her angulah at the thought of our

story. The child got worse during the day and the next morning he was dead, The doctor said he had died in convulsions, and added that the little one was so delicate that he had never really thought he would live The nurse was overwhelmed with grief. It struck me afterward, although I did not think much of it at the time, that she never looked me in the face when she spoke of the child. The little hele was dead. I thanked Heaven, as I stood by the little one's side, that even in my thoughts I had never wished him harm, that I had never for one moment grudged him his eich inheritance, nor felt that he was

Sir Rudolph paused for a few moments, looking earnestly on the face of his dead wife. Then he turned to us

When the child fied, you remem bor, Utric, I sent at once for you. succeeded to the title and estate. was serry for the child; but it had been such a fragile life that I did not greatly mourn. We burled the little Nest then went back to her aunt, and it was arranged that she should remain with her until we were married. I did not think it strange that she should suggest taking the nurse. Martha Jennings, with her. The woman professed great attachment to her, while Next seemed to rely greatly on her. Now, when we were married, did I think it strange that Nest should want to bring the nurse with her to Brooke Hall. I imagined that she liked her for my little nephew's sake, and that the child formed a the between them which women only could under

the tast with calmages, We were young and I was more happy with my wife than words can tell. You know, into the spoon. Then, before I could both of you, how she loved me. I think eross the room, before I had time to man in the world was every mer

"I remember that my first sensation of uncasiness arese from noticing how completely Nest was under the control of the nurse; and I did not altogether tike the woman's manner to her. More than once I found my wife in tears, and when I inquired the reason she put me off with an evasive answer. Yet Heaven knows, these were but triffes which brought me no gleam of susple ton of the reality to come. I wish," continued Sir Rudolph,

"that I were not compelled to tell you I do so only by her command, how that she is dead. I would falk bury her secret with her, poor, misguid-

I must confess now that there were times when I fell uneasy about Nest. She was so changed She seemed to She was most devoted to me, but she tuttled me. She was abstracted, and that not seem quite sure of herself. About a week before Christmas Day

the Jonnings was taken suddenly ill. Nest seemed much distressed. We sent for the doctor from Avenstelsh, and he premounced her to be in great danger At first no one thought much of her Illness, nor did we say anything before our friends the house was filled with kneats test they should be nervous, (me of the house maids undertook to turse her, and we hoped for the best. At also o'clock on the morning of Christmas Ers I was as happy as any one in longland. I rose from the breaks fast table, after making plans for the day with my guests. Next met me in the batt, where the men servants had tent placed a great bunch of mistleton t tick up a spray, and hold it over Nest's hour As I saw her face then I never beheld it more. I kinned the lips that had never ween anything but the awaytest smiles for me, and at the same motion the housemald who was in attendance on the sick woman came to

in sie trudulph, she said, 'Mrs. Jontitues bath me ask you if you would so to her who is much worse, and she

"I was on the point of saving that I would go at once, when I saw a terriwast walle the date office of the day the hickest for the miment as though she was going to faint. She clasped my boud and saids

You must not see Hudolph, It is only a woman's footleh fancy,

"I can not return the poor crea-I tours go, Nest, I said. You shall not! she orted desperneutrostness that I could hardly free

Why do you wish me not to her. Nest " I waked

through she is wicked and mallelone, was the answer. The will tell you saything the has mad fancies trudulph, between for Heaven's white the ties her work por h

"those was something startling to her manner. I could not understand Was she afraid for herself, or for

"I can not s fuse the request of than I bad ever spoken to her before; but you can come with me. Nest."
"She shrank back, shuddering.
"'No, no P. she oried.

