

Grain

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TRUTH.

OLD SERIES—17TH YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., SEPTEMBER 27, 1884.

NEW SERIES—VOL. IV. NO. 208

To Our Readers.

In our last issue we briefly directed our readers attention to our new Bible Competition. To-day we at somewhat more length, again draw our readers' attention to that announcement, the details of which will be found elsewhere. The competition which recently closed has been in many ways a disappointment to us, the result being by no means as satisfactory as we had expected, when the number and value of the prizes offered are taken into consideration. Nevertheless we are prepared to carry out all the promises contained in the announcement of our new competition. The list of prizes offered is the largest and most valuable we have yet advertised; the conditions of the competition are very simple; the questions to be answered are such as a fair acquaintance with the Scriptures will enable any one to answer, while the special offer to clubs is a peculiarly advantageous one. Again, the present competition offers a particularly favorable opportunity for new subscribers, and for those who are about to renew their subscriptions, as in the present issue we commence a new and exceedingly interesting story, and will in another week or two commence another one; so that those whose subscriptions have about run out, by renewing at once will have an opportunity of competing for one of our valuable prizes, will secure the new stories complete, and will receive TRUTH for another half year—a fact that all intending subscribers will do well to remember, as there is nothing to pay for the privilege of competing, the one dollar being simply a half year's subscription to Canada's most popular and most widely circulated family magazine, which of itself is well worth the subscription price, without the additional opportunity offered of possibly securing a valuable prize.

We exceedingly regret that, owing to an oversight the story which appeared in our columns some weeks ago, by Frank R. Stockton, entitled "The Wreck of the Thomas Hyke," was not duly credited to the *Century Magazine*, for which it was written and in which it originally appeared.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.

Holiday makers are mostly home again, and are making things snug for the winter. The nights are getting too long and too cold for anything like enjoyment, either in a tent or a tabernacle. The island is coming to be looked upon as no place for enjoyment, and the comforts of city life are more and more appreciated. All as it ought to be. It passes our comprehension what people see in the wretched little hovels in which they enclose themselves for a couple of months or more. But there is no accounting for tastes. The tendency in our nation to savagery must be very strong, for ever and

anon the most sedate are fain to break away from the restraints of civilized life and revel in all the rough freedom of the original poor brother "Lo" of the American woods. The eloquently enthusiastic way in which so many talk of the free life of the bush or camp shows this. This civilization of ours has its advantage, no doubt. But we all like to get away from it every now and then so that we may revel in abominable clothes and miserable surroundings, may cook our own food and be and do just as we please, none claiming or desiring to make us either afraid or ashamed.

There is more truth than poetry in the criticism, from time to time appearing about Toronto water. The last one we have seen runs in something like the following terms:

Repeatedly during the summer an ordinary bedroom pitcher has yielded in my house from one to two tablespoonful of residue—organic matter—on standing from two to three days, and the water was very malodorous. Repeatedly it had smelled so strong of fish oil that, when coming out of the hot water pipes, it was hard to remain near the steam. Of course this was the case when the dead fish were to be found all over the lake's surface. When a druggist wishes to get the strength out of a medicinal herb, he either soaks, boils, or percolates. Now, all the garbage, all the sewerage that is cast in the lakes above Toronto is soaked and percolated, the essence of it is held in solution by the water, and the residuous matter by its own gravity sinks to the bottom. And this is the stuff the citizens of Toronto are daily drinking—in other words, large homeopathic doses of essence of sewerage, etc. Our dishes of food are boiled in this vile stuff, we drink it in our tea, our coffee, and we bathe our bodies with the compound. These are facts that no man can deny, and the sooner the situation is looked squarely in the face the better for this city.

There is not a bit of exaggeration in the above. How then can any one be surprised that our citizens should support such an extravagant number of doctors. The only wonder is that we don't support a great many more and die off a great deal faster.

The report of Dr. Stevenson MacAdam of Edinburgh, on the water system of Toronto, is so important to a large number of our readers that we give it in full.—

"In accordance with a request made to me by the Hon. Alex. Morris, I have much pleasure in stating the opinion I have arrived at from a general inspection of the water supply and the disposal of sewage in this city. Through the courtesy of the Mayor, who accompanied me, I had an opportunity of inspecting the pumping station for water supply and of observing the arrangements there, and have obtained information regarding the mode of discharge of sewage into the bay. I have also, accompanied by Mr. Morris, passed over to the Island and viewed the ground there.

CITY WATER.

The supply of the city is pumped from a well at the pumping station, and I caused the bottom of this well to be ex-

amined for any deposit which might be there. Much deposit was found, and a sample examined by me proved that the matter was largely composed of organic growths and organisms characteristic of putrescent organic matter of the nature of sewage. It was apparent that impurities of a gross character passed into the well, and I am clearly of the opinion that the water supply of a city or populous place should not be drawn from a well containing such putrefying deposits. On further inspection I found that the well was supplied with water flowing from an iron receiving tank situated on the wharf between the pumping station and the bay. Whilst it was apparent that the great part of the water entering the iron tank came from the pipe leading from the Island, I am inclined to consider that a smaller portion is obtained from the bay immediately alongside the wharf, through leakages in the ground surrounding the iron tank, and as the latter is admittedly not air tight, such leakage of water from the bay would readily pass into the tank and thence into the pumping well. As the bay in the vicinity was contaminated by sewage water discharged from the public sewers, it would follow that the leakage water would be impregnated with some impurities, and that such leakage into the well would fully account for the noxious matters found there. The pipe leading across the bay to the Island, is stated to be tight at present, but there can be no doubt that should leakages take place there a further amount of impurity might enter the water supply in this way.

TORONTO WATER SUSPICIOUSLY DANGEROUS.

I am therefore of the opinion that not only is the water supply of Toronto, at the present time, in an unsatisfactory condition and the quality suspiciously dangerous, but that it is liable, by increased sources of leakage, to become still less satisfactory in character. The full and proper remedy for such a state of matters is to place the pumping station on the island and force the water from the island through the pipes laid in the bay direct to the city. I understand from Mr. Vonables, the intelligent engineer in charge, that the present iron pipes in the bay would be capable of resisting the necessary pressure, but the Island wooden pipes would require to be replaced by iron pipes. The water would be taken, as at present, from the tank on the south side of the Island, and should first be passed through a properly constructed series of sand and gravel filters such as are now in use in Great Britain, and thereafter be pumped into the city. Such a plan would render it impossible for any of the sewage impurities in the bay to enter the city pipes or to be carried by the leakage or otherwise. The jetties arrangement and wells attached thereto should be in duplicate so as to ensure that each set could be periodically cleaned out.

THE CITY SEWAGE.

The present mode of the disposal of the sewage is entirely primitive, and independently of the pollution of the water supply, must be immediately dealt with. At present the bay is becoming greatly polluted, and the putrescent debris must evolve noxious gases and organisms to the serious impregnation of the atmosphere of the city. The continuance of the discharge of the sewage of the city along the foreshores should not therefore be allowed. The remedial work should include a main sewage some distance out of town, and the sewage should then be pumped up and distributed over land of a sandy and gravelly nature by the process of intermittent downward filtration,

whereby the sewage is deprived of its noxious elements, and the land can be utilized for the growth of crops. This system is in successful operation in various parts of Great Britain. Signed, Stevenson MacAdam, Ph. D., F.R.S., F.C.S., F.I.C., Professor of Chemistry, Surgeons' Hall, Edinburgh.

In this connection the following editorial item from a recent issue of the *New York Sun* is timely and interesting.—

Every little while we hear of the pollution of the water supply of some city. The latest case is that of Washington, which gets its water from the Potomac River. It is said that the carcasses of many hogs dying of cholera have been thrown into the river. It would be a matter of extreme difficulty to thoroughly protect the waters of so large a river as the Potomac, but cities which have the sources of their water supply comparatively close at hand seem to be hardly any more secure in this respect. Not long ago, for instance, the fact came to light that the Ridgewood Reservoir in Brooklyn had been used by disorderly persons as a swimming bath. Evidently a more complete and trustworthy system of guarding the water supply of our cities is needed. It is just as important that the water should be wholesome as that it should be abundant.

The Mowat demonstration was in every sense of the word, a success. The weather was propitious, the procession was representative and imposing in its proportions, while the dinner in the evening, was the crowning event of the day. Of course, some of the Tory papers had to get in some of their foolish sneers, but really in reference to everything connected with Mr. Mowat, the course of some of the leading Conservative papers has been so unlike what one would be led to expect from their oft-repeated claims to culture and true refinement, that sensible people have ceased to care for what they either think or say. Mr. Mowat richly deserved his triumph, and the sneers of disgruntled politicians, jaundiced with hatred and jealousy, instead of detracting in any degree from that triumph, added to it very considerably.

The Toronto Exhibition has this year been the best that has yet been. Even those most inclined to be jealous of Toronto, and therefore to underrate everything connected with the city, have had to acknowledge that it was a very fine show all round. There is a good deal of the circus about it we must acknowledge, but then the people have to be amused in some way. The monkey or the woolly horse has to be produced in one guise or another.

So it is now to be taken as beyond all reasonable doubt that the Alkali plains of the North West are all as fertile as fertile can be. So be it. We are glad to learn that such is the fact and that there is the greater likelihood of the whole country, big as it is, being one unbroken stretch of unexampled fertility. It may be good for the support of a hundred million of people. Who knows?

A professional beggar, recently arrested in New York, was found living, luxuriously in an elegantly furnished house, according to the reporter.

A sensible example has been shown by the Pennsylvania State fair. It offered a premium of \$200 for home-made dresses.

An idea of the style in which the White House is fitted up, may be gathered from the fact that there are three chandeliers in it which cost not less than \$5,000 each.

It is said that the metamorphosis of Mr. Tonnyson into Baron D' Eyncourt has led to the change of the famous expression "the grand old gardener," into "the gardener Adam."

A deficit of \$50,000 is expected in the Quebec corporation fund this year.

It is said on what may be taken for tolerably good authority, the German news agency "Empire Correspondence," namely: that Austria will take the initiative in the Sanitary Council at Alexandria in introducing proposals for the sanitary reform of Egypt.

It is impossible to foretell where the colonization, (so-called) scramble on the part of the European Governments will end. It will be a wonder if that marvelous river the Congo does not prove a bone of very serious, if not warlike, contention, among them.

There is one thing at least that not a few of the barbers in Toronto need to learn very badly, and that is when they cut a person's hair to brush the loose hairs thoroughly well out of it. It is the most difficult thing in the world to get a barber to give your head a good vigorous brush. They are either too lazy or simply too careless and without proper knowledge of their business, to do the thing as it ought to be done. Unless you watch them very closely some of them will actually allow you to leave their shops with hair choppings sticking in wonderful profusion all over your face, so that everyone you meet can say to himself, "evidently that man has just had his hair cut." You can find hairs on your nose, in your ears, on your neck, cheeks, everywhere in fact where they have no business to be. And if you happen to scratch your head, which perhaps you never have any business to do, down comes a shower of short hairs. 'Tis perfectly disgusting. Talking about scratching one's head reminds us, by the way, that it is an utter impossibility to refrain from the act after leaving some barber-shops. The reason of it we do not pretend to explain, the fact however is undeniable that the men who never have any inclination in that direction at other times, are possessed on such occasions with a perfect frenzy for the exercise. It is always a safe rule we think to wash one's head after a hair cut wherever it may have been done, for accidents will happen even in the best regulated families.

It is almost universally regarded by British newspapers of all political shades, and by European papers, that the appointment of Wolsley to the chief command in

Egypt, really means business. Wolsley is not the man to allow himself to be made a mere catspaw. If Gordon can be relieved, and the Soudan restored to tranquillity, he may be relied on to do it.

The Parnellite faction threatens to go back on Gladstone and ally themselves with their hereditary foes the Tories, in opposition to the Franchise Bill. If they do it will be a lamentable case of spiteful want of judgment.

German loyalty must be made of sterling stuff if it can withstand the military tyranny to which it is subjected. A case in point was afforded by the newspapers the other day. Two gentlemen, belonging to the landwehr, were ordered to attend the Autumn manoeuvres. The only means of transport were cattle cars already filled with peasants, also members of the landwehr. The gentlemen refused to go in such a manner and telegraphed a remonstrance to the Emperor. The result was that they were tried by court martial and sentenced to eight years' imprisonment at hard labour.

Some of the American newspapers are commenting on the fact that Queen Victoria has sent nothing more substantial to the cholera sufferers in Europe than a telegraphic message of condolence to the Queen of Italy. On the other hand the American Minister in Rome contributed \$1,000 to the sufferers in Naples, and King Humbert has given \$80,000. The Pope also has given liberally. Now that we think of it, we don't seem to remember any very conspicuous act of charity-giving on the part of our Sovereign even to suffering subjects of her own, to say nothing of foreigners.

Lieut. Danenbower, of Arctic fame, has been appointed to the chair of chemistry and physics in the U.S. Naval Academy.

The death was reported last week of Mr. Robert Hoe, of the firm of R. Hoe & Co., the printers' press manufacturers of New York City. He was born there seventy years ago, being the son of Robert Hoe who came from Leicestershire, in England, 1803. The deceased gentleman is said to have been a public-spirited, liberal-minded man, who always identified himself with what appeared to him favourable to the best interests of the city and the country at large. He was an active member of several charitable institutions besides doing much in a private way for the relief of suffering. His nature was quiet and retiring, and he never took any very active part in politics, though he served as one of the Committee of Seven appointed to reform the city Government.

Lord Garmoye, the young English aristocrat without backbone enough to marry the girl he loved because his parents objected, is reported to be looking about for some American girl who may fill the bill. It is doubtful if any American girl can be found who would have anything to say to such a nincompoop as that "hereditary legislator."

Another case of love laughing, if not at locksmiths, at least at social distinctions.

tion. Not contented with giving the fair daughter of a wealthy New York broker to the arms of her father's coachman, the little god has again mixed things up in a dreadful way, by doing much the same thing for the daughter of another nabob, George S. Sickles, the little difference in the case being that the last made son-in-law is a butcher instead of a coachman. The bride is said to be nineteen years of age, tall, well-formed and good-looking, while the groom is a healthy, hearty, red-faced provider of uncooked meat. It is said that the father of the girl has determined to make the best of a bad job, if it is such, and to set the young fellow up in business and give him a good chance to make a man of himself.

In this connection by the way, all our readers will no doubt be pleased to read the following sensible letter from Jay Gould to Mr. Morosini, his partner, and the sorrowing parent whose daughter ran away with his discharged coachman. Here it is:

I sympathize with you in your recent trouble and as a friend and adviser I trust you will accept this in the spirit of good will and not consider it unnecessarily obtrusive. Instead of grieving over what cannot now be remedied it might be well to take the whole matter in a philosophic way. Could I see your daughter Victoria a few words might have a salutary effect upon her. However I would suggest that you start the young man (Huelkamp) in some light business congenial to his tastes, and if there are any business qualities in him they will soon develop themselves. Such a step might be the means of rendering the young couple happy and lessening the burden of your grief. Sensible Jay Gould!

The death was recently recorded of Amalie Haiczingle, an actress. She was eighty-seven years old at the time of her death. She had acted in the presence of Napoleon I. and of Goethe, who mentions her in his writings. She is described as having been a remarkably fascinating old lady.

Will America never be done with fooling itself about British bogus Lords? Apparently nothing will cure those afflicted with the mania. Well, go at it and take the consequences.

Surely the Independence boom is rather tectering out. The organs never mention it, or at least when they do it is with bated breath and whispering humbleness. Any little *go* that was displayed about the matter has apparently fizzled out. The exposition of views some how has come to a full stop. How is this thus? TRUTH is in favor of every thing being discussed, without having the fear of disloyalty being thrown at one's head like a brick bat. But the Independence men have said their say without saying anything worth while.

The idea of taking in the West India Islands as a new Province of Canada, is about the wildest and least defensible idea that has been broached for a long time. The foolishness or the knavery that has prompted the suggestion is very great indeed. These islands are bankrupt and they wish Canada to take them in hand, and nurse them into new life, a job too big, too expensive, and too much out of

her way to offer the slightest inducement for tackling with it.

Mr. Gladstone recently climbed the second highest mountain in Scotland. The "grand old man" is by no means so nearly used up as his enemies sometimes try to persuade themselves.

The Rajah of Tenom has shown a prudent regard to his own welfare in at length releasing the crew of the shipwrecked steamer *Nisero*. British patience was just about to give out with that noble savage.

The Liberals of Montreal feeling the want of an English organ to express their views, have started one and called it the *Times*. Mr. James Stewart, late of the *Herald*, is the managing director.

We hear little nowadays of the rumour that the *Globe* is likely to change its policy by passing under the control of the Canada Pacific R. R. In all likelihood the wish was father to the thought with some Conservatives who would commit almost any crime short of murder to promote dissension in the Grit ranks. They are trying their best to foment the jealousy already existing to a certain extent between the Blake and the Mackenzie wings of the opposition party.

Several remarkably bold robberies have recently taken place in Montreal. A young man was robbed in broad daylight of a gold watch and \$650, while the office of the Fabrique of Notre Dame, also in day time, was robbed of a cash box containing \$6,000.

Mr. Donald A. Smith is acquiring quite a reputation for liberality. He has lately offered \$50,000 to endow a college for women in connection with McGill University. He may well do that, for he has bled the country largely.

The Reformers who were present at the banquet given in honour of Mr. Morat, were grievously disappointed in the result. It was badly bungled, and many did not hesitate to say that they had been swindled. The food was commonplace in quality and scanty in quantity, the attendance miserable, and the whole affair such as one would scarcely expect to find in a third class eating house.

Some very uncomplimentary things were said of the caterer. Many of the guests got nothing at all and went away as hungry as they came. Others had to content themselves with blanc mange and jelly and an apple or two. The soup was cold, and only about a teacupful was allowed to each guest. No wonder there was great indignation if it is true what has been said that the caterer was paid at the rate of \$1.47 a head.

Anything more stupidly irrational could not be imagined than the mode of exit from the Exhibition Grounds. The stupidity is more glaring at the gate to the railroad platform, because it is there that the crush is always greatest, and where accordingly the means of exit should be most unhampered. To compel a crowd of many hundred, or even thousands,

impatient passengers, each eager to push a way forward for the chance of a seat on the overcrowded cars, to pass one by one through a mere loophole, showing their tickets as they do so to two men who stand one on either side, blocking up still further what little room there is, is the very acme of incompetent mismanagement. We certainly never read of nor heard of nor saw anything approaching such intolerable want of judgment. At such a place there ought to be half a dozen places of exit, with men stationed to look at tickets if that must be. But the present plan of operation is intolerable and our wonder is that it has been borne with so long without a word of complaint. Before some child or delicate woman is crushed and trampled to death or seriously injured, those who have the management of the Exhibition should see to this. When everything goes on so smoothly inside it is absurd and intolerable that such scenes of dangerous crowding should be enacted at the gates. We could speak still more strongly on this subject if we choose, but forbear, hoping that by the time another Exhibition season comes round sufficient intelligence will be forthcoming to remedy this abominable nuisance.

A most horrible revelation of cruelty to an insane person has been made at a place some little distance from Auburn, N. Y. A woman sixty years of age who had been a lunatic from birth, was found in a perfectly nude condition grovelling in a filthy chamber in the corner of a woodshed. She had been confined there all her life, the treatment begun by her father for no other reason than to save money having been continued by her brothers and sisters. Her relatives are all comfortably off and some of them are wealthy. The only excuse alleged by her custodians for such treatment is that it was less expensive than an asylum. It is some satisfaction to know that these niggards will be proceeded against for misdemeanour, and they richly deserve to have the legal processes made as expensive as possible. It is a case in which no one would grudge a lawyer even his untaxed bill of costs.

Anything more liberal than some of the provisions of the new French divorce law could not well be devised or indeed even imagined. The marriage bond one would think on reading them has been reduced to a thread of the most tenuous description. Not only is divorce granted for all the mere casual causes as they might be called, but it is now a good ground for a dissolution of the tie if husband or wife speak in an offensive way of the other's parents. This is all very well, and we think to make matters simply perfect something ought to have been done in the case of the one who speaks too favorably of his or her own parent or parents. How many a young wife's life is rendered miserable—to say nothing of old wives, for by the time they are old, they have probably become used to it—but the lives of how many young wives, we repeat, are rendered more or less wretched by constant references to their dear parents' manner. References to the manner in which his mother used to make pies, or hash, or any other comestible, become in-

tersely disagreeable if too often repeated, and we think the French legislators who framed the Bill ought to have taken this into account, and added this to the lawful causes of divorce.

The floods reported in Wisconsin last week were the most formidable ever known there, the damage done was immense. The entire city of West Eau Claire, a place of 10,000 inhabitants, was flooded. The most cautious estimate of the losses is \$1,500,000. Fortunately only five lives were lost. Something quite remarkable in such a catastrophe.

The dangers of mountain railroad travelling were forcibly illustrated by the narrow escape made by some members of the British Association, while exploring a tunnel below the Kicking Horse lake. Without warning four miles of the tunnel collapsed, precipitating an immense mass of rock in the middle of the party. By a very miracle of good fortune only two of them were injured at all, and these very slightly.

The thanks of the community are due to Mr. Alfred Perry of Montreal for his self-denying labors in unearthing abuses connected with the lunatic asylum there. Perhaps if some one like him would make his appearance among us in the West here he also might find some scope for his activities. The ease with which people get incarcerated in lunatic asylums is an unsatisfactory testimony to the ability or the honesty of many medical men. There would seem to be no difficulty at all for those who desire it, to get two or more so-called physicians to make oath that they believe so and so to be insane, and needing to be confined. It is hardly too much to say that there are some grounds for the suspicion that the ordinary run of doctors at any rate know nothing more about the symptoms of insanity than intelligent laymen do, while the divergency of opinion with reference to Guiteau might justify the extension of the suspicion to specialists also. The cases of Rhineland in New York, and Mrs. Lyman in Montreal are cases which may well make people shudder at the possibilities of what awaits them. An English reporter who managed to pass himself off as a lunatic, and had little difficulty in getting medical testimony that he was a dangerous lunatic, is giving an interesting account of his experiences in a series of letters to one of the London Metropolitan journals.

Speaking of barbers a lady friend whispers that the ladies' barbers in town do good business, and that the favorites among them are getting rapidly rich. Almost any day one can see a dozen "dear creatures" waiting to have their hair brushed, and their bangs put right, and on Saturday the rush is something tremendous. If one of these barbers would open up on Sunday morning we have no doubt in the world that he could retire with a fortune inside of a year. For the talkative hair dresser it is a much more desirable thing to wait upon a lady than upon a man, with the latter the less he says the better, whereas with the former he can hardly say too much. Indeed it is not going too far to say that a ladies'

hair dresser who is not also a good talker is on that very account foredoomed to disappointment, if not absolute collapse. Given a decent appearance, a silvery tongue, a hair wash warranted to remove all dandruff and prevent the hair from ever losing color, and a barber can afford to snap his fingers at the masculine world. Quite a performance is gone through with a lady's hair when she visits such a professional. It is first combed very carefully out, he talking in an ingratiating way the meanwhile about the weather, and such-like topics. It is then shampooed, and finally banged with skill in front, and twisted up in the very latest style behind. A perfume spray is now brought into requisition and the fair one is made to smell exceedingly sweet. A wipe here and there with the corner of a damp towel, a dab or two from a "puff" and she rises gracefully from her chair pays her fee, and trips out feeling that she is quite irresistible, and so far as her head goes "got up to kill." The barber whispers "next" and proceeds in the same manner.

One report about Mr. Morosini the latest millionaire whose daughter has been run off with the coachman is that he didn't object so much to the fellow's being a coachman, as to his being a coachman with thin legs. If he had had blessed with a decent pair of shanks, the old man says that for his daughter's sake he would have tried to make a man of him; but a fellow with lower limbs like pipe stems, what could be done with him? Why just nothing at all. It was as impossible to do anything in such a case, as for a little man to add a cubit to his stature. We are sure that all right-thinking people will sympathize with Mr. Morosini's view of the matter and especially will all parents, and all rich parents particularly, agree with his opinion on the subject. If a daughter will degrade herself by marrying beneath her station the very least she can do is to pick out a man who will make a presentable appearance in a drawing room. We think the old gentleman displayed his good sense in objecting to a thin-legged man for a son-in-law. It is not necessarily a disgrace for a girl to marry a coachman if he is a decent fellow and a man, but to marry a dude ought to be made an unforgivable sin.

No one need waste much sympathy over the infidel Ingersoll for the way in which he is said to have been treated in Victoria, B. C., when he wished to lecture there. Of course he tries to make out that he was persecuted, and no doubt fancies that he will now be able to make a telling point against religious intolerance, but there is no reason to doubt that the true reason for his not being allowed to deliver his lecture, was the alleged one of the unsafeness of the building in which he proposed to hold forth. If the building was not safe the authorities were perfectly right in refusing permission to use the hall. Had they not done so and a catastrophe had resulted the blame would of course have been thrown upon them.

Long sermons it is said are bad. So bad that the talk is about abolishing that

kind of address altogether. But if long sermons are a nuisance what about long speeches? Aren't they equally bad if not worse? The Hon. Edward Blake is said to be one of the greatest sinners in this respect. About that we say nothing, but this we are sure of, that the man who cannot "strike ile" within 40 minutes ought to give up the whole thing as a bad job.

The House of Lords is in greater danger now than ever it has been before of being swept out of existence. Hereditary legislation to the eye of reason and common sense is the veriest climax of absurdity, and it is only when one remembers the tremendous power of prejudice and custom to stupefy the sensibilities of mankind that he has any conception how so absurd a custom has retained such a firm hold on hard headed Englishmen. In no other walk of life is the principle recognized. No great firm would dream of installing the son of a dead senior partner in his father's place, simply because that dead partner had been his father. He must possess other qualifications, and be judged able to fill his father's shoes, before being allowed to take his father's responsibilities and honors. Bank directors would rightly be considered mad if they judged a dead President's son had any right to succeed him because of the mere accident of birth. But this most reasonable of all procedures is set at naught, in regard to one of the highest of all employments, that of legislating for the best interests of a nation, and a man is supposed to be duly qualified to perform the duties of such a position from the mere fact of being his father's son. Such a doctrine is absurdity itself.

There seems at present a perfect mania for eloping and playing the mischief with character and comfort among young women of the better-off class. No doubt they very speedily find out the mistake they have made when it is too late, and that instead of mending the matter only makes things worse. There must be something greatly wrong in the education in such cases, though it is possible that all the fault may not be on one side. The report that Morosini's daughter that eloped is insane is quite likely to be true, and that her father is watched lest he should do the some foolish thing is quite in keeping with the whole affair. It is difficult in many cases to know the true inwardness of such occurrences. Only they are, however, looked at very unwholesome and demoralizing. The last affair of the kind is a Canadian one, but it has not been so much talked of. Post-Master-General Carling's son has run off with some lumberman's daughter. Great fools both, but let them go.

The French and Chinese are pounding away at each other, though where the decency, the wisdom, or the common sense comes in would be difficult to say. Glorious victories will be the order of the day, and then at the end what will it all amount to? What has it ever amounted to? So much money spent, so many dead bodies buried, so many widows, so many orphans, so much bitterness, and not a single thing gained which could not have been secured far more fully by arbitrators or something like Christianity.

THE STOCK-GAMBLER'S DAUGHTER

BY PATIENCE THORNTON.

CHAPTER I.

Some folks very easily strain at a gnat and swallow a camel. The system of "tipping" is very bad and cannot be strongly denounced, but it is curious to notice how some that denounce it very strongly when it comes in the way of a quarter to a railway guard or to an extra attentive porter, have no scruples about taking a free pass on a railway, though that is merely the way in which the railway officials "tip" the newspaper men in order to secure a puff or keep them silent about some abuse. By all means, brother of the quill, don't give "tips." But don't take them either. Save your self-respect and independence.

Who would be a doctor? A great many. The supply seems inexhaustible. The young sawbones are legion. And yet one wonders that it should be so. What worry they have! How jealous they are of one another! How they are blamed! How they are tormented with questions and suggestions of all kinds! How they are depreciated! How they lose their sleep! And then that dreadful charge of malpractice, so easily trumped up, so ill to define and yet so vexatious! Upon the whole the doctors would need good pay to compensate them for all their woes.

