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TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., MAY 17, 1884.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 189

TRUTH'S MUSINGS.

Always aware of the immense influence which works of fiction exercise, TRUTH has ever aimed at supplying its readers with a class of stories which, while highly interesting, are neither trashy nor sensational, nor in any way injurious to the morals of its readers. As the two leading stories which have been appearing in these pages for some months past are now drawing to a close, a new story will be commenced *next week*, which for intense interest will be found equal to anything which has hitherto been published in these columns. It is entitled "The Great Linton Mystery," and is the story of a crime and the discovery of the real criminal through the efforts of a female detective. It is written in a fascinating manner and the unravelling of the plot will doubtless be followed by the reader with the closest attention, the *denouement* being worked up to with much power, and proving totally unexpected. Now is a good time to become a subscriber to TRUTH and secure this highly interesting story in its entirety. We have another story in preparation for which our readers better look out, and let their friends know of the treat in store for them.

The Provincial Government have named the three Judges to constitute the Royal Commission to investigate the Conspiracy case. Judge Proudfoot has been appointed from the High court, and Judge Sinkler, of Welland County, and Judge Scott, of Peel County from among the County Judges. They are all men of ability and intelligence and there is little reason to doubt but they will perform their duties impartially and faithfully. It is quite probable that whatever well-authenticated facts ever reach the people in regard to this much disputed case will come from this Commission. So far as the trial in the Criminal Court is concerned—if one takes place at all—there will probably be so much dodging and hedging among the lawyers, and such a dust of legal technicalities raised, that very little undisputed matter of fact will be laid bare. It appears to be understood that the Commission will not begin to work until the legal question about a Criminal trial in Court has been disposed of, and until after such a trial takes place, in case one is decided on. It will probably be some months hence, therefore, before we hear the end of it.

Political circles in England have been a good deal agitated of late at a serious split among the leaders in the Conservative ranks. Lord Churchill, of late a prominent man in the Tory party in the House of Commons, has had a quarrel

with Sir Stafford Northcote and other leaders, and has seceded from the ranks. Rumours state that a friendly reconciliation will probably be brought about. The Conservative party in England appear to be in sad need of some able and popular leader, ever since the days of Disraeli, and for want of abler statesmanship and leadership the prestige of the great party has been greatly declining.

There is an evident widening in the split in the ranks of the Irish agitators. Parnell's popularity as a leader has been lost, so far as quite a number of the active spirits are concerned. James Stephens, at one time the notorious leader of the Fenians in New York, is now residing in Paris, and to him many of the disaffected ones appear to be inclined to cling. It is reported that a convention of those Irish-Americans whose main business appears to be to keep up an Irish agitation will soon be held in Paris. The announced object of the meeting is to denounce the dynamite policy and to found a new society on a less explosive foundation. There is already a confusion and quarrel about the proposed meeting, and should a large convention be held, as now proposed an explosion—of wrath—will undoubtedly take place. The only wonder is that so many of these turbulent spirits have remained together so many months without a grand ruction among themselves. It must have been for lack of courage and not from any mere lack of the usual desire.

The friends of protection at Washington gained an important victory in Congress last week. The long discussed Morrison Bill, so largely decreasing the customs duties on most imported goods, was defeated by a small majority. Out of 314 votes in the House of Representatives the majority against the measure was only four. The fate of the Bill has been a matter of much speculation and great interest almost ever since the present session commenced. There is a majority of Democrats now in the House and it was generally supposed that they might all, or nearly all, be whipped into line so as to vote solid for the Bill in the end. Forty-one Democrats went with the protection party at the last, while only three Republicans went the other way. The vote shows clearly enough that the Democrats, or many of them at least, are not in favor of making the tariff question an issue in the coming Presidential election if it can be avoided. There will not, probably, be any change of importance made in the tariff this year, on that very account. The manufacturing interests have become so strong and so united in the United States that the politicians are afraid to rouse their hostility. Protection appears to be less distinctively a party issue in the States than in Canada.

Sir Charles Tupper, in his parting speech at the Ottawa banquet, gives a glowing

account of the growth and condition of the Dominion. Possibly some of those who have not had a hand in the management of its public affairs may not be so gushing about the matter, but there is certainly a good deal of truth in what he said. The man who enjoys the sunny side of the government offices is sure to fool himself in a good deal more pleasant situation than the man standing in the cool shades of opposition. Speaking of the results since Confederation Sir Charles said:—"Never in the history of the world had a country made such strides from a state of comparative insignificance to greatness as British America had since 1867. The constitution arranged at the Quebec Conference had shown fewer defects and less friction in operation than any conference that had ever been framed. The increased commerce of the country showed that our people were making substantial progress. The number of immigrants who settled in Canada in 1867 was about 14,100, while last year the number had increased to 98,000. In 1867 the value of the product of the fisheries of Canada was four million dollars, while last year it had swollen to seventeen millions. When the Duke of Richmond's bill became law, Canada, Norway, and Denmark would be the only countries in the world from which live cattle could be exported to England. He attributed all the commercial and material progress that the country had achieved to the improved state of things brought about by Confederation. The credit of Canada was better to-day than that of any other British colony. All England admitted that Canada was now the most important of Her Majesty's possessions, and the people of the United States were looking with admiring eyes upon the great progress Canada was making." The proverbial Yankee Fourth-of-July-orator might well pitch his tune to that key, but he might not have as much truth on his side if he did so.

The recent financial crash of the banking firm of Grant and Ward, in New York, will probably prove a most serious blow to the whole Grant family. The failure possesses a good deal of its interest to the public in knowledge of that fact. The leading member of the firm is a son of General Grant, and it is said that the ex-President himself was a kind of sleeping partner in the concern. So far as is yet learned, the General and a younger son had all their available funds invested in its business affairs, and all is gone. Ulysses Grant jr. is reported to say that he supposed himself worth a million and three-quarters before that crash came and had no intimation whatever of the failure until it was made public. He married a rich wife and her fortune is included in the loss, as well as three-quarters of a million of the funds of the father-in-law. Politically this unexpected turn in affairs may have its effect.

There are a great many politicians in the Republican party who still desire to cling to Gen. Grant's fortunes, and whatever hopes they may have had of getting him again nominated for President are about dissipated now. It would be out of the question to nominate him while under this financial cloud, much as public sympathy may be extended to him in his present misfortunes.

The present state of Britain's finances is of such an encouraging character as to add to the already well-earned reputation of Mr. Gladstone as an able financier. The national debt is still a very heavy one, amounting, in round numbers, to over three thousand million dollars, but it is nearly eighty years since it ever before reached such a low point as now. When the increase of wealth and population of the country is considered the burden of debt is proportionately much lighter than at any time during the century. The interest being paid is but and is becoming still less, so that it practically reduces the debt itself. Mr. Gladstone has always been fortunate in his financial management. He is a man of modern ideas and therefore a very safe guardian at the helm of affairs. The anticipated surplus this year is a quarter of a million, which will probably go towards further debt reducing. It will be a pleasant experience for Canada when it may be able to report a decrease in debt, as Britain and the United States are now doing. As it is our own public obligations have become very large for a young country, and they go on increasing at a discouraging rate.

Russia is yet behind most other countries in Europe in sanitary matters, and the result is, as might be expected, most deplorable. The death rate in that country is to-day higher than in any other European country. The habits of the poorer classes, especially the rural population, are bad and filthy. Medical men are scarce and the medical knowledge, even in elementary matters, is not well understood among the people. The death rate among children is said to be something terrible, and the average duration in human life is put down at only twenty-six years. There is certainly abundant room for science missions in Russia. Why do not some of those ardent scientific sceptics, who spend so much time in ridiculing religion and glorifying science and "humanity" give practical evidence of what their theories and zeal can do by sending missionaries to Russia?

ERRATA.—In the article on Woman's Suffrage, by Mrs. Curzon, last week, there were one or two typographical errors which it is desirable to correct. Miss Lydia Baker should be Becker; Miss Duncan McLaren should be Mrs. "Debate on division" should read "debate or division."

How sentimental we all grow when the proper chord is but touched! There appears to be in every human heart feelings of tenderness, though often they lie buried very deep. The poet is popular who has the power to touch these feelings, and the orator who can do so possesses an enviable gift. When Dr. Talmage lectured here recently, his rare skill as a speaker was best displayed by his power in reaching the tender feelings in each breast. In his word paintings when he referred to the kindly old grandmother with her furrowed face and her generous heart, and then to the baby whose little shoes were set aside because its busy work was all over, many women present used their handkerchiefs. But if you were there, dear reader, did you notice how the hard visages of some of the hard men of the world began to soften when he pictured out the familiar scenes, so dear to memory, of the game of blind man's bluff in the old home,—of the time when the old folks retired to another room, the chairs were all set back, the blue-eyed cousin, the visitor was blindfolded, and all took part? It was really a study to see faces of men, hard and stiff before, soften down and look child-like again, as childhood remembrances came up. It was truly pleasant to see the great big tears filling up eyes that tried to suppress them, and that may not often be moistened in that way. What a blessed thing it is, all through life, to have the remembrance of a pleasant childhood! God pity the poor child to whom all these pleasures of a dear home, and all the loving acts of parents are total strangers! There is a grand mission of goodness open to every one who wishes to labor in it in scattering seeds of kindness and of happiness to the poor children, the orphan children—to the very street Arabs. It is not only food and clothing that such need, often they need more than even these—the kindly acts, the friendly touch and the fireside games that others more highly blessed usually enjoy. Let us try the experiment of making these happy at times, by unbending a little and opening our hearts, yes our homes too, for an evening, as well as our purses. It would be a grand sight to see a family room in some rich man's home cleared away for an evening for a game of blind man's bluff to the neglected ones gathered in from the by-ways and hedges. It might soil the room, but it might do more good than a mission service. Send TRUTH a full report of your first experiment in that line. It would be pleasant reading.

In England the price of meat has been so high for many years that it is a luxury in food only the rich can afford to indulge in. Many well to do laboring men, and even good mechanics rarely have a taste of meat. It appears that matters are fast tending in the same direction in the thickly populated sections of the United States. *Harper's Weekly* says that in New York prices of food have continued to go up for years, and have never come down. A serious matter is the gradual advance of all meats at retail, which will, within a short period, unless it is checked, put meat wholly beyond the reach of half a million persons in New York who are dependent on laboring men. Why meat should be so dear in a city in direct

railway communication with the great cattle growing regions of the West is something strange. America may yet become a harder country for the poor than Europe. The winters are longer and require more food and fuel, while labor is more difficult to perform even when any can be found obtainable.

We have not been without some most deplorable instances in this city of the dangers of too free a use of pistols placed in the hands of policemen. In the cities of our neighbors south of us, instances are still more numerous. In England greater caution is taken. The policemen of London are not allowed to carry revolvers at all, lest they might, in time of excitement, be tempted to use them unnecessarily. There has been a recent consideration in regard to the whole question of arming the London police, and the decision has been against doing so. The only new weapon furnished them is an improved call whistle. Whether the roughs of London are less dangerous and desperate than our own, or whether the authorities have less regard for the lives and safety of their peace guardians, is an open question. It is a matter of doubt with many here whether it does not rather increase than diminish danger, to allow a policeman to go armed when on duty. One thing appears pretty evident: If policemen are not allowed to carry such weapons, a good deal of care should be taken to prevent any one else from doing so.

Politicians are supposed to be wiser in their generation than ordinary children of the world. It was a noted American ward politician who was credited with this observation: "It is a good adage in politics never to do to-day what can be put off till to-morrow."

The general supposition in Canada is that Sir John A. Macdonald has found his way out of some of his worst perplexities among the office seekers by a faithful adherence to this remodelled adage. The story goes that some of the North-West Indians became so much wearied with official delays during the time he administered the Department of the Interior as to fix on him the significant title of "Old To-morrow." Probably the story is not true, but it has been very industriously circulated.

In England it is evident that the old martial spirit has not died out of the hearts of the people, though the policy of the country has not been, of late years, to indulge so freely in foreign wars as in other times. A large number of the intelligent citizens are bitterly opposed to the present policy of the Gladstone government because it is not more aggressive and war-like towards Egypt. It is evident that nearly all hands would like to see a crushing military blow struck. A few days ago a conference was held in London of some of the leading members of the Peace Society, when a resolution was submitted assailing the policy of Gladstone as too war-like. Even in that body, of all others, there appears to be men quite willing to see the dogs of war let loose more freely. There arose a fierce war of

words at the conference and it broke up in confusion. Peace is very fine in theory and very pleasant to talk about, but the average Englishman even of this day in the nineteenth century would enjoy seeing such a misbehaved and misgoverned people as those of Egypt soundly trounced and brought under military rule. It would probably be a good thing for that ill-governed historic country.

A leading journal has been cogitating over the fact that one of the great dangers to which we are now exposed, arises from the existence, in the drug stores, of the stupid "deadly prescription clerk" who makes up the wrong drugs in his prescription and the victim is poisoned before he discovers the mistake. The remedy prescribed is a novel one, but probably about the best that can be thought of under the circumstances. It is the *Mail* that makes the suggestion and it is well worthy of thought. It is to this effect:—"It is not improbable that the day is not far distant when the business of making up prescriptions will be largely in the hands of women. They are careful. They are free from the vice of intoxication, the fruitful parent of so many fatal errors, the work is light and cleanly, and well within their mental grasp and physical capacity." The suggestion is evidently made in all good faith, and every word said in its favour is correct. Attendance at the drug stores is all but a new sphere for woman, and a very appropriate one it is to those of education and intelligence. The young men must take better care of their habits as regards alcohol and tobacco in order to keep their heads clear or women will yet elbow them out of the important business of prescription compounding.

Almost every day large numbers of Canadians are going West by the leading railway trains. It is something painful to witness the almost incessant outflow from our country in that way. Probably very few of those moving from Ontario—farmers especially—will yet have good reason to commend their wisdom for going. According to American authorities the number of Canadians reported to have become settlers in the United States between July of last year and April of this is no less than forty thousand, seven hundred and thirty five. Even this number, large as it is, appears to have been over four thousand less than during the corresponding nine months of the previous year. A large number of these have gone from the Province of Quebec, but Ontario, too, has furnished a large quota. Is it not possible to devise some more effectual means of persuading Canadians to remain and help build up Canada?

About Liquor Licenses.

The *Mail* is not always inclined to favour the plans and schemes of the prohibitionists, but it seldom fails to take credit for its party when anything has been done by it calculated to lessen the sales of liquor, or the number of liquor sellers. On Saturday last it referred very approvingly to the fact that the Dominion Board of License Commissioners for Lennox refused to grant licenses to hotels at Napanee

station, and one or two other railway stations in the County, so as not to defeat the efforts put forth by the Grand Trunk to suppress the sale of liquors along the line, as a measure of safety to the travelling public, as well as to the employees of the road. The Grand Trunk is doing a very wise thing in trying to suppress the sale of liquor near any of its stations and the Lennox Commissioners, headed by Judge Wilkinson, did a very commendable thing in so far co-operating as to refuse applications for houses lying in immediate vicinity. It would be well if every license board in the country would adopt a similar policy. Every year a large number of inebriated men are killed along the railway tracks, and every year a large number of serious accidents occur because of inebriated railway employees. Several inebriated men have been either killed outright or maimed for life within a short distance of the Napanee station though probably the most of them did not obtain their liquor in that immediate vicinity. At nearly every principal station in the Province similar deplorable accidents have happened, and they surely will continue to occur just so long as the legalized drink traffic continues. It would add much to the public safety all round to refuse all applicants for licenses near the stations, as requested by the Grand Trunk, but it would be a far safer thing to apply the more heroic remedy of refusing licenses any where in Canada. Until that is done a great deal of drunkenness, and a great many distressing accidents in consequence, may be surely expected.

The *Mail* makes capital for the Dominion License Act in pointing out the fact that while the Lennox Dominion Board refused the railway station licenses the Ontario Board afterwards granted them. No doubt the point is well taken, so far as that locality is concerned. TRUTH would be glad to chronicle the fact that in every locality the Dominion officers gave similar indications of a desire to lessen the number of places where liquor is sold. Will the *Mail* make comments appropriate to the occasion on the acts of the Dominion Board in granting three licenses for the Island front of Toronto, where none existed before, and where the Provincial Board refused to grant any? Complaints are also made of an increase in the number of unnecessary liquor shops in other parts of the city in consequence of the action of the Dominion Board here. TRUTH would be glad to see the *Mail* and other leading journals handling these questions altogether apart from mere party considerations. But this need hardly be expected. It will tell seriously against the popularity of the McCarthy Act if it is to be used as a means of considerably increasing the small retail liquor sellers, as appears to be the case so far as Toronto is concerned.

Exit, Sir Charles.

Sir Charles Tupper, it is announced, has at last resigned his seat in the House of Commons, and his position in the Government as Minister of Railways, and will now return to England as full fledged Agent-General of Canada. This will take few by surprise, as it was generally

expected he would soon do so. He would not long occupy the anomalous position of filling two highly important public offices requiring at the same time his personal presence on both sides of the Atlantic. Ever since Confederation Sir Charles has been one of the most prominent figures in Canadian political life. Next only to the Premier he has been the best known and best abused man in the great Conservative party. That he is a man of great energy, dash and ability, and very determined to carry his points, is admitted on all hands. He has been a hard hitter in all political contests, and such men are sure to be hit hard in return. That he has excellent qualifications for the position to which he is now expected to give his sole attention there can be no doubt, and it is quite probable that he will do its duties well. Most people to this hour do not well understand just what duties are expected of our Agent in England, but it has become a settled policy that one must be kept there, and he should certainly be a man of large public experience and ability.

It was generally believed that Sir Charles aspired to the high position of Premier of the Dominion before retiring from public life, and some doubted if he would leave Parliament on that account. If such were his aspirations he has, no doubt, abandoned them, or he would not take the step he now has. So long as Sir John retains his health and strength it appears to be well enough understood that no other man need expect to be the leader of the party. Sir John is now an old man—nearly seventy—and two or three years ago he talked a good deal about laying down the reins, but he has shown himself possessed of great vitality and his prospects of physical endurance appear to be too good even yet to encourage an ambitious man to patiently wait for him to retire. It is quite probable, too, that Sir Charles recognizes the fact, so frequently asserted by the opposition press, that there are a good many aspirations and jealousies among the lieutenants in the party, so that an attempt at leadership will probably be attended with the most serious difficulties.

Sir Charles Tupper began life at the very bottom of the ladder and by his own unaided energy and ability he rose to the highest position attainable in his native Province, Nova Scotia, before Confederation, and to the second highest position in the Dominion since that time. His name will long be associated with some of the most important of our public measures. He carried through the free school system for Nova Scotia, and incurred in so doing an amount of hostility hardly imaginable now. He was the leading spirit in the confederation movement in his own Province also, being the Premier there at the time of its consummation, and this, too, brought down on him a terrible storm of opposition. He has been the master spirit in the present Government in the Canadian Pacific Railway arrangement, and the fierceness of the storm that has created is not yet fully spent. A man of less determination would not have resorted to some of the things that he did to carry through these measures, but it may be doubted if efforts less

determined would have always ensured success.

That he has been sincerely desirous of advancing the best interests of the country few can doubt. It is quite probable that he would have always gladly accomplished success by means not objectionable in themselves if he could, but when that was not practicable he was not as scrupulous in the means resorted to as some, at least, of his colleagues would have been. For his own reputation it appears to have been a pity that he deemed it necessary to occupy his position in the House of Commons during the last session under such questionable circumstances that the Government felt it better to pass a special Act for his relief. The Independence of Parliament is a matter of very serious consequence to the body politic and a man of such prominence would well serve his own reputation by helping guard it as much as possible.

It is asserted, also, that Sir Charles has now become wealthy, though he entered public life poor, and has since that time paid too much attention to public matters to accumulate much property out of his private business. It has been well said that it is greatly to the credit of a public man to die poor, and Sir John is a shrewd enough man to take a good deal of personal credit to himself for being near the close of a long public career a poor man. All hands give him credit for that. Sir Charles has also laid credit to poverty, but it is greatly thought that his claims, in this respect are not so well founded.

Our Fire Insurance Account.

The Fire insurance companies have been complaining a good deal, during the past year or two, of their heavy losses, and in a good many instances the rates have been raised so as to be more in proportion to the risks undertaken. It is pretty evident, however, from the official figures of the Dominion Superintendent of Insurance that the people of the country paid pretty well for all the risks assumed. In some particular localities the losses may have been greater than the receipts, or so near as great as not to leave much margin for profit, but it is evident enough that, on the whole, the fire insurance companies doing business in Canada have no good reason to complain. Especially is this the case in regard to foreign companies doing business here. Either they have had better luck or better management than our own Canadian companies, or they have charged much higher rates of premium, for their profits have been much greater.

According to the official figures there were thirty fire insurance companies doing business in Canada last year. Of these seven were Canadian companies, four belonged to the United States, and the remaining nineteen were connected with Great Britain. About one-fourth of all the risks were taken by the Canadian companies, though they paid more than one-fourth of the losses, though they did not receive nearly one-fourth of the premiums paid. Even in their case, however, the amount received as premiums on risks appear to

have been \$325,740 more than was paid for actual losses. The losses by fire paid by the Canadian companies amount to about 72% of the total receipts, while those of the United States companies were equal to but 52%, and the British companies about 60%. It will be seen by the above that the "Yankee" insurance companies doing business here are not so risky and so reckless as many have imagined.

Last year the total amount of insurance on property in Canada is put down at over five hundred million dollars, in exact figures at \$513,580,302; and the total amount of losses paid equalled \$3,048,724. The total sum for premiums paid by the insurers during the year was \$4,624,741. The amount of business done, all round, was considerably larger than ever before. It is quite evident that all classes of property holders are becoming more and more in the way of insuring their property rather than taking the risks in their own hands. It would appear, however, that the companies are charging larger rates for the risks assumed, or else they had a much better run of luck in their favor. Comparing the year 1882 and 1883 the official report shows that the amount paid last year for premiums was \$395,000 greater than the year before, while the losses paid for were but \$241,000 greater.

When the amounts in connection with the insurance business in Canada for the past four years are added together a better idea is obtained of its magnitude. From the commencement of 1880 to the commencement of this year the total amount paid for premiums was no less than.....\$16,259,140
total losses.....10,593,309
Balance to Companies.....\$5,665,831.

Of course all of the expenses of the four year's business had to be deducted from this five and a half million dollars balance, but it is pretty evident that the transactions ought to have been pretty satisfactory to the companies doing business. Probably twelve million dollars of this amount was paid to outside insurance companies, but, of course, the money did not nearly all go out of the country. Possibly five millions of it was left after all losses were paid, and after the expenses to agents and the like were all met there must have been a fine margin left. It would be a very patriotic thing for Canadians to encourage Canadian insurance companies as far as practicable.

French-Canadian Emigration.

The continued exodus of a large number of French-Canadians is reported from the Province of Quebec. Probably not in years has the emigration been so great from Quebec as is reported this season. From various points hundreds and hundreds of families are leaving for new homes, principally in the United States. No special cause of dissatisfaction has arisen in the Province to cause such an exodus. Times have grown dull at home, and many of those who previously left the Province send back reports of such a character as to encourage many others to seek their fortunes elsewhere. It is certainly not an encourag-

ing thing to see so many native Canadians leaving Canada, but so far as the French emigration is concerned it may not be an unmixed evil. It is a well-known fact that large communities, wholly of French-Canadians, especially of the habitants, are not usually of such a character as to promote the enterprise and success of a locality. They are a very industrious people, but much wanting in the necessary intelligence and enterprise for good success. They are not, as a class, good farmers, and so long as they remain together, as they have done in their native Province there is not much advance in either agriculture or manufactures.

To those who have had much opportunity of observing the French people in the Province of Quebec it is evident enough that the country is not at all likely to advance at all rapidly so long as no other people become mixed with the native population. If a large number of the present population would scatter from their old homes, allowing another and a more enterprising and intelligent class of people to enter to a considerable extent, the interests of Quebec would be well served. This is just what the leading spirits of the Roman Catholic Church, and the leading men in politics in that Province are doing all they can to prevent. The future hope of the country largely depends on the failure of their efforts. No doubt but the earnest efforts being made to prevent any of the present population from leaving the Province, and of holding out strong inducements to those already gone to return are all well enough meant, but let the fact become undoubted that the French will always remain in a great majority there, and a serious blow has been struck at all prospects of such future success as there might otherwise be. As it now is many English speaking inhabitants of energy and capital are leaving the Province because they are so hopelessly in minority, and business suffers in consequence.

The French, especially the young people, make excellent operatives in the large manufacturing establishments, and they appear to be especially fond of that kind of work. They seldom rise above the position of mere machine hands, however. The capital and skill required for the establishment of these large manufactories will belong to some other race. It is evident, too, if scientific farming is to be carried on at all extensively in that country, the capital and skill must come from some one else. One of the most serious hindrances to the success of Quebec to-day, and to its becoming a desirable field for immigration from other lands is the fact that the French people govern the country, and govern illiberally and badly, and until the prospects grow brighter for a very different state of things it may be depended upon that the class of foreign immigrants so very desirable will give the country a wide berth.

The present French-Canadian emigration movement, on an extensive scale, may yet turn out of very material advantage to the future success of our neighboring Province.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

The Old Man's Weekly Budget of Gossip About Things in General

Is it a fact that respectable householders gather their families together on Sunday afternoons and read aloud JACOB'S weekly homily on men and things in general? If so, and I don't doubt your word, this is fame indeed, and satisfaction enough for any ordinary man. At this rate, I must, as Mrs. Chick would say, "make an effort" and see to it that I have always more than ever something worth saying and reading too. It is just in this direction that my ambition, if I have any, especially lies. I like to go into farm houses, to sit around the big blazing log fire in the backwoods, or at the comfortable and capacious store of more settled districts to hear the gossip and take my share in the crack, to help the boys with their sums, and the girls with TRUTH'S Enigmas, not forgetting to hold the hank of worsted when the gudewife winds it off into a clew, or to do what I can in keeping up sides with the head of the house on farming affairs or local politics. JACOB has done a good spell at such work in days gone by, and he likes to do it still whenever he has an opportunity. Aye, and when he can't do any thing else it is a cordial to his old heart to think that thousands welcome his weekly visit in TRUTH, and give him a character to the effect that he isn't a bad fellow, isn't JACOB, by a long chalk. I wish all the fireplaces where TRUTH is found were as JACOB wishes them to be. There would then be a considerable overturning of many present arrangements and no mistake. Now look ye, JACOB would banish the whiskey bottle. Yes, indeed, he would

KICK IT TO THE BACK OF BEYOND, or over to the other side of the north wind. Don't tell me that whiskey is not ruining thousands both in town and country. I know better. Plant down a tavern in a neighborhood and as sure as fate that neighborhood begins to degenerate. The boys get to lounge about it, professing to hear the news, or to see a party. It becomes a rough and tumble club house with skittles, checkers, and cards—the looser to pay for the drinks! But whatever the pretence, the result is very much the same. The interest in the work of the farm is dulled, the brain is injured, self-respect is lost. A certain loud rude rough way is gradually contracted and there is a whole crop of both young and old who very speedily go to the bad.