"Then let me go alone, and trust

"I shall never forget the despair on her face when I left her. I shall never forget the ery that came from her

'I shall not be long, Nest,' I said. "I knew where the sick woman was lying, and I hastened thither. I found the nurse at the point of death. A servant was sitting with her; and the sick woman looked at me with an

imploring face.
"Send her away, Sir Rudolph,' she said, I want to speak to you.'
"The woman went, and we were left

"Sir Rudolph,' said the nurse, know before I speak that the words I have to say will break your heart. I meant to die without uttering them, but I cannot, I dare not depart with this secret undisclosed. I—I must con-

"'Certainly,' I said. 'If you have anything on your mind, you had bet-

ter tell me."
"'Ab, sir," she said pityingly, "it will break your heart ! You will never be happy again-I know you so well, sir; and yet, if I die without telling you, I feel I shall never sleep in my grave. I could not rest; I should come back from the dead to tell you." " "Feil me now,' I said, for her words

had excited in me a certain horror that I could not endure—'tell me at

"She beckoned to me to go closer to her, and I did so. She raised her hand, and I placed my ear to her lips. "I dare not speak aloud, she said. Even the walls have ears, and they might hear me. What I have to say is a fatal secret that you must tell to no one. Another life hangs on it. Sir

Rudolph, your wife, Lady Culmore, poisoned the little baby heir herself. "I started back from her with a feeling of loathing and horror impossible to describe. My fair, gentle Nest slay that little, tender babe! I was filled with anger.

"'You are raving !" I orled. 'It is mad, wicked fancy !" "Sir,' she said calmly, "It is the truth-the plain, simple truth; and I

can die easily now that I have told it. Sir, as surely as Heaven is above us, Lady Culmore killed the child. I saw her do it with my own eyes. I will tell you; you shall judge for yourself." "There was no help for it: I was compelled to listen and I had begun

to fear-ah, me, how terrible ! "'You remember,' she said, 'that the baby was taken ill, and that we nursed him assiduously, no one more tenderly, more kindly than Miss Nest. The night he died we were rather anxious about him, and Miss Hazlewood said she would sit by his cot while I went down to supper. I was quite willing. I went to see if the child was looked, to my thinking, better; there was more color in the fair little face. As I left the room, Sir Rudolph. I was struck by the peculiar expression on Miss Hazlewood's face. I could not describe it-a cruel look it seemed to me. I went down-stairs, but Miss Razlewood's look haunted me. Not that I had any fear: I would rather have suspected a saint of doing harm to the child than Miss Hazlewood. I

could not rest down-stairs. I went back. I saw Miss Hazlewood on her knees by the side of the cradle. She held a little bottle in one hand and a spoon in the other. As I walked in at the door, I saw her, with a steady hand, drop two drops from the bottle into the spoon. Then, before I could child had awallowed the ontents of the teaspoon. I caught her, as I may say, red-handed. neither saw nor heard me, she was

the fatal dose. I sprung forward. "" What are you doing?" I cried. " For a moment she seemed paralygod with fear.

so deeply engrossed in giving the child

""What are you doing?" I cried again, almost beside myself. equiving baby his medicine," said. 'It is just time.'

She tried to hide the bottle; but would not let her, and in the struggle she dropped it. The contents were spilled upon the pillow. I picked up the bottle. On it was a label with the one terrible word Telson.

"You dropped some of this into the tenspoon!' I cried. 'You guilty. miserable woman, you have killed the

She did not deny it. She fell at my feet, groveling, crying out that it was such a fragile little life, and that it parted you from her. She clung to me with ories and tears. She told me your regiment was ordered abroad, and that it would be years before you could return and marry her long years but that, if the child dled, and you succeeded to the baronetey, you would be obliged to sell out and then you would marry her at once 'And I love him so,' she cried, plaintively; 'I love him so dearly!' That was all she kept repeating- 'I love him so ! It was a terrible scene, sir the child already dead in his cot. and the beautiful lady, with her white despairing face, crouching on the

"I could not let him go!" moaned. 'He has been so faithful, so loyal, so good; he has loved me so well. Every one else's love prospers. Why should we spend all the best years of our lives apart? He might die abroad, he whom I love with my whole heart. And it was only one little life, so fragile, so weak, that stood

between him and wealth." " "She bent over the little one's

"See," she cried; "It has not suffered: it breathed only for a short space and then died. A few minutes ago it was a weak, struggling little creature; now it is a bright angel in heaven. I have done no serious wrong. I have set the little soul free, and I need not part from my love. I have given him fortune, wealth, all that my heart destred for him.

