

MY LADY'S MAID.

Lady Adelaide Montrevor was a somewhat faded beauty of five-and-thirty, or thereabouts, though no torture would have dragged from her the admission that she was more than six-and-twenty. Seventeen seasons had played considerable havoc with Lady Adelaide's charms. Her once brilliant complexion had sadly deteriorated under the influence of late hours and the constant use of cosmetics. Her face had become thin and angular, her teeth had begun to show an unpleasant tendency to project, and her figure had lost its once seductive roundness. But Lady Adelaide was a woman of determination and pluck, and she had long ago made up her mind that what was wanting in nature should be supplied by art.

Without entering further into particulars, it may be enough to say that her ladyship's toilet was a very difficult and lengthy process, and that one of her most essential requirements was a perfectly discreet and confidential maid. Good servants, however are hard to find, and when Brown, who had been in Lady Adelaide's service for nearly ten years, took it into her head to marry a prosperous young publican, Lady Adelaide was at her wits' end to know how to replace her. At last, after she had tried a dozen maids in six months, and was on the verge of despair, a friend recommended to her notice a certain Miss Prudence Burton, who seemed in every way fitted for the delicate position. Miss Burton was the daughter of a Nonconformist clergyman, who had left her practically penniless. She was, according to her introducer, quick, neat-handed, and clever, and what she wanted in experience she more than made up for in discretion.

"I only hope she will suit," sighed Lady Adelaide's mother, the countess of Fixton; "it's perfectly dreadful to put up with the creatures you have had lately. That wretch Jones, the other day, made your eye-brows quite different lengths, and I'm almost certain Sir Thomas noticed it."

Sir Thomas, it may be said, was an Australian millionaire who had come over to England to look after an aristocratic wife. He was a somewhat vulgar old gentleman, with a taste for jewellery and large-patterned clothes, who talked very loud, and ate and drank somewhat more than what was good for him. But Lady Adelaide could not afford to be particular, and Sir Thomas was at present the idol of her dreams.

After a lengthy interview with Lady Adelaide, Miss Burton was duly engaged, and she speedily justified the good character that her new mistress had received with her. At first, indeed, it was a little trying to her ladyship's feelings to be obliged to point out the precise use of the various bottles and pots which were kept carefully locked up in a cupboard in her bedroom, but the new maid accepted every revelation with such a delightful matter-of-fact air that the task soon became a positive pleasure.

"Poor thing," sighed Lady Adelaide sympathetically, "a little knowledge of this sort may be very useful to her some day. Her face might be made positively good-looking though heaven forbid that she should think so, and try to get married like Brown!"

Miss Burton never forgot anything she had once been told, and she speedily became an adept in the mysterious art of making up her mistress. Her taste in dress was, moreover, surprisingly correct; and such was the success of her efforts that people began to remark that in a subdued light, tempered by rose-colored lamp-globes, Lady Adelaide occasionally looked quite young and pretty.

When Miss Burton had occupied her situation about a month the object of Lady Adelaide's ambition was accomplished. Sir Thomas Jenkins was so overcome by the combined effects of the Fixton champagne, an unusual successful toilet, and the sentimental influences engendered in the conservatory of the Fixton mansion, that he made an offer of his hand and heart to Lady Adelaide, and, after a proper amount of maidenly hesitation on her part, was accepted. The course of true love promised, in their case, to run exceedingly smooth, and for a week or two all was harmony in the mansion in Grosvenor square. Sir Thomas Jenkins was quite as attentive as a gentleman of his age and habits could reasonably be expected to be, and his presents were numerous and costly. Lady Adelaide's locks and temper both improved under the softening influence and Miss Burton found her situation much less disagreeable than it had been.

One day, however, when Lady Adelaide returned from a drive in the park she found her mother crying in a subdued and ladylike fashion over an open telegram.

"God gracious, mamma dear, what is the matter?" cried Lady Adelaide. "Any one dead?"

"No, my dear; but poor, dear Algernon—read this," answered the countess.

Lady Adelaide took the telegram and read:

"From the deacon of Christ church to the countess of Fixton: I regret to inform you that Lord Algernon Montrevor is seriously ill with typhoid fever."

"What are we to do?" cried Lady Adelaide. "How unfortunate!"

"Do? why start for Oxford at once, of course," said the countess. "We can't leave the poor boy to be looked after by scouts, and bedmakers, and such like horrible people."