Jacob would also like to see all the readers of TRUTH both in town and country dealing only for and with cash. I think I would rather go with the shabbiest coat that would at all hold together before I would have the finest "on tick." Some folks say that the country could not get on without credit. Perhaps such is the case, but this I know at the same time, that it would have been the greatest mercy possible to hundreds and thousands if they could not have got credit, or not a tenth part of what they got. It is an awful easy thing to say

PUT IT DOWN,

but it makes many a heart go pit-a-pat when the account is rendered. Folks are more cautious about buying what they don't absolutely need when they have to plank down the cash. Yes, and when one has money over hand he can make a long-sight better and more advantageous bargain. He can ask what he wants, and if he don't get it he can go elsewhere. Ready cash is a mighty convenient thing, when one goes on an errand or wants to buy new dresses for his girls and new jackets for his boys. JACOB repeats that

it has been credit that has diddled many a man out of his farm. He had by-and-by to give the store keeper a mortgage, and then in due time came foreclosure and all which that means.

Then JACOB would like to see a great many fathers and mothers trusting their boys and girls more than they do; not by letting them go alone to foolish merrymakings or by winking hard when they stay late and come home at the "ama' oors." There is plenty of that kind of trust and a great deal too much. But trust them by making them more acquainted with their affairs, by taking them more into their confidence, by letting them know what are their troubles, and what are their plans. Too many fathers forget that their sons are young men and their daughters young women, and that they are not to be treated any more like little children. You understand? Why, there are fathers who will not let their sons sell a bushel of wheat, and will not trust them at a fair to dispose of a bull calf for fear they allow themselves to be cheated. Did ever anybody hear such nonsense? Wouldn't it be far better for their boys to be cheated three or four times before their father dies than twenty times after? Wouldn't it be far better that the father should be there to advise them, to sympathize with them in their blunders and losses and to encourage them with the assurance that they will do better the next time? But no! The old cantankerous fools keep the noses of their young folks close to the grinds'one and do every bit of marketing and bargain-making themselves, as if the boys were babies, and the girls still not out of leading strings. It is a great shame and a great loss as well. And what a senseless fuss some old fools of fathers do make when their sons are rather taken in! They never let it down on the poor fellows. They chuckle over it; they grumble about it, they throw it in the young fellows' face in the nastiest fashion, they even tell the neighbors about it, and make the unfortunate youngster their butt. Was there ever such folly and wickedness? Why every one must learn. In nine cases out of ten the young fellow did his best. Aye, was most anxious to show that he deserved his father's confidence. A few kindly considerate words, an expressed confidence that he would do better next time, would have bound father and son in still closer fellowship and confidence, and would have put the son ten times more on the very "edge of his foot." Fathers don't make fun of the mistakes of your boys. It has

AS DISCOURAGING AN EFFECT as that chronic continual scold with which some heads of houses constantly regale their unfortunate dependents. If more farmers and others were making their homes more attractive, and were trying to make their grown up children more their confidants and friends, there would be less of that "going away" which so many speak of and deplore.

That is surely about enough for one day in the way of a friendly plain-spoken talk. While I think of it there is another thing I wish to say to fathers, and that is "Don't put off your shoes till you are going to bed." Never put yourselves at the mercy of even the best of children by surrendering Title deeds and trusting to the generosity of the young folks for consideration and bread. It is essentially a bad plan. Never do it. A good son would not ask it. A bad son would not act on the square if he got the chance.

There now, I have said my say for the week. Some may not mind what I have urged. The more fools they! Others will be wiser I have no doubt. There is no use, let me add, in mothers toiling and fighting while the daughters sit about in stupid idleness. This is not however so often done as is sometimes alleged. Let parents and children work together in one common effort to make their homes bright and comfortable and prosperous and they will succeed and be happy as sure as my name is

JACOB FAITHFUL.

OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

For Bible Students.

No Money Required. Try Your Skill. NO. XIII.

With this number we complete a quarter of a year of Scriptural Enigmas. The undertaking has involved a large amount of labour and expense, but it has at the same time afforded us a great deal of pleasure. It has made us acquainted with a great number of friends whom we have never seen, whom we shall never see. To them we are a shadow as far as personality is concerned, and as such we shall always remain. On the other side we have rather the advantage, though it is surprising what a large proportion of our correspondents are personally strangers, though as the weeks go on they become really well known and greatly esteemed.

The large bundles of letters which come in sometimes positively alarm us, but we tackle bravely to the work of opening and reading them and generally find our reward in doing so. When a letter such as the following comes in it is not surprising that we should be encouraged:—"Allow me to say that the reading of TRUTH and the solution of the Enigmas afford me a pleasure which I had heretofore ceased to feel. Though always from a child I was fond of reading the Bible, yet of late years I was somewhat indifferent in the matter." Another says: "I wish your paper the very best of success which it so well deserves." Still another says: "I hope you will not discontinue the Enigmas, for we find them a most pleasant and profitable amusement." And a fourth says: "The search for these answers is very interesting and I am glad to see so many competing." While a fifth assures us of his good will in the following terms. "We are very much pleased with the Scriptural Enigma in TRUTH. We have such a time searching for the answers. It alone is worth the price of the paper."

TRUTH is not in the conventional sense of the word a "religious" periodical, but we claim that in the true proper sense of that word it certainly is. We represent no particular church. We advocate no particular body. We lay claim to no pre-eminent philanthropy. But at the same time we wish to do our readers good and not evil all the days of their lives, and we have the satisfaction of knowing that in very many cases we are doing this very effectively. Of course we are not universally applauded. We should be sorry if we were, for such a thing would be a clear indication of something very wrong. But we get as much praise and approval as we can make any good use of. Indeed, perhaps a little more and for all this we are very thankful. We have received M. A. M.'s communication and enclosures; many thanks. Her argument is unanswerable, and, as might have been anticipated the "ambiguity" has had no effect in leading answerers astray. If M. A. M. would be kind enough to mention the names of a couple of volumes on our list we should be pleased to send them.

Our esteemed correspondent from Westville, Nova Scotia, will please note that we had no doubt about Christ being spoken of frequently as a stone, but the question referred to required a word which itself meant a stone, which of course Christ does not. We are much obliged for his communication and hope to hear from him again and frequently.

D. B. Campbell, Cleveland, Ohio, says: "I have to thank you for the very handsome volume of Woodsworth's Poems—my first prize in the Enigma column, and with which I am much pleased. Also I thank you for the courtesy extended me, in returning me some change in Canadian stamps which may be very useful at some future time."

We are afraid to even seem to contradict a lady, still we cannot agree with our correspondent in Galt who insists upon it that Israh was a son, not a daughter, of Haran and that the meaning of the word is "He that smoints." Any Bible Dictionary or Hebrew Lexicon will inform her that the word means "She who looks abroad."

Now then for No. X.

The correct answers to these are—

1st. Messiah, Mess—si (gh)—ah.

2nd Olivet, Acts i, 12.

1st Onycha, Exod xxx, 34.

2nd Lapidoth, Judges iv, 4.

3rd Israh, Gen. xi, 29.

4th Vine, John xv, 1 & 5.

5th Eglon, Judges iii, 14.

6th Tertullus, Acts xxiv, 1.

The successful competitors are—

M. J. Wilkins, City Road, St. John, N. B.

Alex. F. Chamberlain, 109 Dover Court Road, Toronto.

Wm. W. Shrapnell, Glen Walker P. O., Ont.

Till we see how the answers come in with explanatory notes we shall not shorten the time by now giving the answers to No. XI. We rather think, however, it will come to that, if there be not a change made by having the Enigmas once a month instead of once a week.

Now for No. XIII. We give two this week again. One by our ingenious and poetical correspondent M. A. M., and another of our usual kind.

I. Mr first is sought with eager hand,
By every toiler in the land;
And yet my first 'tis very plain,
Makes naught of joy, but much of pain.

My second may be small indeed,
Yet 'tis of mighty fruit the seed;
Let none despise it of himself,
E'er seek to lay it on the shelf.

My third was formed so long ago,
No remnant now the earth can show;
And yet it was a type of One,
Whose work shall live beyond the sun.

My three in one—an ancient name,
That no mere son of man could claim;
Yet two a poster called by it
The greatest men in "Holy Writ."
M. A. M.

II. 1 What Judge of Israel in Shamir dwelt?

2 Who, building Jericho, God's curses felt?

3 What Judge for ten years ruled o'er Israel well?

4 In what famed town did Aristarchus dwell?

5 Whose book is lost though in the Bible named?

6 Whose of her husband's worship was ashamed?

7 Who in the camp of Israel prophesied?

8 Who for God's service ministers supplied?

9 From whom by Onri was Samaria bought?

10 Who against Syria and Israel fought?

11 The town where Jacobson's young son died?

12 The town which by the priests was sanctified?

13 The place where Ezra did a fast order?

14 The town where all the priests of God were slain?

15 Whose son foretold the ships his King had built

Should be destroyed as punishment for guilt?

Time draws towards its close
Careless we stand;
Near-r and nearer judgment,
The time is at hand

Some who apparently are particular admirers of the gentle poet of Olney would like "Cowper's poems" to be again offered. In accordance with their wishes we again mention that volume as the prize for this week, but at the same time we shall be happy to send any others on our list which the prize winners may name. We hope we need scarcely repeat that twelve cents for postage must in each case be sent to Mr. Wilson. Too many will persist in putting Mr. Wilson's name upon their replies to the "Enigma Column." It would be far better not. And please don't mix up any business messages with what is sent to the "Editor of the Enigma Column." These are either thrown into the waste basket, or forgotten, or delayed in the forwarding. Don't send in answers to anything but the questions in our Column. About all else we know nothing, and do not therefore hold ourselves in any way responsible for what is not in our department. "Editor of Enigma Column," TRUTH Office, 120 Bay street, Toronto.

Temperance Department.

SCOTT ACT NEWS.

SIMCOE COUNTY.—Rev. C. R. Morrow, of Otterville, Oxford County, is attending a series of meetings in Simcoe County, in behalf of the Scott Act campaign, and large and enthusiastic meetings are reported. He is a gentleman of ability, and well informed in regard to the question. We understand that Mr. E. King Dodds has been employed by the Licensed Victuallers to represent their cause in opposition to the Act, and has also arranged to address meetings in the county.

St. THOMAS.—In view of the movement for the adoption of the Scott Act in the city of St. Thomas and the adjoining County of Elgin, the licensed liquor sellers of St. Thomas and their friends are reported to be now raising a campaign fund of \$4,000 to defeat the Act. Business men are being appealed to for subscriptions on the plea that business will be injured by its enforcement. These parties are not paying any attention to the County. Whether this is because the case of the County appears hopeless, or because it can well take care of itself, deponent saith not. It is evident that a hot campaign may be looked for.

PEEL COUNTY.—A County convention of the temperance men of Peel was held in Brampton, on Wednesday, 7th inst. The meeting was held in the Methodist church, and there was a large number present, representing the various parts of the County. It was resolved to make arrangements as soon as practicable for the submission of the Scott Act to the electors of the County, and a County Association was formed for that purpose, of which the following persons were elected officers:—President, J. C. Snell, Esq.; Secretaries, J. P. Rice, and D. J. McKinnon, County School Inspector; Treasurer, T. Holtby. A Vice-President was appointed for each municipality. It was also resolved to raise \$1,500 to meet the expenses of the campaign. In the evening a mass meeting was held in the church, and stirring addresses were delivered by Rev. D. L. Brethour, of Milton, Mr. F. S. Spence, Secretary of the Alliance, and W. H. Howland, Esq., of Toronto. Peel County adjoins Halton, where the Scott Act has been successfully in force for two years, and the people have enjoyed good opportunities of seeing its success. The adoption of the Act is confidentially looked for by its friends in that locality.

DRINKS DOINGS.

A YEAR'S VICTIMS.—An English paper says that the verdict in five hundred cases of coroner's inquests in that country last year was "Died from excessive drinking." It is not likely that this number, large as it is, includes one-half the cases of that kind.

STABBING AND IMPRISONMENT.—On the 9th inst Michael O'Reilly was sent to the Central Prison by the Toronto Police Magistrate for stabbing his brother-in-law, William Kearney. Mrs. O'Reilly stated in her evidence that her husband had been drinking heavily for two months past, during which time she was compelled to support him, and she needed an order of protection from him. It was in a drinking bout that the stabbing took place.

A MAN KILLED.—A few days ago four men named James Townsell, Peter Graham and John Korvin, left a tavern at North Augusta, Leeds Co., Ont., partly under the influence of liquor and with a whiskey bottle with them. They met Daniel Cutway, a neighbor, on the road, with whom they got into a drunken quarrel of some kind. Cutway was afterward found with his skull broken and he died a day or two later in consequence of his injuries. The tragedy appears to have been the direct result of a drunken row. The four men have been arrested and are now in gaol at Brockville.

FOUND DEAD.—On Thursday morning of last week an old man, named John Wright, was found lying dead beside the railway track near Toronto. The *Globe* says:—"He was of very intemperate habits. It is about a year ago since his wife, Charlotte Wright, was found dead in a hut on Eastern Avenue, in which they had lived some time, when the old man was too drunk to know what had happened. For some days past the deceased had been drinking very hard, and it is surmised that, last night returning to his lodging in a state of intoxication, he must have fallen, and being unable to rise again, he met with his death."

DRINK AND MISERY.—In the shanty of Patrick Fitzpatrick, of Bathurst street, Toronto, on Friday last, it was reported to the police that the dead body of a child was lying. The parents were reported too poor to bury it, and so an order was given to have it done at the public expense. The mother was found lying drunk beside her dead child, and before the burial took place a quantity of whiskey was brought into the miserable home and, as a result, a fight was soon in lively progress, and the police had to be called in to stop the row and prevent bloodshed. The dead child was lying there all the time, and was left uncarred for until the police authorities saw its removal. Death must be a friendly hand to a child with such parents and such a home. These are direct results of the drink traffic, such as are being constantly produced.

The Actual Results.

At the recent Peel County meeting the Rev. D. L. Brethour, Methodist Minister, of Milton, made the following statements in regard to the practical workings of the Scott Act in Halton County. As the speaker is a resident of Milton, the county town, he has had an excellent opportunity to know whereof he affirms. He is a gentleman of high standing in the Methodist Church and the Christian Ministry, and his word may therefore be accepted without question in this matter. Mr. Brethour said:—"The temperance people were satisfied with the law. In some respects it had done more than they expected. There never was a time when there was less liquor sold in that county than at present. Even the opponents of the Act acknowledged that it had lessened crime. Last year there were only seven persons committed to the county gaol for drunkenness, and four of these came from an adjoining county. This year there had been but two persons committed. The county constables have nothing to do; one, whose fees for the year previous to that in which the law went into force, amounted to \$70 has not received a dollar during the past two years. Magistrates courts were unknown outside the towns and incorporated villages. The marked improvement on county show days, when compared with those of former years, has converted scores of opponents into friends and supporters of the Act. Men who at first violated the law had now a wholesome dread of it, and many of them had left the county for the county's good. A comparison of the sixteen months preceding with the sixteen months following the enforcement of the law showed a decrease of 70 per cent in the crime of the county. A majority of the leading business men of Milton, Georgetown, Acton, and Burlington, declare that the Act has not injured business, and in some instances they state that their trade has largely increased."

Josh Spillit's Dram.

The quaint, backwoods dialect which the *Arkansas Traveller* puts in the mouth of the hero of the following incident rather adds to than detracts from the pathetic power of the story, so universally and so sadly illustrated in current domestic history. And its pathos is intensified beyond measure in the reflection that the tears of so many thousands of

wives and mothers are daily quaffed with unfeeling recklessness by those whose experience is identical with that of the old toper.

"Boys, I won't drink without you take what I do," said old Josh Spillit, in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of long standing and abundant capacity, and the boys looked at him in astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "that you should prescribe conditions is laughable. Perhaps you want to force one of your abominable mixtures on us. You are chief of the mixed drinkers, and I won't agree to your conditions."

"He wants to run us in on castor oil and brandy," said the Judge, who would willingly have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm square," replied Spillit. "Take my drink and I'm with you."

The boys agreed and stood along the bar. Every one turned to Spillit, and regarded him with interest.

"Mr. Bartendor," said Spillit, "give me a glass of water."

"What, water!" the boys exclaimed.

"Yes, water. It's a new drink on me, I admit, and I expect it's a scarce article. Lomme tell you how I came to take it. Several days ago, as a parcel of us went fishing, we took a fine chance of whieky along, an' had a heap of fun. Long towards evenin' I got powerful drunk, an' crawled under a tree an' went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whieky an' came back to town. They thought it a good joke 'cause they'd left me out there drunk and told it around town with a mighty bluster. My son got a hold of the report an' told it at home. Well, I laid under that tree all night and when I woke in the mornin' thar sat my wife right thar by me. She didn't say a word when I woke up, but she sorter turned her head away. I got up and looked at her. She still didn't say nothin', but I could see that she was chokin'."

"I wish I had suthin' to drink," s' s I. "Then she tuck a cup what she fotch with her, and went down to whar a spring biled up, an' dippt it up a cupful and fotch it to me. Jes as she was handin' it ter me she leaned over ter hide her eyes, and I seed a tear drap in the water. I tuck the cup an' drunk the water an' the tear, an' raisin my hands I vowed that I would never after drink my wife's tears agin', that I had been drinkin' them for the last twenty years, an' that I was goin' to stop. You boys know who it was left me drunk, You was all in the gang. Gim me another glass of water, Mr. Bartendor."

Humble Pie and Poor-Man's Soup.

BY MARY BWINELL CRELLIS.

"Hello, Rob Westgate! So you are to eat humble pie the remainder of your life, are you?"

No reply was made to this sneering remark until the speaker, Eustace Clare, called loudly enough to be heard by every boy on the playground.

"Rob Westgate, have you turned deaf all of a sudden?"

"Were you speaking to me?" asked a bright-eyed lad in response to this question.

"I should think I was. Your name is Rob Westgate isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; that's my name every time, and I never mean to do anything to make myself ashamed of it."

"I should be ashamed to eat humble pie and poor-man's soup; but some people never seem to be ashamed of anything."

"Of whom do you count me one?"

"Yes; if you have started in the track you intend to follow. You have signed old Willowdale's pledge, haven't you?"

"I have signed the pledge Mr. Dale is circulating, and it wouldn't hurt you to sign it."

"It would hurt my disposition. I don't intend to give up all the things in life quite yet."

"In signing Mr. Dale's pledge you would not give up a single good thing.

His pledge is against bad things. Have you seen it?"

"No, and I don't want to!"

"Tell us about it, Rob," said another schoolmate who was standing near.

"I can tell you," responded Eustace Clare, without waiting for anyone else to speak. "Old Willowdale's pledge is a promise not to do a dozen different things a boy or man of spirit wants to do."

"So that is your version of it," remarked Rob Westgate. "Mr. Dale's pledge is against using profane language, tobacco or intoxicating liquors of any kind. That is all there is to it, and according to my idea that is just what every boy of the right spirit will be willing to promise."

"Does that cover cigarettes and cider?"

"Certainly; although some cigarettes have very little tobacco about them."

"Well, I smoke cigarettes, and drink cider and beer too; and it is none of old Willowdale's business. He is nobody. Wouldn't have a roof over his head if it weren't for somebody's charity."

"He would have had a better roof over his head without charity if all belonging to him had kept such a pledge as I have signed," said Rob Westgate. "Father says he was a splendid scholar, but he wasn't always as strong a teetotaler as he is now, and his children went wrong before he realized their danger. Now he is trying to save other people's children, and I am going to help him, if I do eat humble pie and poor-man's soup. So you may all know where to find me on the temperance question."

"A temperance lecture, free gratis, for nothing!" exclaimed Eustace Clare as the last speaker hurried from the playground.

"Now let's go down to old Willowdale's to-night and have some fun."

"What kind of fun," was asked.

"Oh! pretend we want to sign the pledge, and then tell him we were only fooling."

"I won't do so mean a thing as that," was the quick response, echoed by a chorus of voices.

Eustace Clare found himself in the minority, and although he still talked of humble pie and poor man's soup, he was more civil in his manners. At length he was asked to describe this pie and this soup, when he answered—

"The soup is mostly clear, cold water, and the pie is any kind of poor trash, without seasoning—like mince pie without brandy."

"If it is nothing worse than that I can eat it with a relish," said Rob. "My mother makes tiptop mince pies without a drop of brandy in them, and cold water is the best drink in the world. So you may take your brandy pie, with beer and tobacco, if you will, but I advise you as a friend to take Mr. Dale's pledge."

"Not if I know myself. I am going to take the best I can get, and make the most of it."

Their opinions differed as to what the best might be, but each went his own chosen way, and at the end of ten years no one could doubt which had chosen most wisely.

Eustace Clare was small and weak, with a pale pinched face, and in every way inferior to his old schoolmate, who was a large, grand-looking fellow, able to help himself and others. Clare would then gladly have exchanged his lot for that of Rob, to whom no good thing seemed denied, whilst he lived on the miserable and uncertain wages earned in a low drinking saloon.

Yet he clung to tobacco, beer, and whiskey, eating with these the humblest of pies and the poorest of soups, realising, as he did so, that he was sinking lower and lower in poverty and wretchedness. He might not have acknowledged that he was ashamed of his position, but the care with which he avoided his former companions betrayed his sense of degradation.

THE WINE TRADE.—Last year, it is said, that in France 21,500,000 bottles of champagne were produced. Of these 2,686,500 were consumed in the country, and 3,600,000 sent to the United States.

IN GOLDEN BONDS.

CHAPTER XXVIII. (CONTINUED).

"Tom Parkes has been caught, and James Woodfall has escaped, I am afraid," said Laurence.

"Then he was there! Tell me all about it," I said anxiously.

"Won't to-morrow do?" pleaded poor Laurence earnestly. "I am afraid, if you get so much excited, your arm will get inflamed, and I ought to be setting off for the doctor now."

"No, no; you couldn't get to Beaconsburgh to-night, you know you couldn't. It wouldn't be safe," said I. "Your bandaging will do quite well until the doctor comes as usual to see Sarah to-morrow morning. Now tell me quickly all about the robbery. Did you find the policemen in the park? Then suddenly I sprang up from the sofa. "Where is Mr. Rayner? Why was Gordon here instead of him? Oh, Laurence, my head seems to be going round! I don't understand it at all. I am getting quite bewildered. Why was it?"

"Let me tell you about the robbery. You will hear and understand it all in time," said he very gravely and very gently. "I found the policemen in the park and stationed them in the shrubbery, and I stood myself with that man over there and one other, as close as possible to the back entrance of the house; and there we waited until nearly half-past seven, when a man came up through the fog and tapped at the door. One of the maids opened it, by appointment as it turned out, for she was expecting him, though I don't believe the poor girl suspected what his real business was; for it was Tom Parkes. And, when they went inside, Tom went last, and left the door ajar. A few minutes later another man came up and slipped in so quietly, so quickly, that we could hardly have sworn in the dense fog to his going in at all. Then presently Tom and the girl came out. He said good-bye to her without as much delay as she would have liked, walked a few steps away until she had shut the door, then returned and crept alongside the wall of the house until he was under the strong-room window. There were four of our men stationed very close to that, and their chief, who was with me, crept along easily under cover of the fog, which was as thick as ever, to join them. I followed with the other man. In a few minutes we heard a soft whistle from the strong-room window, as we guessed. Tom answered by another and we saw a third man come up and join Tom. I was so close that I saw a bundle let cautiously down from the window by a cord. Tom handed it to the third man, whom we allowed to walk off with it—followed however by two policemen—in order to watch the further proceedings of the other two thieves. Another bundle was let down, which Tom carried off himself; and then we watched anxiously for the next movement of the man in the house. The strong room window is about twenty feet from the ground; but the man jumped down and landed on his feet. In an instant five of us were upon him, but, though I think each of us in turn thought we had caught him, he eluded us all and got clear away, and in the fog escaped us. But that man at the window there, who has been so many years in the force, recognized him and identified him as James Woodfall, and I recognised him too."

"You, Laurence! I didn't know you had ever seen him!" I cried.

At that moment the elderly man left the window.

"It's no good, sir, I'm afraid. The one rogue's got off as clear as the other. Can you tell me where Maynard is, miss?"

I got up from the sofa and led the way into the dining-room. Mrs. Rayner was still sitting, pale and upright, with staring gray eyes, Maynard still sleeping. The other detective shook him, and glanced at the wine.

"Drugged," said he shortly.

With a few vigorous shakes he succeeded in rousing Maynard, and, when he began to look around him in a dazed way, the other said sharply—

"Practically you are to be hoodwinked like that, and drink and sleep quietly under the very roof of one of the greatest scoundrels unhung!"

"Who?" said the other, started. "Mr. Rayner?"

"Mr. Rayner! Yes, 'Mr. Rayner' to simple folk like you; but to me and every thief-taker that knows his business—the missing forger, James Woodfall!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

As the detective pronounced the name "James Woodfall," I gave a cry that startled them all. Shaken as my trust in Mr. Rayner had already been, the shock seemed in a moment to change the aspect of the whole world to me. I shrank even from Laurence as he would have put his arms round me, and my wild wandering eyes fell upon Mrs. Rayner, who sat with her hands tightly clasped and head bent, listening to the proclamation of the secret which had weighed her down for years. And, as I looked at her, the scales seemed to fall from my eyes, my dull wits to become keener, and part of the mystery of the house on the marsh to grow clear to me.

I sank down upon the floor beside her, and she put her thin wasted arms round my neck and kissed me without a word. And the three men quietly left the room. We did not say much even then.

"Oh, Mrs. Rayner," I whispered, "it is terrible for you!"

"Not so terrible to me," she whispered back wearily. "I have known it for years—almost ever since I married him. But don't talk about it any more," she said, glancing furtively round the room. "He may be in the house at this moment; and they might search and watch for months, but they would never catch him. But he will make us suffer—me—ah, and you too, now! You were so unsuspecting, yet it must have been you who set Laurence Reade upon the track."

"Not of Mr. Rayner. Oh, I never thought of such a thing!" I whispered shuddering.

And I told her all about my suspicions of Tom Parkes, my visit to the Hall, my letter to Laurence, and all I said in it.

"Mr. Reade has shown energy and courage," said she. "But he will suffer for it too. You don't know that man yet. He will never let Laurence marry you. Even if he were in prison, he would manage to prevent it."