"The law will tell a different story, Miss Hazlewood," I said. "In the eyes of the law, as well as before heaven, the life of a little child is as sacred as that of a grown-up person.

"'De you know, Sir Rudolph,' said the nurse, 'I do not think that up to that time she had looked upon the deed as murder? She had thought only or remeving the obstacle that lay between you, sir, and wealth—that lay between herself and her love. She had never thought of the fact that she put terself within the power of the law, If you had but seen her when I told ter that she had committed a murder and deserved to be hanged! To prove the truth of all I say, sir, look at this, I have saved it from that time to this.'

"She drew from beneath her pillow a little bottle, with the word Poison' on the label of it, and a frilled white sw-case, in which holes had

You can tell how deadly the p was when you see that it has burned the linen in this fashion, said the nurse. But the child did not suffer one minute; it died at once. Well, sir, Miss Hazlewood cried, wept, prayed, pleaded, until at last I promised not to tell her secret; but I can not keep

it in death. How am I to know this story is true? I asked. These things you show 'A soul on the brink of eternity does

not lie, sir. Lady Culmore paid me well to keep the secret, but I have very often been on the point of telling you." do not believe you even now,' I 'Look behind you, sir,' she said.

You will read the truth there," "I glanced in the direction in which she pointed, and there I saw my wife standing with ghastly terror on her face and desperate fear in her eyes. I held the bottle up to her.

"Is it true?" I asked.

"And she fell upon her knees, cowering, as she cried out-

'Yes, it is true!' "I can not describe," continued Sir Rudolph, "My feelings of horror, Since the shock I have never been the same man, An hour later I stood with my unfortunate wife in her boudoir, resolved that we should part that hour, never to meet again. I had loved her very dearly; but, when I knew that she had taken the life of that fair little child, loathing took the place of love. "I told her, in grave, measured words, that we must part that night,

the struggle in my heart was a hard that I felt inclined to deliver to justice and up fate she deserved. But she a woman, and my wife-I could not see her hanged. I hesitated, as it seemed to me, between two sinsscreening a murderer, and giving up to justice the wife who had sinned for

never more to meet. I told her that

"If I talked to you forever, Ulric, Kate, I could not tell you all the details of the horrible scene. Poor, beautiful Her grief was terrible to wit-She clung to me, she knelt at my feet, she prayed and pleaded with such passionate despair that it might almost have moved a heart of stone. What she had done had been done for love of What did that little fragile life matter? What was it in comparison with my fortune, my love and hers? I saw that what the old nurse had said was true-she did not regard the deed

she had committed as murder. "Ah, you cannot tell what it was me to have the woman I loved best in world crouching in tears at my feet! This woman, weeping, praying, was my darling Nest; the face I had loved, the white hands I had kissed and caressed, were those of a murderess, and that murderess was my wife! Hour after hour passed on that terrible Christmas Eve. We were still together, and I was unable to decide what to I could not give her up to justice. was my wife, and she had sinned for me; yet the murder was none the less a terrible one. No man was ever wretched or more bewildered. Poor Nest, how she loved me! She erouched at my feet in an agony of tears, and I could not soothe her. She was worn and exhausted with the passion of her grief.

"Do not send me from you, love!" she cried, in a voice like that of a dying woman. 'Kill me, if you will. I should bless even death at your hands!" "What was I to do? She had committed a cruel crime, she deserved feet in tears, how could I decide?

"'It was all for you, love," moaned. I could not bear that you should go across the sea. I have loved you so dearly and so long, it seemed as though we should never be happy!" "'Happy! As though sin could ever lead to happiness!"

'I would have killed myself, Rudelph,' she said, 'to make you happy.' "And I knew it was true. I could not give her up to justice, and I certainly could not take her to my heart again, although she had sinned for me.