The world is about sick of Morosini and his woes. What in the world is the use of his fussing and shrieking all round because his daughter may have married a coachman? If that should be the young woman's taste why not follow it? Ten chances to one the young jarvie is the more thrown away of the two. There are too many real troubles in the world to make it worth while to bother over a vulgar man and woman and their family woes. Sickles, the other millionaire whose daughter played a similar escapade is a wiser man. His view of the situation is as follows:

"I guess the couple are all right. Roma is good enough to be the bride of a king, but she has made her choice and it suits her. I made my will in 1882, giving her \$500,000, and I shan't alter it, and if young Meade wants \$10,000 or \$20,000 to begin business with all he has to do is to ask for it." It cannot be denied that Mr. Sickles is eccentric, but he is possessed of a great deal of comfortable philosophy too. What can't be cured must be endured.

Some writers of books are simply awful in their conceit, presumption, and power of insufferable borehood. Everybody connected with, at any rate, editorial work in a newspaper knows something of the terror. A book is sent for review or notice, or whatever it may be. It is of no use whatever. Its possession is a mere burden. Its perusal the sternest purgatory. Yet that copy is thought precious enough to repay for a quarter column advertisement, and for half or quarter of a day or hour consumed in reading. Then if the notice is not in forthwith back comes "my gentleman" to know why *this is thus*. "Did you get my book?" "Did you notice my book?" "What do you think of it?" "Will it take well?" "It ought to have a good sell?" &c. Now what can be done with such an unfortunate mortal? He does not think himself unfortunate, but he is, and the newspaper man is still more so, you smug

little wretch, with your silly air of omniscience.

The poor Librarian of the Toronto Free Library is getting into hot water with them, and is being called before his betters for incivility, and all that. We sympathize with Bain immensely. The book peddler adds a new terror to life and affords a fresh attraction to the grave. He can worry a poor unfortunate to the very verge of insanity and if backed by some fussy presumptuous official, as apparently he was in the case referred to, can make one cry with the patriarch's wife "what good shall my life be to me?" Book peddlers should be absolutely forbidden to come within the precincts of a public library. It was, no doubt, too bad for Librarian Bain to lose his temper or to say naughty things, if he actually did. At the same time his provocation, we doubt not, was something awful and may well plead for a favourable and forgiving view being taken of his speaking unadvisedly with his lips. In the Parliamentary Library of this city tickets are copiously scattered round the walls intimating that the Librarian is forbidden to have any business dealings with book peddlers, &c. Sensible that was.

Prohibition in England.

A good many do not know how far the principle and practice of Prohibition has proceeded in Britain. For instance, the *Rock* informs its readers that in upwards of a thousand parishes in the Province of Canterbury, England, there is neither a beer shop nor a public house. The effect of the absence of temptation is declared by those best fitted to judge to be exceedingly satisfactory. In 243 cases the clergymen of the parishes concerned testify that drunkenness and consequently poverty and crime are all but unknown.

One says:—

"I am happy to say that there is no habitual drunkard. The absence of the temptation of a beer shop must largely contribute to this happy state of things."

Another testifies:—

"There being no public house, or beer-shop in this parish, is a cause of unmitigated good, in so far as it removes temptation to some distance."

A third says:—

"There is no public house, or beer shop I am glad to be able to say, in this parish. Of this the good is great; the inconvenience, if any, in comparison, exceedingly small. It promotes, almost ensures, sobriety and temperance. The constable's office is a sinecure, and a drunken man a very rare sight."

While a fourth adds:—

"The public house was done away with about eleven years ago, shortly before I became incumbent. I am assured that when there was a public house it was the occasion of much intemperance, of much riot and disorder, and of much poverty and distress."

And so on with the rest. If the friends of Prohibition in Canada could secure, as they may, the abolition of all whiskey selling places say in a hundred townships, or in a block of a dozen of counties, the result would be similar to what the *Rock* mentions, for the same result has uniformly followed wherever the plan has been tried whether in England, Scotland or America. Shut out the whiskey shop and you shut up to a great extent poverty and crime.

Why a town was ever built in that far-away corner of Maine, was the question strangers always asked after a day's sojourn. The farmers looking on their rocky, sterile farms, where a scanty living was extracted from a soil whose big boulders disputed the territory with possible crops, reflected profanely on the wisdom of their ancestors, who had cleared the virgin forest, and made their homes on the bleak hillsides. They also disparaged the aforesaid virgin forest. "Scrub oak 'n scraggy pine's all this 'll raise," they said, vindictively. When they were young, and the eager, ambitious blood surged through their veins, they rebelled. Surveying the barren fields, the narrow, rocky river—for all the spare material in that line was thoughtfully dumped by Nature into the vicious little stream, christened by the natives the Adder, and by the raftsmen "the stinging adder," for if there was a log-jam it was sure to come at that town, in that stream—these young farmers looked about them, and hoped for a better life when they could get away; but they never could get away. In time the old men died, and they were old men, narrowed down to the limited horizon, and they saw their sons repeat the fever of their youth, and sadly saw the listless, hopeless spirit of the town settle down upon them, crushing effort and ambition, leaving depressed endurance.

Jewonkee was, however, a picturesque village. It lay on the skirts of a dense forest. The Jewonkeans were an unprolific people, and had not advanced a quarter mile into the forest in a century. There was one wide street, rejoicing in the title of "the village." A visit to "the village" was an epoch in the life of the child of a farmer in the outlying districts—such farmers, by the way, were collectively and comprehensively classified as the "outbackers." On this street a few diminutive stores huddled close together. In them groceries and drygoods reposed side by side, and gowns often retained the scent of the shelves long after they were made and worn. In the stores produce was exchanged for necessaries, and happy the child who could save up his own hen's eggs till he could buy some of the high-colored candy in the glass jars that beamed so tantalizingly from the windows. Such hard, tasteless candy, for the cart from the far-away manufactory came round only twice a year. Beyond the stores—there was no saloon or barber shop, for the farmers made good cider and shaved themselves—was an immense two-story wooden structure, which was the "meetin'-house." Here the pews were little, walled-in squares, with doors. A big gallery ran round the upper story, with which the pulpit was nearly on a level, reached by high, uncarpeted steps. The minister always wore squeaky boots. Over the pulpit was a sounding-board, and below a small enclosed space, where, on a little wooden bench, sat the deacons of the church—the men who officiated when the minister was absent. Of late years a big stove had been introduced, and the era of hot bricks was over. In the box stove a wood fire crackled cheerily through the long sermon, and the red-checked, sleepy-eyed little boys and girls looked forward to, and watched eagerly, the white-haired, stooping old sexton, when he, with laborious and careful noisiness, added fuel to the flame. The meeting-house was also used for town meetings and lectures. This latter entertainment was the only relaxation permitted in their rigidly righteous region. There was a tradition of an ungodly company of men and females—with stress on the last word—who had dared to invade the solemn precincts of the meeting-house, and who played to empty pews—only a deaf,

purblind old cousin of the tavern-keeper's being present, and he had a complimentary ticket.

Next to the church was the snug little home of the minister, then a butcher's shop—the owner always officiated at hog-killings and on similar occasions—then a few tumble-down cottages; then a big square white house with wide piazza and green blinds, embowered in trees and shrubbery. Beyond this was a like house, but closed and deserted; next a yellow cottage with the inevitable green blinds. At either end of the street stretched comfortable farms for miles round. Across the Adder was a thick forest, intersected by winding roads that led to somewhere. On the other side of the street, built close to the river, its basement washed by waters in flood time, was a brick building with "Bank" in big gilt letters over the door. This was the only building on the side next the Adder. The other houses faced it. People prophesied the Bank would be swept away by a freshet, but it had stood firm for thirty years.

Notwithstanding the meagre soil, and the old farming tools that were so hard to use, and the old methods of labor—the grass mowed by hand, the fields planted and weeded under the burning sun, promotorily stooping the weary shoulders—the horny-handed old farmers had money in the Bank, and counted it in the thousands. They came in to deposit or to draw interest in rattling old waggons drawn by superannuated horses, generally bay or white, with the woolly look, frowzy mane, and solemn gait—as regular as a clock-tick—that characterized Jewonkee teams. The waggons had a peculiar rattle from long acquaintance with rocky hills, some waggons were known by their individual clatter. When they were descending the steep hill at the end of the village, the grocer would say, "Oh, there's Mister Thompson a-comin'—he's got butter," and be ready to greet him with a "How's the world use yow, Thompson?" receiving in answer, "Wal, times is purty hard; seed's harf rotted, 'n never see sich weather's we're havin'; be a hard summer. Dunno what the kentry's comin' tew." Yet this farmer would lump over to the Bank and deposit his twenty-five or fifty dollars that same day.

The Bank had been established by John McCrate, a crusty old Scotchman who came to live in Jewonkee. He saw the need of a savings' bank. The traditional stocking and earthen pot were unsafe receptacles for hoarded hundreds. In time the farmers learned to trust him, and to respect his upright life. They confided their savings to him, and proudly drew interest. He was thoroughly honest, that wrinkled, hard-featured old man, and he gave to Jewonkee a reputation for thrift and industry it never lost. He married the pretty sister of Nymphas Stacy and lived in the big white house, that now stood closed and neglected. He and his wife now lie in the stone-walled graveyard on the hill beyond the village.

Why do people build graveyards on hills? Yet it is sweet to think the beds of dear-loved dead are touched by the first rays of rising sun and tinted with its glowing kiz at sunset!

A modest granite monument—contrast to the slate tombstones with their winged cherub-heads—marked the resting place of the banker and the wife he idolized. They left a son, Dick McCrate—no one ever called him Richard—a rollicking, happy-go-lucky sort of young man, fond of his gun and dog. He was early hampered by the oft-repeated assertion "that he never could fill his father's shoes," and his few deeds of boyish recklessness were constructed and exaggerated into such crimes and offences that the good

folks tumbled for the time when he should come of age and get his father's fortune. He boarded with Nymphas Stacy, and loved his cousin Mary, who kept house for her father. Mary's mother was long dead. She was a sister of Henry Tinkham, and had married so far beneath her station (for she had lived in the best house in the village and her father was county judge) that her brother never noticed her. He was president of the bank now. He and his father had hated the intrepid Scotchman who dared to make himself prominent in Jewonkee. Before his advent they had been head of everything. Now they were thrown in the background, and even looked on with disfavor. The sickle populace turned and said, rather correctly: "What good's them Tinkhams ever done to this town? None." Henry, the son, lived in cities till his father died, and then came home a widower, with a little hump-backed child Huldah.

The women who married Jewonkee men died young. Why? Look at a specimen. He comes down the hill in a rickety, unpainted waggon, his horse's dirty and uncared for, his clothes seedy, and he is unkempt and unshaved. That is not so bad; but his face—yes, rich or poor, there is on every face the stamp of hopeless, subdued discontent. The gloom that settled when hope and ambition died. The jaw droops, the eyes are half-closed, the forehead wrinkles, and the heavy, over-hanging brows meet scowling over the nose. They never smile, these men; the small, blue-gray eyes may twinkle rarely, but that little spark of mirth divine is quenched so quickly you may have dreamed it there. Those smileless, stony faces reflected the smileless, stony soil. Why did the women die young? Oh, they starved for love. They hungered for affection, sympathy, tenderness. They held their babes after the pain and suffering, and their worn-out, lifeless hearts, bruised and stunted, broken under the great new joy, and they, who had true women's natures, then and there died without a sigh of regret. That babe would grow unloving so soon!

Not such a woman was Ann Johnson. She owned the best farm in Jewonkee, and superintended its working herself, hiring one man, with additional help in haying. She herself worked in the fields, and spread hay, and planted or weeded. The farmers around her always prophesied her ultimate financial ruin; but she took agricultural papers and introduced improved farming implements and Jersey stock. The farmers were glad to avail themselves of the latter, and her cattle always brought high prices. She snapped her fingers at the prophecies, and prospered. She was a tall, masculine woman, with broad shoulders and big feet and hands. She had fine, expressive features, blue eyes, and a mass of iron-gray hair, which she pugged in a knot in her neck. Her old white horse, green waggon, her bright plaid shawl and pumpkin hood were familiar features in the village. She had considerable money in the bank, and had esteemed its founder highly. Folks said, after his wife was dead, he would marry Ann, and it was known he had proposed to her. Ann knew marriages in Jewonkee were sadly unfortunate.

"John McCrate," she said, firmly, "of you'd never come tow this miserable town, 'n I'd never been borned 'n riz here, I'd marry yew, 'n thank yew for the offer. At 'tis, I ain't on the marry."

Miss Ann was a consistent hater, and she despised Henry Tinkham. Her deceased father had left \$4,000 in Tinkham's hands, which she tried for years to get, and at last, after a persistent warfare, that would have discouraged the most valiant man, succeeded in obtaining only half. She cursed him and his, and said to him one day:

"That mishapen child of yourn's a just punishment tew you."

And she openly showed her dislike to Huldah, by glaring at her when they met.

Huldah was a pale, shrinking girl, with shy, nervous ways. She had big, pitiful brown eyes, and long, fair curls. She was tiny and fairy-like in her motions, and though now eighteen—the age of her cousin Mary—was no larger than a child of twelve. She was terribly deformed, her little head resting on the crooked shoulders. It was years before, in her carefully-guarded life, she realized she was different from other children, and when the truth dawned upon her, it came with such overwhelming force that she never rallied. When her motherly old governess was gone and she was constantly with her cousin Mary—beautiful, with the sunny hair and blue-gray eyes of New England lassies—and Dick, tall, handsome and winning, she understood her affliction. Though she strove nobly against it, she was jealous of Mary—hating her at times, with fierce anger and rebellion against fate. She loved Dick with the intensity of a strong nature, a love more fervent because it was hopeless and unsought. The cold blue eyes, and firm, impassive face of her father brightened when he looked on his crippled daughter, and he suffered for her. He guessed her secret, and he hated, as a cold-blooded, scheming man can hate, the two cousin-lovers who made sunshine in sunless Jewonkee.

CHAPTER II.

One Sunday morning in the early fall, when the gold and crimson of the dying leaves mingled with the sombre green of the pines and firs, Henry Tinkham rose from his sleepless bed and went slowly down to the bank. He saw before the yellow cottage, Dick starting out with his dog and gun (Dick was a Sabbath-breaker, ungodly youth), and Mary run down to the gate to kiss him good-bye. The elder man muttered a curse; he never swore, but breathed—unknown to a soul—fierce profanity, like a scorching blast. He bowed to the people he met—a few villagers, hurrying leisurely from driving their cows to pasture, to eat breakfast, brown bread and beans, and be ready for "meetin'." He opened the bank door, and locked it behind him. There was a little entry-way with two doors, one leading to a coat-room, thence to a private office, from which a small door led to the banking-room. The other hall-door opened into this room; one end of this held a big safe, and was walled in by a high iron railing, in which there were little windows for the cashier and teller. The windows of this end of the room looked out on the river, now full, and rippling brightly in the morning sunlight. At a desk a thin old man, with scant white hair, tremulous mouth, and big, childish blue eyes, sat writing. He was haggard and worn. He had been at that desk the livelong night, and he was prepared to face the worst. He did not speak when Tinkham came in, but groaned, and buried his face in his hands.

"Well," said Tinkham, "have you decided?"

There was a pathetic strength in the weak old face, as Nymphas Stacy said, brokenly:

"I have."

"What will you do?"

"To-day," said the other, lifting his bowed head and facing the man who stood glaring at him with blazing eyes yet unmoved face—"to-day, after service, I will rise and tell the truth. The whole village will be there; it will reach all. I will tell them I robbed the bank of two hundred dollars years ago to bury my wife and pay her sick-bills, for she'd been sick so long I hadn't a cent, and as all luck would have it, I've never been able to pay it back. I'll tell that you, man or devil, I don't know which you are, found me out, and I've been your tool ever since. I'll say the bank is ruined, the books are lies, the safe is empty, and you, Henry Tinkham, insatiate stock-gambler, in your vile schemes to make a fortune and to gratify the extravagance of low women, have squandered every cent. Your last

visit to Boston showed the remnant of Dick's property left in our hands; that though you've ruined the townspople you've feathered your own nest. Dick comes of age to-morrow, to receive only an empty house and not one farthing of the hard-earned money his honest old father left him."

He paused then to breathe, and wiped the sweat off his forehead and palms.

"You are determined?"

"I have sworn it, and I've prayed the night through for strength to aid me till I tell all. Then, oh, God, let me die!"

With a cry of agony he bent his white head over the table and wrote with eager, nervous haste.

Tinkham stood a moment irresolute. He did not waver or falter; he was not a coward nature. He never forgot in after years that chilly room, the monotonous ticking of the clock, the rattle outside the window rattling and swift, the office cat asleep in a corner where the sunlight fell warm on the floor, the open safe, the disordered books and papers, and the bowed figure at the desk.

Fleet as an arrow, noiseless as a shadow, he caught the hatchet near the stove, and in a second—a half second—lifted it high, his face gleaming with hate and vengeance, and, crash! the blunt end descended on the bowed head. Quick, another blow! He groans. Another. So. Not a cry, not a word, death came instantaneously. Oh, God, the blood! It spurted over everything. He wrapped the head in his own coat and that stopped it. He kindled a fire and thrust into it the bloody hatchet-handle and the papers and books that were spotted; he burned the square of oilcloth under the desk, and carefully brushed the edges of the carpet where the dust had gathered; he threw open the window and flung the hatchet-head far into the stream; he left the room and came back in the overalls and ragged coat and hat of the old janitor who lived a mile away and would not be back till Monday; he brought in a bag; it had been filled with charcoal. Into this he thrust the body, then lifting it through the window, he flung the heap straight into a boat moored below; then arranging the room neatly, he dropped into the boat himself with the agility of a squirrel, catching the water-pipe to stay his fall, and then the boat shot into the stream flying across to the opposite shore.

Huldah followed her father that Sabbath morning. He knelt by her bed and kissed her before he left, and she feigned sleep, for she feared he was troubled; he had groaned and walked all night; so when she heard the hall-door shut she hurried on her clothes and her blue velvet cloak with its soft ermine lining, and hastened to the bank to come home with him, and perhaps take an early morning walk. The big door was locked, but she had a key to a side-door in the private office, for she often came to visit her father during bank hours when she was lonesome. She was so gentle in her movements that her light footsteps made no noise. She passed into the office; there were angry voices in the bank-room. There was a little scratch in the panes of the glass in the upper half of the door leading to that room; she made it one day so she could peek through at the people inside. She looked through this, and she saw the terrible scene. It was like a frightful dream. Vainly she tried to scream, to open the door, but she was dumb and powerless and fell in a dead faint.

How long she lay she did not know. When she came to consciousness the bell was ringing for church. She went out unsteadily, as in sleep, and, strange enough, no one saw her leave the bank. She followed the throng crowding into the meeting-house, and sank in a corner of the pew, still in that curious, numb state. The people all seemed far-off, then near. Their faces swelled to giant size or diminished to dwarfs. Were they singing? It sounded like the rush of a mighty army. Who was leading? She struggled to fix her gaze. There, in the

deacon's seat, below the pulpit, in his immaculate linen and spotless broadcloth, with calm and serious face, was her father. Church was over.

"Are you sick, Huldah, darling?" he said tenderly, as he tried to take her hand.

"Yes, papa; my head is bad," she said, uneasily. "I think—please, I can walk best alone. I am fanciful when I am sick."

Much hurt, he made no effort to take the trembling hand.

"Can I sit by you?" he asked, when she lay on the big chintz-covered sofa in her pretty, sunny bed-room.

"Please, no, papa," she answered gently, striving hard to repress the shudder when he laid his large, cool hand on her head. "I'm better alone, when my head it so bad."

He stooped and kissed her, and wondered why those soft lips returned not his kiss. What had come over his darling? Perhaps she grieved for Dick; and his face darkened then.

CHAPTER III.

Monday morning was bright and pleasant. There was a suggestion of early frost in the air, but only enough to quicken dull pulses and stir sluggish blood. The hills were gorgeous masses of color, and the river along shore in their shadow was alike tinted by the same wondrous painter. The fields were brown and bare, with here and there scattered groups of corn-stalks. Shining from the rugged earth, yellow as the sun, big pumpkins showed their jolly heads. Crops were harvested, the winter's wood hauled and split, and hog-killing practically over. Farmers were idle till snow came; then there was the wood-cutting and hauling for the next winter, and the bustle and stir and vigorous life brought into the quiet woods by the red-shirted loggers and the excitement of their camp.

These fall days were fine occasions for neighbourly converse, and after the chores were done the "man folks" found errands to the village, and the roads leading thither would be dotted with teams heading for the common centre. The season had been fairly profitable, and as the hard-featured farmer passed the bank a look of inward satisfaction lightened his eyes, though his mouth still maintained its rigidity. Cumbersome scows navigated the Addor, and the surplus "produce" (none but a native Jewonkeean could properly pronounce the last word) was floated away to somewhere, to fill the deficit in a more barren region, if such could be found, or landing at a coast town, after vicissitudes of storm and sea in clumsy coasting schooners, it finally reached that El Dorado—Boston.

At ten A. M. the bank always opened. There were a few farmers who had deposits, and one or two came for unclaimed interest waiting. The latter wished "to buy the gals some loelie fixin's, as 'twas comin' Thanksgiving, an' they'd like to look smart to meetin'." Each rugged and old fatherly heart felt an honest glow of pride in his "gals."

Slowly the hour went by. What was the matter? They rattled the door of the bank, they tried to peer under window curtains, and they talked it over. Just then a girl with a white, scared face and a shawl thrown over her head came running down the street.

"Mary Stacy; her father must be sick," said old Peter Rounds, who had fifty dollars to deposit, and naturally worried about carrying such a sum on his person. The girl came up panting:

"My father! Have you seen him! Wasn't home last night—left Saturday night. I've been here a dozen times and can't get in. Mr. Tinkham don't know where he is. Says he hasn't seen him since Saturday afternoon, at five—"

She stopped to get her breath.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The main strength and force of a law consists in the penalty annexed to it.

THE GREAT LINTON MYSTERY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A CONVERSATION.

"After all, I'm what you have made me."

The words fell with startling distinctness upon Gertie's ear; and, turning her head as she stopped abruptly, she saw them close to her—Gilbert with his back against a tree and his face turned towards the distant hills, Miss Drummond seated on the stump of a cut fir a few feet from him.

Gertie put her hand upon the bole of a fir for support. The ascent of the hill had made her strangely giddy, and it seemed as if each beat of her heart would suffocate her. It was Miss Drummond who spoke. Gilbert made no response. After a few moments of silence, she continued—

"Whatever I am, I deserve your consideration. If you have done your best to make me hate you, you have also done your best to make me love you; and, if you have succeeded, you have no right to blame me, however late my love has come. You know I love you."

"It is you who say so."

"I say so. Well, can you deny it? Would any woman in my position, without my love, have been so merciful?"

He laughed contemptuously.

"I have been merciful!" she continued, with emphasis. "What but mercy has made me hold my tongue?"

"Prudence."

"Prudence! What advantage have I gained by silence? All that you had to give you offered me at Cherbourg, and I refused it. Was that prudence? Tell me what I have to gain by keeping silent."

"There's your life to lose by not keeping silent."

"Oh, do you think I wish to die of old age? I'd blow out my brains to-morrow if I found a wrinkle in my face."

"There's nothing particularly new or interesting in what you say. If you have told me all you wished to tell, we will return to the house."

"I've not finished yet. When I agreed to play my part in the farce that has been running here for the last three or four weeks, I suppressed a very strong inclination to be revenged on that bit of a girl who has taken my place; and for that sacrifice I expected a reward. You ought to know that I am not the kind of woman whose sad is self-sacrifice. I never did believe that virtue was its own reward, nor anything like it. If you thought I should rest content to be a visitor in the house which should be mine, and to witness an heir receiving those caresses to which I have the first claim, you were mistaken. I expected at least to share your caresses—I tell you that that you may know how to reconcile me to the position you wish me to retain. I am flesh and blood, Gilbert; I am a woman with rather more than a woman's share of passion and jealousy, and I tell you that the present condition of things is intolerable. I can read that stupid child's face, and I know the meaning of her gaily to-day; she has a dress to wear at dinner to-day which she thinks it will mortify me to see. She is right—for you gave it to her."

"I'll give you a dozen as good, you know for the asking."

"I don't choose to ask."

"Ah, and all this business is because the poor girl has a new dress—eh?"

"Whether it is that or something else doesn't matter. The result is that I am resolved that this state of things shall end."

"Have you any alteration to suggest?"

"Yes, I have."

She paused. Gilbert continued to look with a dull eye on the golden hills.

Gertie had listened like one in a dream, with a vague futile wish to get away or not to hear. She dared not move for the fear of falling, it seemed as if the tree

she held rocked to and fro with the landscape before her eyes, and that the earth was slipping, slipping, slipping away from her feet. Now and then a pang shot through her body, as if a knife were being thrust into her, and she had to bite her lip to prevent a cry escaping; and then a cold moisture broke out upon her forehead, and there was a sickness at her heart, and her limbs trembled so that each moment she expected to lose her hold upon the tree and fall. Oh, if she could only get away without being seen or heard!

"You must send that maudlin child away! That is what it must come to sooner or later." Gertie heard that, and summoned her courage with the desperate resolution of getting down the hill before her pain came again. "You will throw her aside as you throw me aside."

A dull thud, like the sound of a log falling on the turf, reached Gilbert's ear above the harsh raking voice of Miss Drummond; and, turning his head he saw his wife lying face downwards on the earth.

CHAPTER XXXI.

AFTERWARDS.

Gertie's swoon was not of long duration. When consciousness returned, she found her head upon Gilbert's shoulder; she felt that he was carrying her, and that they were descending the hill. Something terrible had happened, she could not remember what. It was delightful to know that she was in his arms, and to yield to the desire to close her eyes and forget again.

Presently she felt something cold upon her temples, so cold that it took her breath away, and, opening her eyes, she discovered that she was lying upon the ground, with her head resting in the hollow of her husband's arm, and that he was dipping a handkerchief in the watercourse by which she lay. He wetted her temples, and she remembered that she had fallen giddy under the firs. How tenderly he cared for her!

"Dear one!" she murmured, lifting her arm and drawing his head to her lips.

"Better now?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! I could sit up, love." She thought of her new dress, and feared the water would spoil it.

He raised her to a sitting posture, supporting her firmly. She felt the water trickle from her face, and looked down at her dress in alarm. The wonderful bodice was cut from top to the bottom, and, beneath, her corsets gaped open, cut equally from top to bottom.

"Oh, my beautiful dress!" she cried.

"Good Heaven, Gertie," exclaimed Gilbert, with impatience, "don't you know that the thing might have killed you? What on earth induced you to put yourself in such an infernal machine as that?"

"Does it displease you, dear?" she asked piteously.

"Heavens, do you think to please me by putting yourself on a level with fools—and—and—"

He did not complete the sentence. And this was the result of her plans to win his admiration, and the end of all those hopes she had cherished during the week!

She burst into tears, being too weak to bear her bitter disappointment with fortitude.

Without a word, Gilbert lifted her up in his arms and continued his march towards the house.

"He thinks I am nothing but a little fool, and he will love me no more," she thought, with that extravagant dependency which usually follows such a crisis as that she had gone through.

Then she suddenly recollected what she had heard on the hill. That woman had told Gilbert that she was a silly child, and that he would throw her aside when he was wearied of her. Was that all a ex-

luciany? Was there not truth in it? Had she not at this very moment proved that she was silly? Without angry protest he had listened to what that bad woman said against her; he had not kissed her since she returned to consciousness; he had seen her burst into tears without attempting to charm them away with his sympathy. Was it not a proof that he thought her no better than a little fool and despised her for her folly? And was it not a proof that he thought her no better than a little fool and despised her for her folly? And was it not a truth? Was she not a fool to let him see how weak and wretched she felt? He might suppose that she was crying because her dress was spoiled. Oh, she must do something to prove that she was sensible and strong!

"I am quite myself again now, love," she said, bringing her voice under control by a strong effort. "I should like to walk; it will do me good."

Gilbert set her upon her feet and drew a long breath; with all his strength, he had not the superhuman powers of a hero of romance, and the descent of the hill had tried him. She drew the cut edges of her bodice together as well as she could and held them with her hands, and Gilbert, supporting her body with his arm, led her under the shadow of the acacias round the lawn to the house.

His silence frightened her. How could she convince him that she was not a silly child?

"I haven't heard the bell yet," she said, trying to speak in an ordinary tone, as if nothing had happened. "I may not keep dinner waiting, after all."

"Oh, hang the dinner! Time enough for that when we've got you to bed."

Gertie submitted without remonstrance, saying to herself that it would be a poor sign of good sense to oppose herself to her husband's wisdom.

