LEADS ALL

of has ever been prepared, which so com-pletely meets the wants of particions and the general number

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific prepara-tion for all blood diseases. If there is a lark-SCHOPILA AYEVE SARSAPARILLA WILL dislodge it and expel it from your system. For constitutional or scrotulous Catarrh, CATARRY AYEV'S SARSAPARILLA is the CATARRY AYEV'S SARSAPARILLA is the numberless cases. It will stop the neuscous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sicken-ing oder of the breath, which are indications of scrotulous origin.

"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 22, 1822.

SORES my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes worken, much inflamed, and very soro-SORE EYES Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They dusted in recommending AYEM'S NARSAPAHILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent curs. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies: and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. Johnson," "Hutto, Tex., Sept. 20, 1802.

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The Canadian Yost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, MAY 23, 1981.

AN AMBITIOUS WIFE. A STORY OF LIFE IN NEW YORK.

CHAPTER XVIII. (Continued from last week.)

"True," returned Claire. "And it has lasted. I prophesied that it would last, and I was right. . . . By the way, from whom have you learned all these important items? Perhaps from your sister. She is not my friend." Thurston started a little. "She is

not your enemy?" he said, putting the words as a distinct question.

" I hope not. But I am by no means sure. Thus far she has held herself aloof from me. She has not openly opposed me, but she has behaved with telling reserve. Everybody else has paid me tribute, so to speak. No, I am wrong. There is one other woman-her consin. Mrs. Lec."

in love with Goldwin; she has been for years. You must have cost her dire pangs.

Claire chose to ignore this last state. friend." "I think your sister dislikes me ide," she said. "I mean pride of Corne. a. Here she paused for a mo-"o proceed. But her hesitation a gentle, unassuming modesty: in it to deal with it at all were not i hoeral enough to agrand her good and rashness. "Your sister found sense." he softly continued."that you had . Heaven knows, Beverley Thurs. I show so little self tor, Cat I did not tell her!"

her." he said. "Or rather, she drew it with a free wenthe of gaze. from me. I was foolish to let her. (or | inch nelia is so clever. . . Well," he suddenly went on, with an unusual show of animation, "do you mean that she accused you of having rejected me?"

" She did not put it in the form of an accusation. She stated it. Wait: 1 will tell you more; I will tell you when, where, and how it all cappened."

Claire did so. He .stened with deep attention. She narrited the whole episode of her wel om embered conversation with his a min the dinit room at the Coney Is and hotel.

be exclaimed in his subdued. way, as Clane finished. "I must tells with her. I dine there to night, I will find ont if this knowledge has been as the root of her late behavior."

Chaire hard her gloved hand lightly on his sleeve. "I think it best to say nothing. I feel that you are my friend -always my friend. As such you will more discreetly let matters rest where

they are." "Let matters rest where they are?" he repeated.

"Yes." Her face broke into a smile as she spoke the next words. " Mrs. Van Horn-the great Mrs. Van Horn-has withdrawn her disapprobation. The day after to-morrow she and Mrs. Leo lunch with me. It is a ladies' lunch. You have no idea how monstrously important an event her attendance is to be. It is my crowning glory. After that I shall have no more worlds to conquer. She is actually coming; I have it in her own graceful handwriting. Frankly, I am quite serious. If you had followed affairs, if you hadn't been off in Europe for months, you would understand the momentous nature of your sister's ac-

ceptance."
Claire rose as she ended her last sentence. The conservatory was quite empty of guests; the waning winter sunlight told of the hour for departure. "It is time to go," she now continued. "Remember, whenever you come to me you will be welcome. I shall be at the opera to night. Drop into my hox if you can get away from your sister's dinner before ten, and feel like hearing

Thurston replied he would certain to so. But, as it happened, he partially failed to keep his promise. Mrs. Van Horn's dinner was attended by severa mouts. He wanted to talk with his ister, and it was somewhat late before

he found the desired opportunity,
"Did you enjoy it, Beverley?" said
his hostess, referring to the dinner. They were in the front drawing-room together. Thurston had seated himself near the fire place, in a big chair of gilded basket-work, with soft plus mshions. He was playing with a small ocket at his waistcoat, and his look die not lift itself from the banble as Mrs. Van Horn spoke. She came near his chair, and stood at his side for a monent. She had been giving her servants a few orders relative to the morow. she looked very well that even ing. The color of her gown was a sort of tea-rose pink, and she wore a collar of large pearls about her throat, and maments of pearls in her blonde hair. While her brother was answering, she dropped in a chair quite near his own.