"We had been three hours together when a sudden idea occurred to me. We could be husband and wife no more. could never kiss the face of a mureress; I could never touch the hands that had taken the life of that fair little child. All was over between my once beloved Nest and me-over for-But I could shield her in some measure. She should never, if I could help it, mix with the world again, The idea occurred to me to bring her to t'llamere-no place could be more out of the world-and to live out here the remainder of our sorrowful lives apart. I would keep her secret on those conditions. She must be content to live

alone without friends or visitors. "For myself, so hot was my indignation, that I swore I would never touch her hands again; and she promised that she would never even lay a finger on me. Poor Nest! She broke that promise only once. We were to live together -that is, under one roof-but were to be further apart than strangers; more than the bitterness of death lay between us. She was never to approach my rooms nor I hers. We were to speak only whehn necessity compelled us. So I hoped to compromise matters, to punish her for her sin, and in some measure to shield her from the consequences. Yet I felt that I had made a most miserable compror

"I remember that she looked at me, hopeless despair shining in her eyes. "Rudolph," she said, "the sentence you have passed is heavier than the sentence of death ; but I accept it, and mit to it, coming from you."

"Then came two or three days that I shall never forget, the abrupt breaking up the party of friends, the surprise of the servants. Some of them I left in charge of Brooke! the two most faithful I brought here. I left orders for the funeral of the old nurse, who died a few hours after she had confessed that miserable secret to meand then we came here.

"Here we have lived since in the very depths of misery. I adhered strictly to the rules laid down. I could not forgive my wife her crime, although I knew it had been committed from love of me. Every day it grew more horrible in my eyes,and every day the distance between us increased. Every time I saw those hands of hers I fancled them holding the fatal dose, until I-oh, may heaven forgive me !-- until I hate her. I never looked at her, I never heard the sound of her voice, without thinking of the murdered child.

"Only heaven knows the misery of our life. She asked me once to go with her to church at Ulladale, and I laughher to church at Ulladale, and I laughed in scorn. A vile criminal, and the man who had hidden the murder of a child, and that child his own brother's, No; the bare idea was re-

is right, no doubt; but I would rather

have been hanged."

"After that I noticed a great change in her. I do not think, frankly speaking, that she never realized the enormity of her sin. I believe there had always been a faint hope in her heart that I should forgive her and take her back again, poor child! The stories that I heard from the servants about her were so deplorable that I decided on finding a companion for her. Kate who came as poor Nest's companion, will be your wife, Ulrie; and may heav en send you a happier lot than has

"I could never tell you what I have suffered. When I have seen her most niserable, my heart has relentel toward her and I have longed to say a kind word to her; then my loathing has re-turned, and I could not speak it. Life has been nothing but torture for me and for her. Least of all could I bear to see her touch or speak to a child. She knew that, and in my presence never attempted it. What would have become of us had her death not taken place, I cannot tell. It was better for her, better for me.

"She sinned, but she suffered; through all the time of bitter enstrangement she loved me as well and as passionately as ever. She tried to atone for her sin. How she pleaded to me that she might nurse the rector's child! "I took a life, beloved,' she said, 'for

love of you; let me save one, and then heaven may pardon me. If heaven is merciful, you must be merciful. "That is her story. How do you

Closed forever were the lips that might have pleaded in self-defence, the eyes that had shed so many bitter tears. She could tell us nothing of the passion and love that had driven her mad, of her sorrow and despair, her torture and anguish. She lay silent. Heaven would judge her. Dare we? Rudolph bent down and kissed her with burning tears.

"Who will judge her?" he asked. And no voice replied.

"What flowers will you place in hands, Kate?" said Ulric, softly. Ah, me, not the white roses of inno cence or the red blossoms of guilt! In her golden hair, on her silent heart, in white hands, I placed purple passion flowers, the truest emblem of her.

I am Lady Culmore now, for Sir Rudolph went back into the army, and was slain at Isandula. Then Ulric gave up the bar and we were married, and went to live at Brooke. The memory of the fair little child, of its young mother, of beautiful Nest, has faded now; but Ulric, more my lover than ever since he has been my husband, says that, when he sees the mistletoe, the white berries look like tears upon it; and he will not have it near us at Christmas time.