She felt better lying down, with the cool pillow under her head, which ached a little. Gilbert drew the curtains and kissed her before he went away. She wished to speak to him; she did not know what she had to say, but there was a load at her heart which would be removed if only she could pour out its care to him.

But Pierce was in the room, and it was impossible. When he was gone, she sat up in bed and said—

"Pierce, take away that dress, and the corsets as well. I don't want to see them ever again—do you understand?"

"Yes, madam. Does your ladyship require anything else?" The careful woman was anxious to know what was going on at the dinner-table.

"No. If I want anything at all, I will ring for you."

Left to herself, Gertie determined to think it all out rationally, and determine what her line of conduct should be. But her ideas would not arrange themselves—there were so many all hurrying through her mind that they upset each other, as it were; and somehow the rustling of the poplars by the river and the scent of heliotropes wafted through the *persimmes* got the ascendancy over everything else, and she fell asleep.

It was quite dark when she awoke. Her headache had passed off, and she felt refreshed and invigorated by her long sleep. She remembered now quite clearly all that had taken place from the time she put on her dress to the time she had Pierce carry it away. Everything came before her with marvellous distinctness; even the phrases she had caught as she stood under the firs with that sickening pain at her heart. What she had heard of the dialogue between Miss Drummond and Gilbert had not caused her to faint away. She had heard little that she had not before learnt or surmised. Gilbert had been Miss Drummond's lover once upon a time. Miss Drummond told her that on the first day she came, and, unpleasant as the fact was, she had recalled herself to it as a thing of the past which could not be undone by idleness. He did not love her now—that was very certain—and he never could again. Oh, he would never cease to love her who was

his real wife, if she only bore herself bravely, kept bright and pleasant, and did not do foolish things! It was the knowledge of that which made Miss Drummond so angry. He would never, never, never yield to her horrid wishes. Where was he now? What time was it?

With this thought she drew back the curtain of her bed, to see if any light was showing through the window. It took her a moment or two to make out what she saw. Ah, the window was open and the *persimmes* were thrown back—that was how the beauty of the starry heavens came to flash upon her. Gilbert perhaps had come to look at her before going to bed in the next room, and had opened the window, the night being so still and calm.

As she looked, a great dark figure rose against the sky.

"Oh, is it you, my darling?" she cried, recognising, even in the darkness, the form of her husband's head and body.

"Awake, Gertie!" he said, coming to her.

She could not speak, her heart was so full of love and of joy to think he should be watching in her room while she slept; but she drew him down to her and kissed his lips and his face.

"Feel all right again, sweetheart?" he asked, resting himself by her side on the bed.

"Oh, yes—so happy, love!" She was grateful for the darkness, for tears—she knew not why—had sprung to her eyes and were silently flowing down her cheeks on to the pillow. "Is it late, dear?" she added in a whisper, that the sound of her voice might not betray her.

"The old Bear's getting jolly low down."

"And my favourite Pleiades, where are they?"

"Oh, right away out there!" Gilbert extended his arm, then brought it back and struck her hair gently with his fingers.

Now she was nearly happy, she would talk without being silly.

"I've sent them away, dear," she said, in a light confidential undertone.

"What—the seven stars?"

"No—my dress and the corsets. I didn't think they would displease you."

"Of course you didn't. I know all about it. You would wear rags with the same purpose. Do you think I haven't read the riddle of that dress? Poor little Gertie, putting her body to the torture for the sake of a smile, and getting no return for her loving tribute but a harsh rebuke!"

"I deserved it dear. It was very silly to do that."

"If that was silly, then they were fools, and nothing more, whose devotion led them to the rack. Did I seem very cruel, Gertie?"

"How could you seem cruel, dear, to me?"

"Men are sometimes cruel from mere want of self-command, or perhaps from a kind of brutal instinct to punish those who give them pain. I dare say, if I analysed my feeling, I should find that I was angry with you for having risked so much for my sake. Fancy what might have happened! Then I was upset, to begin with—worried beyond endurance by that woman, your know."

"Why do you let her worry you, love?"

"Because I can't help myself. We were having a kind of explanation when you were coming to us."

"I was going away, dear. I didn't want to hear what you were saying."

"Ah, you heard something then?"

"Yes, something."

There was perfect silence for a minute. His fingers ceased to stroke her hair.

"What did you hear?" he asked then, in a low earnest tone.

"I heard her threaten to reveal something which you had made her promise to keep secret; and that explained why you had tolerated her stay with us. But I don't think you need mind that, love, if you would like to send her away."

"Mind what, Gertie?"

"Her speaking. I sha'n't mind it. I think I know the worst."

Again he was silent, as if his courage would not carry him further.

"What do you know?" he said at length.

"Tell me."

"She told me, before you saw her in the library on the day of her arrival, that— that you had been sweethearts at the Abbey." She paused.

"Con on."

"And it seemed to me, dear, that perhaps your connection was more serious than that, and consequently she felt that you ought to marry her when your wife's death made you free to do so. Of course she knows how—"

"Gertie," said he, interrupting her, as though he had not heard her last words, "you v. love enough in that heart of yours to have faith in me?"

"Could I love you if I had not?"

"Perhaps," he replied, after a pause.

"Yes, I believe your love would outlive your faith. If I were criminal in the eye of the law and of all the world, you would yet love me, wouldn't you?"

"The opinion of all the world wouldn't shake my faith in your love for me, and that is all I want."

He changed his position, and was silent again for a space.

"That's not exactly what I mean, Gertie—but it's near enough."

He got up and went to the window, and, leaning on the sill, hummed tunelessly.

Gertie was disappointed by this abrupt termination of the conversation. He had seemed on the point of revealing something to her, something that would require the firmest faith in his love to forgive perhaps; and in her mind she had accepted the trust joyfully, confident that with a little struggle she could overcome her jealousy, and that thenceforward there would be no secret, and the future would be clear and cloudless. But now he shrank from the subject, she thought, possibly disgusted with the vulgarity and unpleasantness of it, and seemed to think that, if she had faith in him, that was all that was required, and that things might be permitted to take their natural course.

"The sky is growing light over Vainnes," he said, when he turned from the window; "the dawn's at hand."

He closed the *persiennes*, kissed his wife, and spoke a few kind words, drew the curtains of her bed, and left her.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE CAT AND THE SPARROW.

Gertie went down to luncheon on the following morning, fully expecting to be punished by Miss Drummond for her folly. It is such an easy thing to inflict pain on those who are conscious of having acted unwisely; and here was such an admirable opportunity for showing Gilbert how unfitted she was for the grade of society in which he had placed her. She might assume a lofty tone of pity, or she might cough her venomous sarcasms in the form of banter—no matter how, she would certainly employ all her powers to mortify him and make her ridiculous before Gilbert.

Gertie was undaunted; Gilbert had given her new courage, and she would show him how much love for him and what faith in his love she had by going unflinchingly through any ordeal to which she was subjected. She would keep her temper—she would not forget that she was Gilbert's wife and a lady; she would bear herself with dignity and as much composure as it was possible for her to command. What harm was there in all Miss Drummond's sneers and taunts if Gilbert loved her all the while? Surely he would love her the more for meeting persecution bravely! And she would keep saying to herself, whenever she felt the need of support, "There's love enough in that heart of yours to have faith in me." These were his words.

But, as not infrequently happens in this world of surprises, that which was

expected did not occur. Miss Drummond was absolutely silent with regard to the event in the fir wood, not a single innuendo or unpleasant insinuation escaped her. But, seeming to see that an apology was necessary for her lack of spirits, she said, posing her thumb and third finger on her delicately-pencilled eyebrows—

"I have an awful headache this morning, Baby—positively awful. Not a word to throw at a dog. You will understand my silence, I am sure."

That was exactly what Gertie could not at first. Miss Drummond was not unfrequently afflicted with headache in the morning; but it was usually marked by an increased acidity of temper and a free expression of it.

"Would you like any remedy fetched from Fontainebleau? May I send for a doctor?" asked Gertie.

"No, thanks. I have to go over to Fontainebleau on business, and the drive will do me good. I will have the dog-cart if you are not going to use it, Baby."

Marvel on marvel! This was the first time she had ever consulted any one's convenience but her own in ordering what she wanted.

"Only too happy to place it at your disposition in any circumstances," replied Gertie; and the brightness of her eyes testified to the truth of her assertion. "Pierce will take your orders."

Miss Drummond issued her commands languidly, and, protesting that she could not eat anything, unfolded her *serviette* and arranged the glasses before her.

Now indeed Gertie shone as a hostess, and, with only such help as she got from Gilbert, who was not very talkative this morning, she contrived to keep up a flow of conversation and gossip which sparkled now and then with happy flashes of womanly wit and was pleasant to listen to all through. Miss Drummond scarcely opened her lips to speak during luncheon, not even to complain; but she managed to eat a little of everything upon the table, and left very little at the bottom of her bottle of champagne. Now and then she raised her narrow eyes to glance furtively from Gilbert to Gertrude, and returned them without change of expression to her plate.

"If it is all the same to you, I will take coffee in my own room, Baby," she said, rising from the table when she had finished dessert.

It was not at all the same to Gertie; but she hid her satisfaction as well as she could and replied with propriety; then, as Miss Drummond swept from the room, she heaved a sigh of satisfaction and smiled at her husband.

They went on to the terrace, and had coffee served under the verandah. Gilbert lit his pipe, and Gertie, with her hands in her lap and a happy curve in her lips, leaned back in her chair and mused.

"What is it, Gertie?" asked Gilbert, leaning forward, his arms resting on his knees.

She recovered herself and turned to him with a little laugh—Miss Drummond's room happily was at the other end of the house; she did not fear the consequences of laughing.

"What were you thinking about?" he asked.

"Nothing at all of any importance. It's odd how things sometimes come into one's mind which are quite out of keeping with the subject one has at heart! Do you know, I was thinking of a show that used to stand near Kennington Church every Saturday night."

"What sort of show?"

"Oh, a most melancholy exhibition of all sorts of animals put together in one large cage! A happy family, the man used to call them, poor things! But the creature that is most conspicuous in my memory was an old, old cat with a poor miserable tail and two green eyes which used to crouch in a corner, with her ears laid back, and divide her attention between a sparrow hopping about within

the cage and a most brutal-looking man on the outside, who pointed out the marvels of his collection with a long, thin, sharp-pointed iron skewer."

"Doesn't need a conjurer to interpret that vision, Gertie. You're the sparrow, Miss Drummond is the cat with the green eyes, and I'm the brute with the skewer."

Gertie was astonished. After all, it might have been Miss Drummond's unnatural mildness, something of stolidity and latent cruelty in her eyes when they were at their most quiescent state, which had brought this memory into existence. But certainly nothing in Gilbert's appearance had brought that horrid man before her. Why had he compared himself to him?

Gilbert smiled tranquilly, watching with pleasure the expression on his wife's pretty face as she mentally unravelled the skein that he had set before her.

"Isn't it a headache?" she asked suddenly, guessing the truth.

Gilbert shook his head.

"What have you done?"

"Had it out with her. Made her understand that she should torture you and me no more. Bade her go away and do her worst, or stay here and do her best. She has shown by her behaviour at luncheon which she prefers to do. And she's wise. She could have made us exceedingly unhappy—only for a time, I believe; but the consequences would have been still more unpleasant for herself."

"You don't wish to tell me what those consequences for us would be?"

"No, Gertie. I would rather have this hand of mine cut off, and rather this were my last pipe, than let you know. And now put some sugar in my coffee, sweetheart, and let us settle how we're to spend this day happily."

They spent the afternoon in a punt under the shadow of rustling leaves, Gilbert fishing, Gertie pretending to fish. The fish were not voracious that afternoon, but Gilbert was content to smoke and drop his line in likely places, while Gertie was supremely happy, with her float amongst the reeds and her hook securely fastened in the weeds under the surface, to be alone and near her beloved husband, and to dream of the future.

They dined alone, a telegram from Miss Drummond informing them that she might be detained at Fontainebleau until late. Gertie was not at all curious to know what the business was; but she hoped it might not be hurried through.

At ten o'clock Miss Drummond was still absent.

"Better go to bed now, Gertie," said Gilbert. "I will receive Miss Drummond when she arrives."

"She will not think me wanting in courtesy, dear?" suggested Gertie.

"No, no. Go."

It was after eleven when Gertie heard the sound of wheels and voices. It sounded almost as if some one were singing—but that couldn't be. A little later she heard voices below—her husband's speaking in a low firm authoritative tone, Pierce's in short incisive phrases, and Miss Drummond's training languorously with occasional bursts of incoherent monomania; then there were sounds upon the marble floor of the vestibule, as if some weighty thing were being drawn or pushed forward, which after a time ended, and only the discontented murmuring of Miss Drummond was audible. Then came a few sharp decisive words from Gilbert, and a renewal of the slipping and shuffling of feet upon the floor of the vestibule, and the sharp opening of a door—the library door it seemed: then the sounds went from the vestibule, and simply the hum of voices from a distant room reached Gertie's perplexed ear.

Some one tapped at the door.

"Come in!" cried Gertie, sitting up.

Pierce entered, with a pillow upon her arm.

"Sir Gilbert desired me to inform your ladyship that Miss Drummond is unwell, but that there is no necessity for madam to descend," she said.

Later on, when Gilbert came up, Gertie asked for information. He said evasively—

"Nothing serious—an attack of the nerves, or something in that way. She had a headache before starting, you know. She's lying on the couch in the library; Pierce will stay by her. If she's not better in the morning, we will send for a doctor. But I don't think there will be any necessity for that."

Then he talked of other matters; and Gertie, seeing that he wished to dismiss the subject, refrained from irritating him with useless questions.

The library was in its ordinary state when Gertie went down the next morning, Miss Drummond being in her room. Pierce reported that she was better, though still suffering severely from headache, and that she desired to keep her room.

Gertie suggested sending Lucas, the groom who had accompanied Miss Drummond on the preceding day, to Fontainebleau for the doctor.

"No," said Gilbert. "If she needs a doctor, she will let us know, you may be sure; there's no false modesty about her. As for Lucas, I have sent him away."

"Lucas!"

"Yes—dismissed him summarily. The rascal couldn't stand on his legs, he was so tipsy."

"And Miss Drummond ill! Why, there might have been an accident!"

"There might," responded Gilbert dryly, in a tone importing that he would have felt very little regret if an accident had occurred.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Miss Hill in London.

The remarkable work which is being done by Miss Octavia Hill and under her direction among the slums of that part of London bordering on Marylebone parish has attracted attention on this side of the water. In early life Miss Hill—she is now just well into the forties—was a worker with Rev. Frederic Denison Maurice, whose theological writings have made so strong a mark on the times, and to whom she was in some way related by marriage. At the age of 25 she took in hand the dwellings of the poor, having Mr. Ruskin among her earliest supporters. Mr. Ruskin it was who, in 1845, provided the £3,000 to purchase the first two neglected courts, known by the curiously satiric names of Paradise and Freshwater; and it was he who, assuring her that if the money were sunk he would never regret the giving, impressed upon her nevertheless, with wise foresight, that a workingman ought to be able to pay for his own home, and that if her plan could be proved to pay it would surely spread. It has paid, it has spread, and now Miss Hill can have all the money and all the houses she wants; the extension of her work is only limited by the number of trained workers. Miss Hill's scheme included the idea of working from as many center points as possible, instead of expending the same labor in one locality, on the principle that if the germ theory of disease is true the germ theory of cure is also true. She established cleanliness, order, and frugality in two or three courts in a neighborhood, and then went to another. Purchasing with the aid of her friends—for she is not and was never rich—a house or two where the stairways were checked with dirt and every corner reeking with refuse, where the windows were broken and the plastering broken away, she went on to purify this one spot into a decent and healthy home, or into several homes, making herself by no means what some would call "an angel," but a land-working, prosaic woman, exacting rent as scrupulously as any landlord, and allowing nobody to peep and whine into helplessness. Often obliged to go about at a noon-day pace and among fierce-looking women in the night, her courage was equal to it.

If the bowls are loose lie down; eat nothing until you are well.

OUR SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

For Bible Students.

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

We are pleased to find that some of our correspondents are feeling that the Enigmas supplied, especially of late, are altogether too easy. Perhaps the secret is that their profit has been so great that what looked difficult at first appears easy even to juvenility now. Be that as it may, we are very much gratified to give publicity to the fact as stated in the following note:

E. A. H., 191 Slater Street, Ottawa, Canada, a person who has derived benefit by solving TRUTH's weekly Enigma but who finds those supplied, of late, almost too easy an exercise, would be happy to receive any original compositions of the kind which any one of the widely scattered Bible class may feel disposed to send to the above address from any part of the world. Another Enigma will be returned with the solution when arrived at if desired.

We think the exercise proposed by E. A. H. might be made an exceedingly useful one, and we sincerely hope that it may be largely taken advantage of. We rather think that we could supply more difficult questions but we must consider the general run of our correspondents and so to it that we don't discourage a good many of them by being too puzzling. The plan suggested would act as a sort of senior department and might become both very instructive and very interesting. Some of the notes appended to the answers are occasionally touchingly suggestive. For instance, one says this week, "You must kindly excuse my being so brief in my references, as since I commenced to find the answers I have been taken very sick and feverish so that I have been almost unable to finish this."

Another says he is one on whose "head seventy-five summer suns have shined."

Another finds it useful "to study the Scripture for the Enigma." While a fourth is only the more anxious to continue the solution of Enigmas now when the prizes are dropped, because too many are ready "to ask the same question as is found in Job i. 9."

We have no doubt that many are still employing their leisure moments in the solution of these weekly Enigmas and in the construction of Scriptural Clocks, though they do not send us any account of the results of their labors.

The solution of No. XXIX. is as follows:—

- 1. CHIEF CORNER STONE. 1 Pet. ii, 6.
- 2. Athens, Acts xvii, 21.
- 3. Candlestick, Rev. i, 20.
- 4. Hushai, 2 Sam. xvii, 14.
- 5. Ico, 2 Kings vi, 6.
- 6. E. Terrace, Acts xvii, 18.
- 7. Fig Tree, John i, 42.
- 8. Oak, 1 Chron. x, 12.
- 9. Rimmon, 2 Kings v, 13.
- 10. N. O. Judges iv, 21.
- 11. Ezer, Gen. ii, 25.
- 12. Hadda, Judges xiv, 12.
- 13. Sion, John ix, 7.
- 14. Tyre, Ezek. xxvii.
- 15. Oath, Judges xiv, 10.
- 16. Nabal, 1 Sam. xxv, 10.
- 17. Ephraim, Acts xix, 35.

The following friends have answered the above successfully and the remarks of at least one of them are very full and very sensible.

James Weir, Kingston, Edward John Saphir, North Georgetown, Quebec; Wm. Wicks, St. Thomas.

A good many have failed in the 15th question and we have not credited them, though in other respects they are excellent. What is that question?

"A sacred vow in dubious conflict made
And by a daughter's life too dearly paid."

A good many have given "offering" as the answer and some have made it "opening mouth into the Lord." A little thought however will show that neither of these can be, and that what we have given is really the only reply that to a good extent meets the requirements of the question.

We cannot but add that we have received from R. Griffiths of London, by far the most neatly constructed scriptural clock that has as yet come to hand. It is arranged with singular neatness and quite accurately.

James Weir has also made a very good one, or "watch," though he has not attempted the construction of a dial whether of watch or clock.

Now for No. XXXII.

1. It raises from its depth the stormy sea:
Christ sail on it on the lake of Galilee.
2. Take but the measure of a human hand
Lo in time's hour glass fast ebb out our sand.
3. In this like morning mist your life you see
And know not on the morrow what shall be.
4. How strangely fleeting are our hopes and fears,
When this must be the way we spend our years.
5. This we are told shall clothe our human clay,
When life and all life's joys have passed away.
6. The dead lie lowly as the smitten tree,
And in this silence they resemble thee.
7. It never returns though we its loss deplore
And often wish to call it back once more.
8. 'Tis better than all sacrifice that's given,
And like sweet incense rises up to heaven.
9. O Gracious God, be Thine my All in All,
For this I wait till Thou thy servant call.
10. Bondsman to sin, its slave thou didst remain
Till Christ gave this to bring thee back again.
11. As this in Autumn hastens to decay,
So at life's close thyself must pass away.
12. Fear not though frailty here thy portion be,
Clothed in this robe thou shalt thy Maker see.
13. Man cometh forth like this at life's glad dawn,
And lo! he is not ere the morrow dawn.
14. A bird the emblem of thy fleeting life
And on strong wing it hastens to the strife.

The initials form a question none can shun.
And all must answer ere their race is run.
So ponder it that every passing day
May teach thee wisdom fading not away.

For a Scriptural Clock will our friends give us twelve texts beginning as before with one word and ending with twelve, and let the common word in them all be BE?

If any send in Enigmas whether in prose or poetry which we think worthy of publication we shall be happy to give them a place in the column and credit the writer whether in full or by initials in all such cases.

We need scarcely add that it is a *sine qua non* that the enigmas be original. It would be dishonorable in the last degree, especially in connection with the Bible, to take credit for work not actually done. All such cases are sooner or later sure to be found out.

MUSIC AND THE DEAN.

The Passing Show.

"This world is all a fleeting show
Forman's illusion given."—Moore.

DEAR TRUTH.—The "Romany Rye" is so well known to Toronto theatre-goers that but few words will be required regarding its production here this week, more especially as not a few of the cast have become familiar here, and the scenery is the same as used in the former presentation of the piece. The play is perhaps one of the most popular of G. R. Sims' productions, written as it is in his most vigorous style, and replete with exciting incidents and strongly dramatic situations. The cast throughout is a good one. The *Romany Rye* was admirably personated by Mr. W. S. Dennis, who scored an emphatic success. The same may be said of Mr. Gordon, who, as *Joe Hackett* gave what was perhaps the most realistic impersonation in the cast. *Gertie Hackett* was admirably impersonated by Miss Victoria Bateman, a remarkably clever and talented young lady. Mrs. W. G. Jones, as *Mother Shipton* also came in for a share of well deserved applause, while Mr. Chas. W. Butler, as *Boss Knirett* made a thoroughly lifelike London pick-pocket. Mr. Snider, as *Philip Royston* was very satisfactory, and the remainder of the cast was in excellent hands. Next week "The Silver King" will be produced with that sterling actor Mr. F. C. Bangs in the leading role.

The operatic season at the Gardens has come to an end. Artistically it was a very successful one; financially it was a failure. What the causes were which led to this latter result, I will not now enquire; but this I will say, that the company was almost persistently ignored by the daily press of the city, which, while giving considerable space to notices of the Grand Opera Co. almost daily with half a dozen lines, and did not even notice the fact that during the last three nights of the engagement the part of *Aurora* was being played by Miss Fanny Wentworth, who had been specially secured for that part, which, if she did not extract as much fun out of it as Mr. Ray Holmes did, she impersonated in a thoroughly artistic and satisfactory manner. Miss Guthrie, the bright particular star of the combination, is a decided acquisition to any company, and, both in her singing and acting exhibited capabilities of something higher than operabouffe. Of Messrs. Allen, Crane and Schiller I will only say now that it is not often such a trio appear in one company, while the entire organization well deserves the title of "Ideal," and is worthy of far better patronage than it has received in Toronto,—more's the pity.

Miss St. Quinten and her company have likewise brought their somewhat irregular and rather checkered career to an end. Miss St. Quinten has been, apparently "born to misfortune" since her arrival in this city, and has pluckily held her own in the face of many disadvantages, and I sincerely wish her well in her provincial tour.

At the People's Theatre an alleged troupe of "Californian" minstrels opened—and closed—an engagement which the manage-

ment very sensibly, I think, cancelled after the first performance. The "troupe" was a very weak one, and the performance ditto. There were, however, a few redeeming features, more especially Master O'Brien, the boy contortionist, but it was not sufficiently attractive to warrant the extension of the engagement. Next week's attraction will be Mr. Chas. M. Caughy's illustrated art lectures. SEMPRONIUS.

Echoes of the Week.

An actress says that whoever sits at the front of a proscenium box behaves well enough, because in plain sight of the audience; but once hidden from public view and "they might just as well be gazing at pigs in a pen for all the consideration they show to the performers." They yawn when they are not interested, they grin provokingly whenever they detect the slightest fault, they are grim under humor, and they ridicule dreadfully. "They either forget that we can see them as plainly as they see us," the complainer continues, "or else they are so outrageously, infernally mean that they don't care. Yes; a law compelling managers to make the boxes so open that the inmates would be all visible would help the matter, but there ought to be a clause forbidding professionals to sit in boxes at all. How do you think an actress feels when, having been cast for a leading role, much to the discomfiture of her rival in the company, and having nerved herself for the first night's effort, her first glance across the footlights reveals the enemy gorgeously posed in a box, about as much a part of the stage picture as she is herself, ready to mock her if she fails and to participate in the scene if she succeeds?"

Ellen Terry's first husband was Watts, the artist, some of whose pictures are to be brought to America. He loved another woman too high up in the social circle ever to be his wife. In his disappointment he married the girl actress. Her friends say that he treated her with kindness, but also with indifference, and seemed scarcely to take any notice of the fact when one fine morning he was told that she had eloped with Godwin, the architect, and writer. At the end of several years Watt was persuaded to get a divorce. By this time Ellen had presented Godwin with two daughters, the elder of whom, now 18, is soon to make her debut as an actress. Later the mother married, not Godwin, but Charles Kelly, an actor of some local reputation. The third union proved as luckless as its predecessors, Ellen Terry Watts Kelly has long lived apart from her last husband.

Some one said that Lawrence Barrett is at his best in *Lanciotto* because it fits best with his mannerisms. Which of us would not hate to see him without his mannerisms? If actors came all alike, like buttons on a card, one would last a twelve month, and we would never cry for change. An actor's mannerisms are his distinctive mark, his brand, his identifying cipher, and it is really because we prefer one set of mannerisms to another that we prefer one actor to another. Nor has any actor yet been great without marked mannerisms. Lawrence Barrett has had more imitators than any tragedian now on the stage. We find patches of him cropping out in almost every serious, deep-voiced young man who takes to tragedy. And yet, his mannerisms, though strong, are very few.

It may be interesting to know that when "Roscius was an actor in Rome" he received £30 a day, computed by English money. This is better pay than even the most popular imported Englishman gets, but as there were always at least 20,000 in the house when Roscius played, the manager could easily afford him a handsome salary.

Richard Golden, husband of Dora Wiley, was recently stricken by paralysis in Chicago. He was in the original cast of Rice's "Evangeline," and played the front legs of the hoifer in the famous hoifer dance.

Our Young Folks.

"ONLY A GIRL."

BY N. I. M.

"I wish—I wish—" Patty Breynard shut her book, and sprang out of her chair, and her face all in a glow.

"Well?" said Mrs. Breynard, smiling. The family were accustomed to sudden demonstrations from Patty.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed she, running her words together in a breathless fashion, "I wish I had lived at the time of the Crusades! I have just been reading how people made up quarrels, and sold their lands, and went out in a body to drive the Turks from the Holy Lands, and Godfrey of Bouillon refused to be made the king. I should like to have been as noble as that."

"Dear me," put in Dick from the sofa, "what on earth could you have done? Women couldn't go anywhere. You are nothing but a girl, you know."

A cloud came over Patty's face. To be a girl seemed in Dick's eyes the crowning misfortune of life, and he delighted in expressing his sentiments to Patty, taking her down when she had a fit of the "high strikes," as he called it.

But in a moment a bright expression succeeded.

"That's just all you know about it, Dick Breynard," she said. "You had better read your history again. Women did go, some of them dressed as pages, and they wore the badge too—a red cross on their left shoulder—and—"

"The crusades had many other features besides those you describe," interrupted her mother, "What good they accomplished was far apart from their original object, and there was the ruin of many a land and home. When you are older you will understand about it better. But, Patty, I have an errand for you to do this afternoon. Will a long walk tire you?"

"No, indeed!" Patty looked down at her sturdy limbs as though the mere idea were an insult.

"Papa said he should stay at the factory late to-night; there is some work he wished to look after himself. Now a letter has come from Aunt Martha, saying that she will be at Hunter's Station this evening, and I am sure he will wish to meet her. Will you take the letter down to him before tea?"

Patty started for her hat and sash. "Before you go," called out Dick, "just hand me that book you were reading, will you? and give my pillow a shake. Girls are—well, worth a little something about such things, you know," looking at her mischievously.

Patty obeyed, stopping to give his head several loving little strokes. Dick was a great tease, but just now he was suffering from a sprained ankle. He could not go out into the sunshine, nor drink in the fresh summer breeze, nor have any fun. Patty did not see how he bore it at all. So she re-arranged his pillows, drew back the curtains, that he might see better, and then once more bounded off.

