious food. They were domesticated without much difficulty, and have ever since occupied an important position on festive occasions, a Thanksgiving or Christmas dinner hardly being complete and satisfactory unless a roast turkey, in its mammoth proportions, occupied a conspicuous position on the table. For over three hundred years the turkey has held the position as king of table poultry, and his aristocracy seems in a fair way to continue in an unbroken line. It seems that domestication has not accomplished so much change in the size of these birds as in color. Those breeders who furnish the largest and most hardy specimens at the present day resort to the wild stock for a cross, and the progeny are mostly bronzo or black in color. The black, white, buff, and gray varieties have been obtained by selection. The black turkey should be black in every feather; the shanks also black or nearly black. It is an easy matter to breed turkeys of an uniform color by rejecting all those showing a variation from the desired color when making selections for breeding. A flock of black turkeys well bred present a pleasing appearance on account of the juxtaposition of the bright red of their wattles and the jet black of their plumage. The subject of color being so easily settled according to the taste of the breeder, he should be careful to maintain size, and increase the same if possible by choosing the largest for breeding purposes, only using males of large frame, not nearly related to the females.—*Country World*.

When the palm of your hand itches, it is a sign you are going to get some money—when you earn it.

CHIPS.

High and dry A thirsty giraffe.

Something is wanted to cure the eruption of Vesuvius.

A young man writes to consult us about the best pattern of health lift. We should suggest helping his mother a little with the coal-hod.

Last words of a forty-year-old dying woman at Philadelphia: "Be sure and put my age at twenty-eight on the monument, and see that the newspapers get it that way."

You will observe this:—The devil never offers to go into partnership with a bizzzy man, but you will often see him offer to jine the lazy, and furnish all the capital besides.

Boston always hangs one peg higher than the rest of the world. When a father dies in this modern Athens the family feed on black beans for a month, out of respect for the deceased.

"Poor sweeper, sir!" Benevolent stroller (feeling in his pockets): "I'm afraid I haven't a penny." Reduced party, (wistfully): "I did not specify the coin, sir." (It came to a sixpence).

We opened our safe this week and took out a lot of Christmas jokes and dusted them off and tried to fit them in the column but they wouldn't fit. We are inclined to believe they are a little warped by age. We will close them out to some country humorist at a great bargain.

"Sonny, is your mother at home?" asked the minister, addressing the little boy who was standing at the door. "Yes, she's at home," was the reply. "but I guess she doesn't want to see you. I heard her just tell pa that she hated fools, and that she never saw a man yet who wasn't a fool."

A Maryland man has secured a divorce from his wife on the ground that she

wouldn't let him read the Bible. There are two sides to every question, and if the man is one of the kind who starts to read his Bible just when he ought to be doing chores and bringing in the morning's supply of wood we sympathize most-ly with the woman.

"Don't you love the smell of a good cigar?" inquired an Austin antipodes of Vanderbilt of Gus de Smith. "You bet I do," replied Gus, his face brightening with anticipation. "Have you got ten cents about your person?" inquired the first speaker. "Yes; what of it?" asked Gus. "Well, you give me ten cents, and that, with the money I have, will purchase a fine cigar." "Well, what will I get?" said G. "Why, you'll get the smell upon which you say you dote so much."

An Austin woman was very much displeased with her son, who had passed a miserable examination for admittance to the university and said to him: "Shame on you, my son, to pass such a wretched examination! Why the Professor only asked you two or three questions." "True, mother," said the lad, "but remember it so happened that those were the very questions I could not answer. Then you know the old saying. 'A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.'"

A parliamentary return just issued shows that the local taxation of Ireland in 1882 produced a sum of £3,534,679, which was an increase of £143,249, or 4½ per cent, on the amount levied in the previous year.

Seven elephants' tusks, one of which weighs a hundred and eighteen pounds, and is worth four hundred dollars, which the African King Menelek gave to the King of Italy, have been sent to the Geographical Society of Rome by Count Antonelli, the Italian traveller.

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(—) CONTINUATION OF (—)

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"Spreading the Net."

From Opera, "MARINA,"

By W. McDONNELL.

Tempo di Valse.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand plays a melody of eighth notes, and the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The key signature has one sharp (F#).

The first line of the vocal melody is written on a single staff in treble clef. It begins with a rest followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes.

1. The fish - er - man's art is one
 2. All class - es it seems are on

The second system of piano accompaniment features a more active right hand with sixteenth-note patterns and a steady left hand accompaniment.

The third line of the vocal melody continues the melodic line with various rhythmic values.

ve - ry well known. And an - cient as an - y That an - cient have grown, In
 fish - ing in - tent; With sil - ver or gilt hooks What hours have been spent, With

The final system of piano accompaniment concludes the piece with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass line in the left hand.

"SPREADING THE NET"

S. & Co., 184-3.

2

rall......

a tempo.

times far re - mote as all Schol - ars have read, Some fol - low this, call - ing to
all kinds of lines, and with cur - i - ous bait, Poor fish - es are lur'd till they

rall......

a tempo.

dolce.

make out their bread. We al - so are told by an au - thorized pen That
lie on the plate. But catching them thus is for man - y too slow To

Legato. Ped. * * * *Ped.* * * * *Ped.* * * * *Ped.* * *

while some caught fish there were fish - ers of men, And still their suc - ces - ors are
got them by hun - dreds they hur - ry to go A pull in by whole - sale i.

Ped. * * * *Ped.* * * * *Ped.* * * * *Ped.* * * *

F

3

Rall...... *Animato.*

anx - ious— you bet, To trap hu - man gudg - eons by spread - ing a net.
 sim - ple— you bet, If one is but skil - ful in spread - ing a net.

f *Rall.*..... *Animato.*

f *Veloce.* *D. S.*


3

Our statesmen, and lawyers, and doctors, and all
 Are knowingly watching to make a big haul.
 With fish in the sea we have odd-fish ashore,
 And land sharks who gobble them up by the score,
 We have smooth pious people whose meshes scarce fail
 To tangle big flounders by head or by tail.
 We have reverend men quite meek looking—you bet,
 Who all live like Trojans while spreading a net.


4

But most artful of all are the mermaids so fair,
 Who sing by the sea side while combing their hair.
 They sit in the rushes until some queer fish,
 Is hooked in the gills and flung into a dish.
 What hundreds and thousand have met such a fate,
 And still thousands more will go snatch at the bait.
 For trapping, or fishing, or snaring—you bet
 None equal the ladies in spreading a net

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Tapestry Carpets, 27 inches wide, 31½, 35c, 40c, 50c., 55c, 60c., 70c. Hemp Carpet, 33 inches wide, 9c., 10c, 12½c.; 36 inches wide, 15c. 18c., 20c. Union Carpets, beautiful patterns, 36 inches wide, 50c., 55c., 60c., 65c., 70c. All Wool, yard wide, 75c.

Household Goods.

Irish Linens, usual assortment. Brown Hollands, 9c., 10c., 12½c., up. Table Napkins, 2 size, 60c., 75c., up. Table Napkins, 3 size, \$1.40, \$1.60, \$1.75, \$2 per doz., up.

Lace Curtains.

Over 100 patterns to choose from. A set of Lace Curtains, 2½ yards long, for 6c. and 75c. A set, 3 yards long, 90c., \$1, up to \$8.

Bleached Tabling.

Full width, a big bargain, 25c a yd. Half Bleach, real Linen, 54 inches wide, 18c, 20c, 25c. up; 60 inches 30c., 40c, 50c up; 72 in. wide, 50c, 75c., 85c up.

Boots and Shoes.

Eaton's Pebble Boots, \$1. Pebble Button Boots, \$1.20, all sizes. French Goat Boots, \$1.50 up. French Kid Boots, \$2.50 up. Misses' Pebble Shoes, 75c. up. Ladies' Carpet Slippers, 40c, 60c., 80c. Ladies' Fine Kid Slippers, \$1 up. Gents' Fine Slippers, (velvet) with Silk Work, only \$1.25.

Furs.

Fur Capes, 8 inches, 75c
Fur Capes, 12 inches, \$2, \$2.50.
Fur Capes, 15 inches, \$3.50 to \$6.
Hare Muffs, 75c., 90c., \$1 to \$1.65
Seal Muffs, \$1.65 up
Fur Caps (ladies') \$2.50 up Boys' and girls' Grey and Black Astracan Cloth Caps, 40c to 75c.

Mantles.

Black Beaver Mantles, ladies' size, trimmed with satin, only \$1.50, former price \$4.
Black Corded Cloth Mantles, ladies' size, trimmed cord and loops, only \$4, former price \$6.50.
Black Embossed Metallized Cloth Mantles, only \$4 and \$5, very cheap.
A job line of 50 ladies' Ulsters, full size, selling for \$1.50 each.
A job line of 40 extra fine silk finished Metallized Cloth Mantles for \$12.50, former price \$16.50, splendid value.

A full stock of Children's Jackets, "four-in-hand," in sizes to fit girls from 4 years old up, very cheap.
A Lady's Tweed Tourist Jacket, with cape, \$5. These goods are always useful.
Ladies' Rubber Cloaks in Mantle department, cheap.

Children's Ready-made Dresses from a superior quality of costume—cloth trimmed with velvet to fit girls five years old, for \$2.50 up.

Ladies' Satin Overskirts, shirred and pleated, only \$8, splendid goods.

Millinery—Clearing Sale.

Girls' trimmed hats, \$1, \$1.25
Ladies' trimmed felt hats, \$1.25, up
Great reductions in all lines of trimmed millinery.
Special value in Black and Colored Ostrich Feathers to clear the stock.
Ladies' untrimmed felt hats, 5c, 10c., 25c, 50c, up.
Ladies' black beaver hats, 75c, former price, \$1.50 and \$2.

What the Khedive Says.

The Cairo correspondent of the London Telegraph reports an interview with the Khedive at the Abdin palace. His highness was, as ever, affable and courteous, and spoke English, at his own desire, very fluently.

He expressed himself convinced that England was the best friend of Egypt, and said that personally he never could forget the consideration shown for his great difficulties. As for the present situation, it would have been good but for the mehdî's sudden success. It was a gratifying fact that the people were prospering and contented. I asked what his highness thought of the character of the mehdî. The Khedive declared him an obvious impostor. All Mussulm he did indeed expect a leader or reformer toward the end of the world, but the Koran said the true mehdî would appear at Mecca or in some city of the east, and that at first he would not be recognized, but finally met with universal acceptance. According to the teachers of Islam, he would not be of negroid extraction, nor a destroyer of muslims; but this false mehdî imposes upon the ignorant by specious gifts and personal marks and excuses, cruel massacres of the faithful; by pretending that the Turks are in reality Christians, and declaring that the Egyptian power has ended. His highness confessed ignorance at present of the mehdî's movements. The Mudirs, however, he told me, of Lenna, Khartoum, and Berber have dispatched many spies, and the news received is that they are unable to trace the march of the main army. Detached bodies of about 10,000 have certainly been sent in various directions, and they may possibly have gone from Obid to Darfur, or might be advancing direct on Dongola by the land route. "If," said the Khedive, "such a force should reach the first, or even only the second caravan, it would become easier for Egypt to strike a decisive blow." His highness has received no message directly from the mehdî, and does not know what projects the pretender harbors. He has certainly been sending emissaries to every quarter, and no doubt the revolt of the tribes to the eastward of the Nile, which were previously loyal and contented, is due to this propaganda. "If they have risen," said the Khedive—"the tribes and sheiks—it is because they have been afraid and distracted between the mehdî and myself, and have been obliged to obey whichever authority seemed uppermost." Regarding the future policy of the government of Egypt, his highness remarked that they never could or never would withdraw from the Sudan. It had become the "back-gate of our hour; a great portal by which the wealth of equatorial Africa would eventually enter."