"I suppose we must go," said her daughter, "but it is really very inconvenient. Algy always had a knack of doing everything at the wrong time. I don't quite see why I need accompany you though. Mamma, do you?"

"Adelaide!" said the countess, with much dignity, "I am really surprised at your want of feeling. Of course you must come too."

"But what is to become of poor Sir Thomas?" sighed Lady Adelaide, with an effort to look sentimental.

"Sir Thomas is not exactly a boy," answered Lady Fixton, somewhat spitefully; "and I suppose he can take care of himself. You can't possibly stay here alone; and your sisters are all so abominably selfish that I don't believe either of them would come down to chaperon you. Besides, whatever would people say if Algy were left to look after himself?"

This last argument was conclusive, and Lady Adelaide resigned herself to the inevitable, feeling exceedingly vicious towards the unlucky patient. The same evening Lady Fixton and her daughter, accompanied of course, by Miss Burton and an army of servants, found themselves established at the Randolph hotel.

Lord Algernon Fixton was exceedingly ill, and as typhoid is at the best a slow disease, there was not the smallest chance of the mother and daughter being able to quit their present quarters for some weeks to

come. This enforced absence from London and the separation from her elderly lover were exceedingly irksome to Lady Adelaide. Sir Thomas had never shown any signs of wavering in his fidelity, but she had had too much experience of the inconstancy of men to place an altogether implicit reliance on his affections. He was, it is true, nearly 60 years old, but he considered himself quite a young man, and had a very strong predilection for pretty faces—a weakness which Lady Adelaide had often noticed with considerable uneasiness. Under the circumstances, she did not at all like the idea of Sir Thomas being left alone for a month or six weeks in London, but she could not leave her brother, and her gallant swain, when she delicately suggested in a letter that he might take up his residence temporarily at Oxford, showed not the slightest disposition to act upon the hint.

Moreover, Lady Adelaide detested hotels, and was bored to death by the few university personages who called upon her mother. She called the place itself abominably dreary, and declared that it was impossible to buy the slightest article at any of the shops; in fact, she divided her time between writing letters to Sir Thomas and in thinking of all sorts of odds and ends which were absolutely essential to her comforts, and which must be procured on the shortest notice from some London tradesman. Many of these articles were things that could not be properly described in a letter, and so it came about that Miss Burton, who was the only person she could trust in such delicate matters, was frequently despatched to London in quest of a pair of gloves of a particular shade, a scent of some complicated nature, or an entirely new and unequalled toilet requisite. Miss Burton rather liked these expeditions, for her days at Oxford, owing to Lady Fixton's depression and Lady Adelaide's bad temper, were the reverse of cheerful. On most of her trips she was intrusted with an affectionate note for Sir Thomas, which she was strictly enjoined to deliver into his own hands. It therefore became necessary for her to call frequently at Sir Thomas' club or chambers, and wait for an answer to the dainty missive.

One day Miss Burton was sent to London with quite a sheaf of notes to deliver. Lady Adelaide had been somewhat more bored than usual, and had written to corsetmakers dressmakers, perfumers, and jewellers ordering indiscriminately all sorts of mysterious articles. Miss Burton also had the usual note for Sir Thomas, and happening in the midst of her commissions to pass through Pall Mall, she stopped her hansom at his club to deliver it. Five minutes after the note had been handed to the hall porter Sir Thomas rushed out in a remarkable state of excitement.

"What on earth is that you have given me?" he cried, regardless of appearances. "I don't understand you, sir," said Miss Burton.

"Why, look at this!" continued the agitated knight. "It's an order for a palpitating—palpitating what?" he screamed.

"Dear me!" said Miss Burton. "I'm afraid there must be a mistake—your letter must have been put into the wrong envelope."

And opening the rest of her undelivered notes, she speedily found the missive which had been intended for Sir Thomas.

"This is yours, Sir Thomas," she said, handing it to him.

But the worthy knight was still absorbed in the contemplation of the paper in his hand. "And she wears a—!" he muttered slowly, and he turned on his heel and walked back into the club.

Miss Burton did not wait for an answer, but drove off to finish her commissions; bursting into uncontrollable laughter as soon as her cab had gone a safe distance from the club. Naturally enough, she did not dare tell Lady Adelaide of this exceedingly untoward incident, and was obliged to account for Sir Thomas' remissness in not answering his lady-love's note by saying that he was out of town for the day.