In two minutes her bright face reappeared in the doorway. "Mamma," she said, "Harry and Bessie both want to go with me. May they?"

Mrs. Breynard glanced at the clock. "It is pretty late," she said, "and rather a long walk for them." Then, seeing Patty's look of disappointment, "But perhaps you might take them as far as the bridge, and let them play near the boat-house until you come back. Only, Patty," she called out, going to the door, for at the first signal of consent the little girl had dashed from the room, "be very careful. Tell them they must not go on the bridge."

But Patty was already half-way down the garden path. "All right mamma," she cried, waving back her hand.

Mrs. Breynard returned to her work. "There can't be any danger," she said, musingly. "Harry and Bessie are always so obedient."

Mr. Breynard's house was situated half a mile from a small fresh-water lake, one of a series connected by a deep flowing stream. A lane back of the house led to this stream, which was crossed by a narrow bridge at the point just above where it widened into the lake. At the head of the lake, on the opposite side, was a large paper manufactory, which was under his superintendence, and was where Patty's errand led her now. The children delighted in this place. Dick owned a boat, which he kept moored close by, and when he was well entertained them many an afternoon by rowing them over its smooth glassy waters.

They chatted joyfully on their way, running races and chasing butterflies. It did not take them long to reach the boat-house. Then a sudden thought struck Harry.

"Patty," he said, "can't you give us a little row?"

Patty looked doubtful. "I am not sure mamma would wish it. She might not like me to take you out all alone."

"She won't care," said Bessie, coaxingly. "You row as well as Dick, and it so long since we had a sail. Do take us just a little ways—as far as the water-lilies out there!"

The cool, clear sheet of water looked very tempting after the walk.

"I haven't the key, and can't get the oars out of the boat house," Patty said, putting her hand instinctively into her pocket. Yes, there it was. She had forgotten to put it away in its place when she had used the boat at the day before. "Well," she continued, just long enough to gather a few water-lilies to put in Aunt Martha's room, and then you must be satisfied to wait till I come back."

How lovely the water was, the air so fresh, the sky so blue, with an array of clouds sailing like stately ships over its quiet surface! It scarcely seemed to the children that they had been out ten minutes, when the sun, traveling fast behind the mists, announced Patty that she had lost considerable time.

"I will not stop to look up now," she said, as she drew the boat under some trees. "You, Harry and Bessie stay here and watch it until I come back."

Once fairly off, she soon arrived at her father's office. But here a fresh delay awaited her. Mr. Breynard was very busy talking with a gentleman, a member of the firm, and could not attend to Patty for some time. At last he heard her message, and read the letter.

"I cannot possibly be home," he said, "before eight o'clock, but there will be time enough to meet Aunt Martha then. The train does not get in until after nine. Tell mamma, Patty, to have Dobbin harnessed, and do not delay the supper."

Patty's journey homeward was little more deliberate. While waiting at her father's office it had dawned upon her memory like a flash that her mother had forbidden her only the week before to take the children out alone in the boat.

"You must wait until Dick is well, Patty," she had said, "unless papa or I go with you. Harry and Bessie are too little yet to be trusted on the water without any one to look after them, and you can not possibly manage them and the boat too. So for the present you must do your sailing alone."

Patty's conscience pricked her sorely as she walked slowly along, with the consciousness of having betrayed her mother's confidence. She had been trusted against her mother's better judgment too. She knew that, for she had seen the hesitation in Mrs. Breynard's face when she gave her consent. To be sure, she had forgotten, but mamma would say that was no excuse. Was not a girl thirteen years of age old enough to think?

The consequences of a careless act are sometimes as dreadful as those where the offender is more guilty. Patty remembered the terrible railroad accident that had occurred a few months before, because the engineer had not said that the brakes were out of order, and sud-

dered. "Well," she thought, "I will remember next time. Anyway, nothing has happened to them; I am thankful for that." How could she be so sure? She had left the children at the water's edge with the boat. Suppose it should enter their minds to get into it, and they should float away by themselves! The little girl's walk turned into a run as she neared the bridge.

Yes, there they were, quietly sitting by the boat, and perfectly safe, Harry waving his hat as he saw her in the distance, Bessie crying out with pleasure as she sprang forward to meet her, dragging an oar in her hand.

"Be careful, Bessie; don't run!" shouted Patty from the opposite shore. "Wait on the bank for me."

But the warning came too late; the child was already on the bridge, and even as Patty spoke, her feet entangled in the oar; she tripped, fell against the light railing, and, crash!

Patty's heart gave one leap, and stood perfectly still, as she waited to hear the splash in the waters below.

But it did not come; only a cry of childish terror resounded through the air. How she ever reached the bridge, how she ever had the strength to cross it, Patty never knew; but in an instant she was on the spot, and then she saw what so far had saved Bessie's life. In the fall her sash had caught, and partially wound itself round a hook projecting from a board which sustained the bridge below. The child hung suspended in the air, supported only by a rusty nail, which even now was giving way under her weight. Patty leaned forward, trying to grasp the child, but she was just beyond her reach. The thought went through her mind like the lightning's flash: "It would do no good anyway. She is too heavy. I could not lift her." Then she called out calmly, though her heart beat so loudly she scarcely heard her own words:

"Be perfectly quiet; oh, Bessie, do not struggle, or you will surely fall! I will get you in a moment, dear; only do just as I tell you."

The little girl did not speak, and instantly, quicker than she could think, Patty was in the boat. Would she ever reach her? It seemed to Patty that she could fairly hear the creaking of the nail against the decayed wood as it wrenched itself from its place; then, with all her strength, she added stroke to stroke, and the little boat shot down the current.

On, on, with the consciousness that the knot in Bessie's sash was loosening, that she was slipping nearer and nearer to the water. In a moment it would all be over. One prayer, one superhuman effort, a shout of triumph from Harry on the shore. Patty reached the bridge, steadied herself in the boat, and received the child into her arms just as the hook gave way and fell with a splash into the water.

What a long walk it was home, and how terribly tired Patty felt with the reaction after all the strain and excitement! Scarcely a word was said. Bessie clung tightly to Patty's hand, while Harry kept close to his little sister's side, thinking how dreadful it would have been if, instead of walkingly them they had had to carry her little form, rescued, cold and white, from these terrible waters.

Three shrinking little figures, three white little faces, met Mrs. Breynard's gaze as she stood on the door-step straining her eyes out into the evening gloom.

"I disobeyed you, mamma," sobbed Patty, "and almost killed Bessie." Then everything about grew very black, and the stars just peeping out in the evening sky seemed to come down from their places and flash all about Patty in the darkness. When she came to herself again she was lying on the sitting-room sofa, Mrs. Breynard rubbing her hands with cologne, and Dick on his crutches standing by the end, gazing wistfully into her face.

It took a long time to tell the story. Papa had arrived, and if the train had not

fortunately been late, Aunt Martha would have found herself quite forgotten. Once herself again, however, Patty told it simply and bravely, taking all the blame and quite unconscious that in the eyes of the family she was little less than a heroine. Mrs. Breynard held Bessie in her lap, but her hand grasped Patty's very tight as she heard of her darling's danger, and in Dick's eyes there arose a very suspicious moisture.

"Catch me talking about girls again," he said. "You did have presence of mind. Why, Patty, I should have been proud to have you for a page if I had been a Crusader. What did you think when you were rowing so fast?"

"That it was all my fault," gasped Patty. "Don't praise me Dick. If I had only remembered and minded mamma the oars would have been safe in the boat-house, and the whole thing would never have happened."

"I don't know about that," said Dick, reflectively, going over toward the window to look out, as if he might there gain some fresh information on the subject.

There was no answer, presently a little heavier breathing and when Dick turned again, Patty worn out by the day's exertions had fallen fast asleep on the sofa.

As soon as he could hobble comfortably about on his crutches, Dick had a mysterious errand into town, and a few days later Patty was surprised by receiving from him a neat little package. Inside, reposing in a tiny velvet case, lay a bright silver pin, on which was engraved a boat crossed with a pair of oars, and underneath the words *Dux femina facti*. ("A woman was leader in the deed.")

By what process of reasoning the classical Dick had associated Bessie's rescue with the feats of the immortal Dido, Patty did not stop to inquire, but the gift, "her honor badge," Dick called it, gave her a great deal of happiness. Not only did she value it for its beauty and what it recalled, but because she felt it sealed the promise made tacitly on that night, which they would none of them ever forget, that never again, either in earnest or in play, would Dick taunt her with being "Only a Girl."

Seal Fishing in Alaska.

The seal fisheries in the Northwestern part of Alaska are controlled by the Alaska Commercial Company. The contract stipulates that not more than 100,000 seals a year shall be killed, for which the company pays the Territory an annual fee of \$55,000, besides \$2 for each skin shipped from the Territory, and 50 cents a gallon for seal oil, also, that the company shall annually furnish free to the inhabitants 25,000 dried salmon, sixty cords of firewood, a sufficient quantity of salt, and to maintain such public schools as are needed. All others are prohibited from killing in Alaska any otter, mink, marten, sable or fur seal. Every summer trading schooners, as they are styled, go out with the avowed purpose of meeting the whaling fleet, and bringing in the sperm oil. They return with large barrels, which are entered at the Unalaska Custom House as oil, and are immediately sent to San Francisco. The captain of the man of war stationed at Sitka, speaking of the matter, says: "I would just like to overhaul one or two of these vessels and find out whether the oil contained in those barrels runs out or spreads out flat, and has hair on one side."

Respectable Bostonian—I wish a livery coat for my coachman this summer. Sewell Tailor—Where are you staying, sir? R. B.—At Nahant. S. T.—John, bring out that bundle of linen dusters!

In a rock that is washed by the sea at Rouleigne, a grotto from eight to ten meters high has been discovered. Human bones have been found in it, as well as ancient earthenware marked with alchemical figures, and coins which are believed to have been struck by the early Gauls.

The Poet's Page.

ALBUM VERSES.

Comprising Choice Poetical Selections for Autograph Albums, Christmas and other Cards, and Valentines.

These selections have been carefully made, and will appear from time to time. We trust they will meet the approbation of all our readers.

Our lives are albums written through,
With good or ill, with false or true,
And as the blessed angels turn the pages of
our years,
God grant that they may read the good with
smiles,
And blot the ill with tears!

Life is a volume,
From youth to old age,
Each year forms a chapter,
Each day is a page.
May none be more charming,
More womanly (manly) true,
Than that, pure and noble,
Sketched yearly by you.

We may write our names in albums,
We may trace them in the sand,
We may chisel them in marble,
With a firm and skilful hand;
But the pages soon are sullied,
Soon each name will fade away;
Every monument will crumble,
Like all earthly hopes decay.
But, dear friend, there is an album,
Full of leaves of snowy white,
Where no name is ever tarnished,
But forever pure and bright.
In that Book of Life, God's Album,
May your name be penciled with care;
And may all who do here write,
Have their names forever there.

CAST ON THE WORLD.

On friendship's realm thou art
Spotless, till now unallied yet in part.
Go, little book, and on each page receive
The various offerings which true friends
may give.
Ask not the crowd, but seek refinement's
pen,
Wielded by virtue, that unerring gem.
Of parting friends some kind memorial
keep.
Of those who part, perhaps no more meet.

—Written for Truth.

Last Year's Leaves.

BY MOULE.

Every green leaf hath her singer;—
These, on beech and oak, that linger,
Brown and bright, will no man sing!
Dreaming of their own fair summer,
Waiting for the fair new-comer,
Silent to the stem they cling!

With a love no frost could deaden,
Though the buds around must redden,
Toward an April not for them,
To salute their dispensers,
To be welcome and blessers,
Silent cling they to the stem.

The Brooklet.

BY SIR ROBERT GRANT.

Sweet brooklet, ever gliding,
Now high the mountains riding,
The lone vale now dividing
Whither away?—

"With pilgrim comes I flow,
Or in summer's scorching glow,
Or o'er moonless wastes of snow,
Nor stoop, nor stay:

For O, by high behest,
To a bright abode of rest
In my parent Ocean's breast,
I hasten away!"

Many a dark morose,
Many a craggy mass,
Thy feeble voice must pass;

Yet, yet delay!—

"Though the marsh be dire and deep,
Though the crag be stern and steep,
On, on my course must sweep;
I may not stay;
For O, be it e'er or west,
To a home of glacial rest
In a bright sea's boundless breast,
I hasten away!"

The warbling bowers beauteous
The laughing flowers that hide thee

With soft accord they hide thee,—
Sweet brooklet, stay!
"I taste of the fragrant flowers,
I respond to the warbling bowers,
And sweetly they charm the hours
Of my winding way;
But ceaseless still in quest
Of that everlasting rest
In my parents' boundless breast,
I hasten away!"

Knowing thou that dread abyss
Is it a scene of bliss?
O, rather cling to this,—
Sweet brooklet, stay!

"O, who shall stily tell
What wonders there may dwell?
That world of mystery well
May striko diemay:
But I know 't is my parent's breast;
There held I must needs be blest,
And with joy to that promised rest
I hasten away!"

—Written for Truth.

The Mariner's Haven.

LINES FOR MUSIC, BY L. O. H.

There's a haven for the seaman far away
From earth-born scenes,
Where the toiling sun-burned sailor sees the
beacon as it gleams
O'er the gloom of dreary ocean, where his
bark is tempest-tossed,
Yet he boldly cleaves the billows, he will
anchor safe at last.

Many reefs, though sometimes hidden, stretch
across the mariner's way.
Yet he takes his reck'ning hourly, though
the mists hang o'er the bay;
He is watching and is praying, while the
breakers dash and roar.
There's a hand that ever guides him toward
the yonder sun-lit shore.

Though the breakers may be dashing 'round
his bark so light and frail,
And the lightning may be flashing—torn in
shreds is every sail!
He is ever forward moving, whether storm
by night or day,
He will find the beacon gleaming when the
mists have cleared away.

CHORUS.

Yes, he's steering for the haven, there's a
light beyond the veil,
And his compass lies before him, and soon
furled will be his sail;
When the lines have all been measured, and
farewells have kissed the sky;
He will round the beaten harbor, he will
anchor by-and-by.

The Mother's Hope.

BY LAMAN BLANCHARD.

In there, when the winds are singing
In the happy summer time—
When the raptur'd air is ringing
With earth's music heavenward springing,
Forest chirp, and village chime—
Is there, of the sounds that float
Unaughtingly, a single note
Half so sweet, and clear, and wild,
As the laughter of a child?

Listen! and be now delighted:
Morn hath touched her golden strings;
Earth and Sky their vows have plighted;
Life and Light are reunited,
Amid countless carollings;
Yet, delicious as they are,
There 's a sound that 's sweeter far—
One that makes the heart rejoice
More than all,—the human voice!

Organ finer, deeper, clearer,
Though it be a stranger's tone—
Than the winds or water clearer,
More enchanting to the hearer,
For it answereth to his own
But, of all its witching words,
Those are sweetest, bubbling wild
Through the laughter of a child.

Harmonies from time-touched towers,
Haunted strains from rivulets,
Hum of bees among the flowers,
Rustling leaves, and silver showers,—
These, ere long, the ear forgets;
But in mine there is a sound
Ringing on the whole year round—
Heart-deep laughter that I heard
Ere my child could speak a word.

Ah! 't was heard by ear far purer,
Sweeter formed to catch the strain—

Ear of one whose love is true—
Here, the mother, the endurer
Of the deepest share of pain;
Here the deepest bliss to treasure;
Memories of that cry of pleasure;
Here to hoard, a life time after.
Echoes of that infant laughter.

"T is a mother's large affection
Hears with a mysterious sense—
Breathings that evade detection,
Whisper faint, and fine inflexion,
Thrill in her with power intense.
Childhood's honeyed words untaught
Hiveth she in loving thought—
Tones that never thence depart;
For she listens—with her heart.

Mary Magdalene Dying.

BY CAROLINE WILDER FELLOWES.

The purple clouds hang heavy on the sky,
The faint moon creeps up through
the gloom—
And the chill darkness of my waiting tomb
Clings already around me where I lie.

There shall be but a few more breaths of
pain,
A few more sobbing, broken words of
prayer,
And this fair, sinful body that I wear
Shall crumble back into its dust again.

Ah me! When once my soul has won re-
lease,
If those who love me would but bear my
day

To that same tomb wherein my Master lay,
Methinks that it would rest in deeper space.

In Joseph's sacred garden where He lay,
And where my weary feet at dawning crept,
And where I sat beside the grave and wept.
My dust would wait its resurrection day.

And I, though vile, though sinful, have no
fears.

I shall arise in one brief moment's space,
And see the lovely Master face to face,
As I beheld him risen through my tears.

E'en now methinks the tender tone He had
That morn is on mine ears. I hush my
breath—

"Mary!" in accents gently sweet He said,
And I "Rabboni!" answer—and am glad.

School Time.

BY J. R. RAMSAY.

Soft the summer breeze is blowing,
O'er the dandelion'd sea;
Blue and golden river flowing,
Where she went to school with me.

There's her home, the garden's yonder,
There the gate from which, to be
Served legions, we both did wander,
Since she went to school with me.

Years have gone since we went thither,
And, tho' bright their blooms to see,
Earlier every year they wither,
Since she left the school and me.

Thro' the bars the herd is straying,
And her milk pail by the tree,
Rusts because of her delaying,
Since she went to school with me.

I alone of all the parted
Come to gate and sigh to see
How the sunshine seems down-hearted
Since she went to school with me.

My Tease.

She teases me eternally!
Her arching lips devise
Most cruel things diurnally;
Yet in her liquid eyes
There dwells a sprite, who, laughingly,
Doth whisper soft and low!
"She's speaking only chaffingly;
She loves you well, I know."

She finds that she can carry me
To darkest woe's domain
By swearing she'll not marry me;
Still, it is sweetened pain;
For even while she's uttering
The word in earnest tone,
Her little hand comes fluttering
To nestle in my own!

—The Herald.

Charity.

The rich man gave his dole, not ill-content
To find his heart still moved by human
woe;
The poor man to his neighbor simply lent
The scanty savings he could scarce forego.

The one passed on and asked to know no
more;
The other's wife all night, with pity brave,
That neighbor's dying child was bending o'er,
And never dreaming it was much she
gave.

Oh! God forgive us that we dare to ask
Solace of costless gifts and fruitless sighs!
Scorn on the sigh that shuns the unwelcome
task,
The dole that lacks the salt of sacrifice!

No gilded palm the crushing weight can lift:
No soothing sigh the maddening woe can
cure;
'Tis love that gives its wealth to every gift;
Ill would the poor man fare without the
poor.

Solitude.

BY AUGUSTA LARNED.

Acropolis of rest in solemn hours,
Great city of the silent and the lone,
Ye rear on high your heaven communing
towers,
And build yourself anew though oft o'er
thrown.

Invisible old keep so cool and gray
What august dignity ye lend to life!
Ye hold the hostage of each weary day—
The promise unto peace of toil and strife.

Your walls are decked with banners hardly
won
From silent victories within the breast;
Here poets haunt the chambers of the sun
As song birds build upon a mountain crest.

Your alleys lead to vision and to prayer;
The prophet's cry breaks from your Del-
phic halls;
And conflicts which have cleansed this
earthly air
Were fought at first around your sacred
walls.

Within your council house sit shapes of
dread—
Terror, Remorse, and Retribution dire;
Here the great drops of penitence are shed
Amid a cleansing purgatorial fire.

Here Thought abides within your frescoed
room,
And fair Philosophy is pacing slow,
Here stand ideals in their rosy bloom.
And shapes of greatness ever come and
go!

—The Current.

[Corn-Shucking Song.

BY S. C. OSBORNWELL.

Shuck erlong, niggers, shuck dis co'n!
Dar's monny er bar'l in dis ya pile;
Dar's monny er rashin, sho's yo bo'n,
Ter feed all de han's wid arter 'wile.
Luk at Sasing, dat fat gal!
Whar sho git dat ballymerin?
Mus' er got hit fum ole Miss Sal,
Shuck erlong, shuck dis co'n.

CHORUS.

Shuck a ruck a shuck! shuck a ruck a
shuck!
Pars dat tickler down this way.
Shuck a ruck a shuck! shuck a ruck a
shuck!
Ain' gwino home ez long ez I stay.

Hyar dat bo' pig, how he squeal!
Within' fo' de alaps ter-morrer mo'n;
Ef he hatter got in dad dere fiel',
Niggers, wo'd neber bin shuckin' dis co'n,
Luk at Moses, how he grin!
Ain' nuffin' ob him but de wool an'
chin;
Mouf ez big ez dat co'n bin.
Shuck erlong, shuck dis co'n.

CHORUS.

Shuck a ruck a shuck! shuck a ruck a
shuck!
Pars dat tickler down dis way,
Shuck a ruck a shuck! shuck a ruck a
shuck!
Ain' gwino home ez long ez I stay,

Harper's Magazine.

JACOB FAITHFUL.

The old man is modestly egotistical—Self assertive people and the "modest worth" craze—Some remarks about the Mowat Procession and the alleged Banquet.

[JACOB must "cock up his beaver" sure enough when his weekly lucubrations are making him famous. He is not yet pointed at on the street nor do children whisper as he passes "That is he," but he is getting on pretty well and is satisfied. Such a demonstration as that in honour of Mowat I don't expect ever to see on my own account. I am not the rising hope of the country, nor can I be called an "old chief" or the country's "honoured orator." In one respect I am nothing. The *stat nominis umbra* is as true of me as of "Junius," but there is no possibility of my ever becoming either so celebrated or so hated as that gentleman of polished periods and stiletto thrusts. Still I am what I am, and must try to occupy the little place and the obscure one to some degree of purpose. I am read, I am talked about, my steps are even dogged, my mask is sought to be pulled off, I strike the lofty stars, and am happy. Some say that I am the Lieutenant Governor masquerading in disguise. Some are clear that Dr. Potts peeps out of every line I write. Others are rather inclined to father my lucubrations on R. W. Phipps, and one or two have fancied they saw Martin Griffin without his war paint. But they are all wrong. I am simply JACOB FAITHFUL, without any alias whatever. If the directory were diligently examined my name would be found there, while my photographs, though not yet in shop windows, are in many albums and all thought greatly of, whether turned out by Bruce or Fraser, or Gagen or Perkins. The first Napoleon used to say that it was only after Lodi that ever he thought

HE MIGHT POSSIBLY BE SOMEBODY.

When it dawned upon Oliver Mowat that he was destined to be great, I shall not say. Perhaps Edward Blake drank in the idea with his mother's milk and could never remember the time when he did not dream dreams about the new moon and eleven stars and had not thought of his "mission." As for me, JACOB, it is only lately that I have found the stirrings of ambitious thoughts and now I am going to go in for it, sure, with poker, shovel and tongs.

A public man must always cultivate publicity. There is no use in his hiding his light under a bushel or putting others forward while he occupies the back ground. I may be wrong, but I have come to the conclusion that *modest worth*, at least in these days, is neither much cultivated nor much appreciated. It is all very well to say that that worth will always be recognized and honoured in the long run, but JACOB begins to be quite sceptical about that being a fact. If a man on the contrary thinks or affects to think little of himself, he will in ninety nine cases out of a hundred be taken at his own estimate and treated accordingly. JACOB for a good long time had somewhat antiquated notions about the "modest worth" craze, but somehow they came to nothing. He saw shy, worthy, clever

people jostled and elbowed aside, and long-tongued, brazen-faced, ombletheaded, self-assertive slaves keeping the crown of the caucosay—the admired of all admirers. These fellows traded on very small capital, but they made the most of it and kept their whole stock in the window. Whenever there was a collection of men to consult on any subject they were there. They got on to committees. They were sure to be on deputations. They

WIRE-PULLED FIERCELY FOR OFFICE, and succeeded. They talked glibly and perseveringly till they fully persuaded both themselves and other people that they were orators. They were laughed at for their "cheek" but they persevered all the same, and they succeeded. Who could not point to illustrious cases of the kind in Toronto and elsewhere?

Who would not smile if such an one there be? Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

So upon the whole JACOB is rather out of conceit with his "modesty" notions and thinks that he might do worse than go in for audacity and brass. I know, of course that the Bible tells about being clothed with humility, but in the midst of pushing, bustling showmen who will never suffer from not blowing their own trumpets, such phrases look out of place and antiquated like. Why everybody knows that many popular divines take good care that they never read a lecture or deliver a speech or go to the sea side or Britain without having the facts all duly chronicled in the newspapers. Yes, and they are often not above writing out the puff with their own most immaculate hands, and trying to let it be known where they sojourned during their holidays and how often they preached to the glory of God and to the exaltation of their own reputations in countries across the sea and on the other side of the line!

Yes, modesty and unobtrusive bashfulness is all very well but they don't pay. They don't pay when a young man goes swoonhearting and as little do they answer when fame is coveted and social prominence is to be reached. So JACOB thinks that he will have to lay his extra allowance of the article on the shelf.

I was of course, at the Mowat demonstration and I saw there nothing like modest worth taking the lowest room and being encouraged to go up a little higher. Did any of those who swarmed up on the platform in the Park, come to the place without a good deal of shoying and of not modest worth but of rather immodest assurance? I don't know, but I scarcely think so. No, no. The motto of the hour is to have a good opinion of yourself and ten chances to one others will come to have the same in due season. It was an awful crowd that, and a more radiant man than the "little tyrant" JACOB never clapped eyes on. Some how Blake cannot do the satisfied and jubilant in face, and neither can Alexander Mackenzie. They are both too grim, too sardonic and frosty. But Mowat, bless your heart, he

FAIRLY BUBBLED OVER.

His very upper lip looked glad and the chin quivered in sympathetic exultation. Oh the man! Oh the day! Oh the glory! A ragrant thought did occur to JACOB as he looked at the three men and it seemed to body itself forth in something like the

language of the Hebrew King. 'They have ascribed unto David ten thousands and unto me they have ascribed but thousands; and what can he have more but the kingdom?' Be that as it may it, was a great day when Mowat "climbed the Capitol."

Of course, I went to the banquet, but oh, such a Barmecide feast never was since that old genius in the Arabian Nights made a hungry man dine upon nothing and look as if it pleased him well. The dining on nothing was all there, but as to the satisfaction—that was a different thing. It was literally a fraud of the first magnitude. Soup! God forgive me! I got as much as covered the bottom of my plate—that and nothing more! Two hard fleshless wings of a fowl as ancient as the rooster that played all the mischief with Peter was the solid portion of the feast. The only thing supplied with any liberality was celery, and at that the poor wretches went with all the ravenous eagerness of famished bullocks. I marked strong healthy farmers supplied with pieces of corned beef about an inch and an half in length by one in breadth and of the thickness of a well-worn cent. It was simply an awfully provoking occasion and many went away from that banquet of bones very angry and very disgusted Grits. In fact the managers of the entertainment owe

PUBLIC APOLOGY TO THE SWINDLED FEASTERS,

who came to eat and went away both famished and foolish.

Another abominable trick done by somebody was the smoking. Actually these very waiters that had done their duty of serving with such miserable inefficiency went round peddling cigars and supplying lights in order to enable some well-dressed cads to annoy their neighbors and choke the ladies in the gallery who had come to see the lions feed but could only laugh at the swindle and cough when the smoke got into their lungs. It may be that it is the custom to smoke at such meetings, for smokers have no pity on the unfortunates who hate the weed, but it was too bad to invite ladies to grace the meeting with their presence and then befoul the atmosphere with tobacco reek.

As if it were not enough to be foodless and smoke-enveloped the, poor unfortunates had to endure long dry speeches unrelieved by one scintillation of wit or glimmer of genius. The idea of the chairman making a long prosy speech of an hour's length by the clock in proposing Mowat's health! Pahaw!

While JACOB says all this he must add that both banquet and demonstration were in numbers and respectability magnificent successes. None more so have been seen in Toronto for many a day, if indeed even in the whole course of its history.

Now let it be marked that it is not as a Conservative or Grit that JACOB says all this but as a recorder of facts and so forth.

As to the Exhibition when one has said that it was a grand success all has been done that is necessary now that it is all over.

JACOB.

The friends of Cardinal Manning are in a state of much anxiety about the health of his eminence.

Irish Cotter of Sixty Years Ago.

Here is a picture of the Irish cotter of fifty or sixty years ago. The "caubeen" that covered his head was a fragment—the brim, in nine cases out of ten, gone; shirts worn rarities; his coat was always torn, and never mended, or if patched, was a coat of many colors; his breeches were usually of corduroy, never buttoned at the knee, for the buttons had departed, but sometimes tied by shrods of twine. His stockings, when he wore any, were loose and hanging about his heels; and through his brogues, when he had them on, his toes protruded. Often he wore a large cloak-coat with a cape, descending from the neck to the heels, and as worn and ragged as other portions of his attire. His clothes, such as they were, served him in lieu of blankets at night. The peasant wife or mother (a cabin was seldom found without both) might have compressed her whole wardrobe into a bandbox had such a thing been known.