Appropos of Sir Samuel Baker's suggestion, he himself was anxious to treat with Abyssinia in a friendly spirit, and would make large concessions with a view to rectify the frontier, but he would certainly not yield Missowah; it was a harbor essential to Egypt. On the west he had personally wished to restrict his country to her natural limits, and as a prince he had disapproved herein of his father's schemes of annexation. He was even now willing to make Darfour a tributary province under a native ruler, but must undoubtedly keep Kordofan. Immediate operations would necessarily be limited, continued his highness, to holding the chief positions along the Nile. He felt confident that before very long Baker Pasha would be able to clear the road from Suakin to Berber. What might afterwards be determined upon it was at present impossible to foresee, but while holding the channels of the Nile strongly he and his supporters could afford to wait.

This, said the Khedive, still quietly conversing, is mainly a religious revolt, but one fomented by the principal slave-dealers and by Soudanese traders who desire to monopolize the ivory traffic now so profitable. These unscrupulous people have fanned the flame of superstition, and to surrender territory to the mehdî would be to play their evil game. The Khedive said he had greatly coveted the glory of giving its death blow to slavery, but that I was probably aware it formed a most profitable business in Central Africa, and that for its sake many degraded speculators retarded all progress. "God knows," his highness went on, "I am anxious to spare my subjects the cost and misery of war and to leave the fellahs in quiet to till our soil. The wars with Abyssinia and Darfour have cost us seven millions! How much better if they had been spent for the development of Egypt! Our country

is not rich; nevertheless, with all these troubles, it is very well able to pay the interest on its debt, and that, too, with £190,000 sterling of surplus to devote as a sinking fund. I have the highest desire, notwithstanding, to reduce the debt, and to relieve our fellahs of their load of taxation and usury."

The Khedive expressed no opinion as to probable necessity of help from England, but professed himself assured of her good will. I hear from another source that frequent messages are passing between the Khedive and Mr. Gladstone's government.

Struck Oil.

It was a Woodward avenue car. A fairly richly dressed sat in a corner of the car and said to some one with her.

"I smell kerosene oil."
"So do I," answered her friend.
One after another got into the car, and the lady in the corner sniffed suspiciously, and at last fixed her eyes upon a quiet looking little man near the door.

"I believe he's got the oil," she said in a stage whisper to her friend.
"I know it," replied the friend. "There ought to be a law against carrying kerosene in the street cars. Such an odor!" and she glared at the little man.

"I shall inform the Superintendent," said the first lady aloud.
"I shall inform the President of the road," said her friend with a fixed and glassy stare.

"Ladies," said the little man cheerfully, "hadn't you better move! The kerosene from that lamp in the corner of the car has been dripping down on you ever since we started, but seeing you both know so much I thought I wouldn't say anything."

A sailor was one night ordered aloft to act as lookout. The mate had a grudge against the aforesaid sailor, and so let him remain fully an hour before he asked him if he saw "any light." "Not yet," replied the sailor, "but if you let me remain here another hour I'll surely see something." An hour passed by, and then the lookout cried: "I see a light. What light is it?" inquired the mate. "Daylight," was the reply.

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FANCY DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—HONEY.—The short skirt is of black satin or faille, and draped closely over it is a pointed apron overskirt and pointed black drapery of bayadere striped, gold and black satin. High, close, black satin "Jersey" basque with long, tight fitting sleeves, and black gloves. Wings of two thicknesses of stiffened gauze, green and black. A black velvet cap, ornamented in front with the antennae of the insect, is worn on the blonde hair. Black silk stockings, and black satin slippers with gold-colored satin bows.

FIG. 2.—AGNES SOREL.—A charming costume for a handsome blonde matron. The underskirt is of blue velvet, and over this is the trained robe of soft white damask silk, edged all around with a wide band of black velvet lined with gold-colored satin. The skirt is draped high at one side and fastened with a blue silk *cordeliere*, from which is suspended a blue silk *aumoniere* with gold ornaments. Wide belt of black velvet. Low open corsage of white damask with black velvet revers and gold-embroidered stomacher. Long, close sleeves of white damask with revers of black velvet. Blue velvet coif, embroidered with gold, pearls and precious stones, with long white gauze veil flowing with the golden hair over the shoulders.

FIG. 3.—PIERRETTE.—Short underskirt of red and yellow striped silk in broad stripes;

overskirt of gray silk with yellow revers caught on with immense gold buttons. Plaited drapery in the back. Red satin corsage, cut heart-shaped in the neck, pointed back and front over a puff of straw-colored silk around the hips, and laced in front over a lace chemisette; close elbow sleeve of gray silk, and angel sleeves of yellow tulle spotted with gilt; ruche of lace around the neck. Steep-crowned hat of gray silk with gold bands fastened with red silk pom-poms. The brim is faced with red satin, and a large yellow panache is on the left side. Cherry colored silk stockings and low shoes. This costume is extremely becoming for a slender brunette, but it may be worn by a blonde lady if the colors are modified to those more becoming, taking care, however, to select vivid contrasts.

FIG. 4.—MUSIC.—This costume, and the next, Painting, are very suitable for two sisters, one dark and the other fair. The costume for Music is best suited to a blonde. The short white satin skirt is embroidered or painted with musical notes in black, of some well-known air, and a singular garniture is placed across the front of the close fitting white satin bodice, which is trimmed, besides, with a broad band of black velvet. A drapery of tulle, with gilt paper characters of the base and treble clefs, sharps, flats, and accidentals stuck on, is fastened at one side under a large ornament, cut out of pasteboard and covered with black velvet,

to represent the characters of the treble clef. A gilt triangle ornaments the blonde hair, and the necklace is silver embroidery of notes on a white silk ribbon. White silk stockings and black satin slippers. A mandolin, tied with blue ribbons, is carried in the hand.

FIG. 5.—PAINTING OR ART.—Suited for a warm complexioned brunette. A rich, artistic contrast of color is necessary for this costume, either dark crimson and rose pink, clive green and bright blue, gold color with brown or clear blue, any of these most becoming to the person attempting the character. The underskirt is of soft surah silk or cashmere in the lightest color, trimmed with a plaiting of the same around the bottom. Scallop shells are sewed in each plait, alternately filled with gold and silver symbolic of decorative art. The body of the skirt has several caricatures drawn in with charcoal, which are intended to typify the lowest grade of art. The loose blouse is of plush or velvet in the darkest color, and the drapery of soft India cashmere is edged with a fringe of brushes, charged with dry paint in all colors. A bertha collar of fine linen, richly trimmed with antique lace, is worn around the neck, and the necklace is composed of tubes of color strung on a ribbon. A silk cord is tied loosely around the waist and a spatula is knotted in it. Loose-armed gloves, and bangles of color tubes. The dark hair falls in disorder, and a pal-

etto with brushes is worn on the head. A multi-stick tied with gold-colored ribbon is carried in the hand.

FIG. 6.—LADY OF MIDDLE AGES.—Castilian robe with long train of deep blue velvet bordered with ermine. The neck is cut square over a white silk *guimpe* fastened with a band of velvet and having a ruche of lace at the throat. The close sleeves have velvet ruffles and a band of ermine at the elbows, and lace ruffles falling over the hands. Silver chatelaine and *aumoniere* of the velvet and ermine. High sugar-loaf cap, made of pasteboard and covered with blue velvet, and a veil of fine white lace arranged on it.

FIG. 7.—SPANISH COSTUME.—Especially suitable for a dark-eyed, slender lady. Short skirt of maize-colored satin trimmed all around with box-plaited flounce.—An apron drapery of black Spanish lace is fastened on the skirt with a fringed yellow silk sash and a cluster of bright red roses. Pointed basque of maize-colored satin, and blue velvet *senorita* jacket trimmed with gold braid and gold ball fringe. High Spanish comb, and a black lace mantilla fastened on with a cluster of red roses; yellow gloves; gold bracelets and black Spanish fan. Silk stockings and yellow satin shoes. The same costume will look well in pink with blush roses and black velvet jacket, if preferred.

How to Detect Oleomargarine.
There is much difficulty experienced by grocers in judging oleomargarine from butter. We here give two methods for so doing and we are sure they will be welcomed. Procure a vial of oil of vitriol (sulphuric acid) which will cost about five cents. Use a glass rod, and put one drop on the article to be tested. Pure, fresh yellow butter will turn almost white, while tallow turns to a crimson red. Lard gives diversified colors, showing all the colors of the rainbow. Here is another, and a very simple test. Melt a very small quantity in a shallow dish, which should be only large enough to hold the quantity, and put a piece of wax in the fluid. Now light the protruding end of the

wick above the surface of the liquid and after it burns a few minutes extinguish the flame. By inhaling the ascending smoke from the wick the odor of fried butter will designate pure butter, but if the odor is similar to that of a smoking candlestick you may rest assured it is oleomargarine.—*Philadelphia Grocer.*

"Yes," said Deacon Galpin, "the pesky rats annoy me about to death. I wish I could invent some way to keep 'em out of my cracker barrels!" "I'll tell yer how," spoke up Aminadab. "How?" "Keep yer crackers in boxes." "That won't keep the rats away from 'em." "Oh, no; but it would keep 'em out of the barrels."

Our Engravings.
The designs and illustrations of this department are from the celebrated house of Mme. Demorest, the acknowledged representative of Fashions in Europe and America. This house has always received the first premium at all the Expositions, and is the recipient of the only award over all competitors for patterns of Fashions, at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Paris, London, and New York.

The man who married a girl because she "struck his fancy," says she strikes him just where that comes handy now.

No home complete or happy without a light-running Wanzer "C" or "F" machine. If it is complete, "it is not happy," and if it is happy it is not complete. More "Wanzer" improved machines selling in Canada to-day than any other make. Reasons why: because they have reached the top of the tree, and are noiseless, light-running, and have more improvements than any American machine—82 King St., West, Toronto.

According to the Paris *Temps* a woman named Marie Girard, now living in the village of Auberoire-en-Royans, was born on March 18, 1751, and is consequently in her 123d year. She has been a widow for ninety-six years.

THE DOMINION MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY OF CANADA (INCORPORATED)

HOME OFFICE IN TORONTO, ONT. Is one of the most prosperous associations in America. It pays a benefit in case of death or disability. It pays a benefit should a member live for ten years. All claims are adjusted promptly. Ladies admitted on equal terms as gentlemen. It is not a secret society. Its assessments are graded according to age. Send for terms and by-laws. Agents wanted where none are appointed. Address, Dominion M. B. Society, 80 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, Ont.

Health Department.

Philosophy of Eating.

We: o men 'o exorcise the same judgment in reference to their own food that they do in feeding domestic animals, there would be less illness on account of diet. For a matter of such universal importance it has been the subject of many absurd theories.

The world seems to be divided between those who "eat to live" and those who "live to eat." The proper line may be drawn somewhere between these extremes. There is little to choose between a glutton and one who eats too little from a sentimental notion that it is vulgar to eat; and that the less one can eat, and still manage to live, the more refined and spiritual one becomes. If a man has no control over his appetite, and no judgment as to the quantity of food he requires, it would have been better had he belonged to a lower order of animals, subject to the control of a higher intelligence. Neglect or refusal to partake of sufficient food to sustain the body in its full vigor should be regarded as evidence of disease, requiring the attention of a competent physician. Nature will not patiently submit to be abused or cheated.

The quantity and the quality of food required in each individual case depends on the size and health of the person and on his occupation. A person of sedentary habits should regulate the diet to the requirements of the system, remembering that it is safer to err on the side of eating hardly enough than too much. Over-eating produces accumulations of fat, which is a disease of itself, and increases the quantity of blood, rendering one liable to heart disease and apoplexy; and paradoxical as it may seem, insufficient food tends to produce the same disease. Either condition causes derangements in the circulation that may induce the same troubles.

If we follow the indications of nature we are safe as to foods. What the appetite craves is usually best for us; the stomach notifies us when we require food and when we have eaten enough. It is often the last mouthful that invites an attack of dyspepsia.

"Variety is the spice of life." In nothing is this more applicable than as to foods. Select a list of foods that experience has taught us are most acceptable, and then from the list get a variety for each day of the week. Salt meat should be used sparingly, because they are more indigestible than fresh. Pies and rich puddings try the digestive organs severely, and cannot be safely indulged in by adults, except they have vigorous outdoor exercise. The quantity and quality of food should depend upon what is required of the individual; just as the amount of fuel required depends on the work a steam engine has to perform.