Lady Adelaide was much annoyed; trifles had a singular potent effect in ruffling her, so a day or two later she was again despatched to London, provided as usual with the inevitable biuet-doux.

This time Sir Thomas was not at his club, so, as she had strict orders not to return without an answer, Miss Burton went round to his chambers on Jermyn street.

She gave the note to the porter and waited for an answer in the hall.

"Sir Thomas will be glad if you will walk up stairs, miss," said the man reappearing.

Miss Burton obeyed, and was shown into a well furnished room, where Sir Thomas sat at a writing table, twirling Lady Adelaide's note around his fingers.

"Sit down, my dear," said the knight in a fatherly manner. "I want to speak to you."

He paused a moment and then resumed: "Lady Adelaide seems rather a high-spirited young lady, eh?"

Miss Burton did not feel at all well toward her mistress, who, two days before, had so far forgotten herself as to box her ears, so she replied:

"Well, she is rather, Sir Thomas."

"Exactly so; leads you the very duce and all of a life, I suppose?" said Sir Thomas, familiarly.

"She has been a little put out at not hearing from you this last day or two," replied the lady's maid, demurely.

"Oh, indeed!" said the knight, with a distinct approach to a wink. "She's very fond of me, you think?"

"Very," answered Miss Burton with a scarcely perceptible smile.

"You'd like me to answer this note, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, I certainly should," replied the lady's maid.

"Very well I will; I should be sorry to get you into any more scrapes."

And Sir Thomas scribbled a brief answer and handed it to his fair visitor.

"God-bye my dear," said Sir Thomas, staring very hard at her, and extending a substantial fist.

Miss Burton was somewhat embarrassed by the unusual honor, but she took the proffered hand and was rewarded by a squeeze which nearly elicited a scream.

The days at Oxford passed away wearily enough for the noble family of Fixton. Lord Algernon's attack of typhoid, though never positively dangerous, was extremely troublesome, and neither prayers nor entreaties from Lady Adelaide could induce the countess to leave him. Lady Adelaide became gradually more and more irritable; in fact, she treated Miss Burton so badly that if it had not been for her occasional visits to London, she would most certainly have given notice to leave.

"Don't you think it is rather imprudent of you, my dear, to send Burton so often to clubs and chambers and such like places?" inquired the countess one day.

"Good gracious, no, mamma; why on earth should she not go?" answered her dutiful daughter. "I should like to know what servants are for!"

"You may please yourself of course, Adelaide," said her mother; "but I must say that I think Burton much too good looking to be trusted about in London alone, so often."

"I don't profess to be a judge of persons in that rank of life," answered Lady Adelaide. "By the way how is Algernon this morning?"

"Going on splendidly; in fact, he hopes to be able to go to the Derby, which, I hear, comes off in a fortnight."

"I suppose we shall have to go with him?"

"Certainly; I could not think of trusting him out of sight so soon; he would be sure to do something terrible."

"Well, the Derby is a bore, but anything will be a desirable change after this awful place. I must ask Sir Thomas to meet us. You will write to Sophia to put us up?"

"As you please, my dear," answered the countess, glad to get rid of the subject.

So Lady Adelaide wrote an unusual playful and affectionate note to her future husband, bidding him meet her at her brother-in-law's house, near Epsom on the appointed day, while her mother sent word to her married daughter that she and Lady Adelaide would stay the night with her, in fulfillment of a long standing promise.

Sir Thomas answered at once that he would be delighted to obey his betrothed's orders, and Lady Sophia intimated that she and her husband would be glad to see Lady Fixton and Lady Adelaide as suggested.

Lady Adelaide felt that after so long an absence she must do her best to make a favorable impression upon her future lord; and the choice of a suitable costume for the eventful day caused her much anxious deliberation, and the long-suffering Miss Burton many extremely bad quarters of an hour.

That young lady, thought somewhat preoccupied and absent in her manner, seemed, however, perfectly satisfied with her lot; and even Lady Adelaide was forced to confess that it was almost impossible to ruffle her singularly equable temper. But as the day of the Derby approached, Miss Burton showed unmistakable signs of anxiety and nervousness, which somewhat surprised her mistress.

Early on the morning they were going to leave Oxford, Miss Burton appeared with a very long face.