Luckily Laurence himself tapped at the door at that moment, for Mrs. Rayner's gloom for a moment was fast increasing the fever of my overwrought mind. He came to say that the constables had returned to the house, having failed in the fog to find any trace of Gordon, or of—of any of the others. He was going to return with them to the Hall, where they would sleep, leaving Maynard to pass the night at the Alders, as his missing host had invited him to do, and a couple of constables to keep watch in turn, though there was nothing less likely than that the—persons they were in search of would return to the Alders that night. Then he said very gently to poor Mrs. Rayner—

"Will you forgive me for what I have done in all innocence? I had some vague suspicions, the reasons for which I will explain to you presently; but indeed I never thought to bring such a blow as this upon you."

"It is no blow to me," said she, raising her sad eyes to his face. "That man—my husband—would have got rid of me long ago, but that he hated violence and dreaded it. Everything short of that he has tried," she whispered; "and it is not my fault that my wretched life has lingered on in spite of him."

Laurence ground his teeth.

"The wretch!" he said, in a low voice. "But he shall pay for it now. I'll ransack the whole world till we have unearthed him."

"You will never do that," said she calmly. "He dares too much for that. He is no coward to lie hid in a corner," she went on, with a sort of perverse pride in the man for whom every spark of love was long since dead. "He will brave you to your faces and escape you all. But you have done your best. You are a brave man, Mr. Reade. You would help me if you could. Good night."

She shook hands with him, and left the room. He turned to me quickly.

"You must both leave this place," said he. "The long-continued suffering has almost turned that poor lady's brain. But she is safe from that vile wretch now; and you too, oh, my darling, thank Heaven!"

There was a tap at the door, and the voice of the elder detective said—

"Are you ready, sir?"

"All right," said Laurence; and then added, in a voice for me only, "I'm not ready a bit. I should like to stay and comfort you for ever. Take care of your poor little wounded arm. Good night, good night, my darling!"

I heard him leave the house with the constables. Then, exhausted by the events of the day and night, I just managed to crawl up-stairs to my room, and, throwing myself upon the bed without undressing, I fell into a deep sleep which was more like a swoon. In the early morning I woke, feeling stiff and ill, undressed, and got into bed; and when the sun had risen I got up with hot and aching head, and found that my arm was beginning to be very painful.

Haidee and I had breakfast alone, for the cook told me that Mr. Maynard had already started for London; and I was just going to see how Mrs. Rayner was when Doctor Lowe arrived on his daily visit to Sarah. As soon as he saw me he ordered me off to bed, and then, after making him swear secrecy, which did not make much difference, as the story would certainly be all over the neighbourhood and in the London newspapers before long, I let him draw from me an account of the greater part of the events of the previous day. He said very little in comment beyond telling me that he had always mistrusted Mr. Rayner, but that now he admired him; and then, strictly forbidding me to leave my bed until his visit next day, he left me.

Jane came up to me soon after. She had only just come home from Wright's Farm, and was full of curiosity excited to the highest pitch by the vague account that the cook, who was deaf and had not heard much, had given her of the events which had taken place in her absence. I told her that there had been a robbery at the Hall, that the man who had asked to speak to me was a detective, and that he and Mr. Rayner had left the Alders.

My faith in the latter was gone altogether; but my affection for him was gradually coming back again. The fearfully wicked things that he had done I had only heard about; and how could the impression so given out weigh that much stronger one of his constant kindness to me? And to think that it was I who had drawn down justice—for it was justice; I sorrowfully admitted—upon him caused me bitter remorse.

Laurence told me, in one of the little notes he kept leaving for me all day long, that it was expected that Mr. Rayner would brave everything and return to the Alders sooner or later, if only for a flying visit, and that, in consequence, the search of the house which must take place was to be postponed, and the place watched, with as much caution as possible, from the outside. By letting the life at the Alders go on as usual, it was hoped that he might be lured back under the impression that he was not expected to return there. Laurence had telegraphed to my mother to tell her that I was quite safe and the journey put off, in order to allay her fears about me.

Mrs. Rayner brought one of those notes up to me late in the afternoon. In addition to her usual palar she had great black rings round her eyes; and, in answer to my inquiries, she confessed that she had not slept all night.

"I have something to tell you," she whispered in my ear. "Mrs. Saunders drinks, and is not a proper guardian for Sarah. She is afraid of Mr. Rayner; but last night, knowing he was not in the house, she was in nearly as excited a state as her patient, and was very rough with her. Sarah's room is nearly opposite mine, and I opened my door and heard what sounded like a struggle. Maynard, who was in the next room to the dressing-room, either did not hear or did not like to interfere. But now he is gone; and I ought to be used to terrors, but I am afraid," and she shuddered.

"Surely there is nothing to be afraid of if you lock your door, Mrs. Rayner?"

"I have no key. Will you leave your door open and the door at the foot of the turret staircase? I know you must not leave your bed; but it will be some comfort to know you are within hearing."

I promised; and that night, when Jane came up to my room for the last time, I made her leave the doors open when she went down.

The sense of being on the alert made me wakeful, and two or three times during the night I rose and stood at the top of my staircase, listening. And the third time I did hear something. I heard a faint cry, and presently the soft shutting of a door, then steps in the corridor below, and whispering. I crept half-way down the stairs; the whispering continued. I got to the bottom, and recognised Sarah's voice muttering to herself. I would rather have again faced Gordon with his revolver than this

mad woman; but I was so anxious about Mrs. Rayner that, after a few minutes spent in prayer, I ventured out from the doorway, and found Sarah crouched in a corner muttering to herself. The wretched woman started up on seeing me; but, instead of attempting to approach me, she hung back, moving her still bandaged head and her one free hand restlessly, and saying—

"I've done it—I've done it! He'll come back now. I've done what he wanted. He can marry the Christie girl now. It's all right. He'll come back again now."

With terrible fear at my heart, I dashed along the corridor to Mrs. Rayner's room and went straight in. The atmosphere of the room was sickly and stifling. I went up to the bed. Mrs. Rayner was lying with a cloth over her face! I snatched it off. It was steeped in something which I afterwards learnt was chloroform. Thank Heaven, she was alive—for she was breathing heavily. I rushed to the two windows and flung them wide open, pulled the bell-ropes until the house echoed, and moved her arms up and down. The cook and Jan came in, terribly alarmed, in their night-gowns. I left them with Mrs. Rayner while I ran down stairs for some brandy.

There was some on the sidboard in the dining-room, I knew; and I was returning with it, and was just outside the dining-room door, I caught sight of a man in the gloom at the end of the passage leading from the hall. He had come from Mr. Rayner's study, and disappeared in a moment in the darkness. It was impossible to recognise him; but I could not doubt that it was Mr. Rayner.

Where was he going? Was he going to escape by the back way? Did he know the house was watched? I made a step forward, anxious to warn him; but he had already disappeared, and I dared not follow him.

I crept up-stairs, too much agitated to be of any use any longer; but happily Mrs. Rayner was already recovering, and the brandy-and-water restored her entirely to consciousness. I spent the rest of the night in her room, after I had, with the cook's assistance, persuaded the unhappy lunatic who had done the mischief to return to her own room, where we found, as I had expected, Mrs. Saunders in a stupid, heavy sleep, half in her arm-chair and half on the floor. The cook declined to watch in place of her for the remainder of the night, but as a precaution locked the door on the outside and took the key away.

"Now, if Sarah wants to do any more mischief, let her try it on Mrs. Saunders," said she.

I could scarcely approve of this way of settling the difficulty; but happily no harm came of it; and Mrs. Saunders profited by the lesson, and kept pretty sober after that.

This woman, having been sent from town by Mr. Rayner, had taken upon herself in some sort the authority formerly held by Sarah in the household, and she now suggested that Mrs. Rayner had better go back to her old room in the left wing, saying she would take charge of it for her as Sarah had done. The poor lady came up herself to my room, where, having made my arm much worse by my expedition in the night I was lying in bed the whole of the next day.

"Why do you go back if you don't wish to do so, Mrs. Rayner?" I asked.

"I expect it is by Mr. Rayner's orders," she whispered.

And, my strong suspicion that he was in the house acting like a spell upon me, I said no more.

But I was curious to know what was the mystery that hung about that bed-room in the left wing which no one was allowed to enter but Mrs. Rayner, Mr. Rayner, and Sarah; and I resolved that, as soon as I could, I would try to induce Mrs. Rayner to let me go in there.

As I lay thinking of all the strange and horrible events which had filled my life lately, the thought of Mr. Rayner lying concealed in his own house, perhaps hidden in some cellar the existence of which was unknown to every one else, came uppermost in my mind. It was the most dreadful blow I had ever experienced. I have my respect and affection for a kind friend turned suddenly into horror of a great criminal. But I would not believe that he was all bad. How could a man who was so kind and sweet-tempered have no redeeming points at all? And it was I, who had never received anything but kindness at his hands, who—innocently indeed—had drawn down

this pursuit upon him. There were only two things that I could do now. I could pray for him, as I did most earnestly, that he might repent of what he had done, and become in very truth all that he had seemed to me; and I could perhaps let him know how the thought that it was I who had brought down justice upon him tormented me.

A possible means of communicating with him occurred to me. In spite of the Doctor's prohibition, I sprang out of bed, got my desk, and wrote a note asking his forgiveness, and giving him a full explanation of the way in which, in all innocence, I had written the letter which had led to this pursuit of him. I told him the house was being watched, and was to be searched before long, and begged that, when he had got away, he would find some means of letting me know he was in safety. "I do pray for you every night and morning. I can't forget all your kindness to me, whatever you have done, and I don't wish to do so," I added, as a last thought in a P. S. And then I put on my dressing-gown, and, when I heard nobody about, slipped down by the back staircase to his study, where I put the note, directed simply to "G. Rayner, Esq.," just inside the drawer of his writing-table, and crept guiltily up-stairs again.

Mrs. Manners came to see me that afternoon; Laurence had confided nearly everything to her, and she was much more severe upon Mr. Rayner than I—quite unchristian, I thought, and rather angry with me for not being as bitter as herself against him.

"Don't you know he wanted Sarah to kill his own wife that he might marry you, child, and, when Sarah was taken ill and couldn't do it, he wanted to run away with you?"

"Yes; but, as he was prevented from doing either of those things, it is easier to forgive him. Don't you think I ought to try to forgive him, Mrs. Manners?"

"I don't know, I am sure, child," said she, after a little hesitation. "But I think it ought to require an effort."

Then she told me that, when Laurence had heard that morning through Jane of the night's adventure, he had gone to Doctor Lowe and insisted upon Sarah's removal to the county lunatic asylum that very day; and I never saw the poor creature again.

When Mrs. Manners had left me, and Jane had come up at four o'clock with a cup of tea, I insisted on getting up and being dressed, as I wanted to see Mrs. Rayner and find out whether she had heard of Sarah's departure. I heard that she had gone to her old room in the left wing, and, having taken the precaution to wrap a shawl round me before entering that long cold passage, I passed through the heavy swing-door, the very sight of which I hated.

I was opposite to the store-room door, when it was softly opened, and, without being able to make any resistance, I was drawn inside by a man's arm. I looked up, expecting to see Mr. Rayner, and was horror-stricken to find myself in the arms of Gordon, the man who had shot me. It was so dark already in the store-room, lighted only by one little high window, that, his back being turned towards it, I could not see his face.

"Don't tremble so," said he—his voice was always hard, but he did not mean to speak unkindly. "I meant to do for you before I left this house; but this has saved you." And he showed me my letter to Mr. Rayner.

"Do you know where he is?" I asked eagerly.

"No, ma'am," said he, in his respectful servant's manner; "but I should say that he is on his way to America by now, where he meant to have taken you."

"Me? America?"

"Yes, ma'am. Miss Haidee was to have left at Liverpool Street Station, and brought back to the Alders."

"But I wouldn't have gone."

"I beg your pardon, ma'am; but I don't think your will would have stood out against James—Mr. Rayner's. And, if this letter had not shown you to be loyal to him, I would not have left you here alive. I am surprised myself, knowing how set he was upon having your company, that he did not come back and carry you off with him. But I suppose he thought better of it, begging your pardon, ma'am. I may take this opportunity of apologising for having once borrowed a trinket of yours while you were staying at Denham Court. But, as it was one which I myself had had the pleasure of assisting Mr. Rayner to procure from Lord

Dalston's, I thought it wisest to pull off the little plate at the back, for fear of its being recognized by Mr. Carruthers, in whose service I was when I was first introduced to Lord Dalston's seat in Derbyshire."

"My pendant!" I cried. "It—it was real then?"

"Yes, ma'am. I had to remonstrate then with Mr. Rayner for his rashness in giving it you; but nothing ever went wrong with him—daring as he is—till you came across his path, ma'am. He was too tender-hearted. If I did not feel sure that he is by this time on the high-road to fresh success in the New World, I would shoot you dead this instant without a moment's compunction."

I shuddered, glancing at his hands, which were alim and small, like those of a man who has never done rough work. I saw that he had got rid of his handkerchiefs.

"I have nothing to keep me here now, ma'am; so I shall be off to-night; and, if you care to hear how I get on, you will be able to do so by applying to my late master, Mr. Carruthers."

He led me courteously to the door, bowed me out, and shut himself in again, while I went on, trembling and bewildered, towards Mrs. Rayner's room.

I knocked at the door. At first there was no answer. I called her by name, and begged her to let me in. At last I heard her voice close to the other side of the door.

"What do you want, Miss Christie?"

"May I come in, Mrs. Rayner? I have something to tell you."

"I can't let you in. Can't you speak through the door?"

"No, no; I must see you. I have something very important to say about Mr. Rayner," I whispered into the key-hole.

"Is he here?" she faltered.

"No; he has gone to America," I whispered.

She gave a long shuddering sigh, and then said—

"I—I will let you in."

She turned the key slowly, while I trembled with impatience outside the door.

When I found myself inside the room which had been a mystery to me for so long, nothing struck me at first but a sense of cold and darkness. There was only one window, which was barred on the inside; the fog still hung about the place, and the little light there had been all day was fading fast, for it was five o'clock. But, as I stepped forward farther into the room, I drew my breath fast in horror. For I became aware of a smell of damp and decay; I felt that the boards of the floor under the carpet were rotten and yielding to my feet, and I saw that the paper was peeling off the wet and mouldy walls, and that the water was slowly trickling down them.

"Oh, Mrs. Rayner," I cried, sghast, "is this your room—where you sleep?"

"I have slept in it for three years," said she. "If my husband had had his will, it would have been my tomb."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Encouraging Science.

The Worshipful Company of the Grocers, London, have taken steps for the encouragement of original and exact researches into the causes of important diseases and into other matters connected with sanitary science. The advice of Prof. Tyndall, Dr. Burden Sanderson, Dr. George Buchanan, and Mr. John Simon is promised upon the scientific considerations involved. A prize of \$5,000 is to be offered once in every four years, and to be awarded for the proof of any important discovery with regard to a subject in connection with sanitary science named by the company. The first essays of this discovery prize, which is open to foreign as well as British competitors, must be sent in by Dec. 31, 1886. The test thesis is thus stated: "The discovery of a method by which the vaccine contagium may be cultivated apart from the animal body in some medium or media not otherwise zymotic, the method to be such that the contagium may be by means of it multiplied to an indefinite extent, in successive generations, and the product after any number of such generations shall (so far as can within the time be tested) prove itself of identical potency with standard vaccine lymph." The company also offer for competition to British subjects under 35 years of age to research scholarships, each worth \$1,200 a year and tenable for three years, the competition for which takes place this month.

When does a man have to keep his word?—When no one will take it.

THE SPHINX.

"Name me this and guess him if you can."—Dryden.

Address all communications for this department to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine, U.S.

NO. 73.—A TALE OF MYSTERY.

Mine is an intricate history, Based and built upon mystery; Sought for the secret I hide alone, Ceasing to be as soon as known I date from creation's hoariest ago Down to the hour of the present page, My form? 'Twere as easy by bounds defined.

As the fancies that flit across the mind, Weight and color and substance shown?

Any or either, all—or none? A solid, a surface, an atom, I'm real, But in absolute essence I'm purely ideal;

And you to yourself, oftentime am I, Questioning vainly, what or why? Sage and simple, with eager eyes, Pore o'er the forms of my disguise, I lie in state in a pyramid, In earth, in sea, and in sky I'm hid;

But what'er I am, and where'er I bide, Show me the brains I've left untried! What and where and whence? Can you tell?

Read my riddle and break my spell.

HADASSAH.

NO. 74.—AUTHORS GO HUNTING.

FIND THEIR NAMES HIDDEN.

Friend Sheridan:—Tell all the boys to come to-morrow. We are going to the woods back of the cooper's cottage. I set traps in that hedge of hawthorn every season. That is where Dick ensared those partridges. Bring your gun and pop over every rabbit you see, for Dick eats them unless the cook burns them while baking. Besides, Katie Moore, the goldsmith's daughter, wants the skins for a hood—especially the gray ones. If Will Hamilton is coming, tell him we must cross the river in his old scow. Perhaps you can wear my hunting suit of brown. In good season, say 6 A. M., we must meet near the barn old Tom Rogers built to shield his lambs in cold weather.

In haste, WILL SONN.

NO. 75.—A RIDDLE.

Within the house I'm always found, E'en though it be but a hut; Without my aid no razor's known, Though sharp it be, 'to cut. In sugared sweets I'm ever rolled, But shun a cup of tea; In company with you I am, But never known to me.

ANON.

NO. 76.—A CHARADE.

My first can dim the sun's meridian ray; In hardest iron my second eat a way; My whole indulged will have their powers combined To cloud the judgment and corrode the mind.

S.

NO. 77.—AN ODD PROBLEM.

A certain farmer keeps nine pigs in four pens, and has an odd number in each pen. How does he do it, and how many pigs has he in each pen?

A. B.

NO. 78.—AN OLD TALE RETOLD.

A total there one day came into town, Seeking a site in which to settle down.

A merchant did him with a farmer acquaint, Who, misunderstanding, replied, "well, I haint Needing any one to [last] on my [first] just now; Besides, I'd have to buy a new team and plow." The merchant and all were completely astonished, For the farmer had taken the word as it sounded.

M. JULIEN.

THE PRIZES.

Five dollars will be presented to the sender of the best original contribution to "The Sphinx" during 1884.

Two dollars will be given for the best variety of original contributions sent in by any person during the year.

For the best lot of answers to "the Sphinx" for May will be awarded an elegantly bound volume of Longfellow's complete poems. Each week's answers should be forwarded within five days after the date of TRUTH containing the puzzler.

ANSWERS.

- 61.—Go-ll.
- 62.—1. Turnip. 2. Radiah. 3. Carrot. 4. Artichoke. 5. Onion. 6. Cucum-ber.
- 63.—One set of the pieces used in draughts or checkers.
- 64.—1. Hudson. 2. Dayton.
- 65.—Ass-ass-i-nation.
- 66.—Take v from FIVE and FIE remains, the addition of D D L giving FIDDLE.
- 67.—Liar.

The volume of Shakespeare offered as prize during April has been won by D. Forsyth, Berlin, Ont., who will kindly forward twelve cents in stamps for postage on the book and it will be immediately sent him.

COACHES IN THE DAYS OF GEORGE IV.—Hackney coaches were always drawn by a pair of horses for the most part miserable looking creatures, which it would have been cruelly to urge to any speed, though I fancy they were capable of keeping up their jog-trot for a considerable time. The drivers were usually oldely men attired in stone-colored great-coats with many capes. I also just remember two or three sedan chairs waiting for hire near the old squares at the west end of the town; but they were worn and shabby, though with likeness enough of their better selves to recall Hogarth's pictures to mind. There were stage coaches from certain central points to the suburbs running several times a day, but seldom starting on their last journey later than half past eight o'clock, p. m. Small chance was there of procuring a place in the "last coach" from any suburban district without the preliminary ceremony of booking it. There were always, however, and at all hours of the day, one hope—though often a forlorn one—for the tired wayfarer, and this was a "return chaise." The phrase, familiar enough fifty or sixty years ago, has no meaning now, but when railways were not, and the wealthier classes travelled chiefly by aid of post-horses, the empty post chaise, on its return journey, was often to be seen on the highroad. The postilion, be sure, always kept his eyes open to catch any sign from a pedestrian going the same way, for it was a comm on thing for the roomy yellow chariot to halt and a little bargain to be struck, in accordance with which the pedestrian obtained a "lift."

A thieving young Pittsburg dentist has eloped with a daughter of a Philadelphia nabob, and all the laughing-gas ever used by the new son-in-law wouldn't create the ghost of a smile on the old gentleman's countenance.

The modern dandy can truthfully exclaim: "I haven't the least idea!"

J. O. Good Templars.

TRUTH is the Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of Canada, I. O. G. T. Items of information...

NEWS FROM LODGES.

NEAR PETERBORO'.—A new lodge was instituted near Peterboro' last week by Bro. Rev. John Shaw, P.G.W.C. Templar.

NOBLETON, YORK CO.—Excelsior Lodge reports over a hundred members, a large proportion of whom were initiated last quarter.

WEST WINCHESTER, DUNDAS CO.—Progression Lodge was organized twelve years ago by Bro. James Johnston, and reports this quarter a membership of eighty.

RAMA, ONT.—The Indian Lodge,—"Kissabata"—is one of the oldest and most successful Indian Lodges in the Province.

GUTHRIE, ONT.—Bro. B. Fairley, L.D., writes that Beaver Lodge is progressing favorably. Thirty-seven were initiated during last quarter.

PARIS, ONT.—Bro. Robert Armstrong, L.D., writes:—"Paris Lodge is doing a good work. We are getting in some that were much addicted to the use of strong drink."

TORONTO.—Of Albion Lodge Bro. A. R. Seabie, L.D., reports as follows:—"I am glad to report that our Lodge is progressing favorably."

STEWARTVILLE, RENFREW CO.—Bro. Daniel Young writes that New Glasgow Lodge is still holding on its way. The indications for a Temperance revival are good.

TORONTO.—The installation of the new officers in Toronto Lodges took place on Monday evening, Dec. 1. A. Stewart, L.D., officiating.

Kerr, W.V.; Bro. Wm. Newton, W.S.; a position he has continuously filled with great acceptance for some years.

SEND NEWS.—Every Good Templar is invited to send items of information in regard to the progress of Temperance or Templary, in his or her locality, for publication in TRUTH.

Good Lodge Rooms

The New York Official Organ says:—"Empire lodge of Syracuse finds it easier to pay \$2 per night for a good lodge room than much less rent for a poor one."

ADULTERATED WINES.—It appears that even in France there is great difficulty in procuring pure wines. Recently an analysis on a large scale took place in Paris.

THE DOUBLE PLEDGE.—The Church Union says:—"A new departure is to be taken in the blue ribbon movement in England."

Select Readings.

Gone to the Fair.

"Of course he's all right," said good Farmer Brown. "As he's settled at ease in his chair, 'What could happen to the boy, I' just like to know."

"But what do you mean? I can't understand! 'Got drunk on the beer at the fair? 'And the colt ran away'—ah! the pride of my eye!"

"Ah, youth is so weak, so easily led, 'Tis only a touch and they're down— But farmers for farmers should manage the fairs

"'Tis all done for money? Are they needy? I thought Their treasury suffered no lack; Ah, the money that comes from those bleeders who 'pay,' Dark curses will bear on its back!

"How I wish they could stand—these men who have bleaced For the feet of our children a snare— Where I do to-night—I'm sure they'd return To the lano-cat, old fashioned fair."

Last Public Appearance.

The Pall Mall Gazette publishes the text of the song, "Sands of the Dec," which Prince Leopold sang at Esher in aid of the Village National School, stating that, as this was probably his last appearance in public, a melancholy interest now attaches to that well-known song, which we therefore append:—

THE SANDS OF DEC.

"O, Mary, go and call the cattle home, And call the cattle home, And call the cattle home, Across the sands of Dec."

The May Flower

BY JESSIE CAMERON.

Deep dungeon'd under drifted snow, But nursing hope in patient brow, The little May-flower lies at rest, Waiting to hear the south-wind blow.

—Written for Truth. Phantoms of Memory.

BY W. H. PINNEY, ORASS LAKE, ONT. Phantoms hover ever near, Airy as an echo's voice, Whisper in the willing ear, Thoughts that make the heart rejoice.

Chiding.

BY NELLIE L. TINKHAM. Baby, with grieving lip and eye, Reaches out his eager hand For the jewel, quaint and fair, Rich with pearls and carving rare.

Good Templars' Directory.

LONGFORD MILLS, SIMCOE CO., KISSES-LARETA Leake (Indian) meets at Good Templars Hall, Rama, every Saturday evening.

Our Young Folks.

The False Balance.

Two little girls, in the early morning of an October day, were dressed in a sleepy fashion, or rather one of them was dressing, and the other sat on the side of the bed looking at her.

"There," said Bess, impatiently, "now that mean old shoe string must go and break, and I know that bell's just going to ring. Turn over the leaf, Gussie, so we can be learning the text while do our hair."

Gussie got up on the bed, and turned over the leaf on a roll of texts which hung on the wall, and then stood a minute, reading it to herself.

"Why don't you hurry?" said Bess, looking up at her, "you'll be awful late. My senses me! What a text to pick out for folks! 'A false balance is an abomination unto the Lord.' 'Fears to me if I was a Sabbath school committee, or whoever does print out these verses, I'd find some that has some sense to 'em.'"

"Why, Bessie Maynard, that's in the Bible, and I sh'd think you wouldn't dare to talk so," said Gussie, with horrified eyes.

"Well, I don't mean just that way, of course. I mean sense for everybody. You know yourself there's a difference. There's verses about wives, and husbands and ministers, and—and grandmothers, and they don't fit everybody. I should think that verse was meant for grocery-men that don't weigh things right, and I just wish they had to learn it."

"It's easy to learn anyhow," said Gussie, "only I like to think about my verse. Some of them seem just a purpose for me, like 'diligent in business,' and 'whatsoever thy hand.'"

"Yes," said Bess, complacently "you are so slow and such a put-off-er, but there isn't a thing in this verse to think about."

There was a little silence, for Bessie was brushing her thick, curly locks, and it took all her patience to struggle through the tangles.

"That's because you didn't brush it out last night," said Gussie.

"I s'pose so; but it is such a bother. Dear me! I'm going to braid it this way; I can't stop."

"O Bessie! you know mamma won't like it; and it spoils your hair," said Gussie.

"It'll do for once," said Bess; "it looks all right, anyhow."

"I wonder," began Gussie, and then suddenly stopped.

"What?"—inquired Bess.

"I don't know—I thought maybe that might be what the text meant," said Gussie slowly; "sort of half doing things; not quite giving so much as you pretend to."

Gussie stopped, afraid of offending the sister of whose superior gifts she stood greatly in awe; but Bess only laughed as she answered, "You do think of the queerest things Gussie."

That was what they all said of Gussie, but she kept on thinking.

It was her day to dust the parlor.

"I'll help you," said Bess; "and then you'll get through, so we can go for chestnuts."