But, though tears lie on the mistle toe, the berries on the holly are ruddily red as of old; and they, with the green laurels, tell the same happy story and seem to breathe to us the same good wish as always-"A merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

THE END.

A Society Sketch. St. Suithens Sewing Circle (connected with that fashionable Toronto

Maud (entering)-Why, how do you do Edith? I see I am about last. Edith-Yes, every member is here excepting Mrs. Hauton, and nobody

Maud-Oh, that woman makes me tired. She is always scheming to push her plain looking daughters to the front, and making ill-natured remarks about her dearest friends. Edith-Yes, and the questions she

asks ! She wanted to know how much our last dinner party cost, and how much mother paid for her new cloak. Maud-Oh, that's nothing; she asked me so many unpleasant questions that I told the Governor, and he wanted to know what nerve food she used.

(Enter Mrs. Hauton.) Edith-Why, my dear Mrs. Hauton, We were just saying the Circle was not complete without you; how are your charming daughters? Maud-Yes, it is really quite slow

Mrs. Hauton-Well, girls, I have some news for you. Ed. Crane has Jilted Fanny Flowers, and she has gone to her sister in Montreal, and the Bilstons have lost a heap of money, and have to give up their carriage. Edith-Oh, that's too bad; but did

without you.

you hear that Harry Jones was engaged to a Hamilton girl? Mrs. Hauton (who once hoped to secure H. J. for a son-in-law)-Nobody cares whether Harry Jones is engaged

or not, except to pity the girl. Edith-How did you enjoy Osgoo Mrs. Hauton; I saw you there with the Menzies under your wing? Mrs. Hauton-Yes, dear, I obliged to trot them round as I came

in their carriage. Maud-Oh, I see; you coach them and they carriage you. Edith-I went with my brother Tom

but saw little of him. Maud-I saw him dancing with plain-looking woman, dressed very de-

Mrs. Hauton-That was Mrs. Mopes quite passee, but thinks she has a fine Edith-Just what Tom said : it

neck or nothing with her. Maud-Oh, here's the rector going to cicse the shop. Rector-My dear sisters, I am sure you will go home feeling that you have passed a more profitable and satisfactory afternoon than if engaged in some worldly and frivolous amusement. You

will reap a spiritual benefit as the

heathen will a material benefit from

your self-sacrificing labors to-day. Let

It is a commonly-accepted theory that a man steps three feet, and many a tract of land has been "stepped off" instead of measured with a chain. In the west they obviate the difficulties of surveys by the land being divided into sections, but in Pennsylvania cially in the much of the property, espe

sylvania are two brothers, one of whom is tall and lank, the other short and fat. Many years ago they purchased a tract of mountain land cal for a mile square. They divided the labor of measuring it, one stepping off one side, the other the other side. Then they fenced it in and were perfectly satisfied until recently when suit was brought to recover a considerable tract of the land. Each brother swore that to me and knelt at my feet. She prayed me to give her one kind word, one kind look, and I repulsed her. She looks! at me long and steadily, "Rudolph," she said, your conduct

in which the judge and attorney join-ed. Upon surveying, it was found that line was a mile and a half long, and the other only a little over half

HUMANE METHODS ARE PURSUED IN THE CITY OF TORONTO.

Seen There-Calves Not Now Bled Almost to Death Before Killing-Calves, Too, Are Rendered Unconscious Before Dispatch.

A visit to the shambles of a large city such as Toronto, where every week hundreds of sheep and cattle are slaughtered for consumption, reminds us that after the lapse of the ages, we are still not so far removed from what we are pleased to call' the barbarism of our ancient pro-genitors. But it is a fact that in order that we may live, it seems to be a law of nature that we must kill, and it is no use growing too sentimental over such an inexorable though gruesome necessity. But since it is necessary that these animals should be slaughtered, there is no reason why they should not be despatched in the speediest and most humane man-

It is satisfactory to know that in Toronto the business of slaughtering animals is for the most part carried on in accordance with humane principles. To an outsider not accustomed to the sights of the slaughter house, the killing looks brutal under any circumstances.