Poverty—despairing poverty—was the almost invariable lot of the Irish peasant fifty years ago.

The men wore shoes, for work could not be done without them; the women were always barefooted. I have been told by shoemakers in country places that shoes for women formed no portion of their stock in trade. A shawl was usually the common property of the females in a household; a needle and a thread were frequently not to be found in a whole town-land—sufficient reason why the proverbial rags were seldom mended. When means of mending were attainable, a black or gray coat would generally be patched with a bit of red or blue cloth. Men and women looked on rags as matters of course. It was not a libel when the English traveller declared that he never knew what the English beggars did with their cast-off clothes until he went to Ireland; while the story told by either Lovell or Carleton, of an Irish haymaker gleefully changing his habiliments with a scarecrow in an English field is scarcely an exaggeration.

When a lad, I was present at a dance, and had to make my bow to a merry lass, who was sitting in a corner. To my surprise she declined to be my partner, declaring she could not dance. There was a loud protest in the assembly, and an assurance that she was the best dancer in the barony. Upon her still objecting, a stout fellow pulled her from her seat, exclaiming she should not balk the young gentleman. The cause of her coyness was then obvious—she had on neither shoes nor stockings. It was the work of a moment for me to take off mine; and we footed it bravely in bare feet, on the clay floor of the cabin.

On such occasions the piper had invariably a strong tumbler of whiskey by his side from which he often imbibed until he could play no longer; and it was also the custom that a hat went round to receive the pennies that were to pay him for his night's work. The whiskey (for him, *ad libitum*) was generally the contribution of mine host of the shobeen-shop, and its distiller was a "boy" from the mountains, who had made it where "kings dinna ken," and was among the dancers.

Literary Note.

We have just received from the publishers a copy of a little book entitled: "Seven Hundred Album Verses," containing 128 pages of choice selections of prose and poetry, suitable for writing in autograph albums. Who among our readers has not been invited to write a few words of sentiment in the album of a friend? As an aid to the many thousands who have received this invitation and have not known what to write, this little volume is issued and we can recommend it as containing the largest and best collection of such verses we have ever seen. It will be sent to any address by mail, post-paid, in paper cover for 15 cents; cloth 30 cents, by J. S. Ogilvie & Co., Publishers, 31 Kose Street, New York.

STARLIGHT WALTZ.

COMPOSED BY C. S. BRAINARD.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of seven systems. Each system contains a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff. The first system starts with a forte (f) dynamic marking. The music is in 3/4 time and features a waltz-like melody in the treble with a supporting accompaniment in the bass. The piece concludes with a 'Fine' marking at the end of the seventh system.

2

A system of musical notation for piano, consisting of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time and features a melody in the treble clef and a supporting bass line in the bass clef. The first measure contains a whole note chord, followed by eighth and sixteenth notes.

A system of musical notation for piano, continuing the piece. It shows a continuation of the melody and bass line with various rhythmic patterns and chord changes.

A system of musical notation for piano, showing further development of the musical theme. The notation includes slurs and dynamic markings.

A system of musical notation for piano, featuring a more complex melodic line with some grace notes and a steady bass accompaniment.

A system of musical notation for piano, with a melodic phrase that includes a trill-like figure and a final cadence.

A system of musical notation for piano, showing a return to a simpler melodic and harmonic texture.

A system of musical notation for piano, concluding the piece with a final cadence. The text "D. C. F. to Fine." is written above the final measure.

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MANTLE DEPARTMENT.

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T. EATON & CO.

MILLINERY.

A great many styles are now on exhibition. What has been said about the Mantles, as regards style, also applies to the Millinery of this season. Hats and Bonnets are now on exhibition.

The Locomotion of Shells.

The great conch or strombus, has a veritable sword that it thrusts out, sticks into the ground, and by a muscular effort jerks itself along, making a decided leap. The squids, that are the brightest forms of mollusks, leap entirely clear of the water, often several feet. They are the ink-bearers, and from their ink-bags comes the sepia used by artists, while their bone is the cuttle-fish bone of commerce. Many of the cockles have a method of flying through the water that is quite novel. They are generally beautifully colored, and have long, streaming tentacles, and suddenly, without warning, they dart up from the bottom, and by a violent opening and shutting of their valves rush away with their long, reddish hair streaming after them, presenting a very curious appearance. The shell known as the Lima Nians is particularly remarkable for these flights, and all the scallops are jumpers and leapers. When placed in a boat they have been known to leap out, and the ordinary scallop has been known to jump out of a pot when placed upon a stove. A description of the different methods by which shells move would fill a volume.

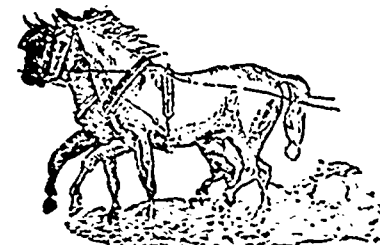
RECIPE FOR GINGER-BREAD.—Four eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses one-half cup of butter, filled up twice, with boiling water, two teaspoonful of cream-of-tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, two tablespoonful of ginger, and flour to make a really stiff batter.

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"Let's play we are married," said little Anna to little Dick, "and you put your arms around me, and kiss me, and tell me you love me. Won't that be nice?" "Yes; but don't let's be married. You be a nurse, and I'll be some other little girl's husband. That's the way papa does."

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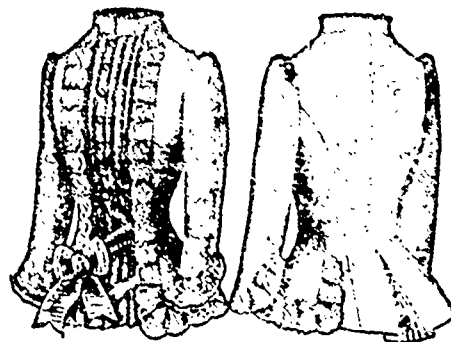
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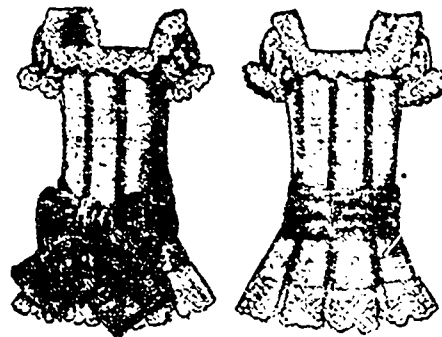
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FASHION NOTES.

A pretty little bonnet worn at a wedding last week was made thus: The brim was bound with golden-brown velvet, rich and dark in tone: the crown was covered with softest folds of pale-pink crape, and over the brown velvet brim fell sprays of pink poppies with dark-brown hearts.

Very odd is the notion of a seaside hat, the Neptune, the fancy of a Paris milliner. It is a large capote of gray-green rushes, burdened around the brim with gray-green plush, and on one side an aquatic miniature landscape composed of water-plants and sea weeds, a pretty pink-lined shell, and a small green frog dressed in green velvet and pale yellow silk, with great melancholy eyes looking at you through the rushes.

Among the graceful gilets, now so fashionably worn with nearly every sort of dress, are dainty ones made of white silk and embroidered down the front and on the wide pocket flaps with small flowers like arbutus, lilies of the valley, or small carnation pinks or wrought entirely with white silk rose buds outlined with tiny mother-o'-pearl beads. These vests are very stylish and elegant, and can be worn with many different toilets.

Embroidered bretelles, or, prettier still, those made of lace and net, wide on the shoulders and tapering to a point at the belt, front and back, over the bodice, are again in vogue. These graceful additions are always becoming, relieving as they do the severity of a plain waist. Bodice of opaque white, in cashmere, nun's veiling, or even silk, are never pretty at the back unless the blank out-

lines are softened by some such accessory. Lace berthas and fichus, so long worn are now giving place to bretelles, which are still more chic and graceful.

There will be a rage this season for the small French capote bonnet made of black velvet, black satin covered with escurial or beaded Spanish lace, and not a few of fine French felt in all the new deep, rich shades to match the costume. Wall flowers, nasturtiums, or shaded geranium blossoms, each made of silk velvet, are set in large clusters on one side of the crown. Upon some very stylish-looking gypsy hats of the darkest green velvet are connects of orange colored nasturtiums, mingled with sprays of pale green maiden-hair fern.

The display of wash materials is unusually large this season, and the fabrics and colorings were never more beautiful. Pale shades are more noticeable than formerly, and in fabrics of chambray, gingham, pareale, sateen, organdie, and French muslin, the new dyes rival the tints of the most delicate silks and satins. Especially blue, dove-gray, corn, and pink. The sateens, with their brilliant gloss, when stylishly made up and trimmed with edgings of fine Torchon lace, look quite as rich as silk. They wash admirably, and with little care will last two seasons.

Some of the newest bridal dresses of white satin have the trains garnished with an embroidery of white velvet ribbon work and white chenille appliques in heavy raised designs about six inches wide, which border the entire train. In front, the tablier literally disappears under a network of chenille flowers,

waves of lace, and dainty wreaths and clusters in ribbon work, deftly and beautifully intermingled. One magnificent dress of milk-white Ture satin is decorated with a marvelous embroidery in chenille of golden rosebuds and pale plush roses. Another of cream-white satin, has the train and potticoat garnished with Marguerites in chenille pale-blue forget-me-nots in raised silk embroidery.

The magpie fashion of wearing a mixture of black and white which has been in such vogue for two seasons past seems likely to remain a fashionable color-combination even long after the conditions of "court mourning" have been fulfilled. A lady writing from England to a friend in New York states that at Goodwood recently the princess of Wales and her sister-in-law, the crown princess of Prussia, wore mixtures of this kind. The latter lady dressed entirely in dead-black silk, with an ivory-white silk bonnet with white plumes. The princess of Wales wore a dress skirt of black and white striped satin, with a black satin brocaded overdress with white satin waist coat, and a bonnet glittering with cut jet ornaments.

The fashion of cutting demi-toilette dresses square or V-shape on the neck seems to be more than ever the vogue, and now comes the rumor that the bonnet strings are to be removed. This fashion seems to be an outcome of the other, but it must be adopted with discretion, and except in the case of girls or young matrons will hardly prove becoming. A woman's throat is apt to lose its roundness by middle age. To shear off the bonnet-strings and leave the neck exposed is often to betray an unpleasant fact. To

grow old gracefully has always been reckoned a difficult art—one indeed that but few timely learn. This is a pity, for the vain striving after a lost youth is one of the saddest sights to see. By dressing a little older than her years a woman in appearance looks often younger than the register warrants. When juvenility of style, unsanctioned by age, is adopted, the contrary effect is produced. A word to the wise is sufficient, and one may preach a hundred sermons to the foolish in vain.

Bird's Nest Soup

The introduction of real Chinese birds' nest soup to Londoners may raise the question as to what material such nests can be made of. An English tourist at Yokohama has lately published a very interesting account of a visit which he paid to Gornanton Caves, which are situated amid the tropical forests of North Borneo. From these caves come the bulk of the nests of which the soup is made, and they are the only place in the world where they can be obtained in any quantity. The caves are of immense extent, and are several hundred feet in height. They are covered with nests, which are built by swallows and bats, the material being a soft fungoid growth, which incrusts the limestone in which the caves are formed. The yearly value of the nests taken is between £5,000 and £8,000 on the spot. The value when they reach China is of course very much more. It is perhaps as well, considering the expensive nature of the luxury and its scarcity, that the consumption is not likely to increase from its introduction into Britain. To our barbarian palates it is decidedly insipid.

Health Department.

Treatment of Diarrhea and Cholera.

The following instructions issued to local authorities in Scotland by the Board of Supervision, and certified by Dr. Littlejohn, Medical Officer of the city of Edinburgh, may be useful in the event of cholera occurring in this country:

Local authorities, where there are either no medical men, or only a few scattered over the country, should provide themselves with a supply of suitable remedies. Among these may be mentioned—(1) elixir of vitriol; (2) the lead and opium pill; (3) the aromatic powder of chalk and opium; (4) ordinary mustard.

It is, however, not only of importance that an attack of cholera should be properly treated before medical assistance is procured, but also that the diarrhoea which may be present for some days before the serious symptoms present themselves should be checked at once. This may generally be effectually accomplished by causing persons so affected, and who are usually very thirsty, to drink freely of cold water to which elixir of vitriol has been added in the proportion of half a teaspoonful of elixir to the tumbler of water. Should the diarrhoea, in spite of the above treatment, continue for, say, two hours, a lead and opium pill should be given, and the dose should be repeated every time after the patient has been affected by the diarrhoea. If the patient, from weakness, be unable to follow his usual employment, he should be put to bed—care being taken that the limbs are kept warm, and that the bed is kept dry by means of a sheet of oilcloth, gutta-percha, or mackintosh between the sheet and the mattress. Should the discharge present the appearance of rice-water, and should there be urgent vomiting, cramps of the limbs, together with general sinking or collapse, the case should be regarded as most serious; and in the absence of a medical man, mustard poultices should be applied to the stomach and chest for half an hour at a time, and should be followed either by fomentations with warm water, or by bran or porridge poultices on the same parts of the body. These mustard and soft poultices should be alternated from time to time. Meanwhile the limbs should be well rubbed with warm clothes, and the lead and opium pills regularly administered as directed above.

This treatment may be advantageously employed for all persons above fifteen years of age. From ten to fifteen years, the only change recommended in the treatment is that half a lead and opium pill, instead of an entire pill, should be given as a dose. Below ten years of age, the aromatic powder of chalk and opium should be substituted for the pill, and may be administered in doses of one grain for each year of life. Thus, an infant of one year should have one grain for a dose; and under one year, half a grain; while a child of six years should have six grains. The treatment otherwise is the same—care, however, being taken in the case of children not to allow the mustard to remain beyond ten minutes in contact with the skin.

Should there be no hospital at the disposal of the local authority, and should the disease of the patient consist of one or two apartments, the other members of the household should be at once removed. The room in which the sick person is lying should as far as possible be cleared of furniture; and the other apartment, if any, should be devoted to the preparation of articles of food and to the residence of the attendants, limited in number to a day and a night nurse.

Sneezing and Shivering

Nature's provision against the consequences of a "chill," and for the prevention of a "cold" are sneezing and shivering. A violent fit of sneezing often saves a chilled body the consequences of

the nerve depression or "shock" to which it has been subjected, and this shock may in its first impression be very limited in its area; for example, the small extent covered by a draught or cold air rushing through the crevices of a door or window. The nerve centres are roused from their "collapse" by the commotion or explosive influence of the sneeze. If sneezing fails nature will try a shiver, which acts mechanically in this way. If this fails, the effects are likely to be very serious and had consequences may ensue. The cold is slight when sneezing suffices to recover the nervous system quickly from its depression; and grave when even strong shivering fails to do so. In case of chill, with threatened cold, sneezing may be produced by a pinch of snuff of any kind. This is how some of the vaunted "cures" of colds are brought about. Brisk exercise may also ward off the attack.—*London Lancet.*

Prevention of Disease.

There has been much time and labor wasted in endeavoring to teach men how to avoid disease. As a rule, it is only the "burnt child that dreads the fire." We persons who are the most constantly mere wrecks of their former selves, through imprudence and diseases that were avoidable. Does anyone suppose that these serene admonitions that many others will profit by? Have not the sufferers themselves had timely warnings without number of the inevitable results of wrong living? As "men think all men moral but themselves," so in their strength they seem to think as a rule, that evil will come to others sooner than to themselves. It is this self-confidence inspired by years of uninterrupted health, that often induces recklessness. We sometimes look with admiration at the working of a machine; perhaps a steam engine. It seems like a thing of life. How quickly it responds to the various movements of the valves, worked by the skillful engineer: with what precision does it run; not a jar or a creak is to be heard. Soon, what we at first watched with so much interest seems monotonous, and even tiresome;—just as the most faultless weather becomes almost unendurable if it continues for weeks and months without interruption. Whether it be a steam engine, or that more wonderful mechanism the human frame, that depends for safety on our watchfulness, an incautious move, a slight neglect of duty, and it soon becomes a wreck. Extremists are responsible for half the mischief that is wrought among those who strive to maintain health by proper living. There are some who in particular prove their faith in good living by eating and drinking too much, habitually; a much larger class of so-called reformers starve body and mind by efforts to live without substantial nourishment. Some one has invented a method of utilizing the waste from coal mines by mixing it with clay. Such fuel gives out a moderate heat, and answers certain purposes; but no one seems to have succeeded in burning clay without the coal dust. And thus it is in nourishing the body. Man can not live on crackers and water, and be of any use to himself, or service to others; but let him mix the clay and the coal—that is let him live on a mixed diet and avoid all excesses, and he will attain the full measure of health and usefulness, so far as foods are concerned. But there is something else a person must have a constant supply of or health will not remain long with him; that is pure, fresh air. No one should remain an hour in any room where there is not an ample and unobstructed avenue to the air outside. There is still another element that is indispensable to health—water. Pure water is the best and most wholesome of all solvents. A copious draft of cold water is the best of laxatives; and when taken half an hour before or after meals, is a promoter of digestion. Its value as a detergent has been recognized from the earliest ages. The bath marked a high civilization; and although "cleanliness

is next to Godliness" is not a scriptural quotation, it was the sentiment of one of the greatest Christian reformers.

A single word gives expression to a golden rule. That word is—**MODERATION.** It is of more general application than a volume of rules of life with that word left out. It is applicable to food, dress, sleep, exercise, and to all the affairs of life. There is one other rule, not inconsistent with it—"When you don't know what to do, Do NOTHING." When you are ill do nothing until you ascertain the nature of the illness and can be treated by a competent physician. There is greater safety in rest—in doing nothing for a time—than in hap-hazard treatment. It is easier and safer to do nothing until you know what to do than to rectify mistakes.

Resources of Hygienic Diet.

When hygienists speak of having an elaborate bill of fare from which to choose what they may eat, the flesh-eaters laugh cynically, as if to leave their traditional beef, mutton, and pork were to be launched upon an ocean of uncertain speculation with regard to one's diet. On this point a correspondent of the *New York Tribune* has something to say that shows in a manner the large resources of the reform diet. He writes in a vein of discretion that should win general favor when he says:

"In food, as in medicine, new prescriptions are offered and old advice discarded constantly; and this is unavoidable while the science of human life is involved in obscurity, and empiricism is our only guide. Probably we err in jumping to conclusions too readily, and trying to make a test of individual experience, or that of nations, allowing to little for modifying circumstances. Rules for diet, therefore, may properly be dispensed with much diffidence, knowing how readily they may be controverted. The effort to teach the best physical condition and conform to the highest authority is creditable, and we do well to notice what seems to agree with us best, which gives us most buoyancy and strength, though it serves only as a rule for ourselves, not for others.

"But one can live well on vegetables, and set a beautiful and appetizing table. Vegetarianism implies abstinence from flesh and blood, leaving us milk, cream, eggs, with all the fruit and vegetable abundance that our seasons produce. I am spring until late in fall we can have substantial food from our own gardens, as potatoes in variety, early and late peas, beans of various kinds, corn of several sorts with all the dishes made of it, and all through these months we can have relishes in greens, spinach, dandelions, mustard, with lettuces and other salads, cucumbers, beets, tomatoes, etc., etc. Indeed I think that housewife a very unskilled server of tables who can not make her family forget the flesh-pots during this period.

In winter we still have vegetables if we raise them and put them in the cellar, while the dried beans, peas, and corn, the canned goods, with foreign-grown vegetables, and luscious fruits from tropical climes, abundant in our markets, all serve to increase our supply and make variety on our tables. All through the year we have the breakfast cereals—steam cooked white oats shredded maize, and prepared wheats—diminishing labor and improving the bill of fare. We are told of more than twenty ways of cooking eggs, and the combination dishes of vegetables and fruit with milk, cream, and eggs are almost numberless. There is plenty to eat, and good eating too, if one wishes to abstain from flesh and blood; to abjure the slaughter of animals and avoid the effect of their diseases.

"One of the essentials in the experiment is not only good, but delicate cooking. No matter what the food may be a want of attention or a want of knowledge, may spoil it. Many a woman, however, is blamed for poor cooking, when the fault is entirely in the supplies.

Whether vegetarians or not, we do well to have vegetables early and late, and of the best kinds, to give variety to our tables, and help us to avoid the excessive use of a concentrated and animalized diet, which, I fancy, will hardly be shown to be good for us. Dr. Andrew Combe thought 'all that can be sensibly said in regard to diet relates to quality and quantity—the quality should be plain, the quantity moderate.'"

Sleep.

Great workers must be great resters.

Men who are the fastest asleep when they are asleep are the wisest awake when they are awake.

Every man who has clerks in his employ ought to know what their sleeping habits are. The young man who is up till 2, 3, and 4 o'clock in the morning, and must put in his appearance at the bank or store at 9 or 10 o'clock and work all the day, cannot repeat this process many days without a certain stakiness coming into his system, which he will endeavor to steady by some delusive stimulus. It is in this way that many a young man begins his career for ruin. He need not necessarily have been in bad company. He has lost his sleep, and is losing strength and grace.—*Hull's Journal of Health.*

Suture of Nerves.

The report that has just appeared to the effect that M. Tillaux has communicated to the Academy of Sciences the successful suture of a nerve in two cases, and that in one case function has been restored in a nerve divided for a period of fifteen years, is, if confirmed, one of the most important facts we have had presented to us in our day. The physiologist, not less than the surgeon, will be led to important work by this event, and fresh fields of inquiry relative to nerve conduction may open new and unexpected advances in the theory as well as the practice of the medical art.

BITES AND STINGS.—Apply spirits of hartshorn with a soft rag, if that is not at hand, use soda, saleratus or wood ashes. The venom of bites and stings, being an acid, is neutralized by an alkali.

Fan in a Horse.

Rather a singular series of interruptions occurred on the train due here on a Saturday morning from the West. When leaving Syracuse, a car laden with horses on route from the west to Saratoga was connected with the train. The train had scarcely got under way when the bell cord was jerked, and the engineer warned to stop. The brakes were shut down, and inquiry made along the train as to what was the matter. The trainmen all denied pulling the cord, and after an examination as to the cause, without result, the train got under way. Scarcely 500 yards had been gone over, however, before the bell cord was again pulled and the train brought to a stop. Another inquiry and examination along the line failed to reveal the cause, and another start was made, when, for a third time, the mysterious signal was sounded. This time another thorough investigation was made, which was equally fruitless. Once more was the train started up, and again the warning signal was sent to the engine. This time, when a stop was made, it was determined to ascertain whether any other than human agency was responsible for the signal, and the train was carefully gone over. When the car containing the horses was reached, a jerking of the bell rope was noticeable, and on further examination it was found that one of the animals in the car, finding that the bell rope was within reach, had amused himself by seizing it with his teeth and jerking it to and fro. The mystery of the signals being thus satisfactorily explained, the bell rope was hitched out of the animal's reach, and the train continued on its way.

Current Events.

Canada

Dr. Osler, of Montreal, has been appointed professor of chemical medicine in Philadelphia.

In the West Winchester tragedy the nephew of the deceased and his son have been arrested.

The Papal mandement regarding the Laval-Victoria question was read in the Montreal churches Sunday last.

The earthquake that was felt in Michigan Friday last, extended as far east as Hamilton. The shock there was very slight.

Ottawa's cabmen decided not to make any extortionate charges during exhibition week. They charged 25 cents each per load of four persons.

The appropriation of the Hamilton Board of Works for this year is all expended, and nearly all the corporation men will be discharged.

Miss Beatty, M.D., of Kingston, who graduated from Queen's College, has gone to labor at Indore, in connection with Presbyterian Church Missions.

A farmer near Walkerton hold over 400 bushels of wheat from last year, for which he was offered \$1.10. He will now be glad to sell for 75 cents.

A man's body was found in the ruins of the Fraser house barn, Welland, with a pipe by his side. This explains the cause of the fire. Who it is cannot be ascertained.

A section of the press and others in Montreal are opposed to the military parading on Sunday through the streets to church, as the sight of the cavalcade brings out crowds to witness the spectacle.

The Hamilton city engineer has recommended that at least \$100,000 be expended on the main sewer immediately, and the sewer committee will recommend that a by-law to raise that amount be submitted to the people.

A private enquiry into the cause of the destructive fire in the Grand Trunk car repair shops at London East, on Saturday afternoon, has been held by Mr. McIlwain, but nothing was elicited to throw any light on the mystery.

It is rumoured in Kingston that the Canada Pacific and Grand Trunk railway companies are both negotiating for the purchase of the Kingston and Pembroke road, with the probabilities in favour of the Grand Trunk being successful.

As the freight train leaving Ranfrow for the north at 4 p.m. was recently passing Russell's siding the engine ran into the siding, the balance of the train keeping the main line. The fireman, Wellington Eddy, was instantly killed, and the engineer slightly injured. The engine and five cars were a complete wreck and the track was badly torn up.

United States.

A new fire-proof cotton bagging, called anti-phlogan has been invented at Augusta, Ga.

The wheat crop of Minnesota and Dakota is threatened with serious damage by the prevalence of continued wet weather.

One hundred and fifty-two abandoned waifs have been found in the streets of New York since the 1st of September, last year.

The Panama Canal Company has signed a contract with a New York company, providing that the last section of the canal shall be cut in 1887.

It is stated that the United States department of justice will begin the prosecution of civil suits against the Star Route ring contractors within a few weeks.

It is rumored that a \$15,000 thief has been discovered in the treasury department at Washington. All the treasury

officials, however, emphatically declare the story unfounded.

John Rogers, of Abingdon, Ills., has brought a suit for \$50,000 damages against Smith Lattimer, Henry Dunlop, and Dr. Miller for circulating reports that his cattle were suffering from pleuro-pneumonia.

Great excitement prevails at Spencer, Roan county, over the finding of the skeletons of two children. Two children mysteriously disappeared there four years ago, and it is supposed the remains are those of the missing ones.

The elopement mania has struck a young maiden of 12, who eloped with a valise containing \$75,000 belonging to her mother, and started for Boston where she intended to meet a young man whom she was to elope with. She was arrested and the valuables recovered.

Etta Turnbull, the only daughter of a wealthy Chicago pork packer, has eloped with Alex. Nervon, who was employed in Turnbull's slaughter house. The girl was handsome and a member of the Episcopal Church choir. Turnbull has employed detectives to ascertain the whereabouts of his daughter.

An accident occurred on the Philadelphia and Atlantic railroad, twenty miles below Camden, recently, by which eleven men were seriously but not fatally injured. A freight train on the Williams-town branch of the Camden and Atlantic railroad dashed into the rear car of a Camden and Atlantic accommodation train as the intersection of two roads and completely demolished it.

Great Britain

Another international exhibition is announced to be held next year in London. It is designed to illustrate everything connected with aeronautics, from the days of the Montgolfiers to the present time, and is to be under the auspices of all the balloon societies of England and France.

The municipal authorities of Limerick have resolved not to pay the extra police tax or send a deputation to the Lord Lieutenant, whom they denounce as a tyrant.

It is asserted that England will lend Egypt eight million pounds to pay the floating debt and the Alexandria indemnity, the balance to be used in the construction of irrigation works.

Ireland will soon have a new Lord Lieutenant, Earl Spencer's term being nearly up, with a possibility of his resigning within a few weeks. Lord Ripon's name is mentioned, but the delicate state of his health renders it highly improbable that he would accept the position.

Parliament will be asked at the coming session to make provision for the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, who is now generally called Prince Edward instead of Prince Albert Victor.

At a meeting of the Irish National League, at Castlowellan, county Down, recently Michael Davitt produced intense surprise by advocating political unity between Orangemen and Catholics. It is not believed that the Orangemen will ever consent to such a coalition.

Rev. Mr. Frackleton, Presbyterian clergyman of Tullamore, King's county, Ireland, has brought a libel suit against the Dublin Freeman's Journal for £50,000 damages for printing a statement that he eloped with a Mrs. Brown to Paris. Mrs. Brown has also brought suit against the same paper claiming £25,000 damages.

The Duke of Cambridge, commander-in-chief of the British army, will pay a visit to Ireland, leaving London on the 1st October. While in Ireland the Duke will inspect the troops at the Curragh, at Cork, and Belfast. Unusual precautions will be taken to protect Earl Spencer, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Great excitement was occasioned in London by the report that General Wolsley had ordered that no more troops should be forwarded to him on

account of Gen. Gordon's victories. It turned out, however, that such was not the desire of Lord Wolsley, and the working of forwarding men and materials went on as actively as ever.