"But you don't do the corners, Bessie, and you haven't moved any of the books," said Gussie, as she watched her sister's rapid whisks of the duster.

"What's the difference?" said Bess. "It looks all right; you s'pose anybody's going to peek around after a speck of dust? There—now, that's done."

But Gussie, with the thought of that false balance in her queer little head, kept on until the work was thoroughly done, saying to herself, "If I pretend to give mamma a pound of work, and only give her half a pound, I'm sure that's deceitful balance."

The next thing in order was to pick over the grapes for jelly, and even patient Gussie sighed over the big basket, but as

usual Bessie's part was completed long before hers.

"I wish you would learn to be a little more nimble with your fingers, Gussie," said her mother, and Bessie added in an undertone, "It's 'cause you fuss so; s'pose 'a bad grape does go in now and then, who's going to know it when they're all mashed up?"

"I don't care," said Gussie, feeling a little touched by her mother's criticism. "I shan't have any false balance 'bout my work, 'cause the Lord can tell a bad grape if it is mashed up; its puttin' it in."

Only one thing more stood between the little girls and the holiday excursion for chestnuts. The history lesson must be learned for Monday, and thou they would be as free as the birds. "How I hate it," said Gussie, "stupid dry stuff about ad-min-is-tr-a-tions. I don't see any use knowing it, anyhow."

"I'll tell you what," said Bess, "let's begin about the middle, because the first of it never does come to us."

"And then," said Gussie, "Miss Marcy will s'pose of course we know the beginning."

"Yes," nodded Bess, beginning to gabble over the words. "I'm going to finish in half an hour—'On account of these things it was plainly impossible'—"

"But we don't know what things," said Gussie.

"No, and I don't care."

"And if Miss Marcy s'poses we know and gives us credit, it'll be a deceitful balance, 'cause we make her think we know a pound when we only know half a pound."

Bessie's face flushed a little. "I just wish, Gussie Maynard, you wouldn't talk any more about that grocery man's text. It's just nonsense trying to make it fit us."

But after all Bessie did not feel quite comfortable, and went back and learned the beginning of her lesson.

"There," she said, "that's good full weight, and I don't intend to be a bomin-ation any more."—*Christian Observer.*

"Ye Have Done It Unto Me."

"Ye have done it unto Me, ye have done it unto Me," sung Jenny, one Monday morning. "There! I'll remember it this time, sure. But, dear me! I'm forgetting after all. The teacher said we must not only learn the words, but think of what they mean and try to do them."

"Let me see, now," and she pressed her chubby hands to her forehead; "teacher said, 'if we give a cup of cold water to one of His little ones, for the Savior's sake He would say, 'Ye have done it unto Me.' I don't s'pose I know any of His little ones, but I'll try if I can find 'em.'"

She ran into the kitchen where on the dresser she spied a large bowl which was used to mix cake in.

"Ah!" thought she, "the Savior is pleased if we give His little ones a cupful of water: He'll like a bowlful better still. Bridget, may I take this bowl awhile?"

Bridget, who was busy with her washing, did not turn her head but said,—

"Oh, yes; take what you like."

Jenny lifted the big bowl down very carefully; but how to fill it was the question. She did not want to trouble Bridget; besides, she had an idea that she ought to do it all herself.

A bright thought struck her; taking the cup that always hung on the pump, she filled it up several times, and poured it into the bowl.

"It's cupful, after all," she thought.

It was almost more than she could carry without spilling; but she walked slowly to the front gate. There was no one in sight, and Jenny set her burden on the grass and swung on the gate while she waited. Presently, along came two little girls on their way to school.

"Want a drink?" called Jenny.

"Yes, indeed; it's so hot, and I'm dreadful thirsty. I most always am. But how are we to get at it?" Laughing as she saw the great bowl.

"Oh, I'll soon fix that!" and Jenny ran for the tin cup with which they dipped out the water.

"It tastes real good," they said and kissed her as they ran off to school.

The next that appeared was a short, red faced Irishman, wiping his face with the sleeve of his flannel shirt, while an ugly dog trotted at his side.

"He don't look like 'one of the little ones,'" thought Jenny, doubtfully; but she timidly held out her cup. He eagerly drained it, filling it again, and drinking.

"And it must be a blessed angel, ye are, for it's looking for a tavern I was, and now I won't nade to go nigh one at all. And shure, after all, water's better nor whiskey. Might I give some to the poor baste?" pointing to his dog.

Jenny hesitated; she did not like the idea of having the dog drink from her cup or bowl. But the man settled it by pouring the remnant of the water into his dirty old hat, the dog instantly lapping it up.

After they were gone, Jenny filled her bowl again. But I can't tell you now of all to whom she gave cups of cold water that hot day. But when she laid her tired head on the pillow that night, she thought—

"I wonder whether, after all, any of 'em were His 'little ones'?"

And the dear Savior, looking down and seeing that the little girl had done all that she could for His sake, wrote after her day's days "Ye have done it unto Me."

About Sharks.

The appearance of sharks occasionally on the English coast naturally creates a certain panic among bathers; and we may trace the breakage of the nets of the fishermen to their presence, among other causes. The six-gilled shark, or gray shark, is sometimes ten or twelve feet in length, and is very destructive among the pilchard on the Cornish coast.

The white shark is a formidable fellow; but although his class occasionally send over to our isles deputations of one or two, we have, fortunately, not had to record of late years such a visitation as that of 1785, when hundreds appeared in the British channel. This individual is perhaps the most formidable of all the inhabitants of the ocean. Ruyach says that the whole body of a man, and even a man in armor, has been found in the body of a white shark. Captain King, in his "Survey of Australia," says he caught one which could have allowed a man with the greatest ease. Blumenbach says a whole horse has been found in it; and Captain Basil Hall reports the taking of one, in which, besides other things, he found the whole skin of a buffalo, which, a short time before, had been thrown overboard from his ship.

As it is not always pleasant to have sharks follow a ship, it cannot be too well known that a bucket or two of bilgewater has been known to drive them away.

Two things contribute to the shark's determinate ferocity. In the first place, we may refer to his teeth, for of these engines of destruction nature has been to him particularly bountiful; and this species of bounty he has a peculiar pleasure in exercising. If he could speak he would probably tell us that, besides being troubled with his teeth, which he could not help keeping in use, he had been gifted with enormous abdominal viscera, and that, more particularly, a third of his body is occupied by spleen and liver. The bile and other digestive juices which are secreted from such an immense apparatus, and poured continually into the stomach, tend to stimulate the appetite prodigiously—and what hungry animal with good teeth was ever tender-hearted?

In truth, a shark's appetite can never be appeased; for, in addition to this bilious diathesis, he is not a careful masticator, but, hastily bolting his food, produces thereby not only the moroseness of indigestion, but a whole host of parasites, which goad and irritate the intestines to that degree that the poor squalus is sometimes besides himself from the torment, and rushing like a blind Polyphemus through the waves in search of anything to cram down his maw that may allay such urgent distress.

He does not seek to be cruel, but he is cruelly famished. "It is not I," expostulates the man in the crowd, "that is pushing; it is others behind me." The poor wretch must satisfy not only his own ravenous appetite, but the constant demand of these internal parasites, either with dead or living food; and therefore it is that, sped as from a catapult, he pounces on a quarry, and sometimes gorges himself beyond what he is able to contain.

What Zero Means

Perhaps not one person in a hundred knows why a point 32 degrees below the freezing point on Fahrenheit's thermometer is called zero. For that matter, nobody knows. The Fahrenheit scale was introduced in 1720. Like other thermometric scales, it has two fixed points—the freezing point, or rather the melting point of ice, and the boiling point of water. The centigrade and Reaumur call the freezing point zero, and measure therefrom in both directions. This is a very natural arrangement. Fahrenheit kept the principle on which he graduated his thermometer a secret, and no one has ever discovered it. It is supposed however, that he considered his zero—32 degrees below freezing—the point of absolute cold or absence of all heat, either because being about the temperature of melting salt and snow, it was the greatest degree of cold he could produce artificially, or because it was the lowest natural temperature of which he could find any record. The grounds on which Fahrenheit put 180 degrees between the freezing points are likewise unknown.

Steaming and Bending Wood.

In an address recently delivered by Mr. H. G. Shepard, of New Haven, Conn., relative to the use of wood in carriage making, he said that after a piece of wood is bent its characteristics underwent a considerable change. The wood is heavier, and its fibres have become interlaced; it will sustain more pressure and strain than straight wood in the same directions, either across or with the grain. He said: "A piece of timber that has been steamed, whether it is bent or not, has its stiffness increased. It is more brittle than it was before, and for some uses it will do as well, and yet there is a quality that the steaming process and the kiln drying process produce in much the same way; they both cook the gum in the timber and make it brittle and stiff. There is a kind of hickory that never becomes stiff by a natural process of drying, and one of the desirable qualities of a spoke, rim, or whiffletree is stiffness as well as strength; you take that hickory—and it is the very best we have—and steam it, and it is better fitted for these purposes than it was before. It is difficult to tear apart a piece of bent wood; the fibres are interwoven, one with the other. We do not perceive the change on the outside, but when we come to split the stick open, we find that its character is entirely changed."

Where we disavow being keeper to our brother, we're his Cain.

The following advertisement appeared in a Wisconsin paper: "Wanted—A medium-sized house for man and wife as near new as possible." This is a delicate way of informing the public that this couple haven't been married long.

—Written for Truth.

Heavy Laden.

BY NORA LAUGHER, TORONTO.

I'm sitting alone in the gloom,
 Mine eyes are wet with tears,
 Of the future vainly thinking,
 That awaits me, full of fears,
 Against the window drearily
 I sit, the falling rain,
 My heart is aching wearily
 With a dull, far-boding pain.
 Keeping time with the sad moaning
 Of the wind amid the trees,
 Oh! would we could fly our sorrows
 Far with their falling leaves,
 And drift them to the river,
 Flowing towards the sea,
 Our care and trouble casting
 In vane its immensity.

The sinful this sad repining,
 For always in our life
 The sweet and bitter mingle,
 The peace and the strife,
 But there's the sorrow will help us,
 As he looks with a trying eye,
 He notes the tolling burden,
 He hears the wailing sigh:
 To him then with our sorrows,
 And loan from his breast,
 "Weary and heavy laden,
 For He will give us rest."

CUPIDITY AND CRIME.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(CONTINUED.)

A quick shudder ran through the young man's frame; the words jarred horribly on his ears; she thanked him for life—him, who in his eager and reckless desire to set her right with the world had perhaps given her death, and death in its most cruel and shameful form.

The thought maddened him. But for his blundering efforts to discover the real author of the crime, to trace the identity of the unknown corpse that had been committed to the dust in Nora's name, the dormant energies of Scotland Yard might never have been aroused. She might have lived on, un molested and free from all suspicion, until the dawning of that day in which, conquering her last scruple, he should have persuaded her to link her lot with his, to take up the severed thread of their old love, and follow him to some far-off land where her story would be unknown and unsuspected, and all the madness and misery of the past would become in time as a shadowy dream.

Now the contrast between what might have been and what was half maddened him. He hid his face in his hands, and Nora saw the terrible tears wrung forth from a strong man's agony fall one by one between the slim strong fingers.

The sight wrung her heart as her own pain and peril had no power to do. With a quick groined cry, she drew down the young man's hands, and forced the anguished blue eyes to meet the eager pathetic pleading of her own.

"Arthur, listen to me. Even if it were you who had given me up, I should be glad. Even if I were to die, still I should be glad to die; when Heaven and those who love you know your innocence, that can be borne, Heaven can give strength for that. But to live as I have lived these two years past—" She paused, white to the lips, and trembling a little, while some of the old horror crept back into the dark dilating eyes. "Arthur, you do not know; that was to die daily an unpitied death!"

Arthur Beaupre listened and watched, with something of wonder mingling with his keenest pain. To him this swift outbreak of passion was as much a revelation as it would have been to Nettie or to Vance. Nora had borne with such brave and cheery patience the cross laid on her that they thought she had ceased to feel its weight.

"My poor Nora!" With a sort of reverent pity Arthur laid his hand upon the slender shoulder. "But it could not have always lasted thus. You would not always have been cruel, Nora; you would have come to me at last."

"Never!" Nora said firmly. "Never, Arthur! It would have broken my heart to lose you; but your mother should never have reproached me with bringing you danger and shame!"

"My mother!" the young man cried

eagerly; and this time his fair frank face flushed with a loving pride, and not with pain. "Ah, Nora, you do not know my dear old mother yet! She is as frank and just as she is brave and tender-hearted. Nora, she will come to you to-day."

The girl's eyes filled with sudden tears, and sparkled through them with a happy, grateful light.

"Will she?" she asked half incredulously. "Oh, Arthur, how good she is; how I shall love her by-and-by!"

The young man winced a little under the fervent words; and, though he forced an answering smile, he could not trust himself to speak. Noticing this, the girl clasped both hands upon his arm, and looked up into his face with solemn shining eyes that were clear as crystal, yet unfathomably deep, like some slumbering stream on which the moonlight rests.

"You fear the worst, dear?" she said gently. "Well, if it comes, we can bear it, you and I. But, listen, Arthur"—as he stirred restlessly under the earnest gaze and the light loving touch—"I do not share your fears. Either I am 'fey' and blinded to all danger, or else a spirit of prophecy has come upon me, and the darkest hour is past. I cannot help it, dear," she added, with a little broken laugh, more pitiful than any cry. "I have been dead so long; it is so sweet to live!"

The pretty head, with its cruel crown of soft white hair, fell forward on his shoulder. Nora's proud strength was shaken at last; she clung to her lover's arm with an unconscious energy that told its own tale of overwrought nerves and a reactionary crisis at hand. She sobbed once or twice with childlike vehemence, while Arthur soothed and comforted her as he might have soothed a grieved and frightened child. The lovers had changed places now; a moment back agonised fears had all but overwhelmed him, while she was brave and strong.

"Hope still, my darling; we can hardly know a darker hour than this," he whispered fondly; and then, in a calmer tone and glancing at his watch, he added, "I wonder Vance is not here before this! In half an hour more—" He bit his lip, keeping back the words that would have rounded her off the trial in store.

"Poor Vance!" she said softly. "The blow was terrible to him and dear Nettie. Oh, Arthur, I trust she is not ill! She looked like a dead woman when that man called me 'Lady de Gretton,' and her scream when he took me away"—she paused with a quick shudder—"oh, it was terrible! I can hear it still."

"He followed you home, I suppose?" Arthur asked, anxious to turn her thoughts from this new fear for which Vance's absence certainly gave some ground.

"Who? The man? Yes; Jennie had been fretful and feverish, and wished to walk in the park; but we soon saw that we were followed; and I took a cab home. He must have taken another, for he was at the house as soon as we. Arthur, it was dreadful. Vance had just started for the theatre; Nettie was hushing the baby to sleep, and Jennie setting her books out on the table, and calling to me to give her her German lesson, when—Oh, Arthur, I can see it all—can feel the touch of the man's hand on my shoulder, and hear Nettie's cry!"

She paused abruptly; and Arthur showed his sympathy only in the close warm clasp that prisoned the little trembling hand.

Where was Vance Singleton? What but some fresh catastrophe could keep that warm-hearted, earnest partisan so long from Nora's side? To Vance had been left the business of selecting a solicitor; and yet, while the time appointed for the magisterial examination was cruelly close at hand, not even a message from Vance had been brought.

"It is cruel!" Arthur cried at last, grinding the word between his teeth in an access of uncontrollable fury.

Suddenly, while he chafed and fretted and counted every second as it passed, Nora looked up and said, with grave and infinite compassion—

"Arthur, I am sorry for Cristine."
 "For Cristine!" he echoed incredulously. "Do you think your pain will hurt her, Nora?"

"I know it," Nora answered dreamily. "Just because she was cruel, because we misunderstood each other once, she will be sorry now."

"She is in no haste to come to you."
 "She does not know perhaps—and perhaps she will come; if not, will you ask her to come to me, Arthur?"

"Yes—no—I cannot tell," Arthur answered hurriedly, too distracted now to pay much attention to her words.

In ten minutes more Nora would be borne away to the police-court. Already he saw the eager faces gathered together in the dingy room made hideous by a thousand associations of coarse and foul and brutal crime. Already he saw the barristers chatting glibly together over the "clever capture" of the previous night, the reporters preparing their note-books and sharpening their pencils to sketch his fair proud Nora in verbal caricature for the delectation of the greedy public that would feast with such morbid appetite on every detail of the sensational tragedy of which she was the guiltless and unhappy heroine. His soul sickened within him at the hideous picture his fancy conjured up. For the second time he found himself wishing her dead in her innocent girlhood, rather than profaned by such contact with the world as this.

"Arthur, you will not be cruel to Cristine," Nora began pleadingly; but the man cut the appeal short with almost savage abruptness.

"I cannot think or speak of her now, Nora! The steps—do you not hear? My own darling, be brave and firm now!"

She started, and clung a little more closely to him. Steps were indeed distinctly audible coming along the stone corridor; they paused at the door now.

"Is it Vance—or—"
 "Not Vance, dear," he said gently; "they have come. It is time for you to appear in court."

For one second her eyes closed in a sudden faintness, and he feared she would never face the ordeal before her; but she rallied, and smiled up into his face.

"I am ready, Arthur; and you will be there."

"My brave Nora!" He gathered her closely in his arms, feeling as though he could defy the world to wrest her from him; and in that eager passionate embrace those two forgot for one mad second the peril and the pain that compassed them.

Then the door grated on its hinges, and the room seemed suddenly to fill with people, and people that they knew. True, the officials were there, and their coming meant that the hour of Nora's agony was at hand; but with them too were Vance, Nettie, and Cristine.

Vance was the first to speak, his handsome face aglow with some deep feeling, his handsome eyes lit up with the fire of some great joy. He caught Nora's outstretched hands within his own, and looked down with a sort of wild delight into her wondering eyes.

"Good, brave girl!" he cried exultantly. "Oh, Nora, you have borne your anguish well! Can you bear the shock of a great joy?"

She did not answer; but the grey eyes darkened with a look of pathetic entreaty; and she trembled a little, as with sudden cold.

Involuntarily Arthur Beaupre threw one arm round the slender shrinking figure, while his eager gaze wandered distractedly to Vance Singleton's face.

"For pity's sake, be quick; suspense will kill her!" he said hurriedly; and once again the dismal room echoed to Vance Singleton's joyous low-toned laugh.

"No, no; joy does not kill, and mine are joyful tidings. Nora, my poor little martyr, your innocence is proved at last! A few hours more will see you a free and happy woman."

Holding desperately still to Arthur Beaupre's arm, as though to save herself

from falling beneath the tremendous shock of the last words, Nora stood for a moment or so in stupid uncomprehending silence, staring blankly before her, seeing nothing, or understanding nothing of what she saw. There was something terrible in the rigidity of the white face. With a little sob Nettie twined her arms around the slender neck, and kissed the cold cheek with an eager passion of pity.

"Dear Nora, try to understand that all your pain is over, that you are quite safe now."

Nora's lips moved dumbly, and her eyes wandered round restlessly, till they fell upon Cristine, who had hitherto kept in the background. The sight seemed to startle her back to sense and understanding. Suddenly she threw out her hands with an imploring gesture.

"Cristine, come here!" she cried weakly; and when Cristine came she caught her hands and gazed with piteous entreaty in her face.

"Cristine, you do not love or pity me too much to tell me the whole truth. What does this mean?"

"It means—look at me Nora, and believe that no one is more glad than your old enemy—it means that Lady Olivia Blake has confessed to Lord de Gretton's murder, and that you are—Nora!"

The last word was a cry of terror, for, with a long breath, half sigh, half sob, Nora fell forward, and lay, white and senseless, in her step-sister's arms.

CHAPTER XXX.

The taste of lovers of sensation was gratified, and London had but one subject of conversation that night, for, by the time the evening papers appeared, all London knew that the mystery of the De Gretton murder was explained at last, knew of the confession and suicide of Lady Olivia Blake. The sudden horror that held Cristine Singleton motionless before the silken curtain that alone stood between her and the solution of all her doubts and fears had not been foundationless. Had she found strength to push the frail barrier aside, she would have found the desperate passion-haunted creature whose crime had darkened so many lives prone and cold across the doorway, with wide dark eyes glaring dreadfully up from the dead face, on which the glare of lamplight fell, and the small dark blue phial that still diffused its subtle odour through the room clenched in the rigid fingers with the unyielding clasp of death.

Lady Olivia had "escaped," and, so far as human justice was concerned, the escape was safe and sure. She had been dead some hours when the doctors were called in, and her fixed defiant smile and haughty look seemed to mock even in death at the retribution that their owner had defied so long and eluded at last. Side by side with the account of the suicide appeared the confession that gave back life and happiness to Nora, and cleared the last shadow of suspicion from her name. It was full and explicit enough to satisfy the most exacting; and, though passion made it a little incoherent here and there, the main part of the document was studiously temperate and clear.

"I have learned," it ran, "from Cristine Singleton to-night that Nora, Lady de Gretton, is alive, in hiding, and in deadly peril still. The story was told to wrest a confession from me, I know; but, in spite of the natural emotion it excited, and the eloquent pleading which remorse has taught the cold and selfish girl, my secret is my own yet. Shall I make confession now? Let me think."

"Nearly two years ago! Oh, Heaven, how long, how long those years have been! Have they dragged to her as to me, I wonder? Is it as hard to be hunted and innocent as guilty and safe? 'Safe!' How the word mocks me as I write it down! Was I ever safe for a day, an hour? Ah, no! If the actual peril of rope and scaffold never came near me, if the opportune disappearance of that unhappy girl set the sleuth-dounds of justice on another track,

have not the phantom horrors of my sleepless nights and miserable days been worse than the worse bitterness of death?

"And yet I did well to kill him! Face to face with the end, face to face with my own soul, I say that I did well. Alberic Grant was a coward and a traitor. He shamed his own kinswoman before the world, and thought his baseness safe because she stood alone, because she had neither brother, nor lover, nor husband to avenge her. The coward and the fool! The coward to count a woman's helplessness as something in his favour, the fool to forget that woman had Spanish blood in her veins and Spanish fire in her soul. Well—now he knows!

"Little more than two years ago, I thought that Alberic Grant and I were to marry; and, though I always feared and shrank from him, I was content that it should be so; content—no more. My first marriage had been unhappy, and I soon repented the rash folly that had condemned me to poverty, and given me a lower place in the world than I might have hoped to hold. I never thought that my cousin would forgive me; there was little generosity in his character, and that he should bitterly resent the trick I had played him seemed to me only natural and just.

"But, to my amazement, when, the year after my widowhood, I returned to London and took up the threads of my old life, De Gretton was the first to greet me with every expression of affectionate regard. I was sore-hearted and broken-spirited just then; my own world looked upon me indifferently enough. My beauty had faded and my means were small. I had somehow made a failure and a muddle of my life, and for failures and muddles the world has no great taste. Imagine then how my heart warmed to the man I had wronged, the man whose chivalry so easily forgave me!

"At first he spoke lightly and easily of the trick I had played him; and yet under all the lightness I was quick to perceive a subtle undertone of tender regret. He blamed himself, not me. I was too young and bright for a dull old fog. It was a sacrifice any frank-hearted girl would naturally avoid. I looked at him, erect, handsome, dignified, walking in the world's sunshine, crowned with the world's honour and regard, and then at my own dark, haggard face, and there seemed a cruel mockery in his words.

"Something of this I said in passionate incoherent fashion, expressing I know not what of regret for my past madness and ingratitude to him: but even then, though he bent over my hand with the tenderest courtly grace and soothed me with the kindest words, I felt vaguely frightened and oppressed by the odd exultant glitter of his eyes.

"So, little by little, his daily devotion and constant care of me attracted the gossip's notice. Little by little the story crept about that the old past was to be renewed, that I was to be Lady de Gretton after all. Old friends who had forgotten me in my obscure widowhood thronged round me once again, old acquaintances renewed their claim to intimacy, life began to brighten once more, and I knew that I owed it all to Alberic Grant. Was it any wonder that I learned to look for his coming with an eager gratitude that touched on love, to long for the utterance of the words that should make the bond between us irrevocable?

"But those last words were strangely slow in coming. I had been congratulated on what every one looked on as a settled thing a dozen times, and maliciously rallied on my strange reticence as many more; but still the one sentence that would justify me in calling myself 'engaged' was never spoken. Lord de Gretton spoke always with a careless confidence of our future life, did all but ask me to marry him every time we met; but the 'all but' never changed into the 'quite,' the plain Anglo-Saxon phrase never passed his lips; and, as the days and weeks and months passed on, my heart grew sick with hope deferred.

"Yes—hope. Olivia Grant, in the feverish flush of her first romantic passion, might think her middle-aged cousin no desirable mate, and break the bond between them lightly enough; but Olivia Blake, with all the glamour gone, with a bitter knowledge of poverty and fallen fortunes, and a keener appreciation of all the solid goods of life—this Olivia had learned to look on the once-dreaded marriage as the goal of all her hopes.

"It seemed so sure and safe a thing too, for months I had consulted with his stewards and arranged the affairs of his estates, for months the De Gretton diamonds had been in my possession, the jewels that had never flashed on the neck and arms or glittered in the hair of any woman but the wife of a De Gretton before. I wore them one night at a Court ball; and next day—How shall I write of what followed? The shame and pain of that time seem to scorch me now—now that he is dead, and I am face to face with death.

"He came quite early in the afternoon, and began, in his careless indolent fashion, to discuss the events of the previous night; but all the time he watched me with such strange intentness that I felt my face flush and my heart throb with an exultant prevision of a momentous question at hand.

"You were lovelier than ever last night, Olivia," he said, leaning back in the tall chair, and watching me through his half-closed lids. "Oh, no"—with a little laugh of slow enjoyment—"I do not offer my own partial judgment! The opinion was expressed on every hand."

"The diamonds dazzled people," I said coolly, though my heart beat fast. "So half the admiration belongs of right to you."

"He nodded two or three times, stroked his gray moustache, as though to hide a well-pleased smile, then said lazily—

"Ah, those diamonds! By-the-way, I was a good deal congratulated last night—I think I will take them back now, Olivia."

"I dared not ask why; but my eyes put the question so plainly, he answered it with his accustomed laugh—

"I must have them reset for my wife. I turned my head aside abruptly; the words might—must mean the crowning of my hopes; but the smile filled me with vague dread. "You do not seem to care, Olivia. Do you take no interest in my wife?"

"He laid a soft lingering emphasis on the last two words—it might have been tenderness or subtlest cruelty—I could not tell. My heart beat yet faster, and there was a strange dull rushing in my ears.

"Do you not care, Olivia?" He touched my hand now with his long thin fingers; the touch roused me at once.

"Yes," I said, with an effort. "You know I care."

"For me?" He drew a little nearer, and I felt his breath upon my cheek. "Poor Olivia! I was wrong. You have learned to trust me; you do regret the past?"