"The gloves, my lady, don't match your dress by at least two shades."

"Goodness me! how provoking!" said her mistress. "What an old idiot that must be! There's nothing for it but for you to go direct to London and get some more, and then join us at my sister's."

"Very well, my lady," said Miss Burton meekly.

So the maid departed, and Lady Adelaide was left to superintend the arrangements for leaving Oxford with very inexperienced assistance.

It was nearly dinner-time when Lady Fixton and her daughter arrived at Lady Sophia's and Lady Adelaide at once retired to her bedroom and sent for Miss Burton. To her great astonishment and disgust, however, she heard that the young person had not yet put in an appearance. Lady Adelaide was perfectly furious. Strange maids she always found to be clumsy and stupid, and she strongly objected to revealing the secrets of her dressing room to more people than she could help. There was, however, one consolation—the party was small, and Sir Thomas was not expected until the following morning. So she arrayed herself as best she could and went down to dinner, conscious of looking by no means her best, and in an extremely bad temper.

The evening passed and morning came, but still no Miss Burton, and not a word from Sir Thomas. Lady Sophia's villa was about three or four miles from the course, and her husband's drag had been requisitioned to convey the party thither. The hour for starting approached, and Lady Adelaide's feelings can only be imagined, not described. Everything went wrong with her; exasperating strings gave way in unexpected places, glove-buttons came off, and shoe-laces broke at the most critical moment. The countess came into her daughter's room to hasten her movements.

"My dear, you really must come. Sir Thomas will be sure to meet us on the course; and everybody is waiting."

"Both Sir Thomas and everybody else!" said Lady Adelaide, on the verge of hysterics. "Oh, that wretched Burton! I believe I could strangle her!"

But invectives were useless, and Lady Adelaide was obliged to finish dressing as best she could, and to follow her mother down stairs.

"Jump up, Adelaide!" growled her brother-in-law; "we shall miss the first race as it is."

She mounted the drag with no little difficulty, and at length they started. Her ladyship felt cross, miserable, and bored to the last degree. The Derby did not interest her in the least, except as a means of showing off her attraction to the best advantage, and as neither Miss Burton had appeared to adorn her nor Sir Thomas to admire her, she felt she would have been much better at home. They arrived on the course at last, and the men grumbled deeply at being so late, especially as they were obliged to put up with a very inferior position at the end of the line of drags.

The race preceding the great event had just been run, when there was a stir among the crowd on Lady Adelaide's left. A smartly appointed mail-coach was advancing with difficulty towards the line of carriages. By means of a liberal distribution of bad language and coin of the realm the driver managed to pilot his vehicle into an open space not far from the drag on which Lady Adelaide sat. The noise attracted her attention, and she glanced languidly downward. The sight she saw made her gasp with horror. There sat a rosy-faced old gentleman arrayed in gorgeous attire, with a gigantic buttonhole and a white hat, and beside him appeared to her outraged vision an exceedingly well dressed and attractive young lady, whose features were horribly familiar to her.

Turning in an almost fainting condition to Lady Fixton she gasped: "Look, mamma, there's Sir Thomas with Burton by his side. What can it mean?"

"It means, I expect my dear, those journeys to London," added the countess with a reproachful look. "But see—Sir Thomas is coming this way with Burton on his arm."

And sure enough he walked up to the side

of the drag, and making a polite bow, calmly remarked: "Lady Adelaide, allow me to introduce you to my wife—though I fancy you have met before."

Great Industrial Fair and Semi-Centennial Exposition.

This being the fiftieth or Semi-Centennial year of the Incorporation of Toronto as a city, the Industrial Exhibition Association of that city have determined on making their next Annual Fair and Exposition, which is to be held from the 10th to the 20th of September next, of such a magnitude as will eclipse any of its predecessors. On account of the large number of applications already received from intending exhibitors, it has been decided to enlarge several of the buildings, and an immense programme of special attractions of a novel character is being prepared for the occasion. The Governor General and the Marchioness of Lansdowne are to open the Exhibition on the 10th of September. Among the attractions already announced are an International Fair, a Colley Show, and Field Trials by dogs, which will be of great interest to the farmers; Balloon Ascension, an Electric Railway, &c. The Manager, Mr. Hill, is to visit New York and other places next month in search of other special attractions of the latest and most interesting character. Special days have been set apart, as the Farmer's Day, the School Children's Day, the Societies' Day, &c. The Prize Lists containing full particulars of the Great Fair, have been issued, and can be obtained from the Secretaries of all Agricultural Societies and Mechanics' Institutes in the Province, or they will be sent to any one who will drop a post card to the Secretary at Toronto. See advertisement in another column. A full programme of all the special attractions will be published about the middle of August. This will undoubtedly be the greatest event of Toronto's Semi-Centennial Year.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

"Beano! old man, what would you do if you had \$10,000?"