"I thought it about as successful as four dinners always are," he said 'Everything went off to perfection, of course, . . No, I forget; there was one drawback. A serious one." "What was it?"

" Sylvia Lee." "You never could endure Sylvia," aid Mrs. Van Horn in her grand, cool

"I think her abominable," replied Thurston. "Her affectations irritate and depress me. They appear to grow with age, too. She behaved more like a conortionist than ever, to-night. But it is iot only the wretched, sensational back taste of her poses and costumes. It is a conviction that she is as treacherous as the serpent she resembles. And then her religious attitudinizing . . . has she got over that yet? I suppose

Mrs. Van Horn, who would sharply inve resented these biting comments if my lip but her brother's had delivered hem, now answered with only a faint believe any good of Sylvia, so it is useless to tell you how unjust I consider your opinions. But she is more passionately absorbed in charities and religious devotions than ever before. If you could see some of the people whom she goes among, and whom she has constantly visiting her in her own iouse, you would be forced to grant hat the shallow hypocrisy with whic! ou charge her is a most sincere and

active aimsgiving." " Say, notorious, too. She's a Phariee to the tips of her fingers. I should like to know of one good deed that she as ever performed in secret. She parades her piety and benevolence just us she does her newest fantasies in !ressmaking. She thinks them pictursine. She would rather die than not e picturesque, and I believe that when he does die she will make some unteortem arrangements about an abnoral coffin. It's a marvel to me that Stnart Goldwin should have put up with er nonsense as long as he did. by the way, how does she stand his

iesertion? "Has he deserted her?"

"Oh, come, now, Cornelia, you know mite well that he has." Thurston was looking directly at his sister for the first time since their interview had begun. Mrs. Van Horn gave a light, so.

"You mean for Mrs. Hollister, Bever-" Of course I do."

"I see that you have picked up some recious bits of gossin since you got lie was wasching ner ver; closely, and perceived, knowing her a scare ly any one e' a line y her, that a evere amoyance dwelt Leneath the ast words. She slightly tossed he: "Of course you know why poor Syl. | delicate head. " You are so relentless via would be your foe. She is madly | with poor Sylvia that I naturally don't want to feed the fuel of your disapprobat on. Well then let me edmit tha Goldwin is envoted to your former

Lie sew a little glenn, like that of Il! steel, creep into her pale-biue eyes. "Oh, then you still call her that?" " Ales certainly. Shoold I wouldraw ag wholly from unwillingness to my Mendship because sac refused to on a subject which she knew that marry me when I was old enough to be s most delicate tact should deal her father? On the controlly, I am

"beserlev." c.claf. 1 his sister, in the enough to ask me to be your tones of naish disc .. "how can you Mesay that's multipale with

Therston looked very grave. "I told larger, the set as eves upon her face s de let object a view, and he "" imed, if possiole, to reach it. and much closer to her while .. s.ow, deliberate tout . :--

"My self-respect, or lack of it, is quite my own affair. Pray understand that. You never forgave Claire Twining for refusing me, Cornelia. You need not attempt to deceive me there. I repeat, you never forgave her. Your pride would not allow you."

Her voice shook as she answered him. She was bitterly distressed and agitated. He had touched an old wound, but one which had not healed. She loved him as she had never loved any other m.n. He was part of herself; his blood was hers; he belonged to the egotism which was her ruling quality. Her speech now betrayed neither wrath nor disgust; it was full of mournful dismay. The times in her life had been care when her glacial composure had shown such excessive disturbance.

"I concede, Beverley, that it hurt me very deeply to realize your humiliation. It seemed to me then, as it seems to me now, that a girl of her class should be glad to marry a man of your place and name. What was she? And what

were and are von ?" "Pshaw! I was and am an elderly, faded old fellow."