"Yes," I whispered again, in a very agony of expectation, for the all-important question lingered still.

"Ah—he patted my head gently, and drew a long, long breath—"the mistakes of our youth, Olivia! You remember the old proverb—*Si la jeunesse savait*—"

"*Si la vieillesse pouvait*," I finished, with a smile. "The conclusion is hardly complimentary, Alberic!"

"No; only true; and truth is not always pleasant, Olivia. You do not ask my wife's name?"

"Where was my pride then? I have been called proud so often. I looked at him with piteous eyes, begging him to torture me no more.

"He laughed, and twirled his gray moustache more sharply.

"Did you think that I should never marry, that no one would have me because you once—"

"Oh, no, no!" I cried vehemently. "You are cruel, Alberic. You know how

bitterly I have repented that mad folly—know—"

"That you would take me now? Is that so, Olivia?" He clasped my hand, and looked into my eyes in ardent lover's fashion. "You are only jesting with me now? You could not be content to pass your life with the man whom you jilted long ago?"

"More than content," I whispered, as his arm stole round me and his moustache brushed my brow; and for one full second I felt that life was good once more.

"Then he withdrew his arm, and broke into the oddest, most misplaced laughter that ever crossed the lips of man. His eyes glittered triumphantly, his arms were folded on his breast.

"Ah," he said, in a tone of burlesque regret, "how very unfortunate that I did not guess your preference before! It comes a little late now. I am engaged to marry Miss Nora Bruce."

TO BE CONTINUED.)

Music and the Drama.

The Lablache Concert Co.

The series of concerts given by the Lablache Co. have not been as well attended as their artistic merits deserved. But what the audience lacked somewhat in numbers they made up in enthusiastic appreciation. As on the previous occasion, the programmes were made up of miscellaneous selections, and scenes from different operas. The event of the first evening was the appearance of Sig. Del Puente, who on a former visit here made himself so popular a favorite. His magnificent voice and admirable method were shown to advantage in his different numbers, more especially so in the selection, from "Il Barbiere," and fully strengthened his claims to the title of premier baritone. Of Mme Lablache's numbers it is scarcely necessary to speak. The "Faci ut Portum" is a number which is eminently suited to her grand style, and was rendered with deep devotional spirit. In striking contrast was her singing of the rollicking "Brindisi" from "Lucretia Borgia," which she sang as an encore. Mlle. Lablache was somewhat hoarse, but sang her numbers in a very artistic manner. She evidently inherits the family talent. Her *Rosina* in the "Barbiere" was charmingly naive and graceful. Signor Stagi deepened the good impression made by his first appearance here, his singing in all his numbers being characterized by artistic grace and expression. Saturday night's performance included selections from "Carmen," in which Signor Del Puente created a *furor* by his magnificent rendering of the famous "Torcedor" song. With our recollection of Miss Minnie Hawk's impersonation of Carmen, we cannot say that Mlle. Lablache was a success. In her "Mignon" number she appeared to better advantage. Mme Lablache's rendering of Gounod's "Ave Maria" was superb, and the violin obligato part was well played by Sig. Stagi. The performance Monday night was for the benefit of Mr. J. F. Thomson, a gentleman to whom the citizens of Toronto owe much for his energy in securing some of the best talent that has appeared in Toronto. The programme included selections from "Trovatore" and from "Don Giovanni," Signor Del Puente appearing as the wicked Don Juan, and Mlle. Lablache

as Zerlina. A notice of these concerts would be incomplete without an allusion being made to the admirable work done by Claxton's Orchestra. It must be a source of much satisfaction to lovers of music to know that we have in our midst an organization able to take up and interpret artistically at short notice such music as that of the "Barber." To Mr. Claxton's enterprise, and to Mr. E. F. Moore's able instruction, we owe such satisfactory results, and we trust their efforts will be appreciated as they deserve by the public at large.

The coming musical event is the appearance here, Monday evening next, of the world renowned contralto singer Mme Trebelli-Buttini. Her fame is so great in Europe that many, doubtless, of our readers, who have not heard her, have at least become familiarised with her name. Those who have heard her unanimously pronounce her eminently worthy of the praise so lavishly bestowed upon her. Mr. Torrington—who surely ought to be an authority in musical matters—says she is one of the grandest singers of the age. Miss Nora Hillary—a vocalist who stands high in the ranks of our local singers—says she is one of the most artistic singers she ever heard, and Mr. Arthur E. Fisher—another of our prominent musicians—declares that those hearing her will have a treat never to be forgotten. For ourselves, having heard the great cantatrice on more than one occasion, we can heartily endorse the opinions just quoted. It is doubtful if any artist who has been heard here possesses the power to charm both connoisseurs and public as she does. As the artists accompanying her, they are all of high reputation. Mr. Chas. Werner, the violinist, has a recognized standing as a most finished and masterly artist. Mr. Morawski, the Russian Bass, is an artist of much prominence, possessing a magnificently rich and full voice which he uses to admirable effect. Herr Luckatone, the pianist, is a comparatively young man, and in his playing shows great delicacy of touch and artistic execution. The musical treat in store, therefore, for our citizens, is one of more than ordinary artistic excellence.

Mr. Lauder's piano recital at Messrs. Mason and Risch's rooms Saturday last was attended by a large and appreciative audience. The programme was an unusually varied one, and the various numbers were rendered in that artistic manner so characteristic of this well known performer. It is Mr. Lauder's intention to give three morning recitals of favorite piano compositions during the Semi-Centennial celebration, in which he will probably be assisted by Mr. Henry Jacobson, violin virtuoso, and the Toronto String Quartette Club.

Don Thompson, in "Joshua Whitcombe" proves as popular as ever, and the frequent repetition of the same performance does not seem to detract from its artistic merit or power to attract an audience. *Uncle Jack* is a piece of character acting worthy of being ranked with Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle*, May's *Dary Crockett*, and others which will readily occur to the mind of the reader.

The Hanlons are so well-known here that their "Voyage en Suisse" need no words from us. It is a piece which defies criticism, but which contains enough fun and drollery of the most harmless nature, to put the most hypocondriacally inclined in a good humor with himself and the world at large.

The attraction at the Grand next week will be of a military nature. "In the Ranks" is a melodrama which has met with considerable success elsewhere, and will doubtless prove equally so on its first production here.

The Royal Museum presents an excellent bill for the present week, and deserves all the success with which it is meeting.

I'LL AWAIT MY LOVE.

Words and Music by

FRANK HOWARD.

Andante con espressione.

mf

1. She stood a-lone on the
2. She stood a-lone on the

rall - - e - dim.

shore,..... Her eyes grew dim with tears;..... As she kissed her hand to
shore,..... With heav - - y heart so sad,..... While her soul went out in

me,..... Per - haps the last for years..... She watched the sails un -
prayer..... For her dear sail - or lad..... With tremb - ling voice she

furl,..... Then breathed her vows a - new:..... While faint - ly I could hear,..... The
cried,..... Oh! God! I pray to thee:..... To shield my dar - ling boy,..... From

rall.

1 2

sweet words "I'll be true,"..... The winds bring out to sea, This
 storm and wreck at sea!..... The winds bring out to sea, This

colla voce.

song from her..... to me.....
 song from her..... to me.....

ad lib.

ff

Tempo di Valse.

I'll a - wait my love.... I'll a - wait my love.... And I'll be as

p

true as the stars a - bove.... I'll a - wait my love.... I'll a

cres

cres

wait my love,..... I'll a - wait my sail - or boy.....

cres

do.

f

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The above goods are all the newest importation, and sold at cash prices.

He Would Drive Tandem.

On one occasion, after a very jolly dinner with the Second Bengal Cavalry at Segowie, one of the planters who had been playing polo, and who had driven in a tandem pair, was obliged to go home instead of sleeping in the station as usual. As the night was very dark and the road narrow and raised, his friends tried to induce him to unharness the leader. But as he had just enough champagne to make him "contrary," the more suggestion that he was not able to manage a tandem in the dark was sufficient to make him insist on displaying his ability to do so. A happy thought struck one of his friends, so they ceased endeavoring to persuade him, and, when the trap was announced, they had all the lights taken away from the mess veranda. They gave the ayee a ruyes to hold his tongue, took off the leader, and fastened both pairs of reins to the wheeler. The jovial planter climbed up, started off immensely proud of himself, and never found out his mistake until he arrived home safe and sound.

"Do you want the ring fourteen or eighteen carat?" said the jeweler to the customer. "Oh, I don't care at all. This is the third woman I've married, and I ain't very particular."



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Capture of a "Spirit"

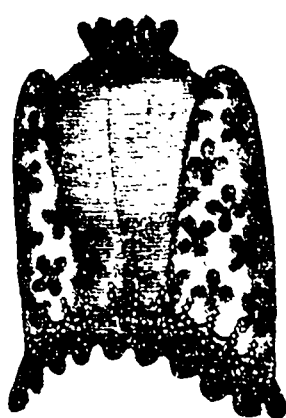
The Manchester (Eng.) Evening News gives an account of a curious case of "spirit" catching which recently occurred at the house of a noted medium and "materializer" in Heywood. A charge of 1s. 6d. was made for admission. Seventeen persons attended with the intention of catching "the spirit." A cabinet was provided for the medium in a dark room. The medium said that materialization could not take place that evening, but a spirit who often controlled a local medium would manifest its presence by removing articles of furniture from the room. To prevent the feat being formed by the medium his hands were dusted with flour. A circle was formed, and one of the party took up a position favorable for spirit catching. The lights were put out, and the room was soon pervaded by a phosphorescent luminosity. The supposed spirit began to move about, and removed a bowl with which the back of the hand of the person posted to intercept the "spirit" was touched. The individual did not take advantage of the opportunity presented. His feet being stretched out, however, the "spirit" stumbled, but managed to get out of the way before the circle was broken. The gas was lighted, and the medium told the audience to draw their feet well up, and better results would be gained. The lights were put out a second time, and the supposed spirit made another appearance, and again touched the person selected to make the capture. The latter took hold of the materialized "spirit," which proved to be the Manchester medium. The seventeen persons who had paid for admission pounced upon him, and demanded back the admission money before they allowed him to depart. In order to escape out of the clutches of his tormentors he gave up to them his watch, which they hold, a purse presented to him by Rochdale spiritualists, and 7s. 1d. in money. The audience investigated the cabinet, where they found a piece of paper containing flour, presumably that with which the hands of the medium were dusted.

An Anecdote of Jenny Lind.

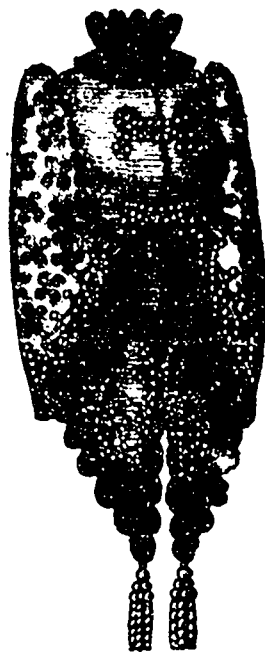
As an illustration of the constant anxiety of artists concerning their powers, Mrs Reeves tells of a famous prima donna refused to sit down at all on a day when she was to sing: "No, she would walk about the room, talking perhaps, singing perhaps, sometimes even busy with her needle and thread, but never sitting down the live-long day until the performance was over." "Why, I remember well enough to see one day, on the morning of a performance, Jenny Lind (Miss Goldschmidt). Mr. Reeves, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, and myself were in the room and through the morning Jenny Lind and my husband were never still, passing one past the other, with music in hand, singing and practicing, and intent on the work before them. "Why, Jenny," said Mr. Goldschmidt, "you must have sung these songs many times; surely there is no need for all this." But the remonstrance was in vain. "You are a fine musician," said Mrs. Goldschmidt, in her quiet, decisive manner to her husband, "but Mr. Reeves and I are singers, and we know what is best for us. Leave us alone." Suppose you had called to see Jenny Lind on a day when she was singing. She would probably come into the room with a bundle of music in her hand, put it on a chair and sit down on it; talk away pleasantly enough for a few minutes, become abstracted, rise, take up the music, turn to a passage in one of the pieces, and hum it over. Having satisfied herself of the correctness, she would replace it and sit down again as calmly as possible and resume the conversation at the point it was left off."

Our Engravings.

The designs and illustrations of this department are furnished by the celebrated New York Domestic Fashion Co., and are supplied by Mr. J. M. Might, the manager at Toronto. Any pattern will be sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of published price. Address S. Frank Wilson, TARRY OFFICE, 33 and 35 Adelaide St., West, or 120 Bay St., Toronto.



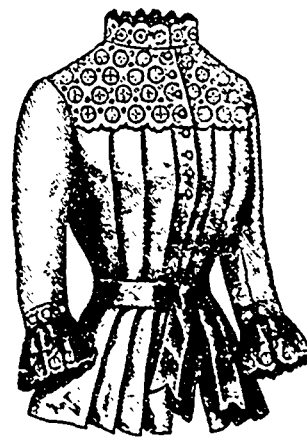
3008 Ladies' Wrap 9 Sizes. 30 to 46 inches Bust Measure. Price, 25 cents.



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Electric Girls.

The introduction of illuminated ballet girls has greatly added to the attraction of the spectacular stage, says the New York Times. Girls with electric lights on their foreheads and batteries concealed in the recesses of their clothing first made their appearance a year ago, but as yet the use of illuminated girls has not spread beyond the stage. There is, however, a great future awaiting the grand idea of incandescent girls, and there is reason to believe that in a very short time private houses will be lighted by girls instead of stationary electric lights. The formation of the Electric Girl Lighting Company is an event second in importance only to the invention of electric lights. This company proposes to supply girls of fifty-candle power each, in quantities to suit householders. The girls are to be fed and clothed by the company, and customers will, of course, be permitted to select at the company's warehouse whatever style of girl may please their fancy.

A very beautiful design for a front-hall girl is now on exhibition at the company's office. The present system of lighting the front hall of a dwelling-house has the disadvantage that the light—whether it be a gas light or an electric light—must be kept burning all the evening, and that a servant must be employed to answer the bell. Thus there is a double expense—the cost of the light and the cost of the servant. The Electric Girl Lighting Company will furnish a beautiful girl of fifty or a hundred candle power, who will be on duty from dusk till midnight—or as

much later as may be desired. This girl will remain seated in the hall until some one rings the front door-bell. She will then turn on her electric light, open the door, admit the visitor, and light him into the reception-room. One girl thus performs the duties of lighting the front hall and answering the bell, and her annual cost is much less than that of a servant and a gas light. If, however, any householder should desire to keep the electric girl constantly burning and to employ another servant to answer the bell there can be no doubt that the electric girl, posing in a picturesque attitude, will add much to the decoration of the house.

Under the present system electric lamps or gas-burners are fixtures and can not be moved from place to place. The electric girls, on the contrary, are movable. One girl can be made to give as much light as a large-sized drawing-room chandelier, and she can be moved from one room to another, leading the way to supper, for example, and placed wherever she can do the most good. There can be no comparison between a beautifully designed and chastely executed electric girl and a massive chandelier that constantly threatens to fall on somebody's head; and every householder of aesthetic instincts will be glad to exchange his chandeliers for girls.

An inexpensive electric girl of one or two candle power will be of great use when a person desires to go from one room to another in a dark house. Instead of having to carry a candle in his hand and incur the risk of dropping it or having it blown out by a draught of air, the happ

possessor of an electric girl can turn her on and send her before him to light the way. The student who is now troubled by the flicker of his gaslight or his inability to move the electric light from one part of his desk to another can be made perfectly happy by an electric girl with a ground-glass shade, who will take any position that the student may desire in order to throw light on his book or paper. No one who becomes accustomed to such a girl will think of returning to old-fashioned methods of lighting.

Making a Home Happy.

On a young wife devolves the privilege of making a home happy; on the husband depends the keeping it so. Their first duty, therefore, should be to study the comforts of, and to encourage the taste for, home enjoyments; and we would offer feminine consideration a suggestion that a carelessness of attire is sometimes the beginning of a feeling of indifference on the part of the husband. This suggestion may, at the first glance, seem unimportant, but a desire for the admiration of those whom we are bound to please is by no means an unworthy ambition.

Centres, or wooden frames are put under the arches of a bridge, to remain no longer than till the latter are consolidated, and then are thrown away or cast into the fire. Even so, sinful pleasures are the Devil's scaffolding to build a habit upon; and once formed and fixed, the pleasures are rent for firewood, and hell begins in this life.

Health Department.

Hygienic Management of Infants

No part of the subject of hygiene is of greater practical importance than that which relates to the management of infants. It is bad enough that the feeble ones die, though some strangely enough believe it to be better that they should, but too well is it known that while the frailest sometimes live to a good age, the strongest infants, of even good parentage, are often cut off from life by ignorance and mismanagement. The two most important things by all odds in the care of infants is to provide pure air and suitable food. Warm clothing and cleanliness come next. Give them the utmost freedom of limb for exercise, and try them from time to time with little sips of pure cold water from a teaspoon. If they like it do not be afraid to give it to them.

Below are extracts from some good instructions given by Mr. Edmund Owens, F. R. C. S. (Lond., E.) to "our-patients."—(From *N. Y. Med. Jour.*): Mother's milk is the proper food for babies, and until they are three or four months old they should have nothing else. But if that cannot be got, or be not sufficient, cow's milk fresh two or three times a day, and from the same cow, and not scalded, is the next best food; add a little sugar and a trace of salt. For the first few months there should be more water than milk—perhaps twice as much water as milk—and, as the babe thrives, the proportion of milk may be gradually increased. No other food should be given before the sixth month; baked flour, arrowroot, and oatmeal cannot be digested, so they cause sickness and diarrhoea.

For the first month a baby should be fed every two hours, and by gradually increasing the interval, he is in time fed every four hours. He should not be fed because he cries; very likely he is in pain because his stomach is over-loaded. When he is sick after his milk he should be fed for a less time and at shorter intervals, and, if the bottle is being used, a larger proportion of water must be tried; and, if he is a fair sleeper, he should be woken up for his regular meals, and not allowed to overfeed.

The best kind of feeding-bottle is the old-fashioned, long, straight one, with a short India-rubber teat and with no tube at all. The very worst kind is that with the long India-rubber tube. There should be two bottles—one for day and one for night, after being used, the bottle should be thoroughly washed in hot water, in which a little soda has been dissolved, and should then be well rinsed in cold water. Till next wanted it should be kept in a basin of clean cold water. When six months old the baby may be allowed, in addition to milk, boiled bread and milk, oatmeal, Robb's biscuits or Chapman's wheat flour.

Weaning.—As a rule, when the baby is about nine months old the mother should begin to wean him by giving him less of the breast or bottle, and more of the foods just mentioned, and, in addition, a little beef-tea or meat broth and soaked bread. At a year old the child must be entirely weaned, and soon he must have daily a little under-cooked meat pounded up into a pulp, and to which a little gravy and salt are added; some potato finely mashed and covered with gravy; an egg; or a little milk pudding. On no account should he be allowed any wine, beer, tea, or coffee, though he may have cocoa and milk. He should be given his meals regularly, and no sweet stuff in the intervals. Children flourish best on fresh foods. The worst nourished patients that I see at the hospital for sick children are those reared on Swiss milk and various patent foods. **Rule.**—Do not give a baby food or physic that is advertised.

Babies and little children must be kept always warm. They cannot be "hardened" by scanty clothing or cold baths. Their necks, thighs, legs and arms need to be covered as well as their chests and

bodies; they should wear long sleeves and stockings, and when old enough, cotton or flannel drawers.

Children should be taken out of doors each day that the weather is fine. If they are sent out in a perambulator, care must be taken that the feet and legs are warm to start with, and that they are so well covered throughout the ride that they are warm on the return home. Every day, unless a bitter wind is blowing, or it is foggy, the windows should be opened for a while, for fresh air is as necessary for children as fresh food.

Sleeping.—At night if a child perspires freely or kicks off the bed-clothes, he should wear a flannel bed-gown long enough to be tied below his feet, and the bed-clothes must be securely tucked in. He should not be rocked or patted to make him sleep; sleep should come naturally, and, like the food, at regular intervals.

Bathing.—Morning and nights he should be washed all over in warm water, but should not be exposed long enough to feel chilly afterward. A handful of sea-salt, thoroughly dissolved, may be added to the bath. Except in the very warmest weather no little child should be put in a cold bath.

Physiology and Hygiene in the Schools.

The proposition to require instruction in physiology and hygiene to be given to all public schools of this State would be wiser without the limitation which provides that these subjects shall be taught with special reference to the effect upon the human system of alcoholic drinks, stimulants, and narcotics.

An accurate knowledge of the physiological effects of alcohol does not always deter men from drinking. All physicians are not addicted to total abstinence. Nevertheless, we are satisfied that an acquaintance with the injurious action of alcohol upon the system exerts some influence against over-indulgence. The diffusion of such knowledge, therefore, is to be desired.

But there are other laws of health which ought to be widely known as well as those relating to the use and abuse of alcohol.

Take, for example, the subject of ventilation. Thousands of lives would be saved in this country every year if people could only be convinced of the importance of keeping some windows open in their houses, and of having their living and sleeping rooms always well aired. The agency of open fires in maintaining good ventilation could be usefully brought to the attention of dwellers in rural districts, and they might be taught the dangers of burning charcoal or kerosene all night in a close apartment.

Perhaps even more important is the matter of drainage.

If we are to teach hygiene at all, let us do it in such a way as to put an end to the common country practices of placing a cesspool a short distance from the cellar and allowing the barnyard to drain into the well. It is worth while to guard against typhoid fever as well as against intemperance.

But there is infinitely too much teaching in the schools already, and too many branches of study.—*New York Sun.*

Nature's Anesthetic.

Count Ranzan, the "Streit-Fans"—"Rowdy Jack," as his comrades used to call him—once received three dagger stabs before he knew that he was wounded at all. Soldiers, storming a battery, have often suddenly broken down from the effects of the wounds which they had either not felt, or suspected only from a growing feeling of exhaustion. Olaf Rygh, the Norwegian Herodotus, tells us, that, when the old Barcarks felt the approach of their end, they robbed death of its sting by drifting out to sea in a scuttled or burning boat, and thus expired, "screaming the wild battle-songs of their tribe." The Roman gladiators shouted

and laughed aloud while their wounds were being dressed. A scalded child sobs and gasps for therapeutic purposes; instinct teaches it the readiest way to benumb the feeling of pain. The physiological rationale of all this is that *rapid breathing is an anesthetic.*

In a paper read before the Philadelphia Medical Society, May 12, 1880, Dr. W. A. Bonwill ascribes that effect to the influence of the surplus of oxygen which is thus forced upon the lungs, just as by the inhalation of nitrous-oxide gas (which is composed of the same elements as common air, but with a larger proportion of oxygen,) and mentions a large variety of cases in his own practice, where rapid breathing produced all the essential effects of a chemical pain-oblunder, without appreciably diminishing the consciousness of the patient.

Persons who object to the use of chloroform, (perhaps from an instinctive dread that in their case the ether-slumber might prove a sleep that knows no waking,) can benumb their nerves during the progress of a surgical operation by *gasping as deeply as possible.*

"One of the most marked proofs of its efficacy," says Dr. Bonwill, "was the case of a boy of eleven years of age, for whom I had to extract the upper and lower first permanent molars on both sides. He breathed rapidly for nearly a minute, when I removed in about twenty seconds all four of the teeth. He declared there was no pain, and we needed no such assertion, for there was not the slightest indication that he was undergoing a severe operation."—From "*The Remedies of Nature*," by Dr. Felix L. Oswald, in *Popular Science Monthly.*

Chinese Foot-Binding and American

BY MRS. R. W. ELDER.

"The ladies of China have organized an "Anti-Foot-Binding League," and each member pledges herself to prevent the practice of the barbarous custom in her family, and at the same time to prevent members of the family from marrying into families that practice it. The Society is said to already number three hundred members. There are few of us who will not be impressed by the spirit of progression which prompts this radical movement, and we are all gratified to see that "women move on," even in conservative China. But when it comes to debating that most barbarous practice of American women, compared to which foot-binding is a civilized and Christian act, the practice of wearing corsets, we are on the defensive in a moment. We ridicule the old fog who is so absurd as to oppose a garment so harmless and so universally worn, we argue, and grow indignant; we lay our corset in folds, and turn it around and slip it up, then down, to prove our emphatic assertion that it is perfectly loose and comfortable. But no reasoning, thinking woman need be told that a corset ruins health, even though it is not worn tight. As life depends upon air,—breath,—we should cultivate our breathing-capacity instead of depressing it. "Careful study has shown that flexibility of the cartilages is due to their constant exercise, day and night. Twenty times a minute these flexible parts are bent, and then allowed to return to their natural position. This constant bending and unbending allows them no opportunity to become stiff and unyielding, like the bones; but when the chest is imprisoned in a corset, this continued movement becomes impossible, and the consequence is that a process of stiffening is set up, and after a time the once flexible, yielding cartilages become as rigid as the rest of the ribs. The inevitable result of this change is a permanent limitation of the movement of the lungs. They expand to a limited degree upward and downward, but lateral expansion has become as impossible when the corset is laid aside, as when it is worn."

But we always affirm in the most crushing manner that we are perfectly miserable

when we leave it off. Now is not that one fact enough to condemn us, and the corset too? The more difficult we find it to give any indulgence or habit, the more harm that habit is doing us. Any pernicious indulgence produces much discomfort when disturbed. The smoker suffers intensely when deprived of his cigar. The toper is almost wild with nervousness and general wretchedness, unless he has his usual potation.

But let us take another view of this subject. Did nature finish her work in so imperfect a manner, that to hold it together and render it presentable to the eye of man and comfortable to itself, we must strap it up, tie it down, and hook it under? Was she so careless in her imitation of her divine model that it yet need '70 yards of corset jean, four dozen small whalebones, two dozen eyelets, one strong lacing string, and two strong, narrow strips of steel, the whole to be stitched, starched, laced, and hooked over the sensitive stomach, drawn around the lungs, and over the burdened, aching spine, to make us a perfect and complete image of our Creator, who saw that all His work "was good?"

Ye! verily, we are fearfully and wonderfully made; but I never had realized how "fearfully," until I heard a woman say, "I should fall to pieces if I should lay aside my corset." I shudder to think of what that woman's fate would have been if the corset had never been invented; and I sometimes find myself wondering whether she would have gone to pieces suddenly, or whether it would have been a matter of years,—a few joints and members at a time.

Truly, the American cannot consistently raise her voice against the twin immoralities—whiskey and tobacco—so long as she demoralizes herself with the corset.

Marion Harland says, "You have no more right to do that which is not conducive to your physical health, than you have to drop a furtive pinch of arsenic into your neighbor's cup. Put your soul in thought outside of your body, make an inventory of its necessities. It is your soul's nearest neighbor. See to it that the soul loves it as itself."