A wise regulation of the food supply can be made to supersede the use of medicines to a very good extent.

The remote cause of a majority of our ordinary ailments is taking cold; the natural functions of the body are retarded, and waste material is retained in the system long enough to do mischief. The usual remedy is to take a cathartic or a laxative in order to remove it. But a more convenient and a more more natural plan, in ordinary cases, is to cut off the food supply for twenty-four hours, and to trust to nature to do the rest. Instead of food, a few teaspoonful of hot water drunk during the day will hasten the desired result. Whenever the bowels become constipated there is an uncomfortable feeling in the system, often accompanied by restlessness and anxiety of mind. The above suggestions, if followed strictly, will bring relief more promptly than medicine, and without its inconveniences.

On the other hand, there is a large class of persons who are borne down by constant fear of eating too much, and who are over-anxious about what they are compelled to eat in order to sustain life may do mischief. It would not be inappropriate to speak of such people as "dietetic cranks." They are probably the most unreasonable and

troublesome patients the practicing physician has to deal with. If he favors their theories, there can be no improvement, and if he opposes them he loses their confidence and their patronage. There is as much ill health caused by underfeeding as by overfeeding. The man who has lived too freely may generally moderate his course and regain his health; but through a long course of semi-starvation the digestive organs become weakened, and the stomach contracts so that it cannot properly perform its work; the body cannot be sufficiently nourished. These abnormal conditions generally result from mismanagement during childhood. The child who is restricted to three meals a day comes to the table with a ravenous appetite, and with the certainty that a long fast awaits him after he has finished his repast. These two incentives naturally lead to gluttony.

The child who is permitted to eat whatever it wishes, at all times, becomes the victim of disease, because an unnatural appetite is formed, and it craves those things that derange the digestive organs, but contain but little nourishment. No child was ever injured by plain and wholesome food, no matter how freely or how often it may have been partaken of. When a child is a year old it should be allowed a pretty wide discretion as to foods of this sort. Three meals a day are not sufficient for children. All the operations of the system are more active than with the adult, and the food supply requires more frequent replenishing. Allow children to eat of plain, wholesome food, as often as they desire it, if you wish to escape responsibility for impaired health which is certainly follow a strict adherence to absurd rules respecting diet.

Manual Training in Public Schools.

Supt. Sever, of the Boston public schools, says: Education through apprenticeship to trades has disappeared, and the time has been filled up with larger amounts of school-book instruction, and the consequence is that through lack of opportunity, the native aptitude of many boys for handicraft is thus ignored. There doubtless is in our city boys an ample fund of latent mechanical ingenuity, which only awaits proper treatment to bring it out and lead its possessors to the right occupations for using it.

My hope is that a public free school on the plan of the school of mechanic arts may be established in Boston. The place for it in our system is side by side with the high school. This can be done as soon as the taxpayers and their representatives at the City Hall see the wisdom of it. Let it not be supposed that the manual training proposed as a part of general education consists in learning this trade or that trade, nor yet in learning the fragmentary beginnings of a dozen trades; but rather that it consists in developing manual skill and mastering the fundamental processes applicable in many trades. For example, one who can use well the common wood-working tools—the hammer, saw, plane, auger, chisel and try square—is ready to enter several different trades with immediate advantage to himself, although he may not yet have learned the special details of any one of them.

Now, I am sanguine enough to believe that the introduction of the manual training element into school work would promote still more a salutary reform which seeks to abolish mere nominal teaching and replace it by real teaching, that is, a teaching that trains mental power rather than loads the memory that fills the mind with solid merchandise of knowledge and not with its empty packing cases. The one branch of our present school instruction, most largely to be improved by joining it with manual training, is drawing. Not many years ago drawing was made obligatory by statute. The reason was that drawing was important as a branch of industrial education, and industrial education was much needed by the people—especially the people of cities. Well, drawing has been introduced at great trouble and expense, and in spite of no little passive opposition. Is this expenditure of money and effort justified? Yes I think so. And the results satisfactory? No, not yet. And why? Because industrial education, through drawing alone, is work only half done. The other half, modelling, carving, anything having in it the constructive element, has hitherto been wanting. Delineation and construction are two parts of one whole; neither has full educational value without the other. As work in the chemical laboratory is needed really to possess one's self of the chemical knowledge which is only

symbolized in the formulas of the books, so work at modelling and construction is needed to give precision and endurance to that knowledge of forms which drawings merely symbolize.

How We Take Cold.

Years of study and observation have forced me to the conclusion that the disease which manifests the symptoms popularly supposed to indicate that a cold has been caught is to all intents and purposes a filth disease, arising largely from indigestion, and forms the basis, so as to say, or is in fact the first stage of all the so-called filth diseases. Whatever interferes with digestion or depuration, or depraves the vital organism in any manner, produces an impure condition of the body—a condition of the disease; and a continuance of disease-producing habits must inevitably result in periodical or occasional "eruptions," the severity of which will depend upon the degree of one's transgression. Among the causes of this impure bodily condition are (1) impure food, (2) excess in diet, (3) impure air. Our homes, offices, shops, halls, court houses, churches, and, with rare exceptions, all living rooms, private or public, are insufficiently or not at all ventilated; and, except while in open air, a very large proportion of our people, in all the walks of life, habitually breathe an atmosphere vitiated by being breathed over and over again; they are starving for the want of oxygen, and are being poisoned by carbonic acid. In default of sufficient oxygen the best food can not be transformed into pure blood—there will always be a corresponding indigestion; nor can the carbonic acid be eliminated freely in an impure atmosphere. We have, then, serious "interferences with the digestion and depuration," whenever we remain over for a single hour of the twenty-four in an "indoor" atmosphere, i.e., an atmosphere that is not intolerably free communication with the great body of air without. The only offset for restriction in oxygen is restriction in diet and exercise; but a combination of the two character would produce enfeeblement of the system, though if a proper balance were maintained there would arise no febrile symptoms such as we are considering. We have plenty of people living in unventilated rooms who, so far as exercise is concerned, live a well-balanced life; but seldom do these, any more than the robust and active, practise any sort of voluntary restriction as to quality or quantity of food—nausea and lack of appetite being the only safeguards. Persons of this class are great sufferers from colds.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mason—Dr. M. Souveilo & Co. Gentlemen.—Yours of last week to hand, and in reply to your enquiry I have much pleasure in stating that from the first time of using the spirometer and the medicine I have improved very much. The bronchitis has entirely left me. I sleep well and have a good appetite. I must also add, that coming to you as I did as a last resort, the cure effected has been wonderful.

Gratefully yours. MRS. E. MASON, Jarvis, Ont.

Nov. 10, 1883.

Call personally at the Institute and be examined, if possible, if not write for list of questions and copy of *International News* published monthly, to International Throat and Lung Institute, 173 Church st., Toronto, or 13 Philip square, Montreal, P. Q.

Peter Shinklo, 93 years of age, who clipped with a Cincinnati razor last winter, has deserted her.

"ROUGH ON CORNS." Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

A vessel recently brought to New Bedford an eagle which alighted on the mast-head 1,500 miles from land.

"ROUGH ON COLDS." Knocks a Cough or Cold endwise. For children or adults. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 50c. At druggists.

"Woman is the Sundry of man." It would be terribly monotonous to have Sunday come every day in the week.

A. B. DeRochers, Arthabaska, P. Q., writes: "Thirteen years ago I was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism in the head, from which I nearly constantly suffered, until after having used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for nine days, bathing the head, &c., when I was completely cured, and have only used half a bottle."

A Minnesota Tornado.

The Norwegian poet and preacher Kristof Janson gives the following account of a tornado which destroyed his house.

"We had built two wings on the church, you know, as a summer resort for me and my family, and we had just moved in. The church itself was not yet finished, the doors and windows not put in, and the carpenters and joiners busy at their work when the misfortune happened. The weather had been turbulent for many days, every night lightning and thundering with violent showers. It was on the morning of the 21st. We had just taken our breakfast, and had gathered out on the porch to look at the grand play of the elements performed before us. Around in the horizon there flashed lightning, and it thickened and darkened more and more. We foresaw a violent tempest. It seemed as if the storm moved away in the direction of New Ulm, and we wondered if that poor town should be drowned to death for the second time. It was swept away by a cyclone two years ago, you remember. A cloud, black as the raven's wing, appeared in the west. Suddenly it split, and between the two black trains expanded the most fearful, die-nal sky I ever saw. The color was green-gray-yellow, and it darkened the sun, so it became dim as twilight. The carpenters had by and by gathered together with us on the porch. 'This must be a hail storm,' one of them said; 'now we will pretty soon hear of disasters.' Suddenly the cleft widened between the two black cloud-wings, and the upper one came with a terrible speed, hurrying back toward us. 'Let us walk in,' I said. 'It seems as if we, too, shall get a taste of it.' We went in, and our parlor looked quite dark. We had scarcely heard the roaring of the storm coming. In a moment we were surrounded by a white cloud, and the wind and rain lashed the house, which groaned and shivered all through. It was not rain, it was furious torrents of water mixed with heavy hail, which poured down from heaven. The storm tried to burst open the door, but five men pressed against it with all their might. The wall seemed to give way and stood in a bow; the building shook as in convulsions. I felt like a tightening of my heart every time the house seemed to be lifted from the ground and dropped down again. Twice we had these terrible shocks, then in a moment, these men, furniture, were hurled through the air one hundred feet away. I do not remember anything before I found myself on the ground crawling among the debris of my now home. The first I discovered was my wife, with a child in each arm, lying at my side. Men and children were scattered around among lumber and sidings, whether alive or dead nobody could tell. A table and a staircase came flying through the air; some men met them and pushed them away, so they did not kill my wife and children; bits of wall and roof whirled round us; here it was impossible to remain. We crept and crawled, and ran for our lives down to the forest. As we found each other there were only six; a friend of ours, a farmer, had one of the small girls in his arms, my wife another, and one of my sons clung to me."—*Christian Union*.

Vital Questions!

Ask the most eminent physician Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, child-like refreshing sleep always? And they will tell you unhesitatingly "Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women?"

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically 'Buchu.'"

Ask the same physicians:

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever, ague, &c.," and they will tell you: "Mandrake or Dandelion!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a

[Concluded next week.]

THE WIDOW STEWART.

Something About a Widow Whom Gotham Society Woes in Vain.

A correspondent writing to St. Louis from New York, says:—I am not quite sure whether or not it has appeared in the *Dispatch*. I rather think it has not. But I believe every other paper in America has within the past month published the announcement that "the widow of A. T. Stewart is expected to re-enter the New York society this winter," and for several years this announcement has been made each fall.

No, Mrs. Stewart will never again be seen in New York Society. She will spend the remainder of her life in memories of the past, in cherishing the fame of her husband, in doing deeds of unostentatious charity, and in enjoying the companionship of a select circle of life-long friends.

She spends her summers at Saratoga, living there in imperial splendor. She drives out, she walks, she attends the superb garden concerts. Indeed, she seems to enjoy life there as fully as do any of the gayer and younger guests. In winter she lives in her Fifth Avenue mansion.

A MILLIONAIRE'S HOME.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Stewart had a taste for books and works of art, and when they moved to their old Fifth Avenue mansion they began gratifying their taste pretty freely. They bought thousands of volumes—not indiscriminately, but with careful selection. Paintings by the ablest masters found place on the walls of their home, and marble statues almost worth their weight in gold found also lodgment there.

When they decided to build a new home at Fifth Avenue and Thirty third street, they determined to make it what it is and is likely to remain, unapproachably the finest residence in the city. An able Italian painter and his assistant spent two years frescoing the walls and ceilings. The carpet of each room was woven to order in a single piece. The furniture of each room was made to order, with special intent to harmonize with the carpet, frescoes, lights, and shadows, and uses of the room. Every convenience and luxury that genius could devise, or money purchase, was obtained. Each window in the building consists of a single sheet of plate glass, those on the first floor being 6x15 feet in size. These, as well as the mirrors that adorn the rooms, were made expressly for the house, in a factory specially constructed for the purpose, and special looms were built for weaving the carpets and curtains.

HOW THEY LIVED, AND LOVED, AND PARTED.