Foreign.

Russian papers agree that the meeting of the Emperors will have no result inimical to England.

The German Government has prohibited the holding of three socialist election meetings. The socialists threaten to obstruct the meetings of the other parties.

Count Pfiel, with several gentlemen belonging to the German Colonization Union, will sail shortly for Zanzibar, to acquire land for colonization purposes instead of on the west coast of Africa as at first proposed.

The Liberal newspaper praise the action of the Pope in founding an hospital near the Vatican and dwell especially upon his intention of personally visiting the hospital in event of a cholera outbreak in Rome.

It is affirmed from Cairo that the French consul there has been instructed by the Government to make a formal demand upon the Egyptian Prime Minister for a withdrawal of his letter issued on the 17th inst., suspending the sinking fund.

A messenger states that the rebels have sustained disastrous defeats. In the last battle, when it became apparent that the rebels were giving way, Gen. Gordon sallied out, and so vigorous was his attack, they were compelled to raise the siege and retreat to the interior. Gen. Gordon's loss was very small, owing to the precision of his artillery and infantry fire.

Prussian detectives are after a wholesale murderer who is supposed to have fled to America. He was a keeper of a public house, and recently sold out, stipulating that his successor should not take possession for a certain time. The new proprietor on taking possession found six corpses in various stages of decomposition, which have been identified as those of travelling merchants who had been temporary lodgers at the tavern, and who had evidently been murdered for their money.

Personal.

Harry and James Garfield are Seniors at Williams College.

Mr. Bonner has paid two hundred and twenty-seven thousand dollars for eight trotters.

M. de Lesseps proposes to visit Panama early in 1885 to inaugurate a section of the canal.

Swinburne is reading the proofs of a new batch of songs called "A Midsummer holiday."

Herbert Bismarck has arrived at London and started for Aberdeen, to visit the Prince of Wales.

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught will visit the United States next year, returning from India via California.

Mr. Ruskin sketches in a tent now instead of in the open air as formerly, rheumatism being no respecter of persons.

Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, while returning from a naval review recently, narrowly escaped drowning. His boat capsized.

Mr. St. John having said that the Prohibition party is destined to become a power in the land, it is suggested that it will be a water-power.

A foot-note on a page of the Massachusetts Register, reading thus, "—29. son, 6," records the birth of Dr. O. W. Holmes, by his father, according to the doctor's own statement.

Lord Tennyson is furious over the determination of a New York publishing house to include in a new edition of his works all his earlier poems, which he suppressed, particularly one satirizing Bulwer Lytton.

R. W. K. Gleig, of England, who was

present at the battle of New Orleans in 1815, and saw General Packenham killed, is a non-vegetarian, and is the oldest author who still writes. He was a great favorite with the Iron Duke.

The owner of St. Michael's Mount, at Land's End, England, Sir John St. Aubyn, has built a great mansion there, and keeps his horses on the mainland, which is reached at low tide by a causeway; at high tide the mount is surrounded by quite a sea.

According to Mr. G. R. Sims, the author of *Lights o' London*, strawberries should only be eaten in the forenoon, and to eat cream upon them is a crime; they are best mashed with powdered sugar and claret.

Emperor William slipped and fell upon a carpet at Castle Baurath on Saturday last, obliging him to abstain from attendance at the banquet. He recovered, however, and was able on Monday to witness the military manoeuvres on horseback.

The Tichborne claimant does not wish to be photographed before leaving the prison at Portsmouth, lest it becomes public; and the directors have granted his request that his prison photographs shall not be taken till he arrives at Pentonville.

The Democratic nominee for Governor of Massachusetts, John Endicott, is a direct descendant in the eighth generation from John Endicott the first Governor of that State. He was born in Salem, and is a Harvard graduate.

Religious

The annual increase of adult converts to the four Free Church missions in Livingstonia, Africa, is 400, or more than an average congregation in this country.

Pastor Cadet, the Baptist minister at Chaury, has transformed a dancing saloon at Noyon, Calvin's birthplace, into a place of worship, and is holding services there.

The Salvation Army has 740 corps at home and 191 abroad; 444 corps of children. In Great Britain and Ireland it has 846 buildings, with seating capacity for 560,000, and buildings abroad with capacity for 190,000 sittings. Thirteen languages are used in their meetings.

W. H. Haney, of Washington county, New York, has been elected Moderator of the United Presbyterian Synod of New York. The statement of the Board of Foreign Missions showed that larger accessions were made to the native churches than during any previous year. The statement of the Board of Education showed total assets of \$20,000. The appropriations by the Board of Home Missions for the year aggregated \$52,000.

Conversions from Protestantism to Romanism still continue to increase in Prussia. According to the official ecclesiastical statistics for the past year, just published, 904 left the ranks of the Protestant Church, against 891 who left the year preceding, the large majority in each case connecting themselves with the Catholic Church. One hundred and thirty-six conversions from Judaism are reported, and sixteen left the Evangelical Church to connect themselves with the synagogues.

MEN'S AND BOYS

UNDERCLOTHING !

ALL SIZES.

A full assortment of Merino full-finish-
ed Lambs Wool, Cashmores, and Ribbed
Wool Shirts and Drawers, at

LOW PRICES.

Geo. Rogers,

346 YONGE ST., COR. ELM.

THE MASTER OF NUTSGROVE.

CHAPTER XXX.

Mr. Armstrong telegraphs to Mrs. Turner, who is still in occupation at Nutsgrove, and the old place is dusted, swept, aired, and garnished.

One soft April day Addie comes home again, and walks heavily through the familiar rooms, leaning on her husband's arm. Almost from the first day he notices a change for the better in her appearance and manner; her step gains firmness, her appearance improves; and one night about a week after their return, when she stands by the drawing room window, her face flurried in a bunch of lilac-blossoms, there comes a radiance to her eyes, an eager softness to her voice that thrills him with wild hope.

"I'm glad we came home; aren't you, Tom?" she whispers, nestling close to him. "Let us never go away again. I'm tired of wandering, and I shall get well here, I know, without going to Madeira or Algiers. I feel to-night that I should like to live. Things are coming back to me again that I once loved—you amongst them, Tom. I am growing fond of you again—oh, yes, life is coming to me with the summer, and even good looks also! Look!" she cries gaily, pulling him to a glass and putting her face close to his swarthy one. "Am I not almost pretty to-night? You'd know me if you met me in the streets now, wouldn't you, Tom? Why, I saw only a little red in my cheeks, a few freckles on the bridge of my nose, and some curliness in my fringe to be myself again—quite my old self again!"

"You can do without the fringe, young lady," says Armstrong, who has the old-fashioned male distaste for the modern style of hairdressing, pushing back two or three lank locks from her forehead.

"No, no; I must have a fringe, a regular Sky-terrier one too; my face looks so hard and bald without it. It's all that horrible cod liver oil that's coming out in my hair and making it so thin and straight! I won't take any more of it, Tom; its of no use trying to force me," she adds with a low soft laugh that comes to him like a strain of sweetest music. "I'm going to get well without it—you'll see."

Later on that evening she startles him by alluding for the first time to her sisters and brothers, quite casually too, as if the thought of them had just struck her incidentally. She has been looking over an old photographic album, and stopping before one of her sisters—Pauline—she says lightly—

"The others, Tom? They are doing well aren't they—dear old Jo and Polly and Bob and Hal and Lotchen?"

"Yes, yes, love," he answers eagerly. "They are all doing well, every one of them."

"I should like to see them again she says after a pause—"to see them altogether sitting here around me as in the old days. Will you ask them to come, Tom?"

"Yes, if you thing you feel quite—quite rested enough, dear, after your journey," he answers reluctantly.

So they all come in haste and trembling, Lady Sanderson giving up two important appointments with Worth, travelling up from London with her elder brother, who seems paralyzed by the news he has heard to unexpectedly.

Armstrong interviews them first, and in a few stern impressive words gives them the outline of their sister's story, and warns them again exciting her with ill-timed emotion in her critical state.

So with smiling faces and cheerful words they welcome her back as if she had been away on a pleasant trip. There are no passionate tears, no hysterical kisses, no entreaties for forgiveness, no remorseful appeals. The meeting which Armstrong has been dreading opens and closes in sunshine, and Addie, propped up with cushions, greets them with glistening resentful glance and gentle loving words.

"How well they look! Don't they, Tom?" she cries, turning a beaming face to her husband, against whose shoulder she is resting. "And, take them all in all, what a good-looking family they are to be sure! Why, Lottie, what an immense girl you have grown! And you've got all the doubtful bloom of my teens, roses, flesh, and freckles—all. I don't suppose it would become me to call you pretty, would it? Polly, what a swell you are—just like a picture from *Le Follet*! But your face hasn't changed much. Bob, I won't believe that moustache is genuine until I pull it. Come over here, sir, and face the light at once! What! You are afraid? I thought so," she adds, with a gay laugh, as the boy turns away swiftly to hide the burning tears he cannot keep from his eyes.

They sit together all the afternoon, chatting merrily, recalling old family jokes making plans for the future; and, when tea is brought in, Addie insists on pouring it out, her husband's large hand covering hers and guiding the spout of the tea-pot. She makes them all drink her health, declares that she has never felt so well and happy in her life, and sends a loving message to poor aunt Jo, who is laid up with rheumatic fever, which Lottie promises to deliver without fail. Then she makes engagements to spend a week with Bob at Aldershot during the manoeuvres, to visit Hal at Naval College, to stop a month at the Park with Pauline, and to take Lottie for a trip abroad during the holidays.

Towards evening she seems a little tired; so, at a signal from Armstrong, the family withdraw by degrees, and she sinks into a light doze, from which she awakes with an uneasy start.

"Tom, Tom, where are you?"

"Here, here, where I always am—by your side, sweetheart."

"They have all gone?"

"Yes, for the present."

She raises herself up, puts her arms around his neck, and whispers—"And now only—you to the end!" Seeing the spasm of pain that crosses his dark face, she turns the sob in to a laugh, and, taking a pink anemone from a glass on the table, begins to fray it childishly.

"Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, gentleman, ploughboy, apothecary—'Apothecary! Oh, you stupid, empty-headed flower—much you know about it! I wish I had a daisy—a big milky-potalled daisy; they always tell the truth—always."

"What did they tell you, love?"

"That I was to marry a gentleman, Tom—a gentleman. I consulted them every day nearly for three weeks before I married you, and they always gave me the same answer. If—if I were going to die—which I have not the slightest intention of doing—I should ask you, Tom, to plant only daisies on my grave."

"I think it would be more to the point," he answers lightly, "if I made the request of you, considering that I am almost twenty years your senior, and that I, not you, my dear, was the object of the pointed and persistent compliment."

"Very well then," she says laughing; "I'll plant your grave all with big daisies, Tom Armstrong, gentleman, and I'll come and water them every evening—when you're dead."

"Ah, if you did, my own, my sweet, were it ever so airy a tread, My dust would hear you and beat Had I lain for a century dead— Would start and tremble under your feet, and blossom in purple and red!"

"My dust would hear you and beat had I lain for a century dead," she repeats softly. "There is fibre as well as music in that idea; I like it. 'Had I lain for a century dead'—the old tune of the immortality of love, Tom, sung by poets and psalters since the world began. And so you think your dusty old heart would feel me, and your drumless ear would hear me

a century hence?" Then, after a pause, looking up into his face with a twitching mouth that brings a dead dimple to life—"But suppose, Tom—suppose my second husband carried the watering-pot—would your dust blossom into purple and red then?"

"You little Goth! You soulless barbarian!" he exclaims, in mock indignation. "Catch me over dropping out of prose for your edification again!"

"There—don't be cross; I'll always leave him at home when I come to call on your poor ghost. Now are you satisfied?"

The stars came out, faintly studding the purple vault of heaven; a tiny breeze swept the budding world, bringing to the sick girl the perfume of a thousand flowers telling her of the sweets and the joys, the bloom of the coming summer, which she may never know.

"Were it ever so airy a tread, My dust would hear you and beat Had I lain for a century dead,"

she repeats softly; then, suddenly starting to her feet with a peevish wailing cry—"Why do you talk to me of death—death only death? Oh, I don't want to die, I don't want to die I tell you! I cannot die now—it would be double death! I am so young, I have suffered so"—sinking upon her knees and clasping her hands piteously—"not yet, dear Heaven, ah, not yet! Give me this summer—this one summer; it is all I ask! Tom, why don't you speak—why don't you look at me? Ah, you have no hope—no hope! I saw it in their faces to-day; I see it in yours every time you look at me. You know I'm doomed—you know I'm doomed!"

"I know nothing, nothing," he answers in a smothered voice, clasping her to his breast and kissing the tears from her gray seared face, "but that they say that the Almighty's power is great and His mercy infinite."

"And I have one lung left, you know; I have one lung left!" she pleads feverishly. "The doctors at the hospital told me that; and people have been known to live for years with great care and love. And I have both—I have both! I ought to last the summer; it is so near now; the roses are budding outside the window, the apple-trees are white with blossom—it is so near! Oh, Tom, my love, my life, keep me with you this one summer, this one summer, please!"

* * * * *

She lives to see the summer, to see the tall daisies and the sloopy cowslips bow their scorched heads to the dust, and the roses drop leaf by leaf from their thorny stems—lives to welcome the golden sheaves of autumn, and, when the first bad shivers in the grove, she is carried, not to that quiet garden behind the church to lie beside her mother, but to the balmy shores of Algiers, where summer meets her again and lingers with her so kindly and so helpful that three years go by before Tom Armstrong sets eyes on the tall chimneys of his native town again.

* * * * *

One bright July day two ladies are seated at the window of the old drawing-room at Nutsgrove. One, old and massively spectacled, is busy knitting a diminutive Jersey, the other, with a pretty air of chronic invalidism that Mrs. Wittiterly might have copied with effect, is lying in an easy-chair, her white hands idle on her lap, watching a baby, unworldly and almost shapeless with the quantity of flesh his tender age has to carry, playing with a kitten at her feet, pulling its tail, turning back its ears, clasping it ecstatically to a fat heaving chest, until at last, with one frantic wriggle and a smart little tap on the chubby arm torturing it, the unfortunate brute gets free, and, with a spring, clears the open window.

* * * * *

"Well done, puss, well done!" says Addie, laughing. "For the last ten minutes I've been trying to summon up energy to come to your rescue, but couldn't. Well done!"

For a moment the baby looks in utter idleness from the thin red streak on his arm

to his mother's callous face: then, having taken in the full measure of his grievance, he stiffens out his limbs, clinches his fists, closes his eyes, opens his mouth until the corners almost reach his ears, and gives vent to the most soul-piercing, stupendous roar that has ever echoed through the walls of Nutsgrove within the memory of a Lefroy.

The mighty volume electrifies the household, and brings servants and friends from all quarters—brings Armstrong from his study, his face pale with apprehension.

"What is it? He is killed—my boy?"

"No," pants Addie, "not quite. There is, I think, a little life left in him still."

"But he has frightened, he has excited you my love; you look quite flushed. You must drink this glass of wine at once, Addie."

"'Ho is gone?' asks Miss Darcy, cautiously withdrawing her fingers from her tortured ears, and, turning to her host and hostess, exclaims contemptuously—"And that—that is the child you would have me believe is the offspring of a woman with one lung! Adelaide my niece, excuse plain-speaking; but it's my impression you're nothing more or less than a humbug—an arrant humbug!"

(THE END.)

A Novel Cure for Shying Horses.

"Does your horse shy, boss?" asked a small colored boy of an American reporter who was driving along the Lebanon pike in a buggy. Being anxious to know what the boy meant, the reporter pulled in his horse and told him that the animal he drove had the bad habit he referred to. "Din I kin git you sumfin what'll cure him for a nickol," said the boy. The reporter handed over the nickol, and the boy produced from the confines of his capacious pocket a small chameleon, evidently much the worse for wear, but still alive. Handing it to the reporter, the boy told him to take the lizard and keep it until the full of the next moon, when it was to be boiled to nothing in a pint of water. "What then?" said the reporter. "Why you just take an' 'uint (anoint) de eyes of yo' hawsse wid it and he won't shy no mo." The reporter thought that the boy had fallen upon a shrewd way to beat him out of 5 cents, but he learned upon inquiry that it is quite a well-grounded belief among many of the negroes who live upon farms in this State that the treatment recommended by the colored boy will cure horses and mules of the trick of shying, and is often resorted to by negroes living in this section.—*Nashville American.*

The Wife

Ruskin, whose voice is that of a prophet, recalling men and women to those domestic ways in which pleasantness and peace are found, thus writes of the beautiful word "wife."

It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the French and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it instead of *femme*.

But what do you think it comes from? The great value of the Saxon words is that they mean something. *Wifomeans* "weaver."

You must either be housewives or housemoths; remember that. In the deep sense you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay.

Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her.

The stars may be overhead, the glow-worm in the night's cool grazes may be the fire at her feet; but home is where she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than houses coiled with cedar or painted with vermilion—shedding its quiet for those who else are homeless.

This, I believe, is the woman's true place and power.

A NOTED DESPERADO.

Some of the Exploits of a Cattle Thief in Southern Colorado.

A number of years ago a man whose real name was Arnold, but who, for reasons best known to himself, assumed that of Howard, came to Colorado from a town in Iowa with his wife. For some time he was engaged in freighting, varying this employment by occasional theft of cattle when any came in his way, and which he sold to other freighters on the road. Tiring of this, he took up a ranch about half way between Summitville and Del Norte, and near the head of Pinos creek, establishing a sort of wayside inn, which was really a rendezvous for all the cattle and horse thieves for many miles around. His ranch was most conveniently located for the purpose, as a large number of trails leading to the mountain, centered there. Of the gang of thieves he was the generally recognized captain. The operations of Howard and his gang were so extensive and apparently so well known that there has not been a term of the district court of Rio Grande country for a number of years but that charges of cattle-stealing or worse were not preferred against him, but as he was always possessed of considerable money and employed the best counsel to be had he invariably escaped punishment. Something less than two years ago an attempt was made to arrest him, but he escaped. A reward was offered for his arrest and he was captured in Pueblo by the Sheriff of that county and taken back. Upon the arrival of the party at La Veta an attempt was made to lynch Howard and a man named Young who was with him, but failed, and the prisoners safely landed in the jail at Del Norte, Howard's wife meanwhile guarding him with a shotgun. The same night a party of seventy-five men, armed and mounted, made an attack on the jail, beating down the door with an improvised battering ram. No sooner, however, was the door freed from its hinges than the two men rushed into the midst of the crowd, crawling between their legs and causing in the darkness an almost inextricable confusion among the assailants. A number of shots were fired which resulted in the killing of Young and the wounding of two of the attacking party by their own members, Howard meanwhile escaping in the confusion. For a long while nothing was heard of the desperado, and it was currently believed and hoped that some of the cowmen had quietly killed him. It seems, however, that instead of being dead he had fled to Montrose and there opened a similar establishment to his former one on Pinos Creek, as the gang was suspected of stealing a large number of cattle in the neighborhood. In fact, upon a search being made last winter, a large number of hides bearing the brands of different owners were found in the river under the ice. Howard, however, by some means evaded detection and continued his nefarious operations. And now comes an exhibition of the unspeakable cheek and gall of the man. Partly in the spirit of the most desperate bravado, and partly, it is supposed, to get even with some of those who had formerly testified against him, he made his appearance in his old haunts about two weeks ago and ran off some thirteen horses and mules from a neighborhood which, owing to the memory of his former exploits, would have been supposed to be too hot for him, and corralled them in a small park near his former home. Certain parties learning of his presence, quietly slipped into town and gave information of Howard's whereabouts. Sheriff Jordan put a man on the trail, who soon discovered him and told the Sheriff, who with a posse hunted him in the fastnesses of the mountain. The party came upon him and the Sheriff ordered him to "hold up his hands." The order not being complied with was repeated, when Howard said, "I am doing it," at the same time bringing his gun quickly up and discharging it, slightly wounding the officer, who instantly returned the fire from a double-barreled gun, inflicting ser-

ious wounds in the head and face of the desperado, who, notwithstanding his wounds, escaped into the thicket. He was tracked, however, by his blood to Edward's ranch, where he was found in bed. Being still game however, he refused to surrender, and, as he possessed several guns and pistols, it became evident that he might kill several of his pursuers before he was captured. Under these circumstances a flag of truce was sent to the cabin, a parley ensued, during which he was solemnly assured of protection from the lynching which he so richly deserved. He at last submitted, and was safely conveyed to jail under a strong guard. His trial will occur as soon as he recovers from his wounds, and it is believed that he will not escape punishment this time, but will enjoy a long term in Canon. During all of Howard's vicissitudes he was accompanied by his wife, who has shown a love and devotion for him worthy of a better object. She is described as being a woman far from bad looking, of intelligence rather above the average, and of a decided literary turn of mind, being correspondent of several eastern papers. She has on many occasions shown a pluck equal to that of her husband, and has several times, when he was captured, fought off crowds of excited citizens with a gun, and saved him from being lynched.—*Dexter News.*

The Henpecked Turk.

To tell the truth, a Turk is as badly henpecked as could be well imagined. The good old days when he could quietly strangle a refractory wife, and drop her into the Bosphorus to be buried at the State's expense, passed away a quarter of a century ago under the European spasm of virtue that established the "joint control." Since then he has been too dejected to assert its power, and as a result the women do very much as they please. They stay in or go out, ramble about the thoroughfares alone, ride in the horse-cars or the caiques, gossip, study, read and frequent the baths much as if they had no lords and masters at all. But in point of fact there always has been a paradox in the rules of conduct laid down for Turkish women. The forced covering of their faces in the streets and the strictness in the lines of social intercourse throw a mystery around their treatment that has had much to do with making it seem sincere. But on the other hand there is probably no nation in the world where the woman is so jealously guarded in her rights of life and property and so literally protected against her husband as in Turkey. It is considered quite the thing for a jealous Turk to go down to the old pier at Seraglio point and ruminate on his condition after the Marius-Carthage fashion. He doesn't expect to better his state thereby any more than to restore the half-submerged masonry to its original condition, but it is quieter there than it is at home, and he gets a melancholy satisfaction in the recollection of the number of faithless spouses who have met their punishment from its edge.—*Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.*

A Fish Story.

"They've a man-eating shark down town," said Mr. Jones to his wife the other evening; "quite a curiosity."
"I don't see what makes it a curiosity," answered Mrs. Jones, shortly.
"Did you ever see one?" asked Jones.
"No; but I've seen a man eating pumpkin pie, and a whole crowd looking at him."
Mr. Jones laid down his paper and explained that a man-eating shark was a large fish on exhibition at one of the markets.
"So you said," answered Mrs. Jones, "and if the man prefers shark to other fish, I don't see as it's anybody's business but his own."
Then Jones tore out a handful of his hair, but remained silent.

To gain wealth does not make us happy; to lose it makes us miserable.

Torpedo Warfare.

Side by side with the construction of huge ironclads has proceeded the development of a specific branch for these prodigious war-ships—the torpedo. This implement of destruction has been greatly perfected through the well-known inventions of Whitehead, Svartzopf, Lay, and others, and through devices now under examination in this country by a board appointed for the purpose. In some of these, gun-cotton or dynamite is invoked to increase the destructiveness of the projectile. Ericsson's *Destroyer*, with its submarine bow gun for shooting torpedoes several hundred feet through the water, has a chariot all its own. In torpedoes of the Whitehead and Haight-Lay class, which are not fired from guns, but provide their own motive power, compressed air, or carbonic acid gas, or electricity, as the case may be, furnishes the propulsion or controls the point of explosion. In the modern torpedo-boat, to use the words of Lieutenant-Commander Barber to the Senate Naval Committee, we find "the most wonderful combination of speed, lightness, and handiness that is now afloat, and of these boats Europe possesses hundreds." A cut on page 579, representing a fleet of Yarrow sea-going torpedo vessels passing each other at a speed of twenty knots to attack line-of-battle ships, gives an idea of the possibilities of this form of warfare.

Germany has arranged to add no fewer than one hundred and fifty torpedo vessels to her coast defenses. Russia began several years ago the construction of one hundred torpedo boats, after her experience of torpedo warfare in the Black Sea during her last conflict with Turkey. England this year adds four new torpedo boats to her fleet, and has great quantities of torpedoes ready for use. France and Italy are among the foremost in this rivalry, and the great armored ships of the latter power carry torpedo launches in the holds.

Not long ago, on the coast of Algiers, Admiral Jaures made practical tests of *Torpilleurs*, which he declared to be decisive of their efficiency. Two torpedo boats easily attained the great speed of eighteen knots an hour; and as these boats are constructed for use as rams, it is evident that a squadron attempting to escape at the speed of an ordinary ironclad might be overtaking and struck at a high velocity by the pursuers. If, on the other hand, the armored ships move at full speed against the torpedo boats, the time during which the latter are under the fire of the artillery is so reduced as to greatly avoid the chances of their being hit and sunk. The trials at Algiers were made in a calm sea, with bright moonlight, at a fixed hour of the night, when the officers and men of the squadron were on the lookout. The *torpilleur*, nevertheless, was not descried until within a distance of three-fifths of a mile; and as the boat and squadron were approaching each other, about one minute after the former was seen she was within sixteen feet of the admiral's vessel. No fact could more strikingly show how like a thunder-bolt the perfect torpedo vessel of the future will hurl itself upon its gigantic adversary, trusting to its speed, and to the minuteness of the target it furnishes, for protection against his cannon.

Experiments made at Toulon this summer in a high wind and rough sea showed that the boats invariably hit the target with their torpedoes, in spite of the disturbance produced by the rush of speed. Above all, since the torpedo system is based on the attack of a blockading squadron not by a single boat, but by a swarm of boats, the chances of destroying several costly iron-clads with these comparatively cheap assailants are multiplied.

What special counter-agencies have been provided to meet this danger? First, it is believed that the electric light will prevent these enemies from stealing swiftly up without discovery. Unques-

tionably this light will be an aid; but the boats would come in from all directions, and the light would help the assailants as well as the assailed, especially as a flotilla might include gun-boats firing heavy projectiles at a well-illuminated target. In the second place, a modern armored squadron has its own torpedo launches and its despatch-boats for scouting. Still, these smaller craft would run some risk of being mistaken for the enemy, and of attacking each other. The main source of defence, however, is the suspension of a steel netting several yards distant from the side of the vessel. While the use of these hanging screens is undeniable, it is obvious that they must greatly reduce the speed of the vessel and interfere with its handling. Even for protecting vessels at anchor they are cumbersome to carry.

One English writer is so impressed by the ruin which a fleet of torpedo vessels could produce that he proposes changes in construction for iron-clads, sacrificing speed to fighting power, and then having a faster squadron to accompany these slower ones. His vessel would be "a short and broad and strong-bowed ship, with a tumble-home side, and of deep draught; a cellular ship both above and below a submerged armor-plated deck, placed five feet below the water line, the bow and stern only being cased in armor; a recessed side of hull, shelving downward from the water line," this recess to be protected by a stout fixed net-work extending fifteen feet downward to arrest the blow of the torpedo, but not carried around the bow, since "increased cellular protection with cork fillings" can be afforded to that part of the ship. The novel feature of design in this device, which we have described in the phraseology of its proposer, is the projecting side at the water line, to admit of a recess below, thus affording a water cushion to minimize the effect of a torpedo explosion.

It is suggestive to find the enormous iron-clads seeking protection against their swarming little enemies—the *Cobaths* alive to the dangers in the slings of the Davids.

A French Baby Farm.

A Parisian paper gives an account of a high-class baby farm known as *Les Oubliettes*, near Charenton. The writer says: "The good woman who takes care of them said, 'That is the son of a great lady. When she pays a visit here her carriage stops at the Jardin des Plantes, thence she takes a cab here. I have three children belonging to wives separated from their husbands, another is the son of the Marquis de—by a friend of his wife's. That little fellow who seems so sad, and is now engaged in making a sand pie by the steps, has never received a visit. His name is Ivan, and his mother is Russian. He looks mistfully at the others when their friends come, as it were, to gather up the crumbs of the carcasses lavished on them. One day a lady embraced him and brought tears of joy to his eye. When she went away Ivan said to his companion 'Won't you give me a little bit of your mama?'"

Reasonable Remarks.

Fall does not come until the thermometer falls.

It requires no skill to play the kazoo. All that is needed is wind and a general desire to be disagreeable.

The campaign he must be nailed as soon as possible, else orators will be demanding offices for telling it.