Diseases in Vegetables.

One of the principal objections urged by vegetarians against the consumption of "flesh food" is the liability of animals to various diseases. Under the circumstances it is argued that considerable risk to health is incurred by eating meat. This may be true enough, but the fact appears to be overlooked that vegetables are subject to disease as well as animals. Some unpleasant information on this point was given at a recent meeting of the Horticultural Mutual Improvement Society of Manchester. A paper on "Disease and Casualties of Vegetable Life" was read by the president. He pointed out that diseases in the vegetable kingdom frequently arise from a vitiated state of juices tending to injure the habitual health of the plant in the whole or part. He then mentioned a few of the diseases that occur most frequently, such as blight, smut, mildew, honeydew, droopy, flux of juices, gangrene, suffocation, contortion and consumption. This is a truly uncomfortable list, and before mankind commits itself to vegetarianism it would be prudent to ascertain, if possible, the effect on health of a dinner of vegetables afflicted with some of these ailments. Can, for instance, a dropical cabbage, a consumptive cauliflower, a suffocated carrot be consumed with impunity? If not, we are clearly no better off with a vegetable than with a meat diet; for it must be remembered that we eat very much in the dark, and that there is no reason to suppose the green-grocer's conscience more tender than the butcher's.—*St. James's Gazette.*

When a man declares that he does not want an office, and keeps on declining, when no real mention has been made, put him down as a candidate.

Current Events.

Canadian.

The Government reports state that the total number of passenger arrivals in Canada reported to the Department of Agriculture for April was 36,920, of these 20,550 remained in Canada and 16,370 passed on to the States.

The last rails on the new Ontario and Quebec railway were laid last week near Toronto. Ballasting of the road is now going on rapidly, and in a few days freight trains will be running. It is expected that direct passenger trains from Toronto to Ottawa will commence running in June.

Arbour day was celebrated throughout the Province of Quebec on Monday. In Quebec city there was a great deal of ceremony and over six hundred trees were planted. In Montreal little attention was paid to it. The Mayor and some of the city officials planted some trees here and there.

The trial of Tompsett and Lowder, charged with the murder of Peter Lazier, Esq., at Bloomfield, last fall, took place at Picton, last week. They were both found guilty, and were sentenced to be hanged on Tuesday, June 10th. The jury recommended them to mercy and an effort will be made to secure their reprieve.

Mr. Caldwell, the Mississippi lumber man, has now commenced an action against Mr. McLaren for \$200,000 damages, on account of the alleged damages sustained by the latter refusing to let his logs pass the famous Mississippi slides. This is the matter out of which the Stroams Bill came, and the celebrated McLaren-Caldwell case arose.

Some years ago quite a large quantity of Government notes of \$1 and \$2 denomination was stolen from the office of the Receiver General at Toronto. They could not be traced or received again, and at last they have found their way into general circulation. The Government has just decided to redeem them as probably the present holders received them in good faith.

A Mr. Charles Hunt, of Amherstburg, was dangerously wounded a few days ago at Chatham, Ont., in a way that ought to prove a caution to many others. He had a revolver in his hip pocket. He was about to throw a rope over a building and attached a weight to the end of it. The weight struck the pistol, causing it to go off. A ball entered his thigh, causing a painful wound, but it is not thought to be dangerous.

Who is he? A western paper says:—A newspaper genius in Northern Ontario who is opposed to cremation, having read that the Provincial Government were about to establish "crematories," came out with a red hot editorial denouncing the administration for proposing such a thing while there was plenty of room in Canada to bury people. The Government has not resigned; but the funny scribe is getting a roasting at the hands of his confreres.

It may not be as bad as it looks. The *Canadian-American*, a well-conducted journal in Minnesota paying much attention to Canadian affairs, writes as follows:—After an existence of twenty years the Canadian militia system has not been able to produce a man capable of taking the command of the troops—this must be the explanation of the action of the Government in looking to the Imperial authorities for an officer to succeed General Luard. And the system costs the country \$650,000 a year too!

Here is what the *Minneapolis American* says about Canadian progress:—But even in the slow-going East—yea, in Ontario, they are given to this sort of things. Ten years ago St. Thomas, on the Canadian Southern, was a place of 1800; to-day it is a thriving and bustling city of 11,000. Another Ontario town that has grown wonderfully during the past five years is

Cornwall, which has more than doubled in population in that period and now boasts of 9,000 inhabitants, hundreds of whom find employment in its great cotton mills. But while talking about the expansion of cities we should not forget Toronto, the Queen City of Canada—in 1875 a place of 54,000, to-day with 115,000 souls within its limits, a city of surprising beauty, with public schools, colleges, universities and churches that would do credit to an American city of five times its size. Toronto's "concoit" will carry it through—it has the Dakota flavor.

United States.

It is estimated that over \$250,000 was expended for floral decorations of the churches in New York city Easter Sunday.

Cattle raising is carried on more extensively in Texas than anywhere else in the United States. A single cattle ranch in that State is said to contain 25,000 acres.

There are but fourteen American exhibitors at the Calcutta World's Fair, and six of these are manufacturers of patent medicines and three manufacturers of sewing machines.

The wheat prospects of California are reported excellent. The crop, it is estimated, will be sixty per cent. greater than last year, and better than any for a number of years past.

A bill to grant female suffrage was before the New York State Assembly last week and it was defeated by a vote of 57 to 62. A pretty slim majority for a measure like that.

Thousands of pounds of dynamite are carted through the streets of Chicago every day. The man in charge of the factory says the stuff is not so dangerous as ordinary gunpowder.

There are twelve manufactories of artificial teeth in the United States, which make 10,000,000 of those useful articles per annum. They are made of feldspar, kaolin, and rock crystal.

There is said to be a man now living in Wilcox county, Ga., who had thirty-six nephews in the late war, all of whom, except three, were killed in battle. Fifteen of them belonged to the same company.

Under a law of 1840 not yet repealed, a coloured man in Ohio has been convicted of the crime of marrying a white woman. He was sentenced to three months imprisonment, and to pay a fine of \$100.

Butter adulteration appears to be carried on at St. Louis even on a worse scale than in New York. The official chemists of the city recently analyzed eight selected samples and found only one of them pure and free from foreign fats.

Secretary Folger has issued a circular modifying the regulations governing the transportation of Canadian merchandise through the United States, so as to accord with the regulations of the Canadian Government on the same subject.

At a recent sale of Jersey fancy cattle in New York last week the sum of \$70,000 was paid for 90 animals, or an average of \$734 each. They were nearly all home bred but full blooded. It pays to raise fine fancy stock, at such prices.

A monster gun, the largest ever yet manufactured in America, has just been successfully cast in South Boston. It weighs 212,000 pounds, and is expected to be able to throw a projectile six miles. It is being made for the government.

Some time ago there was a strike of two thousand iron moulders in the city of Troy, N. Y., and after three months outing they have resumed work again accepting the proprietor's terms. Strikes break down when business is so dull as it is now.

An avalanche took place at Fairlee Mountain, Vermont, recently, in the vicinity of the railway track. A train was wrecked in consequence, but none of the passengers were seriously injured. One of the great boulders that slid down

was estimated to weigh twenty five tons, and moved about a quarter of a mile in the descent.

There has been quite a falling off in the annual revenue of the Post office department in the United States. The decrease of the fiscal year is reported to be about two millions and a quarter of dollars. This is owing largely to the fact that letter postage was decreased from three cents to two, but the dull times have had something to do with it.

For some time past the coal owners of Pennsylvania have been endeavouring to keep up prices by reducing the production of coal from the mines. The wages of the miners have been reduced at the same time. The effect has been very serious among the laboring classes in the coal regions, and some families are reported to be suffering for food and other necessities.

A Boston journal says:—The losses of property by fire in the United States and Canada during the last nine years amount to \$798,642,358. The *Chronicle Fire Tables*, the journal which gives these figures, says: "If the obliteration of the property of a single State were announced some morning, the public would shudder; nevertheless, this nine years' loss is greater than the aggregate valuation of the real estate and personal property in sixteen States and Territories, numerically one-third of the Union."

The makers of cider vinegar have received a rebuff at Washington, the Senate committee on finance having reached an adverse decision on the proposed repeal of the statutes which authorize white wine vinegar makers to distil the spirits used in their business without paying the revenue tax thereon. It was urged in support of the measure that the vinegar makers, under cover of the statute, were making and selling illicit spirits, but the committee thought that that objection could be dodged in some other way.

The Central Bridge Works, of Buffalo, have successfully accomplished one of the most difficult engineering feats ever attempted in America. When the upper suspension bridge at the Falls was constructed, it was placed upon wooden towers. For some time past the company has felt the necessity of replacing these with other made of more durable material, but how to do this was the question. The engineers of the Central Bridge Works were consulted, and they agreed to undertake the work. New iron towers were constructed, and the work of transferring the weight of the bridge from the old towers to the new was successfully completed. An idea of what this involved may be formed from the fact that the bridge is a 1,280 foot span, and the dead weight to be transferred was 528 tons, or 264 tons at each end. This was done on a small bed plate or saddle only 4x4 feet. This was possibly a more difficult job than anything connected with the great Cantilever bridge.

Great Britain.

A London telegram says that a cart-ridge exploded in a dynamite factory in Ayrshire and ten women were blown to atoms, while many others were seriously injured.

Sir Wilfred Lawson, in addressing a political meeting at Whitehaven, spoke in favor of the exclusion of the bishops from the House of Lords. Sir Wilfred believes a man may be an excellent bishop without being a great statesman or a skillful legislator.

Religions.

Archbishop Ryan says the measure nearest the Pope's heart, and the one he hopes to make the historic event of his pontificate is the reunion of the Greek and Latin churches.

It is reported that a large number of young Irishmen are now in the Irish College at Paris studying priesthood. Over a hundred young men are being thus schooled at the present time.

The moral condition of Boston is said, by a leading American paper, to be fast degenerating. Gambling places, liquor saloons, and other immoral resorts have greatly increased of late years, and they are carrying on their work of corruption and shame too successfully.

A Stafford, Connecticut, Episcopalian minister, Rev. Arthur Stearns, has recently been credited with affecting some faith cures, and he has been called upon by his Bishop to come and explain. The matter has not been satisfactory, however, and he has resigned the rectory of Christ Church.

Mr. Mooly's evangelistic meetings in England this year have been very successful. A religious journal says that while his meetings have created less excitement than those during his first visit, in 1876, they have been more successful in reaching the neglected masses, not usually reached by the church.

On Sunday, June 1st, the legal consummation of the union of the Methodist churches in Canada takes effect. Rev. Dr. Rice, President of the General Conference, has issued a circular requesting the ministers and members of the church to co-operate in observing the day by some special religious service, involving especially the Divine blessing on the United Methodist church.

A report from Charlestown, South Carolina, says: "A division in the African Methodist Episcopal Church is threatened in consequence of the appointment of Northern preachers to Southern churches by the General Conference. There is open rebellion in two leading churches in Charlestown. Recently the congregation of one carried an objectionable preacher out of the church and nailed up the doors. The preacher instituted criminal proceedings, and almost the entire female portion of the congregation have been indicted for riot."

Personal.

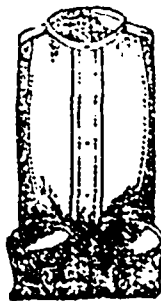
The remains of the late Professor Samuel D. Gross, were cremated at Washington last week. This was understood to have been in accordance with his own expressed wish.

Mr. James Stewart, for many years the well known manager of the *Montreal Herald*, is reported to have sold out his interest in the establishment, and retired from its connection.

Mr. J. J. McLaren, Q.C., one of the leading lawyers in the Province of Quebec, has just closed his business in Montreal, and is about to establish himself in practice in Toronto. He steps into the firm of which Mr. Justice Ross was the leading spirit until his elevation to the Bench.

Harper's Weekly publishes the following item in regard to George Cary Eggleston, the popular writer. It makes us think well of him as a man, as well as an author. "He is the father of a handsome lad of fourteen, and last summer, at Lake George, during his vacation, he found his recreation in following the lead of the lad in all matters of amusement, swimming with him when he wanted to swim, tramping with him when he wished to trudge, tramping with him when he felt like tramping. Mr. Eggleston came back rejuvenated. He thinks boys are the best company in the world."

GEO. ROGERS



is showing a very fine stock of Gentlemen's White Dress Shirts, Linen Collars and Cuffs, Silk Scarfs and Ties, Hosiery and Gloves, and Gents' Furnishing Goods. Boys' Jersey Suits in great variety at lower prices than elsewhere.

346 YONGE ST.,

COR. ELN.

"OLD MR. BINNEY."

All their friends had said, when Mrs. Binney died. "Now what a good thing it would be if old Mr. Binney would marry Miss Bright!"

Miss Bright had not been without her troubles, and very hard ones they had been, too, but she bore them with a brave heart, and carried a smiling face, and had a thankful spirit within her, striving always to remember her blessings, and how much they outnumbered any evils she was called upon to bear.

Indeed, to listen to Miss Bright's showing, you would have counted her as one of the luckiest persons ever born. She had had the kindest of friends, the most comfortable of situations, and the girls she had taught were endowed with an amiability of disposition which made it a positive pleasure to be with them. The only accusation she could bring against them was that they were all in such a terrible hurry to grow up and get married, and then Miss Binney's occupation was gone, and she had to step out into the world and find a fresh field for her labors.

As years rolled on, each one adding to the score of Miss Bright's age, these hunting-grounds of instruction became more and more narrowed. Children of eight began now where girls of eighteen used to leave off, and history and geography, to say nothing of the parts of speech and grammar, were all so altered, that poor little Miss Bright had to acknowledge that at times she really did feel quite confused. "Very soon I shan't be left with anything to teach," she used to say, pathetically, and then Mr. Binney's nephew, Joe, or some other good fellow who heard her, would declare she should set up a school for wives, for there never were such wives as the girls whom Miss Bright had brought up. She had taught Joe's wife, Sally, and her sister, and though since then she had other situations, at holiday time, or whenever she was seeking employment, she always returned to the house of Dr. Brendon, their father.

When Mr. Binney dropped in, as he frequently did, to inquire after his old friends, the Brendons, he from time to time found Miss Bright there, and happening in on the occasion of one of her visits there, to bring the news that Mrs. Binney was ill, with no one whose business it seemed to be to look after her, nothing was more natural than that Miss Bright should volunteer; and a great comfort they found her.

So sprightly, yet unobtrusive was the cheery little woman, that Mrs. Binney herself was influenced in her favor, until, with an eye to their mutual comfort, Mr. Binney proposed that Miss Bright should stay with them altogether.

"Why not?" he said. "We could well afford to pay her a salary."

But this word, salary, acting like magic on Mrs. Binney, seemed to bring her to her senses immediately. She would be very glad to have Miss Bright as a visitor, as long as she liked to stay, but as to living with them altogether—no, she would not give her consent to that; she had always objected to having in her house a third party. It was then that Miss Bright's friends pulled very long faces indeed. What would she do? they asked her.

"Oh, something is sure to turn up," she would say, hopefully. "Whenever I have come to my lastebb an opening has always been made for me, and I am not going to despair now."

And she said this all the more emphatically, because, in spite of her confidence, she could not help feeling that a voice, which she could not still, kept repeating "What will you do when you grow older? Teaching will get harder than ever." That was true enough, but what else was there for her to do?

When Mrs. Binney died, which happened quite suddenly about a year before, there had been some talk as to Miss

Bright going to Mr. Binney's as housekeeper; but this proposition had been made without the knowledge or consent of the principal person concerned, who, as soon as the hint was given, negatived it.

Mr. Binney thoroughly appreciated Miss Bright, but he had lost his taste for matrimony. He remembered that he had spent forty excellent years without a wife, and, notwithstanding that he was now a widower, he could not conscientiously say that he felt his state to be so very unhappy.

Susan, the cook, respectable and staid, would, he felt sure, manage his household properly, and if it proved that she should give way to extravagance, as people seemed to say she would, Mr. Binney fancied that he could better put up with that evil than with too much of the economy from which he had suffered already.

So all the hopes, that, on the death of Mrs. Binney, Joe, and Sally, and the Brendons, had cherished for Miss Bright, were ruthlessly dashed to the ground. Evidently Aunt Binney was not to have a successor.

"If we could but have got her there as housekeeper," said two of those arch conspirators, "the rest would have been easy."

But though they returned to the attack several times, no good came of it. Mr. Binney shared in their regret at the loss of Miss Bright's pupils, wondered, as they did, what would become of her, and, his visitors gone, to make his sympathy apparent, he sat down and wrote a kind little note, with a check for £10 folded within it.

"Ho's an old stupid!" said Sally, "and now she is going away altogether, ever so far"—for Miss Bright had had another piece of news to tell. An old pupil of early days, had been recently left a widow; her health was as delicate as her heart was kind, and when she made the proposition that Miss Bright should come and spend the remainder of her days with her, it was not entirely of her own comfort that she had been thinking. Miss Bright had readily accepted her offer, and she had written to tell Sally that the next week she should come up and see them.

She could only stay a few hours with them when she came. The farewell visit was to be paid later.

"But I think," she said, as she was going, "that I will call, on my way home, and say good-bye to Mr. Binney, in case I might not have another opportunity."

"Do," said Sally, and away she went.

Mr. Binney was at home. He had not been quite well lately; nothing more than a cold, but it had kept him a prisoner. To-day he might have gone out, but he had not felt inclined to, and he gallantly said he was glad to be in, as he should have been sorry indeed to have missed seeing Miss Bright.

"And so you are really going to leave us?" he said, and almost regretfully, too.

"Well, you will be very much missed. I don't know what the Brendons will do."

"They will not miss me more than I shall them," and the brave little woman made an effort that her voice should not sound shaky; "but you know, Mr. Binney, I am not growing younger, am I?"

"No," he said, "that is true. I was saying the very same to myself of myself, only to-day."

"Yes, only with men it does not seem to matter, but with women the thought always comes with a little shudder that when we get old and want a little quiet and rest, and a comfortable arm-chair by the fire, there is a doubt whether we shall be able to get them."

Mr. Binney did not answer, and fearing she was saying too much about her own feelings, she altered her tone, which had been a little sad, and went on in her usual cheerful way.

"But then I ought to feel so thankful that this opening has been made for me. I told them that I knew something would come; it has always done so; I have always been so lucky."

"It's your happy disposition makes you

say so, my dear Miss Bright; a cheerful spirit shortens the longest day. I wish I could follow your example. I often feel condemned at my want of contentment—of gratitude I ought to say."

But that Miss Bright would not allow. She reminded Mr. Binney of the many kind actions he had done, and in her own quiet way thanked him for the thoughtful present he had sent to her.

"No, no, no, now you must not speak of that," Mr. Binney hastily interrupted her: and to give a turn to the conversation, he said she "must have some tea," and, ringing to order it, he hoped she could stay.

Well, yes, she thought she could spare time for that—indeed, to be plain, she was not in such a very great hurry. The fact had been that Joe had had an unexpected holiday, and she saw that, only for her being there, he had come home to go out somewhere with Sally.

"So I hope that little fib I told you will be forgiven me, for when I said that I was wanted at home, although it was quite true perhaps, I need not but for that have left quite so early. But it was so nice of Joe to come home. I do love to see husbands and wives companions to each other."

"Ah, indeed, yes; that is the object of matrimony too often, I fear, lost sight of in our day, by the young and the old, too."

But Miss Bright did not agree. "No, she knew so many united couples. There were the Brendons now—" but at this moment the tea was brought in, and Miss Bright asked should she pour it out. Her offer was accepted. "Only," said Mr. Binney, "you must take off your cloak, or you won't feel the good of it when you go; and your bonnet, too, wouldn't you be more comfortable without that?"

Miss Bright said "no," she would not take her bonnet off.

"Hav'n't a cap with you, I suppose?" said the old gentleman slyly.

"Yes, indeed I have—a present from Sally—and a very becoming one, too."

"Put it on then, and let me pass my opinion."

Miss Bright hastened to obey, and when she came for his inspection the smile on her face and the soft pink in her cheek made her look ten years younger.

"Well," she said, "now what do you think of it?"

"I think if you take my advice you will never wear any other."

"Really," and she laughed softly; "but it is for high days and holidays, you know!" and she tip-toed to look in the chimney glass, saying that it certainly was a very pretty cap, and then she sat down to pour the tea. "The best tea things!" she said admiringly; "I am so fond of pretty china!" And then, searching in the sugar basin, she added: "I have not forgotten that you like two lumps of sugar, you see."

Mr. Binney smiled complacently; a feeling of well-being and comfort took possession of him.

Of a certainty it was very pleasant to have a congenial somebody to bear one company—one who could talk well, listen well and hold her tongue well, if necessary. Experience had assured him of that. Miss Bright possessed each of these good qualities. When she had stayed there when Mrs. Binney was first ill, their evenings had passed very pleasantly, and recalling the things they had done, he asked:

"Do you often play chess now?"

"No, never."

"Cribbage, backgammon?"

"I have no one to play with. That is one thing in my going away," and she swallowed a sigh—"my evenings will be less lonely."

"Ah, yes; I find the time very long after dinner. I don't like to go to bed before half-past ten, although I often feel inclined to."

"And the days draw in so quickly now there is no afternoon—it is all evening, which reminds me that it is getting time

for me to go, for it takes me quite an hour to get to the station."

"Not in a cab?"

"No, but I am going to walk; it is quite fine and dry, and if I feel tired at the Conway road I shall wait at the corner for the omnibus passing."

Miss Bright began to put on her bonnet. Mr. Binney walked to the window; for a minute he looked out, then he rang the bell.

"I shall go as far as the Conway road with you."

"Oh, Mr. Binney! No, pray don't think of such a thing; it might give you a cold, and there isn't the slightest occasion—I am so accustomed to go about alone."

But Mr. Binney remained firm; his hat and coat were brought to him; and away the two set off together. They chatted pleasantly as they walked along. "I shall hope to come and see them all some-times," Miss Bright said. "I know as long as the Brendons have a home they will take me in."

"And remember that so long as I have a house there will be room for you in it."

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Binney," she said softly. "I am sure I do not know why people are so good to me."

Mr. Binney apparently was no better able to inform her, and they walked on silently until the Conway road was reached.

"Now, then," said Miss Bright, "here we say farewell," and she held out her hand, but Mr. Binney did not take it; he was engaged in hailing a cab he saw; then he drew out his purse and Miss Bright knew that he intended settling with the man for the fare. She shook her head at him reprovingly.

Mr. Binney gave the directions to the driver and then he held out his hand, hesitated, opened the door and said, "I don't see why I should not go with you as far as the station."

At the railway station they had but a very short time of waiting. Miss Bright stood near the carriage which she had chosen; nothing remained but to say good-bye and enter.

"And you will let us hear how you get on?" for she had not said she was coming up again.

"Oh, I shall often write to the Brendons and Sally. You will hear of me through them."

"And I hope very much that you will be comfortable and happy."

Miss Bright tried to smile, but her eyes filled rapidly, and to hide the tears she half turned away.

"I wish that you were not obliged to go away. Couldn't anything be managed for you?"

She shook her head sadly. "No," she said; "I tried everything I could"—and here a sob would come—"but nobody seemed to want me."

"I—I want you!" Mr. Binney was stammering out his words excitedly. "Miss Bright, can you—will you stay for me? Could you consent to become Mrs. Binney?"

"Mrs. Binney!—I!—everything seemed to swim around her—but, Mr. Binney, such an idea never once occurred to me."

"I am very sure of that, my dear," he said earnestly, "and it has taken some time to come to me, or I should have made the offer long ago; however better late than never—that is if you will accept me."

"Oh, but I think it is so good of you—and you feel sure that I can make you happy. What will the Brendons and Sally say?"

"Say that I am more lucky than I deserve to be for not asking you before. Now I understand why I wouldn't consent to your being my housekeeper; I was wanting you for my wife you know."

Miss Bright held up her hands in dismay.

"Oh, my!" she cried, "there's the train off—gone, I declare!"

"What of that, if it is! Another will soon follow, and while we are waiting for

it we can arrange our plans and fix the day."

And if anyone wishes to know how it all ended, I can satisfy their curiosity by telling them that a more happy, cheery couple never were seen than the present Mr. and Mrs. Binney.

A Little Gardening.

The mistake which people attempting a flowering garden for the first time most frequently make, and the one which is sure to bring them disappointment, is to select seeds and plants about which they know nothing, and which will not do well without special treatment, tender care, and careful coaxing.

A great amount of pleasure and constant supply of cut flowers for ornamenting the house during the entire summer can be obtained from a very small space, provided it is rightly planted and well taken care of, and it is to small grounds and small attempts that the present article is devoted.

The first thing to be considered is the amount of space available for flower beds, and the amount of sun and shade.

The overabundance of shade which is too often an obstacle to the successful growing of flowers, can not always be easily remedied for if people have sacrificed half of their stately old trees in order to have the sun shine on the house for the sake of the health of the inmates, of the they do not exactly care to cut down the rest that the sun may shine on the flower bed; and as it is not altogether desirable to make the flower garden on the roof, there is but little space left for it. The only thing to do is to use to the best advantage the few sunny spots, and select for the more shaded places such plants as will thrive with but little sunshine.

In a village lot, or small grounds of two or more lots, there often is no good place for flowers except along the walk from the gate to the front door, which is the one place above all others where a flower bed should never be made. In a small lawn the walks should be as inconspicuous as possible. If they are outlined by a flower border, they are cut off from the surrounding space, and the effect is unpleasant, for one is naturally led to wonder whether or not he would be equal to taking a flying leap over the border if he wished to reach the green grassy space beyond.

In arranging the beds all complicated designs should be avoided, for, excepting in large spaces and under experienced hands, they seldom give satisfaction.

One or two small crescent or diamond shaped beds cut out of the turf and planted for a mass of color make an effective show even in a small space if the surroundings are right; but if the grounds are cut up with trees and shrubs irregularly planted it is much better to have the beds arranged without any attempt at fancy shapes. If the lawn will admit of two crescent or diamond shaped beds, one should be planted with bright-colored geraniums, and the other with varieties of coleus or with verbenas, and each bed should be edged with sweet alyssum or some ornamental white-leaved plant. The geranium bed should be well filled, but not overcrowded, with scarlet geraniums, and care should be taken that no rose-colored ones get mixed in with the scarlet or the beauty of the bed will be spoiled.

The following named varieties are all good bloomers; William Cullen Bryant, Excelsior, Distinction, General Grant, Eros, Duchess of Sutherland, Harry King, Par Excellence, and Surprise. The above are single. Among the double varieties of the same shade the best bloomers are: Conrad Kirchner, Ruby, Baquet, Mina, Henry Cannel, Fire-fly, and Jupiter.

The effect of the verbena bed provided it is some distance from the one containing the scarlet geraniums, is not spoiled if several colors are used. Scarlet, deep red, white, very dark purple, and pink blend well together.