In the past there was a good deal of cruelty practiced in connection with the slaughter of animals, for which the over-refined taste of the public was chiefly to blame. This special crucity was the practice of bleeding the animals before killing them. In particular was this cruel custom practiced in the slaughtering of calves and lambs. Calves especially were tor-tured by a lingering death. They would be allowed to bleed for hours, until scarcely any life would be left in the wretched little carcase, which from exaustion and weakness would fall and be anable to rise. Then the knife would be applied to ensure the actual killing of the animal before it expired in the nat-

And all this refinement of cruelty wa practiced in order to satisfy the fashion-able craze that the meat, when dressed, should appear as white and bloodless as possible. The more lingering and cruel the death of the animal, the whiter the meat and the better pleased the dainty-mouthed young housewife who went marketing, and waited for the butcher's assurance that the veal was killed accord ing to the prevailing practice. Happily, even the daintiest epicures, with their false ideas and tastes, are growing more civilized, and no longer do they insist that veal must be as white and tasteless as a turnip. As a consequence of this im-provement, the butcher no longer finds is essary to cater to such a depraved taste, and now, when the bleating call must be killed, he is dispatched in the speedlest manner.

This speediness has of late been facilitated by the dying out of another oldfashioned taste. At one time calves' hads was considered a pleasant dish. For this reason it was not good business, from the butcher's point of view, to practice the most merciful of all methods of killing, which is to first stun the animal by a blow on the head. To do this would bruise and perhaps break the skull,

and so spoil its appearance for the table. But even calves' heads, as a luxury, have, for the time at least, somewhat gone out of fashion, and so the fatted calf can now be hit on the head, made insensible forever to all pain, and be prepared for the returning prodigal or any other gormandizer who has a fondness for this insipid sort of meat.

In some cities, even at the present time, the killing of cattle is attended with a certain amount of needless cruelty. The beast is driven into a narrow enclosure, where he is deftly caught in a rope by the hind legs and instantly hung up by the heels in the air. Struggling and bellowing, he is seized by the need and his throat is cut with a large knife. The process is cruel, and need-

I paid a visit the other day to a large slaughter house in Toronto, says a writer in Toronto Sunday World, where a much more humane mode is adopted. The animals are driven into an enclosure and one by one are sent into a narrow pen. Over the horns is thrown a rope, which passes through an iron ring in the floor, and in a twinkling the animal's head is drawn to the ring, and a swift and sure blow is delivered with an ordinary sledge-hammer to the vulnerable spot on the forehead, and with the delivery of the blow the animal is instantly silenced and relieved of all sense of pain from the subsequent procedure. The beast rolls over, and another rope is fastened to his heels and he is pulled into the air with his nose just touching the floor, his throat cut, the business of skinning and aning almost immediately proceed with, and in an incredibly short space of time the great sides of beef are hanging side of dozens of others, cooling in readiness to be shipped. The process is gory enough to be sickening to the uned looker-on, but so far as the nimal is concerned it has been absolute

ly painless.

So vulnerable is the particular spot on the forehead of a bullock that a welldirected blow from a man's fist, withou even the aid of the hammer, is sufficient to stun the animal and send him helpless and unconscious to the floor. Of course such a blow must be deftly and swiftly delivered by a man of rather more than average power in the arm. According to the old classic poet, Virgil, it used to be a test of the athlete's strength in the ancient Olympian games, to be able to knock down a bullock with the fist,

Upon inquiry, I learn that it is the general practice in all the slaughter houses in Toronto to first stun the cattle with the sledge-hammer. On the ground of avoiding unnecessary cruelty to animals, even the Humane Society can find no cause for objection to the me of killing horned cattle as practiced in

As regards the killing of other animals, I am afraid as much cannot be said in favor of humane methods.

The efficacy of harmless preventive ed by Dr. Karman in a Hung age. In the previous five months arly 20 per cent. of the villagers had an attacked, and eight had died, six t having been subjected to serum treat-mt. Among the 114 children on whom reventive inoculation was tried there are during the next two months no case i diphtheris, although the opidemic con-nued in surrounding villages.

(Tale Quathoused)

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