One second used to be the quickest time on record; but watches to split seconds have since been invented.

Mr. Isaac Came, a rich shoemaker of Liverpool, who left his property to public charities, opened his first shop opposite the building where he had been a servant and put up a sign which read: "I. Came, —from over the way."

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, weekly, 24 pages. Issued every Saturday. 5 cents per single copy, \$2.00 per year. Advertising rates:—1/2 cent per line, single insertion; one month, 20 cents per line; three months, 50 cents per line; six months, \$1.00 cents per line; twelve months, \$2.00 per line.

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WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

NICOLET FALLS, Sep. 13th, 1884. S. FRANK WILSON.

TRUTH Office, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. Toronto, Canada.

DEAR SIR,—I received the black dress pattern (which was awarded me in completing No. 1) on the 9th, for which please accept my thanks.

Yours &c., O. G. BAKER,

Nicolet Falls, Que.

BURLINGTON, Sep. 17th, 1884. MR. S. FRANK WILSON,

TRUTH Office, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—I acknowledge with much pleasure the receipt to-day of a beautiful volume of Hood's Poems as my prize for giving a correct answer to Enigma No. 20 in TRUTH of 16th of August. The solving of the Enigma affords me not only a pleasing, but a profitable exercise, even in cases where I have failed to give such an answer as would have met your approval. Continue to put forth your puzzles, I shall endeavour to the best of my ability to give correct answers.

Yours very respectfully,

JOHN A. DAVIDSON,

Burlington P. O.

TORONTO, August 22nd, 1884. S. F. WILSON, Esq.

DEAR SIR,—Please excuse me for having delayed so long in acknowledging the handsome solid silver watch which I won in the consolation in TRUTH No. 10, Bible competition. It is a good heavy sound watch in coin silver, a good time keeper, and it is quite up to your promises. I remain,

Yours,

JAMES L. THOMPSON.

Carlton Ave.

OSHAWA, Ont., Sep. 15th, 1884. To S. F. WILSON, Esq.

TRUTH Office, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—On Wednesday last I had the pleasure of receiving by mail from you the copy of Byron's Works, awarded

me as a prize in Scriptural Enigma No. 20 for which you will please accept my thanks, and at the same time allow me to say that I find it an interesting and instructive exercise studying the Enigmas. I also take this opportunity of thanking you for the copy of Tennyson's Poems which you sent me as a prize in Enigma No. 22, for which I acknowledged the receipt before, but in TRUTH of Sep. 13th you inserted my letter as from W. A. Thompson instead of William Allan, Wingfield, Oshawa, and I beg to remain,

Yours truly,

WILLIAM ALLAN.

Wingfield, Oshawa, Ont.

P. S.—They really are two good books.

PARRA SOUND, Sep. 11th, 1884. MR. S. F. WILSON.

DEAR SIR,—My prize (a butter knife) in competition No. 10, has been received, and I am much pleased with it. Wishing TRUTH all success, I remain,

Yours truly,

J. FRANK MOSLEY.

August 12th, 1884.

S. F. WILSON, Esq.,

DEAR SIR,—I hereby acknowledge the receipt of your valuable journal. I have perused it all over, and can safely assert that it highly merits the title it bears, and I value it the more because there is nothing contained therein prejudicial to any sectional denomination professing Christianity, but comprises a fine selection of poetry, with musical selections each week, together with all the information given on a variety of subjects. I would highly recommend your journal to all.

Yours truly

BERNARD KELLY.

LOCKTON, P. O. ALMON.

One of Our Industries.

The firm of Davis & Henderson, wholesale and manufacturing Stationers & Bookbinders, of 46 Adelaide St., West, Toronto, have gained for themselves an enviable reputation. Of their exhibit at the Industrial Exhibition the Telegraph says:—"Among all the exhibits at the Exhibition there is nothing more worthy of special attention than the show of account books and library binding displayed by Davis & Henderson. A more striking collection of specimens of this class of work has never before been seen in Canada. We notice that all the books in their exhibit have been made to order, and include massive ledgers, cash books, journals, etc., for nearly all the banks, insurance companies, and several of the largest wholesale houses in the city. Their bindings of 'Picturesque Canada' are very beautiful, and the design for the sides of the books, which they had especially cut in England, is the most appropriate of any we have seen. No one visiting the Exhibition should fail to see this exhibit."

During the seven years this firm has been in business they have had on three occasions to enlarge their premises to meet their rapidly increasing trade, and to-day they have one of the largest and best equipped establishments in the Dominion. They have made special preparations for the binding of "Picturesque Canada," of which they have a large number of vols. already in hand, and it would be wise for those requiring this work bound, to see their samples and enquire their prices before going elsewhere.

They are also the binders of TRUTH. In their Stationery department they carry very heavy lines of Envelopes, Note Papers, Bristol Boards, Binding Papers, Shipping Tags, Linen Papers and flat papers of all sizes and weights.

Printers will find it to their advantage to buy their paper, boards and general supplies from Davis & Henderson.

Travellers change their guineas, not their characters.

Our Bible Competitions.

Partial List of First Reward Winners in TRUTH BIBLE COMPETITION NO. 11. CLOS: D SEPTEMBER 15.

Following is a partial list of the successful winners of the first set of prizes in the above competition. The balance of the list will appear in our next. The two sets of questions, one or other of which were correctly answered by those whose names appear below, were as follows:

FIRST SET.

- 1. Where is the first reference in the Bible to the day being divided into hours? Ans.—Daniel iii. 6.
2. What is the superficial area in cubits of the largest bedstead mentioned in Scripture? Ans.—Deut. iii. 11.—9 cubits by 4-81 sq. feet.
3. What evidence have we that in Bible times women were often engaged in the manufacture of bread or sweetmeats? Ans.—1 Sam. viii. 13.

SECOND SET.

- 1. Where is Gold first made mention of in the Bible? Ans.—Gen. ii. 11.
2. Where does it first state in the Bible that there was only one language and one speech on the whole earth? Ans.—Gen. xi. 1.
3. Where is Inn first referred to in the Bible? Gen. xlii. 27.

We may just here state that the reason of the questions having been changed was owing to the fact that we had 30 many complaints as to their ambiguity from our competitors. The fact of the questions having been changed and new ones substituted has not, however, in any way affected the results of the competition. The orders in which the correct answers to the questions were received at this office is given below, and the prizes awarded accordingly.

We may state further that we have been very much disappointed with this competition, the response being in no wise commensurate with the outlay incurred, and the liberal rewards offered. Our readers will easily understand that the prizes cost us money,—and a good deal of it too, and that we are at heavy expense otherwise in connection with these competitions, and that unless our liberality is met by an equal liberality on their part, we incur very heavy loss, which we can ill afford. Our object is, as we have already frankly stated, to benefit ourselves, while at the same time benefiting our readers; but we cannot afford to do the latter at a dead loss to ourselves. We hope that the result of the new competition—elsewhere announced and alluded to,—will be more encouraging, or we shall have to drop them altogether.

This list of First Rewards will be completed in our next issue. After this will follow the Middle and Consolation lists until completed.

FIRST REWARDS.

- 1 and 2.—Two Square Rosewood Pianos, 1st.—G. A. Samuels, Niagara Falls. 2nd.—S. M. Lettice, Alymer. 3rd.—One "Bell" Cabinet Organ, Allie Ferguson, Cookstown. 4th.—One quadruple-plated Silver Tea Set, O. T. Springer, Burlington. 5th.—One gentleman's Elgin Stem winding and stem-setting Gold Hunting Case Watch, Mrs. E. Raymond, 173 Kent street, London. 6th.—One Lady's Gold Hunting Case Elgin Watch, A. R. Waters, Main street, Buffalo, N. Y. 7 to 10.—Ten Williams Singer Sewing Machines, 7. Gertrude Deudney, Burlington; 8. Mrs. D. McAlpin, Woodstock; 9. T. W. Gingrich, Paris Station; 10. A. R. Howell, York; 11. G. S. Smith, Hamilton; 12. Mrs. D. A. Kirk, Norwich; 13. Miss F. M. Pearson,

- Newmarket; 14. Susan Masterton, 114 Nazareth St., Montreal; 15. Mrs. W. Reynolds, Privy Council Office, Ottawa; 16. John Thompson, clerk P. O. Department, Montreal. 17 to 20.—Ten Gentlemen's Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches. 17. Francis Collette, 425 Dundas St., London; 18. Jessie Duncan, Quebec P. O.; 19. A. T. Jones, Main St., Hamilton; 20. D. T. Smith, Windsor, Montreal; 21. S. Webster, Detroit, Mich.; 22. Lawrence Nelson, John St. N., Hamilton; 23. L. R. Saxton, Kings on P. O. Ont.; 24. D. S. Hamilton, Lowell P. O.; 25. T. E. Rawson, New Lowell; 26. Annie Fox, King St., Chatham. 27 to 31.—Five Ladies' Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches. 27. E. A. Wilson, Charlottetown P. E. I.; 28. Margaret Lester, St. John P. O., N. S.; 29. S. A. Wright, Halifax, N. S.; 30. O. M. Sinclair, Stratford; 31. Gertie Dawson, Montreal. 32 to 51.—Twenty Waterbury Watches. 32. Miss Maud McKay, 45 Hannah St., Hamilton; 33. J. D. Kilmaster, Montreal P. O.; 34. Mrs. Wm. Lawrence, Greenville; 35. Ella Harris, London P. O.; 36. Annie Watson, Windsor; 37. Harriet Logan, Belleville; 38. F. B. Beddowes, London; 39. Victoria L. King, Shelburne; 40. J. A. Morrison, 183 East Ave. N., Hamilton; 41. J. A. James, Hamilton P. O.; 42. S. W. McClung, Cartwright; 43. James Johnson, London; 44. Minnie F. Carr, Euclid Ave. Cleveland O.; 45. O. J. St. John, Mesford; 46. Philip E. Corlis, St. Thomas; 47. Miss Innes, St. Thomas; 48. Carlo Ellwood; 49. Mrs. Coutts, 39 Stewart St., Hamilton; 50. B. Coldwell, St. Catharines; 51. A. E. Colwell, Sunderland, Ont. 52 to 103.—Fifty-two volumes Universal Cyclopaedia. 52. Herbert Williams, 21 Magnosa St., Syracuse, N.Y.; 53. Mrs. W. Potts, jr. Woodstock; 54. W. Midford, Teeswater; 55. Mrs. John McKimie, Aurora, Kane Co., Ill.; 56. James Anderson, Box 35, Guelph, Ont.; 57. G. Adams, 29 Bridge St., Belleville; 58. Alex. McCarter, Almonte; 59. Jessie Goldring, Ottawa P.O.; 60. Mrs. J. E. Jackson, 107 South St., Harrisburg, Pa.; 61. Sarah Dixon, Rochester, P.O., N.Y.; 62. Ella Reynolds, Norwich; 63. Robt. Downie, Guelph; 64. Mrs. E. A. Mch-nacthan, Cobourg; 65. Edith A. Pullar, Heckston P.O.; 66. Alex. Barron, 65 Pearl St., Hamilton; 67. Frank Emery, St. Thomas; 68. Miss Alice Bain, 255 York St., Hamilton; 69. Mrs. J. Walker, Box 203, Mitchell; 70. Essie McCance, Newport, Ky.; 71. Mary E. Guthrie, Middleville.

A Superstition of the Isle of Man

A legend exists of the Isle of Man to the effect that a fairy who exerted a baleful influence over the island was pursued by a knight, and only escaped in a moment of extreme danger by assuming the appearance of a wren. In consequence of this, on the specific anniversary, the islanders devoted their energies to the extermination of the fairy, and the wrens were pursued, pelted and fired at without mercy. Their feathers were preserved with great care, there being a superstitious belief that they possessed the peculiar charm of preserving against drowning or from death by shipwreck. Any fisherman going to sea without such a safeguard was looked upon as exceedingly foolhardy. Every year, after Christmas Day, boys go about the Isle of Man carrying a wren in a cage, suspended upon a pole, and they pluck cut her feathers and present one to every liberally minded person who pays them for their song.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, take Barron's Express and Carriage Hire, and stay at the Grand Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a rate of one million dollars. It is the most complete and best equipped hotel in the world. It is the best place to stay in New York City. It is the best place to stay in New York City. It is the best place to stay in New York City.

Nothing is great but the inexhaustible wealth of nature. She shows us only surfaces, but she is million fathoms deep.

\$28,000.00

"Truth" Bible Competition.

No. 12.

CLOSING NOVEMBER 7TH

The Biggest List of Rewards yet Offered.

Having lost so much money by dishonest agents, the proprietor of TRUTH has decided to deal in future directly with the people; that the money and premiums heretofore given to agents shall be distributed among his subscribers. In other words, he constitutes himself a big club agent on a large scale. So, instead of paying your money to agents, send it direct to S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor of TRUTH, Toronto, Canada. In this way he hopes to benefit his subscribers as well as himself. This plan has been tried now for nearly a year, and has been fairly successful, although not so much as the very liberal offers he makes would warrant. He aims also to promote the study of the Bible by this plan, and thereby greatly benefit all concerned. He frankly avows that this is really a secondary consideration, but insists that no one can look up these Bible questions, propounded by an eminent divine, without being greatly profited. Hundreds of our subscribers have testified to this during the past year, and many thousands of dollars worth of costly rewards have been given away. Nearly every issue of TRUTH contains many acknowledgements of the receipt of such magnificent rewards as pianos, organs, sewing machines, gold and silver watches, silver tea-services, etc., down to butter knives, elegantly-bound volumes of poetry, etc., etc.; and you have only to invest one dollar for six months' subscription to TRUTH and answer the Bible questions correctly, and if you do it promptly when you first see this you are almost sure of one of the FIRST REWARDS. If you don't happen to see it on its first appearance, you still have a good opportunity in the SECOND OR MIDDLE REWARDS; and, finally, there are the CONSOLATION REWARDS for the last ones received at TRUTH Office. So you can compete even if you live almost on the other side of the world, for if your letter is post-marked where mailed on or before the closing day of this competition (that is, November 7th), you have a good opportunity of gaining something in these rewards, provided, of course, your answers are correct. Try it now. Nothing whatever is made out of this plan, but he looks for profit in your future patronage, as he is sure you will be so well pleased with TRUTH that you will become a life subscriber. Here are the Bible questions:

- 1. Is ISAIAH spoken of in the Bible?
2. Are HORS referred to in the Bible?
3. Where is MAN first made mention of in the Bible?

(One answer to each question will suffice)

There can be no fraud or humbug in the matter, as in the next issue of TRUTH after the close of each competition a complete list of those gaining the rewards are given, together with their post-office addresses, and street and number where possible. Everyone competing must send one dollar with their answers for six months' subscription to TRUTH. It is the best magazine published anywhere. The regular subscription price is two dollars per year. You can send one year's subscription if you prefer to do so, but six months' subscription is all that is required in order to compete. Bear in mind, we don't guarantee that everyone will get a reward, but all the prizes enumerated below will certainly be given, and it is a matter of perfect indifference to us who gets them, only they must all go. Turn up your Bible, and if you are well acquainted with it you can answer these questions after a little study. Don't delay. In the ELEVEN

BIBLE COMPETITIONS preceding this one there has been given away nearly ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH of useful and valuable articles. Here then is the list of

FIRST REWARDS.

- 1, 2 and 3.—THREE SPLENDID ROSEWOOD FULL SIZE SQUARE PIANOS, by Eberhard & Co. \$1,600
4, 5 and 6.—THREE FINE CABINET ORGANS 7, 8, 9, 10 and 11.—Five Gentlemen's Gold Gold Hunting Case or Up a Face Watches 500
12, 13, 14, 15 and 16.—Five Solid Quadruple Silver Elite Tea Services of Six Pieces 200
17, 18, 19, 20, 21, and 22.—Six Ladies' Gold Gold Hunting-case Watches, genuine Elgin 600
23 to 31.—Nine beautiful Quadruple Plate Silver Tea, Coffee, or Hot Water Urns, a most elegant and serviceable addition to the table 450
32 to 39.—Eighteen Gentlemen's Genuine Solid Gold Silver Hunting-case or Open-face Watches 510
40 to 47.—Twenty-seven Ladies' Genuine Solid Gold Silver Hunting-case or Open-face Watches 675
77 to 82.—Twenty-three Solid Aluminum Gold Watches 484
100 to 109.—Ninety Solid Nickel Silver Hunting-case or open-face Watches 820
120 to 211.—Sixty-two Ladies' Beautiful Gem Rings, solid gold setting 600
212 to 227.—One hundred and eighteen Fine Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, newest designs 222
330 to 391.—Two hundred and seventy-two Fine Heavy Silver-plated Butter Knives 572

Those are the first rewards; that is, the first seven hundred and one persons who send correct answers to the Bible questions given above, together with one dollar for six months' subscription to TRUTH, will receive those rewards in the order in which they are numbered. After these come the great list of MIDDLE REWARDS, where the biggest prizes are to be found. In this list No One reward, SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD COIN, will be given to the person who sends the middle correct answer of the whole competition. That is, if there are two thousand and one correct answers received altogether on this competition, the 1,001 will take the seven hundred dollars. If there are two middle correct answers the money will be divided between the two. That would only happen of course if there was an even number of answers received. The next correct answer following the middle one will take number two (one of the pianos), and the next one number three and so on till all these middle rewards are given away. Bear in mind, you pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for all these costly prizes, as one dollar is the regular subscription price for six months' subscription to TRUTH, and you cannot fail to be pleased with your dollar investment even if you get nothing except TRUTH for the half year. Don't waste time in writing, as no other information at any time can be given beyond that contained in this notice. Here follows the list of

MIDDLE REWARDS.

- 1st.—SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS IN GOLD COIN \$700
2, 3, 4, 5 and 6.—Five Grand Square Rosewood Pianos 1,200
7, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12.—Six Splendid Bell & Co.'s Cabinet Organs 1,200
13 to 21.—Eighteen valuable and costly triple silver-plated Tea Services of six pieces 1,870
31 to 42.—Twenty-two Gentlemen's fine solid gold genuine Elgin Watches 2,100
43 to 52.—Nineteen Ladies' fine solid gold genuine Elgin Watches 2,250
53 to 62.—Thirteen Williams' Singer Sewing Machines 700
71 to 81.—Twenty solid coin silver Watches 570
91 to 107.—Thirty-seven Ladies' solid coin silver Watches 600
128 to 137.—Thirty Aluminum Gold Watches 300
148 to 157.—Thirty-three solid Gold Gem Rings 160
161 to 177.—One hundred and fifty-seven World's Cyclopedias, a most useful volume 450
218 to 227.—Eighty-two volumes of Chambers' Dictionary 222
47 to 76.—Two hundred and thirty-one triple silver-plated Butter Knives 571

Then come the last, or consolation rewards, which are given to the senders of the last correct answers which are received at TRUTH office, post-marked where mailed not later than the closing day of this competition (November 7th.)

THE CONSOLATION REWARDS.

- 1.—Five Hundred Dollars in Gold Coin \$500
2.—One Grand Square Piano 500
3 and 4.—Two Grand Cabinet Organs 800

- 5, 6, and 7.—Three Silver Tea Services 800
10, 11, 12.—Five Gentlemen's solid genuine Gold Watches 600
13 to 14.—Seven Ladies' Gold Watches 675
20 to 31.—Twelve solid coin silver Hunting-case or Open-face Watches 550
32 to 41.—Twenty Aluminum Gold Hunting-case Watches 400
42 to 52.—Twenty-three Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Rings 200
71 to 107.—Thirty-seven and thirty-three Ladies' elegant Gold Brooches 372
181 to 217.—Two hundred and fourteen elegantly-bound volumes of "Toronto Past and Present" 450
233 to 277.—Three hundred and thirty-five triple silver-plated Butter Knives 535

The last correct answer will take number one in these rewards, and the second to the last numbers two, and so on till all are given out. Remember, such an opportunity may not occur again of getting an splendid weekly magazine, which alone is big value for the money, and if your answers are correct, of getting one of those rewards in addition. All will be given strictly as stated. No corrections or answers will be allowed after they are once mailed to us. No money can be received by telephone or telegraph, or in any other way than through the express postoffice. In order to prevent fraud, the right is reserved to return anyone their money and deny them the privilege of competing. Bear in mind, don't pay money to agents, as none are employed. Remit direct to TRUTH office. You can join your neighbors in a club if you wish but not less than ten (10) must send together. If ten friends club together and send in their ten dollars, each one of the club will get one of the rolled gold brooches; and besides, will take his position for one of the regular rewards in the list, just as though he had sent separately. All the members of the club can send their names on different slips and enclose in the same envelope with the others. Don't delay, but send along your answers now, as TRUTH contains something to interest every member of the family. 28 pages of choice literature; short, pointed editorials on the leading events of the day illustrated fashions; two pages of newest music, full sheet size; two or more most fascinating serial stories; one short story; household, health, ladies', children's, and other departments, all carefully edited, making one of the most attractive weekly (not monthly) magazines published in the world. Address S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor TRUTH, 33 and 35 Adelaide-st., Toronto, Canada. Send money by Post-office order, or by registered or ordinary mail. Anybody living anywhere is eligible to compete.

To Correspondents.

E. B. B., Shanty Bay.—We regret that it is impossible for us to give you the information you desire. You must only exercise a little patience until you receive the number containing list of successful competitors, when, if you have fulfilled all the necessary conditions, you will doubtless see your name in one or other of the three lists.

G. P. O'G., Parkdale.—While thanking you for your offer, we regret that we cannot accept it. We have more MSS. on hand than we can use in a twelvemonth.

LAVIA LANE.—We regret that we cannot use your MS., but so much is sent to us voluntarily, we cannot, unless an article is unusually good, pay for any MS. sent us.

W. MITCHELL, Peet-n.—Thanks for your suggestion and contribution. We shall be happy to answer any such queries. Jason will no doubt be pleased to learn that you are pleased.

W. T.—The Queen came to the throne in 1837 and was married on the 10th of February, 1840.

M. F. G.—Mr. Blake we believe is in the 32nd year of his age, having been born in 1833.

But little evil would be done in the world if evil never could be done in the name of good.

The Dominion Express Company.

Among the many striking evidences of civilization and progress, nothing is more noticeable than the rapid extension of the Express system, which is, indeed, the natural outcome of our modern civilization, born of our daily wants, and growing with our progress, social, financial, and mercantile. The importance of such an invaluable aid can scarcely be overrated; without it business would be materially hampered, and progress seriously checked. Looking back into the past, one naturally wonders how on earth our grandparents and predecessors ever got along without this necessary adjunct to our daily life and business, and how they were content to put up with the slow, uncertain, and unsafe system of carrier's carts then in vogue, before the invention of the steam engine opened up to an astonished world the vast possibilities of which, even in these days of enlightenment and progress, we are, one might say, still dreaming.

Among the most recent additions to the express system, the Dominion Express Co. takes a very prominent position, connected as it is with that vast and important railway system operated by the C. P. R., (with the exception of the O. V. R., and T. G. and B. divisions, which will be opened at the end of October or the beginning of November) and their magnificent steamships, and the Kingston and Penabroke, and St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railways. The company has been but comparatively recently established, but it is nevertheless doing an excellent business, and rapidly coming to the front. All its equipments are in every way first class, and admirably adapted to the purposes for which they are intended. Their agents are all thoroughly reliable and responsible, their rates will be found as low and as reasonable as those of any other first class express company; they have every facility for doing business with promptitude, safety and despatch, they make special low rates on small remittances of currency, and will be found in every way a thoroughly first-class, reliable company. The head offices are in the fine building at 110 King St. West, Toronto formerly occupied by the U. E. Club, and the Superintendent, Mr. W. S. Stout.

We confess small faults in order to insinuate that we have no great ones.

FOR SALE—Maple in Island—Nice farm 100 acres, 12 in crop; 60 hard wood; log house; Good Bay 1 mile. F. H. LAMB, Hamilton.

FOR SALE—THE ST. MARY'S FOUNDRY AND Machine Works; good shops and machinery; doing profitable business in repairs, moulds, hay rakes, etc. Large repairing trade. For particulars to Mr. W. H. LAMB, JOHN MERRITT, St. Mary's.

WANTED—A good City, Town, Village and Country, in Canada, lady and gentleman to sell "Queen Victoria, her life and reign," by Grace Greenwood, 40 pages. The cheapest and latest selling book ever published. Send 15c for sample copy, and address for terms and territory: The Canadian Subscription Company, Exchange Bank Building, Montreal.

I will supply two year old vines of the NIAGARA WHITE GRAPE without any conditions whatever at Two Dollars Each. Agents wanted, apply to D. W. Beadle, ST. CATHARINES.

D. F. TOLCHARD, GROCER, Families supplied with the freshest and best Groceries at lowest possible prices. 20 kinds of fruit in season. NOTE THE ADDRESS: Corner of Yonge and St. Mary's Sts., TORONTO.

Ladies' Department.

The Woman Question in Europe.

A book of no common interest as a record of social progress has recently appeared under the title of "The Woman Question in Europe." It consists of original essays by writers who are authorities on the special subjects of which they treat. The topics embraced under the general title include woman's progress in education, in the professions, in industrial opportunities, in legal rights and in the suffrage, and each country of Europe is brought in turn under review. So impressive a showing of woman's capacity to luminating an exhibit of the arbitrary limitations imposed upon her by the stronger sex, and so many hopeful indications of larger and better things in the future, it is safe to say were never brought together between one set of book covers before. England has been thought very slow in her recognition of the public and professional claims of women, and with justice, but in these, as in other matters, the English have a plodding persistency which accomplishes great things in the long stretch. The agitation for the extension of suffrage to woman first began in Great Britain in connection with the discussion of the reform bill of 1867. Municipal suffrage was granted in 1869, and in 1870 the act was passed conferring on women householders the power to vote at school board elections and qualifying them to sit as members of school boards, a qualification that has been availed of by increasingly large numbers. Parliamentary suffrage still remains to be worked for, and it comes up anew in each successive session. Meanwhile, the Isle of Man, which has its independent Legislature, has given women all the voting powers that men enjoy, and the experiment is considered to have proved in a high degree satisfactory.

More important than the suffrage, as many readers will think, are the educational movements, and those looking to the enlarging of professional and industrial opportunities. Dense crusts of prejudice had to be broken through before there could make headway, but they have now acquired an impetus that nothing is likely to check. At the conservative universities of Cambridge and Oxford, as well as at the University of London, young women can enjoy every educational advantage that young men are offered, and win substantially the same honors. In the medical profession such names as Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, and Dr. Frances Elizabeth Hoggan, are among its distinguished ornaments, and a complete medical training, which for many years an English woman could obtain only by going to Paris or Germany, is now open to her at London. In the other European countries progress out of the medieval condition, or rather that worse than medieval condition of women which the revolutionary era created by destroying chivalry before intellectual quickening had begun, is only in its birth stages. It is by studying the unhappy lot of women in France, Germany, Spain and Russia that one comes to a vivid realization of their relatively high position in England and America. More than by all else will one be impressed by the fact that moral progress has been greatest where legal recognition and the enlargement of intellectual and professional opportunities has been greater. Not in England, but in France under the barbarous code of Napoleon, and in Spain, is society honeycombed by the moral degeneracy of women. The thesis that if the well being of humanity women should not know too much is not borne out by facts any more than it is by reason.—*Dramatic Monthly.*

A True Incident.

Some time ago the children's ward for incurables in one of the large hospitals, was frequently visited by a young lady, who took great interest in the little ones.

Meeting the nurse, one day on entering, she asked:

"Are there any new ones since my last visit?"

"Two, I think. One brought in yesterday. Been run over—she's very bad, too."

After speaking to several, whose eyes brightened at her coming, the lady stood by the cot where the maimed little body lay. The great pathetic eyes lifted so appealingly to hers, moved her strangely.

"What can I do for you, my dear? Is there something you would like to have?"

"Yes'm a parasol."

"A parasol! but my child you could not use it here, you know. Had you not rather have a pretty doll and some nice fruit?"

"No'm, I'd rather have a parasol—a lace one—more'n any other thing."

"Very well. I'll bring you one tomorrow," and giving her a pretty picture, she went away—but that strange fancy haunted her, and after returning home, and fearing that the little life might slip away before the morrow, she asked one of her brothers to go out with her to make the purchase, as it was nearly dusk.

"Just like Mary," he laughingly said.

"If the child had asked for the moon she would have been devising some plan to get it for her. Suppose we buy a box of flannels to send to India same time, Mary."

Parasols were out of season, and the clerk looked so amazed when she asked for them that she felt obliged to explain.

"I think we have a very few expensive ones laid by," he said.