Beano! was feeling blue, and the fact that he was dead broke made him meek, humble, and liable to moralize.

"Do?" he said musing. "I'd build a church, subscribe \$1,000 to the monument fund, give \$500 to the poor, and—"

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. I am pleased to inform you that your aunt died in Harrisburg yesterday, leaving you \$25,000."

"Is that so?" asked the overjoyed Beano!.

"Let's go and take a drink. By the way, how would you like to go to New York with me on a bender and help spend some of this money?"

"But how about the poor?"

"Hang the poor! I am a rich man now I was poor when I talked so hard about charity."

What is Catarrh?

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15th.

Catarrh is a mucopurulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite ameba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favorable circumstances, and these are:—Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of tubercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxæmia, from the retention of the effete matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposits of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes causing deafness; burrowing of the vocal cords, causing hoarseness, usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fails in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease should, without delay, communicate with the business managers Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King Street West, Toronto, and get full particulars and treatise free by enclosing stamp.

Didn't Want the Doctor.

There was an accident on the railroad and the engineer, who was a wag, was taken from the wreck all battered to pieces.

"Bring the doctor here, bring him quick," called out a postal clerk who was holding the poor fellow's head on his knee.

"No—no," faintly moaned the wounded man, "don't do that. Ain't it enough for a fifteen-ton locomotive to fall on a fellow without calling the doctor to finish the job? Say, boys, just give a man a chance, will you?"

He got well.

Every Man and Woman

Will disagree upon some points. It is almost impossible to quite reconcile one's convictions with those of another, though, of course, exceptions occur; and one of the most notable which we can mention is that on the corn question. For once our people are united; they acknowledge that never in the history of the world was there as certain, as sure, as harmless, as prompt remedy as Patman's Patent Corn Extractor, and for once a united and free people have reached a sensible conclusion. Beware of substitutes.

Little girl—"Mamma, let me carry the baby?" Mamma—"No darling, you're too little; you might let it fall." Little girl—"Well, may I have it when it's worn out?"

There are lots of people going around grumbling, and half sick at the stomach all the time; who might be well and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters occasionally. It's a splendid Blood Purifier All Druggists 50 cents

Call a woman "a chicken" and the chances are that she will fly at you as though she was "no chicken," and her rage will never be appeased till she has chewed you up into infinitesimal pieces. Women are strange creatures—but it is strange that you cannot reconcile their minds to getting along without them.

\$10,000.00.

"LADIES' JOURNAL"

BIBLE COMPETITION

No. 7.

CLOSING SEPTEMBER 11.

OPEN TO THE WORLD.

GREAT CLUB OFFER.

The Leading Rewards are Lot 50x150 at Toronto Junction, Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Tea Sets, &c.

The proprietor of the Ladies Journal now announces a magnificent list of rewards for correct answers to Bible questions. It is surprising how little is known of the Bible. The questions are not so difficult this time as last, and there should be a hearty response. It was announced in the June issue of the Ladies Journal that the competition which closed last month would be the last for the present, but it has been decided to try one more.

All money must be sent by post office or express. No information will be given to any one more than is stated here. So send no answers, and don't waste time writing. Do not send postage stamps unless six cents is added for the discount. Remit by postoffice order, script or small coin.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS

1.—Mention the case of a man who was sorry for loosing what he had borrowed?

2.—Mention the names of a king, a counsellor, and a scout who were connected with David?

3.—Where is mention made in the Bible of a man who had on each hand six fingers and on each foot six toes?