A. T. Stewart founded no family. When his widow follows him "to the land of the desilent majority" there will be none of his name or kindred to gather up the remnants of the splendid fortune he left behind him. Two children were born to them in their early married life. The first breathed its frail life out in its first cry. The second only lived three months. It was, I know, a great source of grief to both Mr. and Mrs. Stewart that no children should grow up to cheer their later life. But it was no cause for mutual recriminations, nor even for a lessening of mutual devotion. I write this because, as one who knows, I would like to set the brand of utter and wanton falsehood and brutality upon the story so widely current at one time, and, perhaps, still believed, that Mr. and Mrs. Stewart lived many years in a state of estrangement, if not actual enmity.

It used to be said that Mr. Stewart was displeased because his wife reared him no sons to share his name and fortune, that his love for her had vanished; that he had gone out to other women and lavished his devotion and wealth upon them, that children were growing up that might claim him as father, but not his wife as mother, and so on.

Lies ' lies ' lies ' worthy of mention here only again to brand them as lies.

Those who know the Stewarts well, know well that while the quiet, almost grim, little old man was cold as ice and hard as flint in his business relations, and while to the world he showed few sympathetic traits, towards his wife his manner was always chivalrous, devoted, tender. Two days in every year the anniversaries of their engagement and of their marriage—they never to the end of their wedded life failed to remember and commemorate with tender love tokens. To the day of his death he regarded her as the loveliest of women, and to this day she thinks of him only as the truest and noblest of men, whose like she shall not see again.

Female Tippling.

Both in England and the United States the alarm is being raised that female drinking and female drunkenness is alarmingly on the increase. In England the number of females arrested for drunkenness is becoming so great that men stand aghast at the criminal statistics as published from time to time. It is pretty generally admitted that the sale of intoxicants in groceries has had very much to do with all this. Women, with an appetite for drink, and somewhat debased because of that appetite, may be unwilling to go to the gin shop and drink direct from the counter. That habit is said to be quite general in every part of England, but in Canada, thank God, few have ever witnessed anything of the kind. Nor would it have been witnessed in England had not the women first found it an easy thing to purchase stimulants in the ordinary provision stores quietly and often unsuspected.

Another cause of this unfortunate state of things is, undoubtedly, the encouragement there has been given to the purchase of wines and other light drinks. Well-meaning men favored the encouragement of mild drinks, hoping in that way to supplant the use of those more strongly alcoholic, but experience has pretty clearly demonstrated that people accustomed to drinking at all do not generally go from stronger to milder drinks. The progress is almost invariably in the other direction. Those forming an appetite for light wine drinking, or light malt liquors, next feel the necessity of something stronger in order to produce the same amount of stimulant, and as the habit continues, wines and the like give way to the spiritual liquors, and so the evil increases. If no wines were purchased in the shops in the long run there would be less strong liquors purchased in the saloons and at the bars. If women could not buy stimulants at the groceries, the chances would be they never would buy them at a more conspicuous place.

The plain inference is that those who earnestly desire to see drunkenness diminished should set themselves at it to make the early sales to young beginners as difficult as possible. Cut off the sales in shops and you may not cut off the supplies from many who have now unfortunately acquired an appetite, but you will certainly diminish the supply of young moderate drinkers who evidently go to fill up the ranks of the drunkards.

In Canada, we have, unfortunately, a good many more female tipplers than there ought to be. In Toronto the number of females arrested for drunkenness is counted by many hundreds each year. Scarcely over a day passes that some are not before the Police Court charged with that crime. The appearance of many of them goes to show that they have seen much better days. It ought to be a subject of very earnest enquiry where these unfortunates first began to procure their supplies. Such an enquiry would lead to some valuable practical suggestions, in many instances. If the shops are to blame then let the shops be cut off, for they are certainly not a necessity, even in connection with a liquor license system. If the shops are not to blame, then, in all justice to them, let the facts be made known, for people are inclined to lay the blame at their door now.

The Catacombs of Rome.

You are taken down a long passage till you find yourself at the entrance of a gallery forty feet under the ground, and with lighted torches you walk through miles and miles of the dead, who, as they have been lying here fifteen hundred years, may be said to be very dead.

There is a series of subterranean corridors, a labyrinth which to traverse is only safe by those who know its intricate turnings and twistings.

The receptacles for the dead who lie in these subterranean cemeteries are niches in the walls of the passages, though occasionally when the deceased was of more than usual consequence, or one whom his friends considered more than common, he was embalmed and laid out in a sarcophagus all by himself. Inasmuch as his name is quite as much forgotten as those of lower degree, he is now no better off than the indistinguishable mass who repose higgledy-piggledy all together. After two thousand years it makes precious little difference where one is buried. It is all the same after a certain time has elapsed. It begins by strewing flowers on tombs, till the wife marries again or the children have spent the money the old gentleman painfully accumulated, then the dead are forgotten and its dust and ashes merely. One might as well have his dust and ashes mixed with the dust and ashes of a thousand others, as to have it separate in a sarcophagus, provided everybody has forgotten who is in the sarcophagus. And even if the name be remembered it doesn't make much difference to the deceased. Either in Heaven or the other place, what happens to his poor remains on earth, above or below, makes no difference to him.

The catacombs were originally Pagan burying places, but afterwards the Christians took possession of them. The inscriptions on some of the tombs are Pagan but those of a later date are covered with the emblems of the new faith.

A tour through the catacombs is all very well if you could only go by yourself. A dozen miles, more or less, of corpses underground isn't a very cheerful thing to explore, and so, were you alone, you would merely look into the first passage, take a short excursion into the second, and diverge into some one of the chapels, and then get out into the fresh air where there is something besides death. But unfortunately you are always in a party, and some one in that party, always an old lady with spectacles, will insist upon making the tour of the entire business. After you have seen a half mile of mortality you have seen it all, for the next half mile is an actual repetition of the first, but she wants to see every inch of it, and as the guide is paid for it all he cannot refuse to conduct us, and as once in you cannot get out without the guide's assistance, you are booked for the entire trip. And so you go on wandering among passages filled with the remains of the dead and as full of ghostly suggestions as an egg is of meat. The old lady stops and makes enquiries as to every individual niche she comes to, thinking she is possessing herself with information, every other member of the party wishing heartily that by some process she could be lost and the rest of us permitted to get out into the open air.

And when we emerge she immediately asks the guide if there are not more catacombs near by!

There are sixty of these catacombs in and about Rome, but they are all alike. It was an expensive way of interment to dig these frightful passages out of the solid rock, but it pleased the people of the day, and it's none of our business. The most of the graves are pictorially ornamented, and very bad pictures they are. However, one large class of visitors go into raptures over them, and they doubtless serve some purpose.—*D. K. Locke, in Toledo Blade.*

As this world goes it is easy enough for one to get around.

Raisins Better than Wine.

According to Sir William Gull, Queen Victoria's physician, and of course eminent in his profession, it is better in case of fatigue from overwork to eat raisins than to resort to alcohol. In his testimony before the lords' commission in London a few months ago, he affirmed "that instead of flying to alcohol, as many people do when exhausted, they might very well drink water, or they might very well take food; and they would be very much better without the alcohol." He added, as to the form of food he himself resorts to, "in case of fatigue from overwork, I would say that if I am thus fatigued my food is very simple—I eat the raisins instead of taking the wine. For thirty years I have had large experience in this practice. I have recommended it to my personal friends. It is a limited experience but I believe it is a very good and true experience." This is very valuable testimony; we know of none better from medical sources; and we commend it to the thoughtful consideration of all those who are in the habit of resorting to "a little wine for thy stomach's sake."—*The Connoisseur.*

In the Bible the vine and its product were frequently alluded to as a blessing and a rare benefit to the people of Palestine. The Bible also alludes to corn and fruits as blessings, but no one ever suspected that the Bible meant to bless whiskey and beer as the form in which those blessings should be used.

Now is there in the Bible a particle of evidence that alcoholic wine, weak or strong, diluted or straight, was ever included in the favorable mention of the grape and its uses. Fresh grapes, and the dried or canned fruit and grape juice properly preserved, are still as ever among the most precious gifts of providence, and it need not be at all surprising if we find raisins and unfermented wine or pressed grape juice to possess medicinal qualities to a high degree, for they are all nourishing and in that fact they must possess the best curative qualities.

It is not intimated above that modern canned fruit was put up by the ancients, but they preserved grapes, dates, etc., in a variety of ways. It should not be forgotten that the principal and almost entire use of the grapes then was as food. The wine bibbers and drunkards, who are denounced everywhere in the Bible, did make intoxicating wine, for the purposes of revelry and debauchery—but there is no evidence whatever that they descended to the folly or meanness of pretending that it was good for either food or medicine.

There is quite as good reason to believe that the words "winebibber and glut n" and "the drunkard" who "can never enter the Kingdom of Heaven"—meant the people who then used the intoxicating cup at all, moderately or excessively—as to believe that Christ made or used or countenanced the most accursed of all noxious substitutions of God's gifts, or that Paul recommended to Timothy for a weak or ailing stomach, the worst of all remedies, when the pure, natural, strengthening, healing fruit of the vine was so abundant in that country; and a man of Paul's normal intelligence, aside from any inspiration, must have known its health giving and curative effects upon a puny, weakly constitution.

There was then all along for centuries tectotal societies more stringent and radical than ours, who would not eat even fresh grapes or anything made from the fruit of the vine, and there were others not so radical, with whom the winebibbers found fault, as inconsistent because they refused to take wine but still ate grapes.

Two little girls were saying their prayers prior to be tucked in for the night. When both had finished, the younger of the two climbed on her mother's knee, and said in a confidential but a triumphant whisper: "Mother, Clara only asked for her 'daily bread,' I asked for 'bread and milk.'"

PERSONAL.

About Prominent People—What They are Saying and Doing.

Pago, the artist, lives on Staten Island, in poor health.

It is said that Henry Villard's palace will surpass the Vanderbilts' mansions, and cost an even million. It is the first attempt made to produce an Italian palace in America.

Do Lesseps is eighty-two years old, and the father of eleven children, the youngest being born only two weeks since. No wonder he wants another job of canal digging.

Seven of the convicts in an Eastern prison to whom Miss Kellogg lately sang "Home, Sweet Home," were so affected by it that they struck out for their roof-trees on the same night.

Clara Louise Kellogg has been singing "Home, Sweet Home," to the convicts in the Auburn, N. Y., prison. This takes the cake away from its recent possessor, the organist in a church, who played "I am a Pirate King" while the deacon was taking up a collection.

Mr. Boucicault is said to be such an artist in cookery that he could give points to the best chefs in the country. Mr. Jefferson is very fond of griddle cakes; Salvini, of macaroni; Catherine and Joffreys Lewis, of Frankfort sausage; and Patti has a weakness for onions—but "the weakness is so strong."

The claim of Dr. W. C. Palmer, who died at Occa, Grove recently at the age of seventy-nine, that he had lived a life free from sin for fifty years, may be difficult to admit; but his devotion to the promulgation of the doctrine of perfect holiness and his gift of \$500,000 to the work, shows that he was a man of wonderful sincerity and self-sacrifice.

Prospective brides may be interested to learn that there are thirty-two days in the year on which it is unlucky to marry, according to a manuscript dated in the fifteenth century. These days are January 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th, 7th, 10th, 15th; February 6th, 7th, 18th; March 1st, 6th, 8th; April 6th, 11th; May 5th, 6th, 7th; June 7th, 15th; July 5th, 19th; August 15th, 19th; September 6th, 7th; October 6th, November 7th, 16th, and December 15th, 16th, 17th. Consequently January is the worst month and October the best month in the year for marriage.

Wilkie Collins, when working regularly, writes about 1,200 words a day, covering with them three large pages of letter-paper. He writes slowly, and cuts and scratches, and rewrites and interlines, and adds sentences in the margin, and sprinkles blots everywhere, until the manuscript looks like Chinese puzzle in a nightmare. Nearing the end of the book he gets excited, and scribbles away like a madman, writing for twelve or fourteen hours at a stretch without stopping, save now and then to jump around on the floor and act out the situations.