If the bed be planted in coleus, the following will give good satisfaction and considerable variety in color and shape of

leaf: Black Prince, Multicolor Charm, Volvet, Queen, Crimson Volvet, Fascination, Spotted Gem, Brilliant, and Mrs. Wilson.

Along the division wall or fence is a good place for a flower bed, and quite a number of small beds can be scattered around in the various nooks and corners, provided care be taken to avoid a patchy effect.

The bed along the south side of the north wall, if the sun strike it for several hours during the morning, will furnish an abundance of flowers for cutting. The plants which will flourish best in such a situation, and which are most desirable for cutting, are vincas, sweet alyssum, candy-tuft, ageratum, contranthus, verbenas, and small-flowered potunias, for annuals, and from amongst bulbs and greenhouse plants, heliotrope, feverfew, rose-geraniums, tuberous begonias, lantana, tuberose, anemones, and monthly roses. The following named plants will grow with a very small amount of sunshine, and will thrive in a bed made along the north side of the south wall, if it get the early morning sun for about an hour: mignonette, *Adonis aestivalis*, whitlavia, nemophila, clarkias, and pansies. If the sun do not reach the bed at all, it may still be turned to account by planting it with ferns, which will furnish desirable green for decorations.

Pansies planted in a shaded place will bloom all summer long, and be covered with large flowers during the very hottest weather, while those which bloomed under the spring sunshine, show tiny flowers, if any, in their more exposed situations.

If the sun shine against the south wall of the house, the reflection makes the heat so intense that few plants will live in a bed made beside it; but if the bed be rightly prepared, and filled with geraniums or heliotropes, these sunloving plants will make a wonderful growth. The ground must be spaded deep and well enriched. The bed should not be more than a foot or six inches wide, and should have a tile or board edge all around it, which extends several inches above and below the surface of the bed, and is perfectly watertight. It is very little trouble to pour a bucket of water on the bed every evening after sun down, when needed, and the result will be a perfect wealth of blooms even in hot, dry weather.

Small beds can be made on the sunny side of a shrub or tree, or in the corner formed by steps and porch or house wall. These may be planted in sweet alyssum or mignonette, or they may hold a clump of gladiolus or of tuberose.

It is surprising how much sweet alyssum or how many pansies can be cut from a small bed not more than a foot square. One reason why beds of this size and a little larger do not prove a success is because they are not dug deep enough. A good many amateur gardeners scratch a little place on the top of the ground, put in a plant or two and a few seeds, and then wonder why they never have any success with flowers.

Whatever the size, shape, or situation of the beds, the soil must be well looked after, and its condition adapted as near as possible to the needs of the flowers which are to be planted in them. The ground must be made loose and rich to a considerable depth. The smaller the bed, the deeper it should be dug.

Plants in beds made near large trees are likely to suffer, because the roots of the trees absorb all the moisture from the ground, which is filled with a perfect network of tiny thread-like rootlets. No matter how well the bed is dug up in the spring, before the middle of the summer the energetic little roots have pushed themselves up again, and as a natural consequence the plants will have made but poor growth. We have succeeded in having flowers in places where nothing had done any good before by the simple expedient of sinking a common barrel into the ground until the top stood only two inches above the surface. The bottom was not removed, and the barrel was filled with broken stones and bricks for about

six inches, then to the top with good rich soil. The beds have stood as first made for two years, and with only a little making over each spring, and the roots have not yet penetrated the cracks in the barrel enough to interfere with the plants.

Varieties.

BE OF GOOD CHEER.—A man who acquires a habit of giving away to depression is on the road to ruin. When trouble comes upon him, instead of rousing his energies to combat it he weakens, his faculties grow dull, his judgment becomes obscured, and he sinks into the slough of despair. And, if anybody pulls him out by main force and places him safe on solid ground, he stands there dejected and discouraged, and is pretty sure to waste the means of help which have been given him. How different it is with man who takes a cheery view of life even at its worst, and faces every ill with unyielding pluck? He may be swept away by an overwhelming tide of misfortune, but he bravely struggles for the shore, and is ever ready to make the most of the help that may be given him. A cheerful, hopeful, courageous disposition is invaluable, and should be assiduously cultivated.

VALUES IN THE TIME OF HENRY VII.—In the early part of the sixteenth century, just before the Reformation, the ounce of silver was worth 3s. 4d., or in other words, the shilling of Henry VIII. was in intrinsic value 1.55 the modern coin. The wages of an ordinary laborer were 6d. per day. The rents of cottages varied from 2s. 8d. to 4s. per annum. Six or eight days' labor was, therefore, sufficient to pay the year's rent. At the present day, taking an agricultural laborer's wages at 15s. a week, and cottage rent at 2s. a week, or £5 a year, it requires 40 days' labor to pay the yearly rent. No doubt the cottages at that time were mere hovels; but I fear a large number at the present day are little better. About the same period wheat was 6s. 8d. per quarter, the price of a pig 3s. 8d., and of a cow 16s. A laborer earning 6d. a day, or 3s. 2d. per week, could purchase a quarter of wheat with a fortnight's labor, which would now require three weeks, or a pig with one week's work, which would certainly now require the labor of three. Leaving out of view the cost of clothing and of the higher *agreements* which modern habits require, there can be no doubt that the common people before the Reformation enjoyed an amount of rude plenty which has never since been equalled.—*Notes and Queries.*

A PREHISTORIC RESERVOIR.—"I've seen a good many curious things in my travels," said a commercial traveller, "but the Walled Lake of Iowa rather lays over everything I ever saw. Just imagine a body of water, covering nearly three thousand acres, with a wall built up all around it, not a stone of which can be less than one hundred pounds in weight, and some as heavy as three tons, and yet there is not a stone to be found within ten miles of the lake. The wall is ten feet high, about fifteen feet at the bottom, and may be five on top. The country is prairie land for miles around, except a belt of heavy timber that encircles the lake. This timber is oak, and it is plain that the trees were planted there. They are very large. The belt is probably half a mile wide. The water in the lake is probably twenty-five feet deep, as cold as ice and as clear as crystal.

"What I would like to know, is, who built that wall? And how did they hold the water back while they were building it? And how did they cart those immense stones for ten miles? If ever you go to Iowa, don't fail to visit the Walled Lake. You'll find it in Wright county, one hundred and six miles from Dubuque. The cars will take you almost to it."

SOUTH AFRICAN GARDEN.—Everybody knows that Cape Colony is the home of

bulbs and heaths and antelopes, but I had never the luck to see its wealth, save on this occasion. The district between St. Helena Bay and Darling is a garden. A strip of unlovely dunes edges the ocean, just wide enough to prepare the stranger for a very dull drive. On a sudden the low, sluggy heaths take form and color. Here and there a spray shows trace of blossom; dry bulbs, lying likorugged old balls of leather, put out a feeble leaf. Quickly the plants take heart, stand taller, clothe themselves gayly; then, as far as eye can see, the earth is mantled with flowers. Pyramids of tiny rose bells or smaller grains as white as snow rise beside the track and brush our faces. They overtop the ant-hills, and drape those obstacles so jealously that we dare not go faster than a walk. Here the thickest is so close that one will scarcely find a hand's breadth without bloom from its crown to the very earth. There the heaths fall back, leaving a clear space for bulbs, which spread their glossy leaves and raise their crested hoods as thick as daisies on an English lawn. Of every tint and shape and growth are they. Elsewhere ice-plants and cassias possess the ground with stars of gold and white and crimson—a sight never to be equalled in this world. In and out among the pastures, duikers and blesbok wander at their sweet will, pausing to look at us, leaping in dainty play over the turfs of bloom. Birds sing and flutter; part-ridges scuttle back a yard or two and watch from the shadow of a bush. On every green twig hangs a locust, scarlet and black; lizards pink with azure heads scurry by a like flash; big grasshoppers whirl their pleasant song, telling of heat and peace. A charming drive—a unique experience.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

ONE THOUSAND WIVES.—Do what they may no Mormon Leader will ever equal the Sultan of Morocco, Sidi Muley Hassan, who has just added the thousandth wife to his harem, and has celebrated this unique millenary by a brilliant feast given to the other nine hundred and ninety-nine, or, rather, to the other six-hundred for four hundred are either dead or pensioned off. Like the Mormons, the sultan does not keep all his better halves at one place, but distributes them among his winter and summer residences at Fez, Morocco, Tafilot, etc. Even then, unless he has more palaces than fall to the lot of most emperors, there must be enough in each house to seriously interfere with harmony now and then. We wonder if he felt as much pride and satisfaction when he added the thousandth to the number as Baron Tauchnitz did when he published his thousandth volume of his convenient "Collection of British Authors." For we imagine that after a man has married his three or four hundredth consort—though on this point we must speak with the doubt arising from a total lack of experience—he cares very little for a new wife, as a wife, and regards each further addition much as a collector looks upon a new Elzevir, or a new specimen of Japanese pottery, or another pipe, which he does not care to smoke, another violin, which will hang upon his wall untouched. It is the pleasure of the miser who heaps up stores, a pleasure which, in this line of hoarding, only one man in the modern world, fortunately, is allowed to have. It is curious, however, to observe that while what might be called the physical wonders of the "Arabian Night's Entertainments"—the carpet or the horse that travelled a month's journey in a day, the talisman that conveyed one's words at once to the distant lover—that while these and the like are coming true by the power of modern science, the social wonders as they seem to us Occidentals, are beginning to fade away. A son of this very sultan, the Prince Muley Edris, not long ago married an Italian governess, who did not give up her religion, and who stipulated that she should be the only wife; and a brother of the sultan, the sheriff of Wezian, has an English wife.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, weekly, 28 pages. Issued every Saturday, 5 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates—12 cents per line, single insertion; one month, 30 cents per line; three months, 60 cents per line; six months, \$1.10 cents per line; twelve months, \$2 per line.

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 20 pages, issued about the 20th of each month, for following month, 50 cents per year, 5 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

The Auxiliary Publishing Company, printing 163 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in over 100 of these papers and supplements. Rates—60 cents per line single insertion; one month, \$1.38 per line; three months, \$2.25 per line; six months, \$3.90 per line; twelve months, \$10.00 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

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Business in connection with any of our publications, or the Auxiliary Publishing Company, can be as well transacted with either of our branch establishments as with the head office in Toronto.

The Auxiliary Advertising Agency.

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

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

Publishers will kindly send their papers for filing regularly. Do not advertise till you get our quotations.

S. Frank Wilson, Proprietor Auxiliary Advertising Agency, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. W., or 120 Bay St., Toronto.

YOUNG GEORGE STEPHENSON.—"Now I'm a made man for life!" said a boy of sixteen when he received an appointment to work at a pumping engine, with wages at twelve shillings a week. His had been a rough, hard-working life. His father was a fireman who earned only twelve shillings a week, out of which there was a wife and six children to keep, his home was a poor cottage, with a clay floor and unplastered walls. He had never been to school; but soon as over he was old enough to do anything he had to contribute to the general support. At first he earned twopence a day for looking after Widow Ainslie's cows: later on he received two shillings a week for mending horses; later on still, six shillings a week as assistant fireman to his father; and at the age of sixteen he was "made a man for life," as he thought, by becoming a fireman, with wages at twelve shillings a week. That boy was George Stephenson, who became one of the foremost men of his day, and who, as "the Father of Railways," will be held in grateful admiration all the world over for his mighty labors in connection with the locomotive engine.

CRIME IN SCOTLAND.—A very noticeable and pleasing fact has recently been presented in Scotland. From the statistics published it appears that crime is on the decrease. There have been fewer arrests than formerly. In addition to this there have latterly been several "maiden assize" courts. At Stirling, Inverness, Inveraray, and Dumfries, they had the pleasant duty of conducting a maiden Court, and accepted for their labors a pair of white gloves. The judges very properly congratulated the sheriffs and the counties on the absence of crime. Lord Adam attributed the improvement in the habits of the people to the spread of education. Whatever may be the cause there has been a marked diminution of crime, and for that we are thankful.

Nothing can work me damage, except myself; the harm that I sustain I carry about with me, and never am a real sufferer but by my own fault.

\$6,000.00!

In "Ladies' Journal" Bible Competition No. 6.

CLOSING MAY 20

This competition is to be short, sharp, and decisive. So if you think of competing send in your answers at once. The sooner you send in your answers the better.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1st. Where are some musical instruments first mentioned in the Bible? 2nd. What two verses in the New Testament have only two words each? 3rd. What King in presence of his courtiers cut up with a penknife and burned the manuscript copy of part of the word of the Lord

Prizes in last competition were pretty widely scattered over Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Manitoba, North-West Territories, and even so far west as Nebraska.

We are offering over five hundred valuable rewards this time, aggregating a very large amount of money. The conditions are, as before, that every competitor must send with their answer to the Bible questions, the sum of fifty cents, for which the LADIES' JOURNAL, a 20-page monthly magazine, will be sent for one year to any desired address. The first person sending correct answers to the Bible questions will get number one reward, the second correct answers take number two, and so on, until all the rewards are distributed. Of course everyone gets the LADIES' JOURNAL for a year, whether their answers are correct or not; but if correct, and the answers arrive in time, they will get some one of these costly rewards. Bear in mind that the regular yearly subscription to the LADIES' JOURNAL is a half dollar; so you pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, and you get full and big value for your investment even if you do not obtain a reward. See what some of our subscribers say of the paper in another column. These are

THE REWARDS.

- 1 1 Elegant Rosewood Square Piano.. \$100 00 2 1 Fine Cabinet Organ, 12 stops, 2 sets Reeds..... 250 00 3 1 Set Parlor Furniture, latest design, upholstered in raw silk..... 125 00 1 Neat Village Cart, latest design.... 125 00 5 2 Silver Tea Services, six pieces in each..... 220 00 7 2 Ladies' Solid Gold Stem-winding and Stem-Setting Genuine Elgin Watches..... 21 00 9 2 Elegant Triple Silver-Plated Ice Pitchers..... 103 00 10 5 Beautiful Silk Dress Patterns.... 200 00 11 5 Elegant Black Cashmere Dress Patterns..... 165 00 12 Gentlemen's Solid Nickel Silver Hunting Case Watches..... 300 00 15 Gentlemen's Solid Silver Open-Face Extra Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches..... 300 00 17 Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches..... 300 00 19 Beautiful New Spring Sateen Print Dress Patterns..... 135 00 21 11 Now Spring Print Dress Patterns 120 00 23 Celebrated Waterbury Watches 45 00 25 50 Volumes World's Encyclopedia and Library of Universal Knowledge, each volume complete in itself..... 250 00 27 200 Elegant Triple Silver-Plated on Solid Steel Butter Knives.... 200 00

Then, after these first rewards, come the middle rewards. The first prize (the tea service) in this list will be given to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last.

The next one (one of the gold watches) will be awarded to the sender of the next correct answer, and so on until all these middle rewards are given away.

THE MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1 1 Extra Triple Silver-Plated Tea Service, 6 pieces..... \$110 00 2 2 Gold Stem-winding and Stem-Setting Elgin Watches..... 200 00 3 5 Elegant Gold Neck Chains..... 200 00 4 9 Solid Open-Face Nickel Silver Watches..... 135 00 5 13 Gentlemen's Solid Aluminum Gold Watches..... 350 00 6 15 Solid Hunting Case Nickel Watches..... 300 00 7 15 Pair Newest Design Elegant Lace Curtains..... 130 00 8 15 Newest Design Baby Carriages 360 00 9 12 Handsome Walnut Clocks..... 200 00 10 12 Elegant Nickel-Plated Alarm Clocks..... 100 00 11 60 Elegant Triple Silver-Plated Butter Knives..... 60 00

Not to disappoint even the last ones, we are again offering a long list of Consolation Rewards. The last correct answer received will take number one reward in this list, the next number two, and so on. The letters must all be post-marked where mailed not later than the closing day of this competition, which is May 20; therefore any one living in California or British Columbia will stand as good, or a better chance, provided their answers are correct and they send the necessary half-dollar for a year's subscription to the JOURNAL, as a person living in or near Toronto.

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1 1 Gentleman's Solid Gold Beautifully Engraved Hunting Case Genuine Elgin Watch, all latest improvements..... \$120 00 2 1 Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Elgin Watch..... 110 00 3 6 Gentlemen's Solid Gold Silver Open-Face and Hunting Case Watches..... 150 00 4 5 Solid Triple-plated Cruet Stands 50 00 5 10 Nickel-plated Alarm Clocks..... 100 00 6 10 Pairs Fine Lace Curtains..... 110 00 7 10 Volumes Longfellow's Poems..... 25 00

It is scarcely necessary for us to say that we will positively and without fail ure, distribute all the above named rewards on the conditions named above, and without the slightest favor or partiality. The numerous letters received from prize winners, and published from time to time, sufficiently prove that our offers are genuine, and we know that every one competing, whether successful or not, will be pleased with the LADIES' JOURNAL, and be convinced that they have made a good investment. Now is the time to try your skill. Studying up for the questions cannot fail to do good anyway, and if you send in correct answers to all the questions, and they come in time to compete in any of the three lists of prizes offered, you cannot fail to get a reward. The correct address is LADIES' JOURNAL, 120 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada. Please mention, when sending in your answers, where you saw the notice of these rewards. Attend to this now, as soon as you read it.

Every man has the power to press on through mercies and judgments, entreaties and warnings, in an evil course. "Ye will not come to Me that ye might have life," said our Saviour. So there must come a time when God makes His last appeal, and who knows how soon it may come?

Every one speaks highly of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitter as a Stomach, Liver and Kidney medicine. "The best family medicine we ever used," say they all. Try a bottle this Spring as a blood purifier.

\$7,500 REWARD.

IN "TRUTH" BIBLE COMPETITION.

Number Ten, Closing June 10th.

We do think this time that we far surpass any of our many other very liberal offers for correct answers to Bible questions. Some say "it is a marvel how he can do it." We can assure our readers that all the rewards offered below will, as in the past contests, be cheerfully and promptly handed over to the six hundred and twenty-five persons who send correct answers to the Bible Questions given below by one of the leading clergymen of the Methodist Church. The questions are very difficult this time, all of which must be answered correctly in order to secure any of the rewards offered.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

- 1.—Is there a single verse in the Bible in which consumption and ague are both mentioned? 2.—Is there another verse in the Bible where consumption fever, and inflammation are all referred to? 3.—Mention a passage in the Bible in which a lump of figs is ordered as a good plaster for a boil.

It is our aim to increase the study of the good old Book, somewhat out of fashion nowadays. The interest now taken in these Bible competitions is somewhat keener than at first. Here are

THE REWARDS.

- 1 1 Elegant Rosewood Piano..... \$550 00 2 1 Twelve Stop Cabinet Organ..... 250 00 3 2 Gentlemen's Solid Gold Stem-Winding and Stem-Setting, box cases, elegantly engraved Elgin Watches..... 220 00 4 3 Magnificent Triple Silver-Plated Tea Services, 6 pieces..... 330 00 5 2 Ladies' Solid Gold Stem-winding and stem-setting Genuine Elgin Watches..... 200 00 6 2 Celebrated Wanzler Sewing Machines..... 120 00 7 5 Gentlemen's Elegant Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches..... 125 00 8 3 Gentlemen's Open-Face Solid Coin Silver Watches..... 72 00 9 9 Solid Nickel Silver Hunting-Case Watches..... 144 00 10 9 Solid Nickel Silver, open-face, heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches..... 135 00 11 9 Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches..... 123 00 12 5 Beautiful Solid Gold Diamond Rings..... 65 00 13 11 Solid Gold Gem Rings..... 90 00 14 12 Renowned Waterbury Watches.. 60 00 15 11 Half-Dozen sets solid triple silver-plated dessert spoons..... 83 00 16 11 Half-Dozen sets of solid triple silver-plated Countess Tea Spoons 66 00 17 100 Copies, sumptuously bound, of Shakespeare's Works..... 252 00 18 150 Elegant triple silver-plated butter knives..... 130 00

Bear in mind that each competitor must send with their answers one dollar, for which TRUTH will be sent for six months. You, therefore, PAY NOTHING ADDITIONAL for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, getting full and big value for your dollar investment in receiving TRUTH for six months. The regular subscription price of TRUTH is two dollars per year. Remember, to the sender of the first correct answer to the questions proposed the piano will be sent. The second correct answer will take the organ, the third, one of those beautiful solid gold watches, and so on, until the two hundred and forty-seven rewards are disposed of. Then come the

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1 Gentleman's solid gold stem-winding and stem-setting, box cases, Elgin Watch.....\$110 00
2 Beautiful Triple Silver-Plated Tea Sets..... 100 00
1 Lady's Solid Gold Watch..... 100 00
2 Wauzer Sewing Machines..... 120 00
5 Solid Gold Silver Hunting Case Watches..... 125 00
3 Open Face Solid Gold Silver Watches..... 60 00
13 Solid Nickel Silver Hunting Case Watches..... 217 00
17 Solid Nickel, Heavy Bevelled Crystal Watches..... 300 00
15 Solid Aluminum Gold Hunting Case Watches..... 225 00
21 Half dozen sets triple plated Tea Spoons..... 147 00
9 Celebrated Waterbury Watches.. 45 00
39 Copies, beautifully bound, Tennyson's Poems..... 97 50
27 Triple Silver-Plated Butter Knives..... 27 00

The number one of these rewards will be given to the sender of the middle correct answer of the whole competition, from first to last, and the senders of the next one hundred and fifty-four correct answers following the middle one, will be awarded the remaining prizes.

And the last comers are not to be overlooked, as there is a long list offered of

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1 Gentleman's Solid Gold Hunting Case (beautifully engraved), Genuine Elgin Watch.....\$110 00
1 Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Watch 100 00
1 Elegant Triple Silver-Plated Tea Service..... 100 00
3 Double-Barrelled Breech-Loading Shot Guns, pistol grip, rebounding Locks, all latest improvements, from Chas. Stark's Great Gun House, Toronto..... 300 00
9 Double-Barrelled Breech-Loading Shot Guns, not so highly finished..... 810 00
4 Fine Silk Dress Patterns..... 200 00
15 Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns..... 150 00
21 Elegant New Sateen Print Dresses..... 315 00
15 Triple Silver-Plated Cruet Stands..... 120 00
31 Half-Dozen Gentlemen's best linen Pocket Handkerchiefs.... 155 00
29 Half-Dozen Ladies' Fancy Bordered Pocket Handkerchiefs..... 145 00

Making in all over SIX HUNDRED of the most costly and beautiful premium rewards ever offered by any publisher in the world.

In these consolation rewards the further you live from Toronto the better your chances are for obtaining a reward, as it is the last correct answer received at this office gets number one reward, and the next to the last correct answer, number two, and so on, till all the last or consolation rewards are given out. But bear in mind that the letters must all bear the post-mark of office where mailed not later than the closing day of this competition, which is June 10th. You can, therefore, compete if you live in British Columbia, the States or England, or anywhere else, where a letter will reach here say in thirteen or fifteen days after the close of the competition, as long as it bears the post-mark of the 10th June, in the place where mailed. Address S. FRANK WILSON, 120 Bay Street, Toronto, and don't delay after reading this, but send in the answers and dollar at once; and whether you got a prize or not you will be well pleased with your investment. You will certainly get a prize if your answers are correct and they arrive in time.

The weather prophet looks for spring this month. The wise man looks for a blood purifier that will not injure his system. He can find what he wants in Dr. Casson's Stomach Bitters, the greatest of all blood purifiers. In large bottles at 50 cents.

See! See!! See!!!

If there is Something for You Here. If your Subscription Expires during the Current Month you ought to read the following Offer.

GOOD BOOKS GIVEN AWAY.

A Chan 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. Duty. Character. 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. Napheyr. The Home Cook Book, by the Ladies of Toronto. Old Lieutenant, by Norman McLeod. Common Sense in the Household. Infelice, by Augusta Evans Wilson. St. Elmo. Farm Legends, by Will. Carleton. Farm Haints. 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.

Tom Sawyer. Reaching It. Pauper. A Tramp Abroad. The Prince and the

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. O. KINSTON. 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 Trader, by Mary Stragoo. At His Gates, by Mrs. Oliphant. A Tramp Abroad, by Mark Twain. Canolles, by J. E. Cook. Children of Nature, by the Earl of Ossart. Common Sense in the Household, by Marion Dysart, by W. W. Hall. Edith Lyric, by Mary J. Holmes. Footsteps of the Master, by Harriet B. Stowe. Hawthorne, 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. Paganus People, by Harriet B. Stowe. Second Thoughts, by Rhoda Broughton. Sketches by Mark Twain. Sweet Nellie, My Heart's Delight, by Beasant Swinburne's Poems. Ten Years of My Life, by the Princess Felix Salm-Salm. The American Senator, by A. Trollope. The Earnest Student, by Norman McLeod. The Golden Butterfly, by Beasant and Rice. The Haunted Hotel, by Wilde Collins. The Lady of the Aroostook, by W. D. Howells. The Law and the Lady, by Wilkie Collins. The Monks of Tholoma, by Beasant and Rice. The Scripture Club of Valley Rest. Under One 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, 120 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

A Submarine Engine of Destruction.

A submarine boat which ought to be able to destroy the navies of the world has been made at Stockholm. It was tried on the Malar Lake, and will shortly be brought over to France. The boat has the shape of a cigar, is 6ft. long, 6ft. wide, and has an engine of 30-horse power. It is said that it can be navigated under water, goes at the speed of 10 nautical miles an hour, and that four persons can without any danger remain in it for six hours running. The funnel shaped cylinder is the only part of the boat which is visible. A winding stair leads to the boat, which is steered from the top of the cylinder, where a glass roof enables the man at the wheel to see the surface of the water, and direct the course of his strange submarine engine of destruction.

There comes a time when men feel that they are born into a new earth, under a new heaven. They see God's presence as they did not before; they behold the sublimity of duty; they feel themselves heirs of immortality; they long to make the earth better than it is; they rejoice with exulting great joy in the privilege of being co-workers with God. Then they can say, yea, we are indeed born again.

—Written for Truth. Home Pictures

The sunset's effulgence fell over the landscape, Atlant o'er the world, and fields far away; It burnished the panes of the old-fashioned windows. That look from the homestead so quiet and grey. O'er the far stretching meadow the zephyr came strolling, To breathe in the branches of the trees overhead, The dew drops descending kissed even the pale violet That timidly peeped from its low grassy bed.

Far off in the distance the blue hills slope gently. The village beneath them lay deep in the shade; While in the calm air all brightly reflected, The cloud tinted glory of even's halo laid. The barn doors were closed on the care-garnered harvest. The reapers came home when the sun sank to rest; The willows that sang by the caves in the day-time Were songless and still, in their clay-moulded nest.

The cattle all thirsting came down to the river, To drink from the depths of its floods pure and clear; The sheep flocking homeward were pent in the sheepfold, And all things gave token when night's fall drew near. The low winds to rustle the leaves of the sumach, Although the tall aspens were shivering by; The whip-poor-will sang on the edge of the forest, That far in its wild depth re-echoed the cry.