After some delay they were brought, when one daintily-lined, lace-trimmed was selected; and bought for five dollars: then proceeding to the hospital, she sent the beautiful gift up to the child.

"I never saw anything like it," the nurse said next day to the giver. "She laughed and cried, and hugged and kissed it, and it has really seemed to make her forget her pain."

Nearly a week the child lingered, and then with her wasted hand grasping the dainty handle the little waif—who had found both Life and Death so hard—passed away to the Happy Land where all desires are satisfied.

The parasol was then given to another little girl, and when she died to another, until it was owned by seven in the ward, most of whom had never had the delight of holding one in their hands before; so, although the gift was neither meat nor drink, medicine nor care, it was a most gracious charity.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

Wash and scrape, boil until tender, cut into quarters of convenient length, and cover with vinegar. It is the best way to prepare carrots for the table.

MILK TOAST.—A good way to dispose of dry bread is to make it into milk toast. It is very popular with the working men and children, and often solves the problem that disturbs the cook when she is thinking what is to be got for supper. Toast the bread a short time before it is wanted. Set a half pan of milk on the stove and let it get scalding hot. Put in a little salt, spread the toasted slices with butter and put them into the hot milk, and in a very few minutes remove to the table. If the toast is put in too soon, the bread will fall in pieces and is not so nice to serve. There should be plenty of milk for the amount of bread.

BREAD PUFFING.—A pudding may be made of the small pieces of bread, if the family taste does not rebel. The bread should be broken fine, covered with milk, and set on the stove where it is not too hot, until it becomes soft. Remove and stir in a tablespoonful of sugar, one of butter, a small teaspoonful of salt, also a pinch of cinnamon, or allspice, and, if liked, a half teacup of chopped raisins, or dried raspberries. When cool enough, stir in a egg, well beaten, and bake an hour in a moderate oven. To be eaten with cream and sugar, or pudding-sauce,

as preferred. I know a lady who kept all the broken pieces of bread in a bag, that was hung where they would dry and not mold, and she had the material for a pudding always at hand. The price of flour and cost of living would determine whether such economics would pay. Where wheat is a dollar a bushel, home raised, there is no waste in giving broken pieces to the fowls. But it is often a convenience, as well as a duty, to look after small savings.

QUINCE MARMALADE.—Pare, core, slice, and weigh the fruit, stoving the skins and cores, in a dish by themselves, with water enough to just cover. When the parings are tender, turn into a cloth bag, and squeeze out every drop of juice; put the quinces into the kettle, pour over the juice, cover, and let cook slowly, stirring and mashing with a wooden spoon until the pieces have become a smooth paste. Now add three-quarters of a pound of white sugar to each pound of the fruit, boil ten minutes longer, stirring constantly. Remove from the fire, turn into jelly-jars and tie down.

RIPE TOMATO PRESERVES.—Select the yellow egg tomato, peel and weigh out seven pounds, add six pounds of sugar and let stand over-night. Drain off the syrup, let boil, skimming carefully. Put in the tomatoes and boil 20 minutes. Take out the fruit with a skimmer and put into jars, boil the syrup until it thickens, adding the juice of three lemons just before you pour it over the fruit. Seal or tie up.

SWEET PICKLED TOMATOES.—Select the husk, or strawberry tomato. Take seven pounds of the fruit, four pounds of white sugar, a pint of good cider vinegar, mace, cinnamon and cloves tied up in a bag. Pick the fruit, and put with the sugar into a preserving kettle; heat to a boil, add the vinegar and spice, boil five minutes, skim out the fruit on to plates, boil down the syrup, put the fruit into glass jars, and pour over the syrup. Cover tightly.

LEMON MERINGUE CAKE.—Ten eggs, one pound of sifted flour, and the juice of one lemon, add the rind of two. Beat the yolks of all the eggs and the whites of seven separately; add the sugar, beating thin the flour and the juice and lemon peel. Bake as for jelly cake. To the three beaten whites add a pound and a quarter of powdered sugar, free from lumps. Add the juice and part of the rind of a lemon, and when the cakes are almost cold, spread this between the layers. The icing for the top should be made stiffer by adding more sugar.

A Hebrew Girl's Dowry.

Settling the dowry is one of the most important parts of a Hebrew engagement. Very few Hebrew girls marry now without \$1,000 to \$50,000. Sometimes there is some difficulty in arranging this. The proposed bride's father offers \$5,000, and the proposed groom's father thinks it is not enough. They argue, wrangle, bargain, and finally compromise. No written agreement is taken, but it is officially given out that on the wedding day so much, say \$7,000, will be paid down in hard cash to the bridegroom, before the ceremony takes place. Here is where some sharp practice occasionally comes in. The bride's father, after he is assured that the groom is in love with his daughter, tries to beat down the dowry, and the groom holds him to his expressed intention. An instance occurred here recently in which a Boston Hebrew fell in love with one of the pretty Brooklyn Hebrew young ladies. He became engaged, and \$10,000 was promised him with the girl. On the marriage day he came to her house with his friends. The money was not forthcoming, and he was met with repeated explanations and excuses. He held to his verbal bond, but finding that the intention of the bride's father was actually to give him much less than had been agreed upon, he made excuses that he wished to be shaved and left the bridal party. Once out of the house he secured a hack, drove to the New York

Central Railway Station, and took the first train for Boston; no persuasion could afterwards bring him back.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Venetian Women.

The poor women who are the only examples of the sex generally visible, are on the whole inferior to the men in good looks. For one thing their dress is the most unbecoming possible. A large shawl generally woollen and very often dingy, covers them almost from head to foot, concealing every possible charm of figure under the long shapeless wrap, which is never put on coquettishly, as in France or drawn over the elbows, but allowed to hang in a straight line, the arms concealed under it—the hands only appearing now and then to huddle it about the neck. The feet are covered with white stockings (almost invariably clean) and shoes without any heels, in which it must be a work of extreme difficulty to shuffle about; and last, and worst of all, there seems to be a popular prejudice against combing the hair, which is generally abundant, and always uncovered, but which hangs about their brows in elf locks—a wild exaggeration of the fringe of modern fashion. This is all the greater misfortune that the hair itself is often beautiful, and that its wild condition does great wrong to a pretty little fresh countenance underneath, which does not possess the fine and picturesque outline which half justifies a picturesque disorder, but is of the class which requires and rewards tidiness and care. The occasional vision of a higher beauty here and there is not much more common in Venice than in other places. In Torcello, in the wild and melancholy desert which was once a lesser Venice, are one or two pale lovely young women of a higher type, and the lace girls of Burano, bending over their endless work, have a considerable amount of beauty among them.

Alaska Belles

At Killiseo, writes a correspondent, blackened faces were almost the rule, and every native woman had her face coated with a mixture of seal oil and soot. It gives them a wild strange look, and they giggle in the silliest way when one points to them. The old theories that they wore it as a sign of mourning, because they were angry or rejoiced, or penitent are exploded now, and it is known that it is simply a protection against the gnats and mosquitoes on land, and to keep their faces from burning when out in their canoes. It is an excellent cosmetic for the women, keeping their complexion soft and smooth, and when the wash it off on grand occasions their faces are as creamy white as the fairest of their Japanese sisters. A group of these blackamoors made a picture as they sat inside a cabin-door weaving their pretty baskets of the fine inside bark and roots of the cedar. One younger woman wore a silver pin sticking out through her under lip, another had a bone labrette, or lip ring, put through like a collar button, and the third, a wrinkled old crone, wore a great plug of wood over an inch across. These lip ornaments are worn by nearly all the women of the island tribes, and are a mark of age as certain as a family record. The big wooden plugs that they put in in their sore and yellow days push the lip out and give a hideous look to the wrinkled, blackened old crones who wear them. Nose-rings and ear-rings, silver rings on their fingers and bracelets on their wrists complete their full dress array, and if they only wore something more barbaric than shawls and calico dresses, they would be far more interesting as savage studies.

The Cheapest medicine in use is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, because very little of it is required to effect a cure. For croup, diphtheria, and diseases of the lungs and throat, whether used by bathing the chest or throat, for taking internally or inhaling, it is a matchless compound.

A 6-Year Old Hero.

Harlem has a little hero of which it should be, and no doubt is, justly proud. He is just six years of age, and being rather small for his years, still wears short dresses and luxuriant ringlets. Despite his extreme youth, his diminutive size and curls, however, he has already rescued a life, and those who witnessed his heroism are still wondering where he got the strength to do it. The juvenile life saver is Willie O'Brien.

Sited on the piazza of Capt. Monaghan's boat house, at the foot of East One Hundred and Twenty-first street, on a recent afternoon were several gentlemen. They were discussing various topics and watching a party of children playing upon the float below them. Willie O'Brien and a lad a year or two older, and somewhat larger, named Fritz Mischel, were among the youngsters who were having good sport launching blocks of wood that were supposed to represent miniature ships. The men on the piazza watched the little ones with a lazy sort of interest while they talked, until a shrill cry rang out on the air, which caused them to jump up from their seats and look intently at the children from whom the scream proceeded. They just barely saw the legs of young Fritz Mischel, who had been reaching out on the water to secure a block of wood and had lost his balance, disappear beneath the surface of the water. The other children cried out with terror at the fate of their companion, and all the men made an immediate rush to save the boy's life.

As the float is reached by rather a steep and not very steady gang-plank, which is affected by the action of the water, it was not reached so quickly, and while the gentlemen were yet on their way, the head of Fritz appeared above the water as the owner was forced up to the surface. To their intense surprise, Willie O'Brien, who was the smallest child present, grabbed the drowning lad by the hair, and in the most matter of fact manner imaginable dragged Fritz to the float.

How he commanded the strength to pull out a boy larger than himself and made heavier by his unexpected ducking without aid was something which mystified the men, but the heroic little chap did it just the same, without aid from any quarter, not even Fritz giving the slightest assistance to his rescuer. He was too much frightened to do anything, and had taken too large a dose of salt water to even yell. He simply allowed himself to be dragged to the float, which Willie had accomplished by the time the men arrived. Then, seeing that his companion was all right, he walked away unconcernedly, as though it were all a matter of course.

Mrs. Jollyboy—"Is Miss Bellefille at home, Thomas?" Thomas—"No, mum, she's driven over to your house this afternoon, as usual." Mrs. Jollyboy—"As usual! Why, I haven't seen her for weeks. Whom did she go with?" Thomas—"With Mr. Jollyboy, mum."

QUANTITY AND QUALITY. In the Diamond Dyes more coloring is given than in any other known dyes, and they give faster and more brilliant colors. 10c. at all druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 color, and book of directions for 2c. stamp.

Most fathers know by this time that a diamond pin, a brown-stone house, or even that highest test of respectability, an English dog cart, are not guarantees that a man will be a good husband; yet a large majority of marriages are made because of similar superficialities.

Prerogative Butter Makers. There is no dissent from the decision of candid and capable dairymen, that the Improved Butter Color of Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., is the best in the world. Such men as A. W. Cheever of Massachusetts, E. D. Mason, Vermont, Francis A. Hoffman, Wisconsin. Use it, and recommend it as superior to all others.

Advertising Cheats!!!

"It has become so common to begin an article in an elegant, interesting style. Then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such, "And simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain, honest terms as possible, "To induce people "To give them one trial, which so proves their value that they will never use anything else."

"THE REMEDY so favourably noticed in all the papers, Religious and secular, is "Having a large sale, and is supplanting all other medicines.

"There is no denying the virtues of the Hop plant, and the proprietors of Hop Bitters have shown great shrewdness and ability * * * * *

"In compounding a medicine whose virtues are so palpable to every one's observation."

Did She Die!

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

A Daughter's Misery.

"Eleven years our daughter suffered on a bed of misery. "From a complication of kidney, liver, rheumatic trouble and Nervous debility, "Under the care of the best physicians, "Who gave her disease various names, "But no relief,

"And now she is restored to us in good health by as simple a remedy as Hop Bitters, that we had shunned for years before using it."—THE PARENTS.

Father is Getting Well.

"My daughters say: "How much better father is since he used Hop Bitters." "He is getting well after his long suffering from a disease declared incurable." "And we are so glad that he used your Bitters."—A LADY of Utica, N. Y.

None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

A lady from Syracuse writes: "For about seven years before taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I suffered from a complaint very prevalent with our sex. I was unable to walk any distance or stand on my feet for more than a few minutes at a time without feeling exhausted, but now I am thankful today I can walk two miles without feeling the least inconvenience." Female complaints it has no equal.

What are the best days in memory? Those in which we met a companion who was truly such.

Orion Catlin, 49 Pearl Street, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I tried various remedies for the piler, but found no relief until I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, which entirely cured me after a few applications." Since Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has become celebrated, unprincipled persons are imitating it. Get the genuine.

I have seldom known anyone who deserted truth in trifles that could be trusted in matters of importance.

Hard to Believe.

It is hard to believe that a man was cured of Kidney disease after his body was swollen as big as a barrel and he had been given up as incurable and lay at death's door. Yet such a cure was accomplished by Kidney-Wort in the person of M. M. Devenaux of Iowan, Mich., who says: "After thirteen of the best doctors in Detroit had given me up, I was cured by Kidney-Wort. I want every one to know what a boon it is.

It is not regarded as a sign of good-breeding when you see a man take out a Waterbury watch to examine his clothes to see how they fit him.

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 diseases 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 obtained in a sound unadulterated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its gradual and judicious use, the frailest systems are led into convalescence and strength, by the influence which Quinine exerts on Naon nuro's 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—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses through 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 substance—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.

Taking things as they come isn't so very difficult. It's parting with them as they go that's hard.

Mother Graves' Worm Extreminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

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 the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the key often used is always bright.

STAROEMENT.—Unites and repairs every thing as good as new. Glass, china, stone, earthenware, ivory, wood and leather. Pipes, sticks and porcelain stoves, plates, zugs, jars, camp glasses, chintz ornaments, Picture

When the sun of virtue is set, the blush of shame is the twilight. When that dies, all is darkness.

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 five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

There are times and circumstances in which not to speak out is at least to connive.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles was covered in two hours and ten minutes by a tad suit for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug store with out it.

A man displeased with the world, is never satisfied with himself.

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

It is vanity to desire to live long, and not to care to live well.

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

A foolish friend does more harm than a wise enemy.

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.

The agitation of thought is the beginning of truth.

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 it 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.

Whoever abolishes justice cares for no religion.

Frames, Jewelry, trinkets, toys, etc. What makes me laugh when others sob? Not that I can see below mine eye, It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

GAIN Health and Happiness. How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE. Are your Kidneys disordered? Are your nerves weak? Have you Bright's Disease? Suffering from Diabetes? Have you Liver Complaint? Is your Back lame and aching? Have you Kidney Disease? Are you Constipated? Have you Malaria? Are you Bilious? Are you tormented with Piles? Are you Rheumatism racked? Ladies, are you suffering? If you would Banish Disease and gain Health, Take KIDNEY-WORT THE BLOOD CLEANSER.

A NEW DISCOVERY. For several years we have furnished the dairymen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Exhibitions. It is put by patent and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as the best in the world. It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made. Beware of all imitations, and of all color oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and injure the butter. If you cannot get the "Improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Burlington, Vt. Have You Tried It?—If so, you can testify to its superior power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Balm, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhoea, cholera morbus, insect bites, cramps, colic, headache, the stomach, and how's constant. On their own merits modest men are dumb. So if you're sad, or grieved, or ill, Pray, do not pay a doctor's bill, But take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills. Certain cures sunburn on some complexions, a hot juice on others and cold water suits still others best.

Clover Jewel Robbers.

"Yes," said a jeweller, "wore constantly on the watch for thieves. Of course the imperative rule is not to let goods go out of your sight until you get the money. The trick of having goods sent to hotels and boarding houses with bills for collection is so stale that the undeviating rule is to keep your goods in sight. But a shrewd fellow once managed to get three watches from me by a clever dodge. A bright sharp-looking person came in one day and said, 'I am from Ohio, and have a commission to buy some goods for my sister who is about to be married there.' He picked out a bill of five hundred dollars worth of various articles and said, 'Just send them around to my store on Broadway at twelve o'clock,' naming a well known carpet store in Broadway. The goods were sent by a clerk, who found the customer apparently engaged in showing carpets and perfectly at home. He recognized the clerk and said 'Ah' just step this way, and I will give you a check.' He went with the clerk to a desk, drew a check, and took the goods. He appeared to be so perfectly at home that the clerk had not the slightest suspicion. Of course the check was worthless, and we found that he had secured the desk privilege at the carpet store by pretending that he was buying a large stock of carpets among other purchases in the city. He fooled five jewellers in New York, and others in other cities. One day a starry, foreign looking, well dressed young man called on a brother jeweller and lauded him his card - 'Alexander Dumas, Prussian Legation, Washington.' He said he was with his wife and child at the St. Nicholas Hotel, and wanted to buy some watches and jewellery, for which he would pay cash. He said his wife was too sick to leave the hotel, and wanted the goods sent with the bill. The jeweller thought he would make a sure thing of it and take the goods himself. He went to the St. Nicholas, was told that Mr. Dumas was stopping there and was shown his room. Mr. Dumas was busy writing, but welcomed the jeweller cordially. 'Ah,' he said, 'I am glad you have come. I am sorry that my wife is confined to her bed. I will just step into the next room and let her make her selections.' The jeweller in a moment of weakness, consented. After waiting five minutes he began to get nervous. He did not like to disturb a sick lady, but went to the office to make some inquiries. There he found that Mr. Dumas had just stepped out, and had no wife or child in the house. He was finally caught, after he had played the same game on a number of jewellers, and lodged in Sing Sing. When he was captured he tried to conciliate the last victim by the presentation of a beautiful overcoat. But the overcoat proved to have been stolen."

A Question.

How can we raise more corn to the acre? Why of course by using PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has given universal satisfaction, for it is sure, safe and painless. Like every article of real merit it has a host of imitators, and we would specially warn the public to guard against those dangerous substitutes offered for the genuine Putnam's Extractor. N. C. POLSON & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

A silent partner is one who is expected to keep his mouth shut when he sees the confidential clerk speculating with the funds of the firm.

Young Men!—Read This. THE VOLTAIC BELT Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRIC VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Compl'to restore strength, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days' trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

Home Testimony. Many hundred recommendations similar in character to the one given below have been received, and I give proof of the great value of Polson's NERVILINE as a pain remedy. Try it. ATROL, Feb. 20.—We heroby certify that we have used Norviline in our families, and have found it a most reliable remedy for cramps in the stomach, also for headache, and externally for rheumatic pains. No house should be without this invaluable remedy. LUKE COLE. ELISHA COLE, J. P.

A strong decoction of the leaves and stems of tomato plants is said to be deadly to caterpillars, moths, and other enemies of vegetation without being injurious to the plants.

Catarrh—A New Treatment. Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination: this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—Montreal Star.

Philosophy from the cornfield corner: It ain't do man what roads do mos' dat thinks do mos'. It ain't do pusta what cats do mos' dat's do strong'a.

Oh! how tired and weak I feel. I don't believe I will ever get through the Spring business. Oh, yes, you will. Try one of our bottles of Dr. Cass's Stomach Bitters to purify the blood and tone up the system. Large bottles 50 cents.

It is impossible to convince a woman who arrives five minutes late at a depot that the engineer did not see her coming and steam off just out of spite.

Not another Pill shall go down my throat again, said a citizen. "But I can get such a prompt and pleasant cure for my Bilious Attacks, such as Dr. Cass's Stomach Bitters. It cures the Blood, Purifies and makes a Splendid Spring Medicine. Large 50 cents." A. P. 195.

PHRENOLOGY. EXAMINATIONS GIVEN BY WALLACE MASON, at 22 Yonge St., Toronto.

THEOS. GAY LOWAY & Co., Cotton, Woollen, Silk, Carpet, and Worsted Shuttle Makers, Dundas, Ont.

OVER 200 FARMS IN MICHIGAN FOR SALE. Describe land and price list furnished free to all applicants. O. W. SNOVER, 109 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

MEN WANTED. Active pushing men wanted to sell my famous tea to consumers. Salary from \$200 to \$250 per year. Send stamp for particulars. JAMES LAUT, Importer, Toronto.

E. E. KNOTT'S Speculators Mart. Adelaide St. East, Toronto. All kinds of real estate sold or exchanged on commission. Money loaned on all kinds of real estate at lowest rates of interest. Application for money from farmers a speciality. Terms collected and titles managed in town or country. N.B.—Best of references on application.

SMOKED SAUSAGES. The most convenient meat for farmers in their busy season. These meats are cooked and ready for use. Sold by grocers through the Dominion. Send for price to W. CLARK F. O. Box 342 Montreal.

PARTY WANTED TO PURCHASE CARRIAGE. Shop 21 x 115 feet, double storey, with office 21 x 115 feet, blacksmith's shop, 21 x 115 feet, farm, and shed. Also barn, two acres of land with dwelling-house suitable for two small families. Two extra, extra, and well situated at Ross Corner, four miles from Belleville, on main gravelled road, good locality, where a business from \$5,000 to \$10,000 per annum is done. The premises are a new in full blast, and will be sold to good live man at a bargain. HARVARD ANDREY Belleville.

MACHINERY. For sale 1 Westinghouse Tractor Farm Engine, 1 Tractor, 10 0 Horses, 1 3/4 H.P. Portable Engine and Boiler on Rails, 1 3/4 H.P. Horizontal by North, 1 do by Water with cut off valve, and 2 engines and boilers of smaller size. All thoroughly tested, before leaving shop. 2 1/2 Inch Farmers and Mowers, 1 3/4 Inch Planer, 1 Iron Frame Trenching machine, 1 Hand Sled Trencher, 1 Baggy Plaster or Painter, 2 Hand saws, 10 Saw Tables, 1 Fire-Proof Safe, 1 Jewellers Front Case, 1 Dressing Stand, 1 Chair Press, 1 Curved French Turn Portable Grain Mill, 1 Chain Inserted Tooth Saw, etc., etc. Send for new list, No. 2, containing full description of machines in stock. Address, H. W. PETRIE, Brantford, Ont.

W. & F. P. Currie & Co. 100 Grey Nun St., Montreal. Importers of Drain Pipes, Portland Cement, Putnam's Lime, Canada Cement, Vent Linings, Water Lime, Fine Coverts, Whiting, Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay, Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay, Manufacturers of Bessemer Steel, Soft Cast Iron Rod & Springs.

The Ready Mixed Paints MANUFACTURED BY A RAMSAY & SONS, MONTREAL.

are ground in Pure Linseed Oil and Turpentine. The American Mixed Paints are to a large extent ground with Killars of Soda, and are dear at any price. Ask for Ramsay's, and see that you get them. Apply to your local dealers.

1883-St. John Exhibition-1883. Leather Belting, Fire Engine Hose, &c. Four First Prizes and Two Diplomas. The highest of all Awards for Leather Belting and Fire Engine Hose were accorded by the Judges at the St. John Centennial and Dominion Exhibition, to ROBIN & SADI, Montreal, over all competitors.

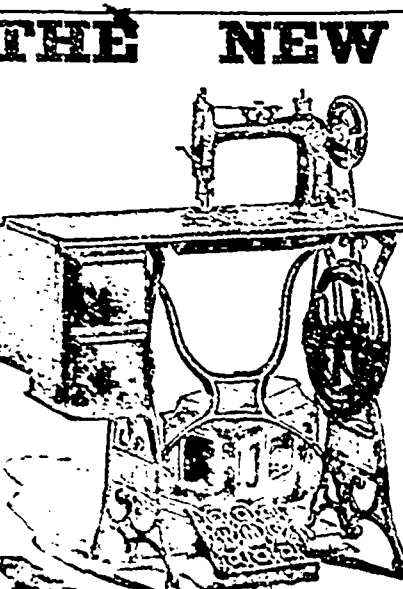
MUTUAL MARRIAGE ENDOWMENT ASSN. Incorporated. Head Office, London. Out-issues Certificates from \$125 to \$1,000, payable on marriage, at following rates. For \$250, or half certificate, \$1 quarterly dues in advance, \$0.75. For \$1,000 Certificate, \$3 quarterly dues in advance, \$1.00. For \$2,000 Certificate, \$10 quarterly dues in advance, \$2.00. For \$5,000 Certificate, \$15 quarterly dues in advance, \$3.00. The only cash payments. Assessments on marriages \$1.00 on each \$100. First years quarterly assessments are promptly paid on present membership at end of year. Endowment reserve account will amount to \$10,000, providing for a large number of endowments, which places this Association in a sound financial position. No connection with any similar institutions. A good savings society for young people. Send for By-Laws, &c. W. J. BENTON, Secretary, London, Ont.

Allan Line Royal Mail Steamships. Sailing during winter from Portland every Thursday, and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in summer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling at London, dundery to land mails and passengers for Scotland and Ireland. Also from Baltimore via Halifax and St. John's N. F. to Liverpool fortnightly during summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow line sail during winter between Portland and Glasgow, and Boston and Glasgow alternately; and during summer between Quebec and Glasgow and Boston and Glasgow every week. For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Gunnard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's N. F.; W. Thomson & Co., St. John, N. B.; Allan & Co., Chicago; Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Allan, Rao & Co., Quebec; H. A. Allan Portland, Boston Montreal.

THE MODEL Washer BLEACHER. Weighs but 6 pounds. Can be carried in a small valise. Illustration shows Mangle to be used. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded within 30 days. \$1,000.00 REWARD FOR ITS SUPERIOR. Washing made light and easy. All clothes have that pure whiteness which no other mode of washing can produce. No rubbing required, no friction to injure the fabric. A 10 year old girl can do the washing as well as an older person. To place it in every household THE PRICE HAS BEEN REDUCED TO \$2.00, and if not found satisfactory, money refunded. See what the "Canada Freeman" says about it—The Model Washer and Bleacher which Mr. U. W. Dennis offers to the public has many and valuable advantages. It is a time and labor saving machine, substantial and enduring, and is very cheap. From trial in the household we can testify to its excellence. Delivered to any express office in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec Charges paid. Send for circulars.

AGENTS WANTED. C. W. DENNIS, TORONTO BARGAIN HOUSE, 213 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, ONT.

THE NEW WILLIAMS High Arm Machine is now recognized as the Sewing Machine of the Period. It is Light and Easy to run. Silent and Rapid in movement. Plain and Simple to learn. It is strong, durable, and well built, the very best material that money can buy or skill produce. It was awarded five medals and three first prizes at the Dominion Exhibition last October. It is rapidly superseding all the old fashioned makes everywhere. See it, try it, buy it, and make sure that you get it. THE WILLIAMS' MFG CO. 1753 Notre Dame St., Montreal, and King St., West, Toronto.



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Dominion Line of Steamships. Running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada. Sailing from Quebec every Saturday, during the summer months, and from Portland every Thursday during the winter months. Sailing dates from QUEBEC TO LIVERPOOL.

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18 to 20.—Thirteen Ladies' Solid Coin Silver Hunting Case Watches 275
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24 to 27.—Eighty-six fine solid gold brooches 225
28 to 31.—Three hundred and twenty-five World's Best pocket watches 1,000
32 to 37.—Two hundred and forty-two triple silver plate butter knives 275

Number one of these middle rewards, three hundred dollars in gold coin, will be given the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition, and the other 799 rewards will be given to the next seven hundred and eight persons who send the next correct answers following the middle one. Surely there is something for you there. After these come the last or

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18 to 21.—Twelve fine black silk dress patterns 450
22 to 24.—Twenty-two fine coin silver hunting case watches 500
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The last correct answer received at the Ladies' Journal Office takes number one of these rewards, the next to the last,

number two, and so on till all the rewards are given away. Now, whether you are early or late, or between the two, you should get something extra besides the Ladies' Journal for one year, for your half dollar investment. Don't forget that everyone competing must send with their answers fifty cents for one year's subscription to the Ladies' Journal, the cheapest fashion and ladies' paper published. Although it appeals more particularly to ladies, it will interest every member of the family. There are two or more pages of newest music in every issue; short and serial stories; large illustrations of the fashions; household hints, etc., etc. You will not regret your investment. Try it immediately. Every thing advertised we can secure our readers will be carried out faithfully. Full lists of the winning persons together with post-office, street and number, will appear in the Journal as soon as possible after the close of the competition, and the prizes will be cheerfully handed over to the successful ones. Agents are not employed, so pay no money to anyone, but send it with your answers by mail direct to 33 & 35 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, addressed to Editor Ladies' Journal. Our subscribers get all the benefit by this plan that agents formerly had. Don't delay. Send now, and don't forget the address, Editor Ladies' Journal, 33 and 35 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Canada.

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