After Fisk was killed and Stokes was sent to prison Josie Mansfield went to Europe. There she attracted the attention of a rich lace maker, who married her. A couple of years ago I was over in France, and one day while walking through the gardens of St. Cloud who should I encounter but Josie, leaning on the arm of her husband. He was a stout, portly man, much the build of Fisk, and looked to me more like a Russian rather than a Frenchman. Josie was elegantly and most richly dressed, but in plain black and laces. She had grown thinner, had lost the flesh that for a while made her look gross and sensual, and was radiantly beautiful. Her husband is enormously wealthy, I am told, and is devoted to her.

The Prince of Wales, says a Minneapolis Tribune London correspondent, is not scary. It is doubtful if he is in any danger, for he is very popular with all classes. By his course in Parliament he has shown that he favors the most liberal

measures of legislation, and he is even subjected to a desire to do justice to Ireland. Out in society he is "a hail fellow well met" among those of high rank, and he is not above fraternizing with those of lower station. In the sports and amusements of the people he makes himself one of the crowd. He eschews pomp and ceremony whenever possible, preferring to move about as any private gentleman might do. These touches of humanity make his future subjects look very kindly upon him, and his indifference to danger is perhaps his best protection.

During the visit of Lord Lorne and Princess Louise to British Columbia, says the New York Times, they were presented with a large number of valuable souvenirs by the Indian chiefs of that Province. On acknowledging the receipt of them, Lord Lorne promised that on their return to Ottawa they would send out some mementoes of the occasion. Although several months have passed by and Lorne and Louise have returned to England, the Indians have heard no more of the presents promised, and naturally feel they have been forgotten. Having expressed their dissatisfaction at the way in which they have been treated, Sir Alexander Campbell, Minister of Justice, has taken the matter in hand, which will probably lead to Lord Lorne receiving a reminder of his promise, which he no doubt has forgotten.

Let no struggling young professional man despair. John Swin, a citizen of the West, began life as a lawyer, and finding there were many moments in which he was not bothered by his clientele he devoted them to rag-picking. It was forty years ago when he began this thrifty dovetailing of his intervals of time. For thirty five years, according to common report, he has not slept in a bed, which is mentioned with the desire not so much to set forth the habit of sleeping out of a bed as a meritorious example as to indicate how long and steadfastly he could pursue a given scheme. The business which he undertook as an incidental assistance to his establishment in life gradually overspread and swallowed up the one which he had intended should be his main pursuit, and for many years he has been a lawyer not at all, and a rag-picker a great deal. As a lawyer, there is no telling what his reward would have been; as a rag-picker, he has come to own several fine farms, and to be worth \$200,000.

The difficulty that women encounter in obtaining remunerative employment may be illustrated by the following case. Last week an educated and refined woman, with the advantages of a good presence and a letter of recommendation from a Monsignor in the Catholic Church, succeeded, after much diligence, in getting the offer of a position as clerk behind a toy counter in a large fancy-goods store in this city, at a stipend of four dollars a week, the position to be retained only during the holidays. We are assured that this case is a typical one. Perhaps one reason why the outlook in this direction is so discouraging appears in the following incident: A young woman of seventeen, attractive but needy, obtained a situation as folder in a printing-office through the exertion of a benevolent acquaintance. On the first day she appeared at 9:30 o'clock, and earned a dollar. On the second day she appeared at 11:30 o'clock, and earned fifty cents. On the third day she did not appear at all. The kind-hearted person to whom she was indebted for this opportunity of making an honest living declares herself disinclined to do anything more for the irresolute and careless damsel.

The New York Journal is asked: "If a youth is engaged to a young lady whose father 'shuffles off,' what is the youth's place at the funeral?" This is a somewhat difficult question to answer; but if the youth were to "shuffle off" there would be no trouble to determine his position at the funeral. He would fall in immediately behind the clergyman.

He was Masculine.

Last Tuesday, while five of the Pioneer Club six-oar crew were sitting in their shell and swearing vigorously at the non-appearance of the sixth man, who was half an hour late, a well-dressed and modest young stranger strolled into the boat house and began inspecting the equipments with great interest.

"I'll tell you what we'll do, fellows," said the stroke. "As No. 4. isn't coming, suppose we coax the dude there to take a row and bust him all up?"

The perpetration of this time-honored joke was received with approbation, and the new-comer was, with a grand show of hospitality, invited to take the vacant oar.

"Well, don't know, gentlemen," said the young man, looking at his watch doubtfully. "I'm a stranger here. I do need a little exercise, though."

"Oh, get in," said No. 2, winking at his companions, "a little spin will do you good," and they finally persuaded the victim of their kindly scheme to take off his coat and assume a club cap.

"Now keep your eye on me, and try to keep time," said the Captain. "You'll never, never make an oarsman unless you watch the stroke."

"I'll do the best I can, gentlemen," said the guest meekly. "I'm always willing to improve."

The boat went down toward Hunter's Point a couple of miles at an easy, three-quarter stroke, the newcomer pulling away manfully with the rest, and when they eased off to turn back they were surprised to observe that the stranger did not appear to be quite so much blown as they expected.

"Now, then, young feller," said the stroke, with a grin, "try to keep up with the procession. Hst her up, boys. Hard all!"

But, somehow, the stranger scratched along with the rest, and, though the pace was something like forty-six as they passed Butchertown, the victim serenely sawed away, and the bow man even imagined that he splashed less than any oar in the boat. When they finally drew up to the float, and while the crew were panting for wind, spitting cotton, and wiping their dripping faces, the "passenger" looked around with a childlike smile upon his unflushed face, and softly remarked:

"Why didn't you spurt her?" "Spurt!" panted the stroke; "Why—or—what the—or—I say, young feller, where did you come from?"

"From Toronto, gentlemen," replied the stranger modestly, as he slipped on his coat and started up the wharf. "My name is Hanlan—Edward Hanlan—and I hope to see you all at Vallojo Thursday. Good morning."

The turning of a woman into a pillar of salt was fair enough. Everything was done by Lot, and after the drawing he had a chance to get a fresh wife.

In discussing the relations of morality to religion, Professor A. A. Hodge, of Princeton, observes: "We do not deny the existence in this day of exceptionally lovely characters who are skeptical—often most sadly so—to all religious truth, natural and revealed. We deny, however, that these prove that morality is independent of religion. Morality in them, as in all others, has its root in theology, and their cases are easily explainable on the scientific principles of heredity, education, and environment."

That able and conspicuous member of the Gladstone cabinet, Mr. Chamberlain, caused much laughter and many cheers by closing a public address on the present issue "between the peers and the people, between the privileges of the few and the rights of the many," as follows: "I am inclined to hope, in the words of that beautiful Church litany which is read every Sunday, that all the nobility may be endued with grace, wisdom, and understanding."

USEFUL HINTS.

WHITEWASH.—Whiting, four pounds of common glue, two ounces; stand glue in cold water over night; mix whiting with cold water, heat glue till dissolved, and pour it hot into the former. Make of consistency to apply with common white-wash.

To remove moths from carpets, wring out a crash towel and spread it smoothly on the carpet whenever moths are suspected or detected. Then iron it dry with a hot iron, repeating if necessary. The hot steam will penetrate the carpet (not injuring the color at all) and kill both worms and eggs.

When a crack is discovered in a stove through which the fire or smoke penetrates the aperture may be completely closed in a moment with a composition, consisting of wood ashes and common salt made up in a paste with a little water, plastered over the crack. The good effect is equally certain whether the stove be hot or cold.

RATS.—Those whose houses are infested by that troublesome domestic animal the rat, should heat plaster of Paris in an iron vessel until it is done boiling, then mix it half an half with Indian meal. It is said the rats will eat of this compound freely, and that it sets in their little stomachs and kills them, without the danger of poison.

TOTTERING VASES.—A tall vase filled with flowers and placed on a bracket is very apt to be blown to the floor, if the doors are open for ventilation. To prevent this, fasten the vase to the bracket with fine elastic cord, which will allow it to be easily taken down and replaced. If a light vase, holding dried grasses or everlasting flowers, is easily pushed over, put in an ounce of shot to make it heavy. If the vase is transparent, coat the shot with flour and dry before using.

USE OF OLD PAPER.—Rubbing with paper is a much neater way of keeping a tea-kettle, coffee-pot, and tea-pot bright and clean than the old way of washing them in suds. Rubbing with paper is also the best way of polishing knives, tin-ware, and spoons; they shine like new silver. For polishing mirrors, windows, lamp-chimneys, etc., paper is better than dry cloth. Preserves and pickles keep much better, if brown paper, instead of cloth, is tied over the jar. Canned fruit is not so apt to mold if a piece of writing-paper, cut to fit the can, is laid directly on the fruit. Paper is much better to put under a carpet than straw. It is warmer, thinner, and makes less noise when one walks over it.

TO PREPARE SHEEPSKINS FOR MATS.—Make a strong lather with hot water, and let it stand till cold; wash the fresh skin in it, carefully squeezing out all the dirt from the wool, wash it in cold water till all the soap is taken out. Dissolve a pound each of salt and alum in two gallons of hot water, and put the skin into a tub sufficient to cover it; let it soak for twelve hours, and then hang it over a pole to drain. When well drained, stretch it carefully on a board to dry, and stretch several times while trying. Before it is quite dry, sprinkle on the flesh side one ounce each of finely-pulverized alum and saltpetre, rubbing it in well. Try if the wool be firm on the skin; if not, let it remain a day or two, then rub again with alum. Fold the flesh sides together and hang in the shade for two or three days, turning them over each day till quite dry. Scrape the flesh side with a blunt knife and rub it with pumice or rotten stone.

Madame Rainsford

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The Prize Winners.

Last week it was announced that the prize answers to the recent Bible questions would be published in the present issue of TRUTH.

The following is the first correct answer received, and to it the first prize was therefore awarded:—

McMASTER HALL, TORONTO.

S. FRANK WILSON, ESQ.
Dear Sir,—I beg to offer myself as a competitor for one of the seven prizes offered in TRUTH, and submit the following answers to the questions proposed:

1. Shortest verse in the Old Testament: 1 Chron. 1 25, "Ebor, Polog, Rju"—12 letters.
2. Shortest verse in New Testament: John xi. 35, "Jesus wept."
3. Number of Books in Old Testament, 39; in New Testament, 27. Total 66 in the Bible.
4. Number of chapters in Old Testament, 929; in New Testament, 260. Total, 1,189 in the Bible.
5. Number of verses in O. T., 23,145; in N. T., 7,957—Total 31,102 in the Bible.

REMARKS.

1. In the foregoing estimate the Apocrypha is, of course, excluded.
2. The foregoing figures apply to King James' authorized version of 1611, Oxford edition.
3. The headings prefixed at the beginning of the several chapters are not counted as verses; nor again the notes at the end of the Epistles, stating where they were written.
4. I observe a respectable authority gives the number of verses in the New Testament as 7,959. This is not correct. It should be 7,957.
5. The books are counted as they appear in the English Bible, and not in some Hebrew MSS. Thus, e.g., First and Second Samuel are counted as two books and not one.
6. The answers I have given are also lately correct according to these premises, as I have abundantly verified.

Yours truly,
D. M. WELTON

Mr. Wm. Wallace Bruce Anderson, Practical Teacher, in sending the second correct

answers received, gave in detail each chapter in the Bible and the number of verses in each, adding all up carefully and correctly, making twenty-three columns on folio paper. It would take too much space to reproduce these, but they are absolutely correct in every particular and were carefully verified in this office.

These two sets of answers were carefully verified in TRUTH office, by two competent men, and afterward, in order to leave no room for public doubt, they were submitted to two gentlemen well-known throughout the province:—**Rev. W. N. Clarke, D. D.**, Professor at the Baptist Theological College in Toronto, and **Rev. Wm. Inglis**, late Parliamentary Librarian for Ontario.

Here are the letters of these gentlemen:—
Toronto, Jan. 7th, 1884

Dear Sir,—In accordance with your request I have examined regarding the number of the verses in the Bible sent to TRUTH by **Wm. Wallace Bruce Anderson** and **Dr. D. M. Welton**. These answers agree, and I have satisfied myself that they are correct.