The clear purring tunnel beneath shading branches, Came down from its upland fountain afar, The cricket's cheer chirp rose in a low and meadow, Where the fire-fly shone through the dusk like a star. From the far distant village came faintly the music, Like oiled and chimed of the sweet vespers bell, The white church gleamed ghostly amid its tall tombstones, Where the village lay hid in the shade of the dell.

My mother sat still on the porch overgrown With ivy that clambered above the pale rose, With hands calmly folded in unusual quiet, Enjoying the peace of the twilight repose. My father leaned carelessly over the gate bar, To talk with a neighbor the news of the day; The song of the boat man that plied on the river, Came back o'er the waters that bore him away.

We strayed with slow foot steps down the well-beaten pathway, And stood a gay group on the fair scene to gaze; We had gathered treasures of moss from the forest, Arcadian haunt of our halcyon days. When echoes of day time were hushed into stillness, The landscape lay bathed in the harvest moon-light; The last merry words were exchanged and we parted, How kindly was spoken the final good night.

How oft I recall in its own native beauty, The home that was mine and is mine now no more; As a mariner leaving some haven beloved, Looks wistfully back to the fast parting shore. The day's lowly toil brought its meed of contentment, Beneath the dear roof where our fore-fathers dwelt; Nor dreamt we of splendour while almost forgetting, Beyond lay the world in its sorrow and guilt.

Long years have gone by since I last looked upon it, But dauntedly deep on heart and on brain; Aro the scenes of my childhood; through changes and sorrow, Those pictures of home life will ever remain. I know that the scene is as fair to the stranger, The day brings its pleasure, the night-fall its rest; Yet, I would not return, for they have departed Whose smiles lit up my home, whom my heart loved the best.

Wait a Minute And read this. You may be troubled with corns, and if not at present they may take root in the near future. Therefore we want to tell you what to use in order to make a perfect cure, and especially what to avoid. Of course like the majority of people you will want to use the best that is to be had. That is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Safe, safe, painless. Avoid, then, the article "just as good" or the something else "a good deal better." You will regret using anything else than Putnam's for it don't burn, and you can't tell what the others will do until you try. Don't live to be sorry when you can so easily prevent it. Polson & Co., props.

The multiplication table—The registry of birth

Will buy 12 assortments of Dab's Bulbs or Scotch Fir Trees. JAMES RENNIE, Seedman, Toronto.

Ladies' Department.

FAMILY MATTERS

Carrots boiled and then browned in butter are an appetizing dish at this season.

Common soft soap well rubbed on mildew stains and exposed to the sun will take them out entirely.

If a little kerosine is mixed with stove polish, it will assist greatly in improving the look of rusty stoves.

Oxalic acid will almost always remove stains left by mud which cannot be removed with soap and water.

Kerosine will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water, and will render them pliable and new.

If the brass top of a coal oil lamp has come off it may be repaired with plaster-of-Paris, wet with a little water, and will be as strong as ever.

Tinned meats and vegetables should be made hot in the tin before the latter is opened, by placing it in hot water and heating it for awhile.

If cayenne pepper is sprinkled plentifully in the resorts of rats they will resent the inhospitable treatment, and will retire from the premises.

Some one says a good dressing for leather is made of one quart of vinegar, two ounces of spermaceti oil, and six ounces each of molasses and ivory black.

If stove polish is mixed with very strong soap-suds, the lustre appears immediately, and the dust of the polish does not fly around as it usually does.

A carpet, especially a dark one, often looks dusty, when it does not need sweeping; wet a sponge in water, (a few drops of ammonia helps to brighten the color), wring it dry, and wipe off the dust.

"There is one thing about babies," said a recent traveler; "they never change. We have girls in the period, men of the world, but the baby is the same self-possessed, fearless, laughing, voracious little heathen in all ages and in all countries."

To purify the air of the cellar, and to destroy parasitical growth, a German authority says: Put some roll brimstone into a pan, set fire to it, close the doors and windows as tight as possible for two or three hours; repeat this inexpensive operation every three months.

Burns and scalds are soonest relieved by an application of cold water. Dry carbonate of soda, or baking soda, sprinkled over the burned spot, is the latest remedy, and it is said to be very effectual. These means are only temporary. In severe cases a physician should be sent for.

Knives with ivory handles, which have become loosened or fallen out entirely, can be cemented at home and with small expense, by using this cement. Take four parts of resin, one part of beeswax, one part of plaster of Paris, fill the hole in the handle with the cement, then heat the steel of the handle, and press it firmly into the cement.

THE DOSE OF QUININE.—Professor Bartholow and Da Costa agree that the antipyretic dose of quinine is not less than five grains every two hours until four doses are taken, or else thirty grains in two or three doses close together. The former believed a small dose of morphine given with quinine is the best thing to counteract the unpleasant cerebral symptoms of the latter.

Baked eggs are sometimes relished by those who find fresh ones greasy and indigestible. Butter a deep pie plate, then put in the eggs, taking care not to break the yolks of any; put a little lump of butter on each egg, and a little pepper and salt, too. If the oven is hot, the eggs will be cooked sufficiently in four minutes. As soon as the whites are firmly set they are done.

One of the most valuable receipts for a

white layer cake is this; One cup of butter beaten to a cream, with two cups of sugar; add one cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, with two teaspoonsful of baking powder mixed with it and the well-beaten whites of five eggs. This is also delicious if baked in a loaf, with a large cup of chopped raisins in it; then put them in last, reserving a little of the flour to sprinkle over them.

Woman's Gardening.

When boiling down lye for soap, throw the bones in a kettle of lye, boil till soft, take them out and dry them. Have them powdered till fine; mix them with a quantity of earth from the wood-pile, say a peck to a half-gallon of bones, a gallon of sandy loam and a half-gallon sweepings of hen-house. Mix well and sift on a large cloth. Put the coarse left in sifter, in the bottom of pots or shallow boxes, fill up with the fine earth to within one inch of top; plant tomato, celery, cress, lettuce or flower seeds, water with hot water; sift over enough earth to cover them, lay a pane of glass over each, set over the mantel-piece till sprouted, then in a sunny window or in the open air when warm. Water when dry, and sift more earth when they grow too tall.

Thus you may have plants to set in the open ground as soon as the earth becomes workable. I always raise my celery in this manner, and transplant to the trenches in June.

The tomato plants may be lifted with a spoon and put singly into small pots and turned out into the ground in April, when broken fruit jars may be inverted over them until they become established; after which train them to supports as soon as necessary, and water with liquid fertilizer at the roots when about to be hoed.

These same fruit jars, or bottomless bottles, will do to turn over the cucumber or melon plants as soon as they appear above ground to protect from bugs. Or fourbricks may serve as a wall, with a pane of glass on top. I have a fine Niagara Grape vine in a jar, already budding for its new growth, cut back to the second bud.

In the same pot is another plant with pealike or locust foliage growing vigorously in the midst of other little seedlings just coming up from the fresh sowing of a week ago. The vine and pea are biennials from last winter's planting. I used the same pot for sowing some early annuals. I can turn the whole mass out, separate the roots of grape and pea, and put them in the ground in May.

I have not brought out my numerous boxes and tubs from the cellar yet. When it is warm and settled I shall bring them out, clip off the dead branches, stir the earth around the biennials, sow more seeds, sift over fresh earth, and allow the rain and sun to do the rest. I have in the yard stout posts set in the ground with rounded planks nailed on top. Upon these I set the tubs that have a chief plant in centre, say a calla, and around this a row of gladioli, or tuberoses, because these plants require so much water; particularly the calla. Then the plants requiring heat or warmth, I put in sand, such as Tradescantia, pansies, Madeira Vine. My large stationary grapevine baskets became receptacles for many pot plants—verbena, petunias, etc.; and vines are running all over it, hanging in graceful festoons.

Hints on Picture Frames.

In framing photographs, engravings and etchings it is usual and proper to interpose a mat of some tint between the subject and the frame, because the immediate proximity of the solid frame to a colorless composition would be in too strong contrast, and would tend to flatten the presentation of solid objects. White mats should be avoided, because the high lights in photographs, engravings and etchings are white, and a mat of the

same robs them of much of their value. In some instances the values of the composition are strong enough to require a gold mat, but this will be found most effective where the wall covering is very sombre in tone, or exceedingly brilliant and pronounced in character. Sometimes two and even three mats of different thickness, different materials, and of such difference in width as to form a graduation of tint, are found to be very effective, and set in a light, decorated gold frame. This treatment is particularly happy with mezzotint engravings, but each instance requires a special treatment. However, it is safe to assert that, with a few exceptions, the frame, in which the mat and all are included, should be slight, and generally flat in form, whether of wood or gilt, whether plain, moulded, or decorated. Many absurdities have been perpetrated in what I believe are called rustic frames, with branches of kindling wood on the angles, and looking, when hung, like some large and curious insect. In framing water-colors the same general rules apply, though white mats are more effective with a bevelled edge next the subject, and this bevelled edge should generally be gilt. Often a few lines, hot pressed, or in black or gold, or both, carried round within some fraction of an inch of the subject, serve to vary the monotony of a plain mat, and make the transition from subject to mat less abrupt. The texture of a mat is a nice question. The choice ranges from the smooth hard surface to the roughest.

This question, like all the rest, depends not only on the subject, but the light and wall paper against which it is to be seen. The whole question is or of harmony, to be realized by analogy or by contrast, and often by both; but some protest should be entered against framing two pictures exactly alike because they are of the same size, and are hung in the same relative position to some central object. Where such precision of symmetry is necessary, a work of fine art should not be sacrificed to it. If a picture is worth hanging at all, it is worth framing and hanging intelligently, and a frame can always be devised that will make the most of it.

Cooking Potatoes

The universal principle of cooking all vegetables must not be forgotten in preparing potatoes, for the addition of salt, even with the potato is a most essential thing. The quantity, of course, varies much, but will generally be found to be of the proportion of a large teaspoonful to half a gallon of water. Most vegetables require to be plunged into boiling water; but in some cases the potato forms an exception, for old potatoes should be placed in cold water, otherwise, the outside would become pulpy or watery before the inside got soft. Middle-aged potatoes should be boiled in lukewarm water, in which, if liked, a little mint may have been placed. When quite new, they require only to be rubbed in a cloth, not peeled. Potatoes which cannot come under the head of new should be well washed, and, to my thinking, those boiled in their skins are preferable; but as this is an idea in which many of your readers may not concur, let them select the quantity they require, and peel with a sharp knife (if a peeler, a most useful and inexpensive adjunct to the kitchen, be not at hand), and place them in a steamer; pour the water over them with the addition of a little salt, then put the lid on, and if it does not fit quite close place a weight on the top, or the bubbling of the water will force it open and thus allow some of the steam to escape. Thus keep them for twenty minutes, and after drain all the water off; by this means, the water having no time to soak in, the potatoes will become mealy, other-wise they often appear semi-washed. Then place the steamer on the boiler at the side of the fire, with a cloth folded into several thicknesses, over the

potatoes instead of the lid. The yellow potato, though not so slightly on the dinner table as its brother the mealy, has the advantage of being a better boiler, and one which does not require so much attention, not being so readily broken. To steam (by adopting which method the potato becomes more digestible and more ready in appearance), first wash and pare, then throw each as it is finished into cold water; drain and put into a steamer, which place on an ordinary saucepan, filled with boiling water. Be careful that your steamer fits quite tightly, or the steam escaping will not allow the vegetables to cook; cover closely, and keep them boiling until sufficiently cooked, which can be ascertained by plunging a fork into one of them; if done the potato will appear soft. Shake the steamer over a bowl a few times in order to give them a mealy look. The time depends much on both the size and kind of potato, but varies from twenty to fifty minutes.

By land or at sea, out on the prairie, or in the crowded city, Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the best for purgative purposes, everywhere alike convenient, efficacious, and safe. For sluggish bowels, torpid liver, indigestion, bad breath, flatulency, and sick headache, they are a sure remedy.

The excavations at Olympia, in Greece, have been resumed, and are now proceeding at the expense of the Athens Archaeological Society. An Athenian gentleman has given 200 000 francs for the erection of a museum, which is making good progress.

Peter Kitcher, Buffalo, says: "I was badly bitten by a horse a few days ago and was induced by a friend, who witnessed the occurrence, to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It relieved the pain almost immediately, and in four days the wound was completely healed. Nothing can be better for fresh wounds." See that you get the genuine Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, as there are imitations on the market.

The death is announced, at the age of 92, of Benjamin Gratz, the youngest brother of Rebecca Gratz, who was the model from which Sir Walter Scott drew his beautiful character of Rebecca in "Iranhoe."

Miss Mary Campbell, Elm, writes: After taking four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I feel as if I were a new person. I had been troubled with Dyspepsia for a number of years, and tried many remedies, but of no avail, until I used the celebrated Dyspeptic Cure. For all impurities of the Blood, Sick Headache, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Constipation, etc., it is the best medicine known.

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal appreciation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

RHEUMATISM. "Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. I have since large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many noble cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the people."
E. F. HARRIS.
Liver St., Buckland, Mass., May 11, 1882.

SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, Druggist in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its eruptions actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1882.

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

AGRICULTURAL.

The Family Melon Patch.

In the growing of melons for the private garden, quality most necessarily outrank all other considerations. Next to this importance are earliness and productiveness. Like the repeaters at the polls, it is desirable that melons should come early and often. Owing to the influence of soils on the different varieties it may be necessary to do some experimenting before we can hit upon the best kind for our own ground. Weight and keeping qualities are secondary matters in the family garden, and it should be borne in mind that quality in the melon does not improve as the size increases. I believe that a good plan for the private garden is to select some choice variety, and then grow only the one kind. In this way the grower can save his own seed each year, and know that it is of first quality. The readiness with which varieties intermix makes it questionable whether they will be kept pure if one attempts to grow different sorts. It is not certain that different varieties will not "mix" if planted less than 100 yards apart, and if planted even at that distance there is no certainty about the matter; but if there is only one variety on the place, we know we can keep it pure, and also that we may improve it by careful selection.

While the melon does not require the amount of manure that is used in growing the cabbage or the onion, still next to a light warm soil, heavy fertilizing is one of the most important things—always bearing in mind that the manure should be well rotted. Proper cultivation in the family melon-patch has a double interest; it is necessary in order to attain the best results; and then there is so much more enjoyment connected with it. There is more satisfaction in ten hills thoroughly cared for than in 100 improperly planted and then left to shift for themselves. Then, whether the patch be large or small, let it be properly tended. If you have suitable manure at hand, broadcast it liberally and plough under. Then where you are to put each hill dig a hole as though you were setting a post. Fill this up with a mixture of soil and well-rotted, fine manure. If the patch is to be irrigated, it should be elevated above the surrounding surface as the loose soil will settle when flooded. Put the hills eight feet apart, and after the plants have passed all danger of frosts and insects thin to one vine. This will enable you to see how many melons each plant produces, and to save seed from those only which show the most productiveness as well as early maturity.

This year I had 100 hills of the Hacken sack planted by themselves. The average for the patch was only four to the hill while one hill ripened 10 good sized melons, though they were very late. The melons from different hills varied greatly in size and also in markings. The quantity was variable, and the flesh ranged in color all the way from the deep green of the netmug to a pale yellow. Of course, in saving seed, it makes a great difference which type of melon is selected. It is to be cultivated year after year. Especially with the watermelon it is desirable to select for greater productiveness. By planting 100 hills with a single vine in a place, one will be surprised to see how some of the vines can put in all the summer, and produce so little fruit.—*Nursery New Yorker.*

"Fighting Weeds."

We most frequently with this heading to paragraphs in exchanges. It conveys a wrong lesson, as commonly used. Simple and quiet extermination is better. If weeds are allowed to get a foot in height, a warfare is then begun and carried on to an indefinite length of time, and the weeds often come off victorious. The usual case of this failure is in attempting to cultivate too much land with a small force. The result is an enormous growth of weeds, a choking and diminution of the crop, and a supply of manure seeds to till the soil and last year's. The weeds get entire possession in this way and the crops have an unequal chance until another ploughing checks them temporarily.

The remedy is a well arranged plan for going over the ground once a week, in all sized crops, sweeping the surface, killing all weeds before they come up. All this work is more than paid for in the increasing growth of the crops by their continued stirring providing the right tools are employed. Take the corn crop for instance. The plough

and the harrow will prepare a clean mellow bed of earth before planting. If the field is inverted soil, it may be reduced to a state of fine pulverization with the Acme harrow, or with a disc harrow, the finish being given with any smoothing harrow. By planting the seed an inch and a half or two inches deep, in the shallow furrow made by the marker, a fine slant-tooth harrow may be passed over both before and after the plants are up without injury to them. The operation may be continued once a week until the corn is a foot high. Some of the plants may be bent over but they will be erect again in a day or two. After this a shallow cultivator may be run between the rows till the corn is as high as a horse's back. This work, properly performed, will leave the field as clean as the floor—the small slant-tooth killing the sprouting seed in the row among the plants as well as over the whole surface; and the subsequent cultivating keeping the spaces clean between the rows. We have never seen cleaner fields than such as were treated in this way and the cost of this labor, first and last, was less than the old hand-hoeing.

But it must not be forgotten that the attempt will be a failure if the necessary work is intermitted and the weeds get a start. It is indispensably necessary to keep them constantly under the surface. There must be no "fighting," but suppression and extermination.

The potato crop may be treated in the same way until the plants are five or six inches high, after which the leaves would be somewhat lacerated with the harrow. Carrots, beets, and turnips are too small in early growth, and require clean soil in advance, with frequent passing of the cultivator between the rows, which as they become larger by growth, require a cultivator that may be contracted in breadth.—*Country Gentleman.*

A Quick Passage.

The quickest time yet recorded as having been made by an ocean steamer is that made by the steamer Oregon from Queenstown to New York. The time was six days, ten hours and thirty seconds. This is quick work, but no doubt the time will come when the trip from shore to shore will be made in three or four days. Speed is not as important a consideration as safety, but in these days, when the object is to do everything in the shortest time possible, speed counts for a great deal with business men. There is another class with whom speed is a consideration, namely, those who are subjected to sea-sickness. If the ocean voyage could be made in three or four days the number of people who would cross the ocean would be largely increased. No doubt before long ocean steamers will adopt electricity as their motive power and then people will be carried across the ocean with a rush.

There never was, and never will be, a universal panacea, in one remedy, for all ills to which flesh is heir—the very nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently seated disease rooted in the system of the patient—what would relieve one ill, in turn would aggravate the other. We have, however, in Quinine Wine, when obtainable in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frail systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic state of morbid despondency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, disposes to sound and refreshing sleep—in parts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins, strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making activity a necessary result, strengthening the frame, and giving life to the digestive organs, which naturally demand increased substances—result, improved appetite. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the public their superior Quinine Wine at the usual rate, and gaged by the opinions of scientists, this wine approaches nearest perfection of any in the market. All druggists sell it.

During the last two or three years the moral condition of Boston has degenerated rapidly. Such is the assertion of the *Congressionalist* which specifies that gambling halls, liquor saloons, and other bad resorts have multiplied awfully, and have carried on their work of corruption and ruin with shameless and increasing boldness.

The Parisians will soon have an opportunity of witnessing a bull fight at a charity fete to be held at the Hippodrome. Frascuelo, the world-renowned torador, himself will take part in it. He refused at first, the promoters of the festival having refused to permit the usual tragic denouement. Frascuelo, though against his principles, finally waived the point. If the bull, however, is fiery, he will probably forget this.

A DILAPIDATED PHYSIQUE may be built up and fortified against disease by that incomparable promoter of digestion and fertilizer of the blood, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. It counteracts Bilioousness and kidney complaints, overcomes bodily ailments special with the feeble sex, causes the bowels to act like clockwork, and is a safeguard against malaria and rheumatism.

Most bonnets are stringloose. Jacob Lockman, Buffalo, N. Y., says he has been using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for rheumatism; he had such a lame back he could not do anything, but one bottle has, to use his own expression "cured him up." He thinks it is the best thing in the market.

Owl feather fans are fashionable. Get the Best Dyes. The Diamond Dyes for family use have no equals. All popular colors easily dyed fast and beautiful. Only 10c. package at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

The favorite red is occuelicot or wild POPPY.

Come, Gentle Spring, and bring malaria, dyspepsia, biliousness, torpidity of liver and a train of kindred maladies. Fortunately Kidney-Wort is at hand. It may be had of the nearest druggist and will purify the system, correct the stomach and bowels, stimulate the liver and kidneys to healthy action, remove all poisonous humors and make you feel like a new man. As a spring medicine, tonic and blood purifier it has no equal.

Glaze silks are effectively trimmed with velvet.

Notwithstanding much has been said about the importance of a blood-purifying medicine, it may be possible that the matter has never seriously claimed your attention. Think of it now! If, by the use of a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla you avoid the evils of scrofula, and transmit a healthy constitution to your offspring, thank us for the suggestion.

A RUN FOR LIFE—Sixteen miles was covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it.

Stiff and angular hats have almost entirely superseded the picturesque pokes and Danichels.

BRIGGS' GENUINE ELECTRIC OIL—Electricity feeds the brain and muscles; in a word it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, it has no equal.

Slate gray and copper color combine admirably in brocades and in millinery.

STARCEMENT—Unites and repairs everything as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes, sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars, lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, Picture Frames, Jewels, trinkets, toys, etc.

Lawn tennis and archery will be the pet outdoor sports at Newport this season.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

Bustles as big as a small balloon deform the female form divine this spring.

What will make me hale and stout, And all my friends can't make it out, I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

Few walking or visiting costumes are composed of woollen stuff only.

SORE EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

Gold and silver 30-zamer-like laces appear among millinery materials.

What makes me laugh when others grieve? Not tears can ever doleful make my eye. It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life PILLS.

FROM THE PRESIDENT

OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

"Independence, Texas, Sept. 23, 1882.

Gentlemen:

Ayer's Hair Vigor

It has been used in my household for three seasons:—

- 1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully, Wm. Carey Crane."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

KIDNEY-WORT advertisement with 'Why?' graphic and detailed text about kidney diseases and blood purification.

A Connecticut man has invented a paper carpet. Of course it will be read.

For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Stitzer's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

Bonnets or hats entirely covered with black, jet-beaded net and trimmed with ostrich tips, take precedence of all other beaded net chaparrals.

A FAMILY MEDICINE—Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

Fine velvet gowning is the favorite fabric for mantles and pairs of summer evening toilets of ceremony.

So if you read, or grow old, or ill, pray, do not pay a doctor a bill. But take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.

Gray and black, with silver head decorations, are the admired combination for velvet dresses for dowagers.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be stopped in time by the use of a twenty-cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

The fashionable colors for ostrich feather fans are pale pink, shaded gray, buttercup yellow and white.

The Agony Over.
Pain banished as if by magic. Poison's NERVINE is a positive and almost instantaneous remedy for external, internal, or local pains. The most serious medicine hitherto known falls far short of NERVINE for potent power in the relief of nerve pain. Good for external or internal use. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle at any drug store. Large bottles 25 cents, at any druggist's.

A four-year-old boy at F. Healy, O., is the sensation in that town, as he can or is alleged to be able to read books and papers at sight, though he was never instructed.

The Triangle Eyes have attained a popularity unprecedented in the history of eye stuffs. No wonder, for they are perfect in all their shades. 10c.

A bucking horse is frequently the power behind the throne.

Dyspepsia and Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters can't live in the same stomach, one of them has got to go, and it is the Stomach Bitters. The people's own favorite family medicine. Large bottles at 50 cents.

76

A NUMBER OF STOCKING KNITTING
Machines by Branson & Tuttle very cheap. Also a few second hand machines in first class condition. Apply HARRIS HANSON & CO. Mail Building, Toronto.

1.250 RAILROAD MEN WANTED AT
once for the C. P. R., wages \$2 to \$2.75 work guaranteed to all going through us. Fare at reduced rates. HARRIS HANSON & CO., Mail Building.

LOTS FOR SALE - 25 AND 29 1st. CON-
GRESSION South West of Toronto and Rylandham Road. 11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100. For particulars apply Box 134, Newmarket.

\$250 to \$4,000 in marriage. Ladies & Gentlemen. Apply immediately R. N. Clark, J. P. Sec. Treas., London, Ont., Agents wanted.

IMPROVED WASHING MACHINE.
Patented, approaches nearer the old method of hand rubbing than any device yet introduced to the public. Easily worked, and washes perfectly clean, without bruising, lacerating or injury to the clothes. Descriptive circulars mailed free. Price, \$5. J. H. CONNOR, Van. & H. H. 191.

REINHARDT'S HAIR RESTORER
and Mustache Producer. A genuine preparation which is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Producing luxuriant whiskers and mustache in six weeks. In bottles safely packed to any address for \$1. F. REINHARDT, Mail Building, Toronto.

W. & F. P. Currie & Co
100 Gray Nun Street, Montreal.
Importers of
Brass Pipes, Portland Cement, Chimney Tops, Canada Cement, Vent Lining, Water Lugs, Flu. Cores, Whiting, Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay, Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay.

Manufacturers of
Bassinettes, Cradles, Cots, & Bed Springs.

DEATH TO POTATO BUGS.

ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR
RAMSAY'S PURE PARIS GREEN.

Nothing has been found more effective for destroying Potato Bugs. The purest is the cheapest.
A. Ramsay & Son,
Paint and Color Manufacturers, Montreal.

F. E. O'NEILL & CO.
Manufacturers of Star Rivet

Leather Belting!
70 King Street, East, Toronto

Large double Drivins Belts a specialty. Send for Price Lists and Illustrations.

TO SADDLERS.

The celebrated Fox City Harness (No. 1) can be had from the following Wholesale Saddlery Hardware Horse Shoe and Ironmen: Hamilton, Morgan Bros. Hamilton, Fraser and Johnson, Hamilton, O. Davidson and Co. Toronto, H. Trees and Co. Toronto, T. Woodhouse and Co. Toronto, W. L. Lewis, W. C. Martin, Kings, J. Smith and Son, Hamilton, or from F. P. DALLER, and Co. Hamilton. Their agents for the Dominion.

Dominion Line of Steamships.

Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, sailing from Quebec on Saturday during the summer months, and from Montreal every Thursday during the winter months.

QUERRY TO LIVERPOOL
Montreal, May 18. Vancouver, May 21.
Quebec, May 17. Toronto, June 2.
Knoxville, May 24. Oregon, June 2.

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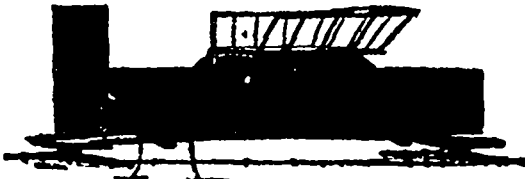
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