Now, any one having a knowledge of the Scriptures ought to be able promptly to answer these questions with a little study, and so secure a reward of these rewards. To be in mind every one competing must send FIFTY CENTS with their answers, for which the Ladies Journal will be sent one year to any address. If you answer each of the questions correctly and your answers are in time you are sure to secure one of these costly rewards.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

1.—One Elegant Rosewood Piano, a magnificent instrument \$250 00

2.—One Fine Cabinet Organ by Bell & Co., Guelph 250 00

3.—One Beautiful quadruple plate, finely chased Silver Tea Service, six pieces 110 00

4.—One Lady's watch, with ornate case genuine Elgin Watch 100 00

5 to 11.—Seven heavy Black Silk Dress patterns 420 00

12 to 23.—Twelve solid quadruple plate Ice Pitchers 440 00

24 to 27.—Twenty-four Ladies solid coin Silver Watches 600 00

43 to 61.—Fourteen Solid quadruple plate Cake Baskets 168 00

62 to 89.—Twenty-eight solid Quadruple Plate Cruet Stands, 6 bottles 280 00

90 to 111.—Twenty-two renewed Waterbury Watches 111 00

112 to 119.—Sixty-eight volumes of World's Cyclopaedia a library in itself 194 00

180 to 227.—Forty-eight solid rolled gold Brooches, elegant patterns 144 00

The above two hundred and twenty-seven costly rewards will be given to the first two hundred and twenty-seven persons who send correct answers to the Bible questions given above. Then come the

MIDDLE REWARDS.

1.—A lot 50 x 150 in excellent position at Toronto Junction, clear title, and will be shortly worth double or treble its present value \$250 00

2.—A very fine cabinet Organ, by Bell & Co. 235 00

3 to 10.—Eight celebrated Williams Singer Sewing Machines 520 00

11 to 13.—Three Ladies Solid Gold Hunting-case Genuine Elgin Watches 300 00

14 to 20.—Seven fine heavy Black Silk Dresses 720 00

21 to 37.—Seventeen solid quadruple-plate Ice Pitchers 480 00

38 to 45.—Twenty-two Ladies fine coin Silver Hunting-case Watches 550 00

59 to 81.—Twenty-three beautiful heavy Silver-plate Cruets 315 00

82 to 211.—One hundred and thirty volumes Chambers' Cyclopaedia 325 80

212 to 478.—Two hundred and sixty-eight solid Rolled Gold Brooches, beautiful patterns 670 00

480 to 632.—Fifty-three Triple Silver-plate Butter Knives 53 00

The lot at West Toronto above described will be given to the person sending the middle correct answer of the whole competition from first to last, and the two hundred and thirty-one rewards following the middle one will be presented to the five hundred and thirty-one persons sending the next correct answers following the middle one. So you can compete any time and be almost sure to get something in addition to the Ladies Journal, which is great value for the half dollar subscription. Then follow the

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

1.—One gentleman's solid gold stem-winding and stem-setting Elgin Watch \$100 00

2.—One fine quadruple plate Silver Tea Set, 6 pieces 100 00

3.—One ladies' solid gold stem-winding and stem-setting genuine Elgin Watch 95 00

4 to 7.—Four fine, heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns 240 00

8 to 19.—Twelve quadruple plate Ice Pitchers, finely chased 390 00

20 to 31.—Twelve Genuine Coin Silver Hunting-case Ladies' Watches 360 00

32 to 50.—Nineteen Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns 380 00

51 to 69.—Nineteen fine quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets 228 00

70 to 100.—Thirty-one beautiful bound volumes Hood's Poems 93 00

101 to 157.—Fifty-seven fine rolled gold Brooches 171 00

The list of consolation rewards will be given to the last one hundred and fifty-seven persons who send correct answers to the Bible questions given above. But bear in mind, your letter must bear the postmark where mailed of 11th September, the closing day of the competition. Fifteen days will be allowed after closing day for letters, from distant points to reach the Ladies Journal office. But you can, of course, send in any time between now and the 11th of September, and your letter will take its place at the publication office in the order it arrives there. All letters are carefully numbered as they arrive, and there can be no mistake. If your answers are correct, and they reach there in time, you will surely get some reward in addition to The Ladies Journal, which alone is big value for the half dollar. If you don't get anything but the Journal you will be well pleased with your investment, as it consists of 20 pages of fashions, illustrated, short and serial stories, poetry, newest music, household hints, etc., etc.; in fact, just the paper to suit every lady.

By subscribing in a club with your neighbours you will secure some considerable advantage—that is, there must be least thirty of a club, and all who send correct answers to the Bible questions may have their choice of a handsome ring, a heavily plated ladies' gold brooch, which ret