Yours,
W. N. CLARKE.

I acquiesce in the above statement of **Rev. Dr. Clarke.**

WM. INGLIS.

REV. DR. HARPER'S LETTER—The following letter has been received from one of the oldest and best known of the Methodist ministers. **Rev. Ephraim Harper, D. D.**, has a well earned reputation of being one of the best read men in the Methodist Church, and a recognized authority on Biblical questions. It will, however, be seen that his answers differ considerably from those above given. We will be glad to have the reverend gentlemen go over the figures at any time and point out any error, if such exists. He is evidently mistaken as to the number of verses at all events.

BARRIE, 5th Jan., 1884

MY DEAR MR WILSON,
I notice by "Truth" of this day's issue that there is some dispute about points which test the correctness of the answers sent to your questions, published in "Truth" and elsewhere on the 8th Dec. last. Now although interested in the result I claim to be one among authorities on such matters I hold and maintain that my answers were strictly and literally correct in every instance. I observe from the reports accompanying the competitions Nos 1 and 2 that my answers were correct, although I did not get a prize. I suppose it was because others had their answers in before me as to time. I have just examined a small work (T. Good, Publisher, Clerkwell Green, London,) on the Bible which I brought with me from London last October, that the number of chapters in the Bible is given as 1,189, and the number of verses 31,173, these are the numbers given by me. As to the shortest verse in the Old Testament I still maintain that 1 Chron. 1, 25 is the shortest verse, and that Jno. xi. 35 is the shortest in the New Testament. The number of books in the Bible is just 66 I would not submit, (without protesting against it as a wrong done me as a competitor) to any man's authority as to the number of chapters and verses in the Bible unless a new count is made.

Yours truly,
E. B. HARPER.

The other prize winners, whose names we gave in our last issue, also agree, in every respect, with the answers submitted by the above mentioned first prize winners. Besides the above there were quite a few others whose answers were quite correct, but failed to reach us in time to secure any of the prizes.

The time for receiving answers to the questions now proposed will soon close. Those intending to compete will do well to send in at once, or as early as possible. Every one may depend on the fairest justice being done in all instances. No matter who may send, or how many may send, the first answers absolutely correct in regard to all the questions will be awarded the prize.

Some New Bible Questions.

Entertaining Employment for the Long Winter Evenings for both Old and Young.

Valuable Presents for Those who Search the Scriptures.

TRUTH is trying to interest its readers in the study of the Bible, and has given a number of very valuable gold and silver watches, chains, lockets, rings, etc., already this winter, to those who have correctly answered certain difficult Bible questions.

Here is what is propounded for the next competition, which is open to everybody:—

1st. How many times is the word **Lord** found in the Bible? 2nd. How many times is the word **Jehovah** found in the Bible? 3rd. Are there two chapters alike in the Bible? If so, where are they? The following are the prizes, which will be promptly given to the first fifteen persons who send correct answers to each of these questions given above.

Bear in mind that if you send correct answers to two, and the third one be incorrect you will not get a prize. Everyone competing must send two dollars for one year's subscription to TRUTH, which will be sent to any desired address, postage paid.

1ST PRIZE.—One Gold Hunting Case Watch, American movement, case finely engraved, retailed about \$90.

2ND.—Ladies' Gold Hunting Case Watch, elegantly engraved cases, retail, \$60.

3RD.—Lady's Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch, good value at \$25.

4TH.—Gentlemen's Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch, retail, \$20.

5TH.—Gentlemen's Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch, retail, \$17.

6TH.—Gentlemen's Coin Silver Hunting Case Watch, retail \$13.

7TH.—Aluminium Gold Hunting Case Watch, retail, \$10.

8TH.—Gentlemen's Nickel Silver Hunting Case Watch, American style movement.

9TH.—1 Dozen Triple Silver Plated Dinner Knives, extra good value, packed in neat case, retail, \$8.50.

10TH.—1 Dozen Triple Silver Plated Countess Dessert Spoons, \$8.00.

11TH.—Gentlemen's Open Face Nickel Watch, same style movement, retail, \$7.50.

12TH.—1 Dozen Triple Silver Plated Tea Knives, extra good value, packed in neat case, retail, \$6.50.

13TH.—Beautiful Imitation Diamond Ring, gold setting, retail, \$6.50.

14TH.—Fine Gold Gem Ring, retail, \$6.00.

15TH.—1 Dozen Triple Silver Plated Countess Spoons, \$5.00.

Now don't delay if you want to take advantage of this liberal offer. It only remains open till the 30th of January. The names and addresses of the prize winners will be given in TRUTH for the 2nd of February.

Did She Die?

"No; she lingered and suffered along, pining away all the time for years, the doctors doing her no good; at last was cured by this Hop Bitters the papers say so much about. Indeed! indeed! how thankful we should be for that medicine."

Two of the children of a Swedish couple who live near Sioux Falls, Dakota, are perfect Albinos, while the others are ordinary fair-haired children. One of the Albinos is a boy, the other a girl.

* Ladies, if you would be forever redeemed from the physical disabilities that in thousands of cases, depress the spirits and absolutely fetter all the energies of womanhood, you have only to get **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound**.

"If you can't keep awake," said a western reformer to one of his hearers. "Why don't you take a pinch of snuff?" The shrewd reply was: "The snuff should be put in the sermon."



See! See!! See!!!

If there is Something for You Here. If Your Subscription Expires during the Current Month (January), you ought to read the following Offer.

GOOD BOOKS GIVEN AWAY.

A Chance for Everyone.—Best Offer Ever Made by Any Publisher.

The publisher of TRUTH, determined to largely extend the rapidly increasing circulation of the paper, will give to each person sending a yearly subscriber, accompanied by the ordinary subscription of \$2, any one of the following valuable standard books. They are all well printed and well bound, and not a damaged lot in any way. Many of these books cannot ordinarily be procured for the entire sum here required to be sent.

Please see some of your friends at once, and try the experiment. The special offer continues for a few weeks, the right to withdraw it at any time being reserved. No easier way can be devised of supplying yourself with some of the best literature published. Send in a name or two at once and try it. (If you are already a subscriber you can send \$2 for yourself, and your time will be extended one year.) With every name sent the full amount must accompany the order, as no standing accounts are kept with agents.

These books will all be delivered free at this office. If you wish them mailed please send 12 cents in stamps for postage on each book, unless you want them sent by express.

The Most Useful Book in the Lot.

Chambers' Etymological English Dictionary. 600 pages, a first-class work.

Poets.

Shakespeare's Complete Works, beautifully bound, 1,100 pages.

A beautifully bound volume of any one of the following poets, over 500 pages each:

Burns, Byron, Campbell, Chaucer, Eliza Cook, Cowper, Goldsmith, Mrs. Hemans, Milton, Poe, Pope, Scott, Tennyson, Wordsworth, Meredith, Hood.

Any single volume given with a \$2-subscription, or the whole lot to any one sending eighteen (18) new subscribers and \$36.

Samuel Smiles' Works.

Self-Help. Character. Duty. Thrift.

Any single book given with a \$2-subscription, or the four to anyone sending four (4) new subscribers and \$8.

Popular Books.

Robinson Crusoe. Last Days of Pompeii, Esop's Fables. Gulliver's Travels, Swiss Family Robinson. Children of the Abbey, Rob Roy. Vicar of Wakefield, Pilgrims' Progress. The Arabian Nights, Life of Nap. Bonaparte. Don Quixote.

Any one of these books given with a \$2-subscription to "Truth," or all of them to

anyone sending a club of twelve yearly subscribers and \$24.

Miscellaneous.

The Physical Life of Women, by Dr. Napheys. The Home Cook Book, by the Ladies of Toronto. Old Lieutenant, by Norman Macleod. Common Sense in the Household. Infelice, by Augusta Evans Wilson. St. Elmo. Farm Legends, by Will. Carleton. Farm Ballads. Farm Festivals. Lacrosse and How to Play It.

Any of these books given with a \$2 subscription to "Truth," or all to a club of ten subscribers and \$20.

Mark Twain's Works.

The Sawyer. Roughing It. Pauper. A Tramp Abroad. The Prince and the Pauper. Any book given with a \$2-subscription, or all for a club of four and \$8.

E. P. Roe's Works.

A Day of Fate. Without a Home. Either of the above volumes with a \$2-subscription, or both for a club of two yearly subscribers and \$4.

Boys' Own Favorite Series.

By W. H. G. KINGSTON. The Three Midshipmen. The Three Commanders. Peter, the Whaler. The Missing Ship. Salt Water. Hurricane Harry. Mark Seaworth. Will Weatherholm. Any book with a \$2-subscription, or the whole lot for eight subscribers and \$16.

Cheap Paper Books.

A Gentleman of Leisure, by Edgar Fawcett. A Mad World, by Julius Chambers. An Earnest Trifler, by Mary Sprague. At His Gates, by Mrs. Oilpant. A Tramp Abroad, by Mark Twain. Canolles, by J. E. Cook. Children of Nature, by the Earl of Desart. Common Sense in the Household, by Marion Dyspepsia, by W. W. Hall. Harland. Edith Lytle, by Mary J. Holmes. Footsteps of the Master, by Harriet B. Stowe. Hawthorns, by F. H. Burnett. Janet Doncaster, by M. G. Fawcett. Kate Danton, by Mary Agnes Fleming. Mildred, by Mary J. Holmes. Ocean to Ocean, by Prof. Grant. On Time, by Oliver Optic. Pausanias the Spartan, by Lord Lytton. Peck's Bad Boy and His Pa, by Geo. W. Peck. Peck's Fun, by Geo. W. Peck. Paper cover. Paganic People, by Harriet B. Stowe. Second Thoughts, by Rhoda Broughton. Sketches, by Mark Twain. Sweet Nellie, My Heart's Delight, by Reasant Swinburne's Poems. Land Illea. Ten Years of My Life, by the Princess Felix Salm-Salm. The American Senator, by A. Trollope. The Earnest Student, by Norman MacLeod. The Golden Butterfly, by Reasant and Rice. The Haunted Hotel, by Wildie Collins. The Lady of the Aroostook, by W. D. Howells. The Law and the Lady, by Wilkie Collins. The Monks of Ithema, by Reasant and Rice. The Scripps Club of Valer Rest. Under the Roof, by James Payn. Walter's Word, by James Payn. What Will the World Say, by Charles Gibbon. White Wings, by Wm. Black. Working for Wages, by Julio P. Smith.

Any three (3) of the above books given with each yearly subscriber at \$2, or the whole for a club of thirteen (13) yearly subscribers and \$26.

Standard Works in Sets.

Dickens' Complete Works, 15 volumes, finely bound. Given for a club of twenty (20) yearly subscribers to "Truth" and \$40. Waverley Novels, 13 volumes, beautifully bound. Given for a club of sixteen (16) yearly subscribers to "Truth" and \$32. George Elliot's Complete Works, 8 volumes, well bound in cloth. Given for a club of eleven (11) yearly subscribers and \$22. Macaulay's History of England, 5 volumes, well bound. Given for a club of four (4) yearly subscribers and \$8. Address all orders to S. FRANK WILSON, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont.

A Host of Bodily Troubles are engendered by chronic indigestion. These, however, as well as their cause, disappear when the highly accredited invigorant and alterative, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Care, is the agent employed for their removal. A regular habit of body, and a due secretion and flow of bile, invariably result from its persistent use. It cleanses the system from all impurities, and restores the weak and broken down constitution to health and strength.

MYSTERIOUS!

The Terrible Undertow that is Sweeping Away so Many - What Well-known Canadians Have to Say.

It is an unquestionable fact that thousands of people are to-day enduring the most intense torture or are afflicted by the most unaccountable symptoms for which they can assign no reason whatever. They have frequent headaches; are strangely languid; have a ravenous appetite one day and none whatever the next; and feel dull pains in various parts of the body, but they imagine it is only a cold or some passing minor disorder. Indeed, few people realize the presence of grave and serious dangers until they are upon them. The following experiences of well-known people in the Province are timely and valuable.

Rev. William J. Henderson, pastor of the Methodist-Episcopal church of Prescott, Ontario, says: "For a number of years and until recently, I had been gradually, but steadily, declining in health. I was subject to severe pains in various parts of my body, shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart, and a distressing, hacking cough. I consulted physicians, one of whom informed me that I had been 'carrying too many pounds of steam.' Another stated that I was on the eve of a general constitutional 'break up;' another pronounced me as being far gone in liver complaint, and feeling that the last one had hit it, I commenced a course of his treatment, without, however, any benefit. Feeling that I was going down hill very fast, I grew somewhat despondent, and finally resigned myself to an early death. At this juncture I resolved to try Warner's Safe Cure, and I may say that I felt almost immediate relief, and now I am nearly as well as I ever was in my whole life. My cough has disappeared entirely and I seldom feel any of my old symptoms. I have always been somewhat disposed to prejudice against proprietary medicines, but I feel it to be an act of justice to make this statement for the good of others."

John Evans, residing at 139 King street, London, says: "For two years I have been troubled with gravel in my kidneys and have suffered untold agony. The passage of the gravel from the kidneys into the bladder threw me into paroxysms of pain and completely broke me down. Upon the recommendation of a friend I began the use of Warner's Safe Cure, which seemed to dissolve the gravel and it passed from me in the form of dust. I recommend Warner's Safe Cure to everybody who is suffering at all as I have suffered."

Mrs. M. Lemoir, residing at 5 1/2 Victoria avenue, Hamilton, says: "For ten years I have suffered from female complaints and liver disease. I have consulted all the prominent doctors in Hamilton, but none were able to cure me. Six months out of every year I was laid up in bed from nervous prostration and debility, and frequently while working about the house I would faint and remain unconscious for more than half an hour. Hearing of Warner's Safe Cure, I began its use and am now in good health. All previous troubles have left me. It has worked wonders in my case, and I can recommend it to all the ladies in the country."

Mr. Chas. M. Syme, foreman in W. H. Smith's saw factory, St. Catharines, said: "Five years ago I began to be afflicted with most distressing troubles which increased in violence until I was compelled to remain in bed. My symptoms were terrible and I kept getting worse and worse all the while. The doctors could not agree as to the nature of my disease and I finally lost all hopes of ever getting well. Learning of some cases similar to my own that had been helped by Warner's Safe Cure, I began its use and commenced to improve from the first day, and I am happy to say that I am now as sound as a dollar and can do a day's work without it hurting me."

Doctor Samuel T. Rodley, of Chatham, says: "I have seen Warner's Safe Cure used very extensively and have heard of the most gratifying results. I am convinced that it is an unequalled medicine for disorders of the kidneys and urinary organs, and I can freely recommend it."

McA. J. McBlain, clerk of Crawford House, Windsor, says: "For several years I was afflicted with kidney difficulty and did not know what it was to be free from excruciating pains, which at times were so bad that I could neither stand nor remove my clothes. At that time I was conductor on the Denver and Rio Grande railroad, and no doubt the constant jolting aggravated the

disease. Noticing an advertisement of Warner's Safe Cure I procured the medicine and from the first it acted like magic, and it has completely and permanently cured me. I cannot too highly recommend it, as I know what it has done for me."

The above statements are from men of unquestionable veracity, and such as merit the greatest consideration. No one who is suffering from any form of physical disorder can afford to neglect even the slightest symptoms, which can be so readily controlled if taken in time, and which are so dangerous if permitted to continue.

"BUCHU-PAIBA."

Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, \$1. Druggists.

Not a nail is used in the construction of houses in Japan. They are put together by a method of mortising.

G. A. Dixon, Frankville, Ont., says: "He was cured of chronic bronchitis that troubled him for seventeen years, by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil."

D. J. Burke, of Shoal River, Jackson county, Fla., is the father of thirty-five boys and four girls. He married five times.

THOUGH THE SICK COVER HEALTH, they frequently and fruitlessly seek to obtain it by irrational means. Misled by false representations and absurd pretensions, they neglect those genuine restoratives which true science has placed at their disposal. No proprietary remedy has met with greater approbation from the medical faculty, and none has given more satisfactory proofs of its efficiency, than Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. The conjunction of these latter salts with Cod Liver Oil of warranted purity, gives the preparation a great advantage over the ordinary cough mixtures, since the phosphorus, lime and soda are potent auxiliaries of the oil, invigorating the system, remedying poverty of the blood induced by waste of tissue, and increasing bodily substance. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

A PROLIFIC SOURCE OF DISEASE.—A trifling indiscretion in diet may lay the foundation of confirmed dyspepsia, and there is no fact in medical science more positively ascertained or more authoritatively asserted than that dyspepsia is the parent of a host of bodily ills, not the least of which is contamination of the blood and the maladies of which that is the direct consequence. Their original cause is, however, thoroughly eradicated from the system by NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY AND DYSPEPTIC CURE, a medicine which only requires regularity and persistence in its use to cure dyspepsia and the many ills that arise from it. No deleterious mineral ingredient is contained in it, and though its action is thorough in cases of costiveness, it never produces gripping pains in the abdominal region, or weakens the bowels like a violent purgative. It invigorates the system through the medium of the increased digestive and assimilative activity which it promotes, and is also a most efficient remedy for kidney complaints, scrofulous, and all diseases of the blood, female weakness, &c., &c. Price \$1.00. Sample Bottle, 10 cents. Ask for NORTHROP & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Care. The wrapper bears a fac simile of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.

During its forty years the New York Tribune has had but two editors-in-chief, Horace Greeley and Whitelaw Reid.

Ayer's Hair Vigor improves the beauty of the hair and promotes its growth. It imparts an attractive appearance, a delightful and lasting perfume. While it stimulates the roots, cleanses the scalp, and adds elegance to luxuriance, its effects are enduring; and thus it proves itself to be the best and cheapest article for toilet use.

JOHN HALL, SCRIF, M.D.

HOMOEOPATHIST, M.C.P.S. OFFICE AT HIS OLD RESIDENCE, 33 & 35 RICHMOND STREET, EAST.

OFFICE HOURS—2 to 10 a.m. and 2 to 4 p.m. Sunday, 9 to 11 p.m. Also in the evenings of Monday and Thursday, from 7 to 9.

Beware of that Cough! It may kill you; cure it at once with Dr. Carson's Pulmonary Cough Drops, it never fails. Large Bottles at 50 cents. For sale every where.

STAR LAUNDRY!

23 Adelaide St. West., Toronto. Three Doors West of Grand Opera House. Collars and Cuffs 25 cents per doz. Shirts done in first class style. —TERMS CASH.—

F. HOFFLAND, Prop.

COAL, COKE & WOOD!

Coal or Coke shipped to any place on Railroad, in cars, direct from mines. We handle only Dolowaro and Hudson Canal Co.'s Superior Anthracite Coal. Agents for Loyal Leek Anthracite Coal.

SOFT COAL, STOVE SIZE, \$4.50 A TON FINE, CUT IN BLOCKS, \$4.00 A CORD

GUEST & McNOLTY

Cor. George & Ducess Streets. 227 A Large Quantity of Charcoal on hand.

COAL & WOOD!

At Lowest Prices, for Present Delivery.

Best Beech and Maple ... \$5 50 per Cord
Best and Maple, Cut and Split 7 50
Best Largo Slabs, dry ... 3 50
Best Pine, dry ... 4 00
Slabs, by Car Load ... \$2 40 and 2 60
Brick Pine, by Car Load ... 2 45

Hard and Soft Coal, Wholesale and Retail, at Lowest Prices, delivered dry and clean, promptly.

Office & Yard Cor. Bathurst & Richmond.

Wm. McGILL & CO.

RENNIE'S SELECT Field, Garden AND Flower SEEDS ARE THE BEST THE HANDSOME AND MOST COMPLETE CATALOGUE for 1884 FREE TO ALL INTENDING PURCHASERS. WM. RENNIE, TORONTO.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT after one month's publication of this notice in the Ontario Gazette, application will be made to His Honor the Lieutenant Governor of the Province of Ontario in council, by the persons hereinafter named as applicants for a charter of incorporation by Letters Patent under the Ontario Joint Stock Companies Letters Patent Act constituting them and such others as may become shareholders in the company a body corporate and politic for the purposes hereinafter set forth.

1. The proposed corporate name of the company is "The Toronto Trenchment Building Association."

2. The objects for which incorporation is sought are the buying, selling, mortgaging, leasing or letting of lands and houses, tenements and apartments, and the taking and receiving mortgages, assignments thereof, for money lent, or for purchase money, and to deal and transact business in lands, for the purpose of building houses thereon, and to convey lands and houses, and to make contracts or agreements for the purchase and sale of lands and houses, and for the erection and construction of houses and other improvements thereon, or connected therewith, with the view to the health of citizens and improvement of the condition of the industrial classes, and with all necessary and incidental powers to carry out the said purposes.

3. The operations of the said Company are to be carried on in the Province of Ontario, and the City of Toronto is to be the chief place of business.

4. The amount of the capital stock of the said Company is one million of dollars divided into ten thousand shares of one hundred dollars each.

5. The names of the applicants and their addresses and surnames are as follows: Arthur Radcliffe Boswell, Barrister; Hugh Miller, Druggist; Thom's Downer, Lumber Merchant; Robert Woods Priddy, Gentleman; James Beatty, Barrister; all of the City of Toronto.

And the said Arthur Radcliffe Boswell, Hugh Miller, Thom's Downer, Robert Woods Priddy, and James Beatty, are to be the first Directors of the Company.

BEATTY, HAMILTON & CASSELL, Solicitors for Applicants. Dated this 9th day of January, 1884.

Watson, Thorne & Smellie, Barristers and Attorneys. 49 King Street West, Toronto.

MISS M. DOOLF, 433 QUEEN ST., WEST.

Fashionable Dress Maker.

London, Paris, and New York Styles.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

It is highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years. W. H. MOORE."

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists, \$1, six bottles for \$5.



Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.

A Medicine for Women. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely. It removes faintness, dizziness, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. That feeling of bearing down, costing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every trace of Humors from the blood, and give tone and strength to the system, of man, woman or child. Insist on having it.

Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 253 and 255 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3c stamp. Send for pamphlet.

Be sure you get the genuine LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND. They cure constipation, indigestion, and all ailments of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists.

CHINESE QUACK DOCTORS.

Curiosities of Medical Practice in the Flowery Kingdom.

A Hong Kong correspondent of the London Telegraph, writes: A quack medicine dealer was offering to a crowd, nostrums for every complaint. This gentleman, whose stock in trade consisted of a few bottles, had a number of diagrams purporting to represent the course of illnesses in the human body.

Curiously enough, however, he was most eloquent upon a medicine, which I have since found has just made its appearance in England, under a patented name—namely, Menthol. He declared it would cure all diseases, if rubbed into the skin. Our chemists and druggists now advertise it as an antidote to neuralgia, so that, after all, the Chinese quack doctor was not such a rogue as he looked.

The Chinese have a theory that there is a different pulse in every limb. They also hold that all complaints are connected with either fire, air or water. And they place immense faith in the benefit to be derived from puncturing any affected part with a long needle. So it came about that when a man entered, and consulted one of the "faculty" about a pain in his leg—probably rheumatic in its nature—the learned man, after glaring at him for some time through an enormous pair of goggles, proceeded to feel "ankle pulse," which, when found to his satisfaction, indicated some very wonderful facts.

The patient, who seemed to have perfect confidence in the doctor, hobbled off, and the turn of the next victim then came. He had a pain in his head, probably having smoked too much opium or drunk too much samschu. The doctor was quite equal to the occasion. He seized his victim by the head, and taking a small iron rod proceeded to rub his neck till he made an abrasion at least an inch square. Then he rubbed at another spot, and yet another, till the skin was off in three places. This was all. The patient was told to go. He, too, was suffering from "fire." Yet there was no sound of a murrmur. The operator evidently was considered a very clever person.

Inside the hospital the wards seemed to be in excellent condition. The patients there might have gone to a European hospital had they so chosen; but they preferred the doctoring of their own people, who, from all I heard, are certainly very clever at putting fractures or dislocations right.

I went into the pharmacy and found the medicines were nearly all vegetable—one, the kind of oranges, being in great request. But everything seemed harmless enough; and if the patients die I should say they are killed by the disease and not by the doctors, which is more than can be avowed of every English hos-

pital. One thing I noted, however, and it was that the notions of anatomy were very vague at this place of healing, for all the diagrams I saw were woefully wrong, and could not have existed an hour had the Chinese surgeons ever examined a dead subject.

Prices of Pearls.

"Although a pearl weighing one grain is worth only about one-eighth of the price of a diamond of the same weight," said jeweler J. H. Johnston, "it is very easy to spend a large amount of money for pearl jewelry. There is now in this city a pearl necklace worth \$100,000. I have seen another worth \$23,000, and one was recently sold for \$30,000. These large prices are caused by the difficulty of obtaining particular sizes and colors that may be wanted. The most expensive collection of pearls on record, is that owned by the Countess of Dudley in England, which is far more valuable than the celebrated pearls belonging to the Queen. The Countess has a coronet of pearls. The top is composed of ear-shaped pearls. There is a very large one in the centre, and the others are graduated in size down to the smallest. In order to get these pear-shaped pearls in the requisite sizes and colors, the jewelers were obliged to buy such an enormous quantity of pearls, that when the famous necklace was completed with earrings, bracelets, brooch, and finger rings to match, the jewelers had \$300,000 worth of odd pearls left. A pair of matched pear-shaped pearls, weighing 110 grains, was recently sold in San Francisco for \$6,000. I sold one pair of off-color, craggy and gibbous pearls, for \$350, and have one pair worth \$1000.

"When the Princess Royal of England, married Frederick William of Prussia, she received a necklace of thirty-two pearls, costing \$93,000. In 1879 the French Government possessed pearls valued at \$200,000. One that weighed 108 grains was valued at \$37,000. Two that were pear-shaped were valued at \$52,800.

"The black pearls bring very high prices at present, but genuine pearls may be bought that are white, pink, or gray. The peculiar color which is called pearl, is a sort of transparent drab. There is at present a greater demand for pearls, as there is in fact for all kinds of jewelry, than has been known for a long time. The plentifulness of imitations does not appear to destroy the value of the genuine article. Some idea of the increased value of pearls, may be gathered from two estimates made more than one hundred years apart. One was made in 1751 by David Jeffries, of London, and the other in 1867 by Mr. H. Emanuel of London. The following is the table:

Table with 4 columns: Weight, Value, Weight, Value. Rows show prices for pearls of various weights in 1751 and 1867.

"The estimate made by Jeffries included pearls at 100 grains, one of which he valued at \$1250. The diseased pearls are not pearl shaped, and are not of the color all the way through. One of the pearl curiosities is pearl adhering to the shell. Pearls are often found in oysters and clams that have been cooked. A clam pearl is of a chocolate color."—N. Y. Sun.

An Adelaide, South Australia, paper lately advertised for 1,000 cats who are to 'go for' rabbits which are such a pest 'there

A bright Sunday-school boy at Sheffield, England, explained to his pastor why the priest and the Levite, in the good Samaritan story, passed by on the side. He said it was "because the man was already robbed."

A gold ring lost by Walter Murch, of East Eddington, Me., was found seven months afterward on a pig's tongue. The ring encircled the tongue two and a half inches from the end, and, of course, almost cut it in two.

Scaling the Summit.

The tracklayers of the Canadian Pacific have scaled the summit of the first range of the Rocky Mountains. The route through the main range will be located this winter and work will be pushed next year as soon as the snow is off the ground. The grades are less difficult than any of the American lines, and the distance being shorter the route when completed will present more interesting features in respect of variegated scenery, than any other Pacific road. Work is being pushed forward rapidly on the Canadian Pacific north of Lake Superior. The work is difficult, and in some parts, it is said, there is nothing seen in the Rockies to exceed in difficulty the character of the work. It is confidently expected that through trains will be run from Winnipeg to Montreal by March 1, 1885.

The Fiji Times, in speaking recently of the value of the coconut as food rations states that a vessel left San Francisco with 400 passengers for Sydney, and, in consequence of running short of stores, put in at Samsa, where a large quantity of coconuts were obtained. The weather became so severe that the remainder of the passage consisted of eighty days so that men, women and children were reduced entirely to a coconut diet, and were obliged to be contented at last with but one per diem for each adult. "Notwithstanding this diet," says the report, "not a life was lost, and not a single case of sickness occurred, all the passengers landing in a healthy and well-nourished condition."

The little republic of San Marino, in Italy, with its army of 40 men, its public debt of \$1,080, does credit to the system of self-government. The roads are numerous and well kept, the land is well cultivated, and the villages are clean and orderly.

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The Horrors of Drunkenness.

We were four. We sat talking in a lobby of a Denver hotel. It was 11 o'clock p.m. The talk was languishing, when the wide doors opening to the street were thrown apart violently, and a tall, heavily built man walked in. His soft hat was tilted backward on his head. His steps were uncertain. He was drunk. We recognized him as Dalton, a miner from the snowy range. Seeing the group sitting around the table, he came toward us, and, with a drunken smile, said: "Howda, boys?" Then, before we could greet him, he turned away, saying carelessly: "It is cat night for me. I may as well go see the creature." Entering the elevator, he disappeared.

Wondering what Dalton meant by "cat night," I asked one of my companions the meaning of the phrase. He replied, "A phantom cat comes to Dalton during the night following his third day of hard drinking. It is a warning to him to put on the brakes."

"Tell me of it," I said. Complacently, he said: "Dalton prees. He drinks at long intervals, and never in moderation. When the wild desire for alcohol assails him, resistance is seemingly impossible. He turns his mines over to his foreman and comes to Denver. He drinks excessively the first day, still more the second, and he turns himself loose on the third. He is a heavy and very powerful man, and can drink an enormous quantity of whiskey before succumbing to it. I have known him to drink forty glasses of liquor in one day, six of them before breakfast. By the end of the third day Dalton is very nervous. Soon after he falls into his first drunken sleep on the third night he always dreams that he comes into his room: that a noise, as though of something scratching on the carpet under his bed, attracts his attention; that, looking under the bed, he sees a large yellow tom-cat, with a bristling tail as long as a rolling pin. The cat is tearing the carpet with its sharp claws. Indifferent to cats or dogs or any animal that walks on earth, he undresses and gets into bed. Instantly he is smitten with paralysis. He cannot move. His brain works without friction and is wonderfully clear. His vision is penetrative. He can see through the bed, and sees the cat on the floor in the corner. His clear sight pierces through the disguise of the creature, and he realizes that it is an eye destroying, flesh-eating devil. He knows that the fiend will come out from under his bed and jump on the foot-board. Standing there with arched back and swelling tail, the creature will utter frightful cries preparatory to leaping with distended claws on his face and tearing out his eyes. Dalton becomes afraid of the cat. He tries to call for help. He strives to move. His efforts are vain. The cat leaps to the foot-board, and glares at him with distended, fiery eyes. Again he struggles to throw off the paralysis. He cannot move. The cat, with a horrid cry, springs on his upturned face. Under the spur of this supreme horror he rallies, and with an exhaustive effort awakens. He is unnerved. He trembles like a timid woman. His heart beats quickly. It takes three or four days of perfect rest and solitude to restore his nervous system. He drinks no more for months."

"Does he know, while suffering from this alcoholic nightmare, that it is a nightmare?"

"Yes," my companion answered, "he knows it. But he also knows that if he does not awaken, and so prevent the yellow toment from getting in his work, the cat will kill him. He is in deadly fear of this cat, though he knows it is but an alcoholic phantom. And underneath the dread of the cat lies the fear of death resulting from alcoholism. The cat is only a faint shadow cast by the approaching jinnias that stalk spectre-like in the vestibule of his brain."—N. Y. Sun.

To gamble is a sin unless you win.

How a Kanaka Fought a Shark.

Every soul on board crowded to the side to see the duel. It was bound to be a war to the death. One or both of the combatants must die. The brute was a right shark, and was about thirteen feet long. His black and shining back, set with sharp fins, made me shudder and grow deadly sick. Ubukia met the rush of the monster by darting aside and letting the huge hulk go by him. He made a lunge with his sword at the tail as it whisked past, and then a thin line of blood on the clear water, told that his aim had been a good one. While the shark was near, he swam with half his body out of the water, taking good care that his legs were never much below the surface; but when it went by he dropped to the neck, and looked up at us with a grin on his coffee-colored face.

"No kill um!" he shouted. The next rush was similar to the first, but this time, when the white bully showed itself, Ubukia was beside it. We saw the point of the sword blade enter the right eye, and then the native dived, coming up thirty yards away. I began to breathe easier now. The fellow carried himself in the water with as much ease as the fish itself, and the sword gave him an advantage, while the shark's inability to use its jaws without turning over, was another point in his favor.

The fish seemed to be fairly maddened by the last wound, and we could see his dorsal fin ripping through the water for a second, and then it went down out of sight, leaving nothing but the Kanaka visible on the wide stretch of water. If the sight of the monster was horrible, how much worse was its disappearance! We did not know now upon which side of the devoted swimmer it would come up, and we held our breath, waiting as one waits when a diver has been under water for a long time, and every minute seems an hour. The grin had left the native's face, and he kept whirling about like a tea-totum, ready to meet the attack at any point.

After the lapse of a few minutes the familiar fin came into sight again. Ubukia's body rested with his eyes on the enemy. There was no rushing on the shark's part now. It advanced slowly, ready to swerve with the slightest motion of the native. It seemed determined to approach him so slowly that its momentum could not possibly carry it past him. He waited until its muzzle was not ten feet from him, and then, assuming the aggressive, he darted forward, buried his blade to the hilt in its eye, and then swam leisurely to the ship. For ten minutes the water within a radius of many yards was lashed into a white foam by the dying struggles of the monster. At times he

would throw himself completely out of the water, showing us the whole of his round, tapering body, and ugly mouth. Finally, however, he rested belly upward, without a motion, and Ubukia's face glistened with pride.

"Good," said he, climbing into his canoe; "no kill um!"—San Francisco letter in the Cincinnati Enquirer.

Albert Victor at Cambridge.

Albert Victor will remain at Cambridge for only one school year. He went there in obedience to the special wish of his father, but in the education of a prince other things than the wishes of parents must be considered; and so to prevent hard feelings between the two universities he will spend a few months further along at Oxford. Then at the request of his royal grandmother, he will study at Bonn, in Germany. This, because the lamented Prince Consort was educated there—for the Queen, has not quite forgotten her late husband, and in various little sentimental ways she still testifies her respect for him. But aside from the sentiment involved, one can see an appropriateness in a young prince who has not a drop of pure English blood in his veins, finishing his education in a foreign country, and it is hardly to be expected that a people who are willing to have foreigners reign over them will make any objection to this course. How long it will be ere Prince Victor, should he live, will become King of England is, of course, beyond human ken to determine. There are two lives between him and this goal, one of them, though old, very tough, for I am told that the decadence of Victoria's physical powers bears no proportion whatever to the rapid decay which seems to be settling down upon her mental faculties. The Prince of Wales, however, is not strong, though he is getting corpulent. Since his severe illness twelve years ago, he has had to be very careful of himself. Many predict that he will never reach the throne simply because his mother will outlive him. But that the Prince intends to cheat these prophets if he can is shown in the trouble he takes to bundle himself up as he emerges from the theatre into the night air, and in that abstemiousness of diet which leads him to confine himself at the richest banquet to the plainest food.—London Cor. Hartford Times.

An Italian professor has been examining a comet now showing itself above Italy. He recognizes it as a comet discovered in 1812, which is returning, after being 630,000 (60 miles distant from the sun. It is travelling so fast that by the 8th of January it will be 32,000,000 miles nearer the earth than the sun is. The professor regrets that as yet it has only the rudiments of a tail.

Recently published judicial statistics show that 447 of the inquests held in England and Wales in 1880 resulted in a verdict of "died from excessive drinking." This is 29 more than in the previous year, but is below the average (480) for five preceding years.

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OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

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