Mrs. Van Horn rose from her chair She was visibly trembling. "You could have given that adventuress a position far more stable than she now holds, as the wife of a lucky stock-gambler!" Thurston remained seated. "You call her an adventuress," he said, "and

yet you visit her—you put her on a social equality with yourself."

During the vigilant scrutiny with which he accompanied these words, Mrs. Van Horn's brother decided that in all his experience of her he had never

seen her show such perturbation as "People acknowledge her," she said a little hoarsely. "I have never been to her entertainments. I have never accepted her, so to speak. If you inquire, you will find this to be true. It is current talk, my reserve, my disapproval."

He shot his answer with quiet speed, "You are going to the lunch that she gives on Friday. I happen to be custain of this—unless you have had the wanton rudeness to write her that you would go while meaning to remain away." He rose as he spoke the last word. Brother and sister faced each other. There was a tranquil challenge in Thurston's full and steady gaze.
She recoiled a little. "I—well, ye

I did intend to go," she replied, below her breath, and actually stammering.
"What is your reason for going," he questioned, "if you despise and dislike her so?"

She threw back her head: her selfpossession had returned, and with it a

Thurston broke into a hard laugh. "Yes," he exclaimed, "I am insolent to the great lady because I detect her on the verge of some petty revenge! Oh, I know you too well, my dear sister," he went on, with stern irony.
"You can't rebuff me in that way.
There is something behind this fine condescension. Sylvia Lee and you have been putting your heads together. Your revenge and her jealousy will make a rather dangerous alliance. You are both going to the lunch. You are both employing a new line of tactics.

"You are insolent," she said.

stately indignation.

know. I have a right to know." He was very impressive, yet his voice was hardly raised above that of ordinary speech. She had always admired his gravity and calm; he had been for years her ideal and model gentleman; she hated excitement of any sort, and to see it in him gave her a positive feel-

"Beverley," she murmured, half brokenly, "remember that if I had any thought of punishment toward the woman who triffed with you and humbled you, it has been because I am your sister-because I was fond of you-be-

He interrupted her with a quick, waving gesture of the hand. "You talk insanely," he said. "She neither trifled with me nor humbled me. I was a fool even to tell you how sensibly she acted. What you call your fondness is nothing but your miserable pride. I see clearly that you have some detestable plan. Do you refuse to tell me what it is?-me, who have the right to learn it!"

Every trace of color had left her cheeks, and she was biting her lips. There was very little of the great lady remaining in her mien or visage now. "You have twice spoken of your right," she faltered. "On what is such a right based? How can you possibly possess it? You are nothing to her.

You are neither her husband nor —" "I am her lover," he broke in. "I am her lover, reverent, devout, loyal, and shall be while we both live! She is the most charming woman I have ever met. I met her too late, or she would be my wife now. It was not her fault that she refused me. She is not a the rich costliness of her dress, with its bit to blame. Good Heavens! have I laces, flowers, and jewels. "Have you the monstrous arrogance to assume that been dining with your sister all this she should have married an old fossil time, or were you here for the last act, like myself because I was of a little im- but talking with older friends elseportance in the world? No. Cornelia. where that preposterous assumption belongs to you. It is just like you. And you call it love-sisterly love. I call it the very apex of intolerable pride. But admit for the moment that it is I and not yourself whom you care for. Will you tell me, on that account, what it is you

mean or meant to do?" Before he had finished, Mrs. Van Horn had sunk into a chair and covered her face with both hands. Her sobs presently sounded, violent and rapid. In these brief seconds she was shedding more tears than had left her cold eves

for many years past. "I niean to do nothing-nothing!" she answered, with a gasp almost like that which leaves us when in straits

"Do you give me your sacred promise," he said, " that this is true?" The words appeared to horrify her. She looked at him with streaming eyes, while a positive shudder shook her

"Oh. Beverley, what degradation this seems to me! Degradation of yourself! You may call me as proud as you choose. It is no insult. It is a compliment, even. I am proud of being proud. I had never given up hope that you would marry some woman of good birth, good antecedents, your equal and mine-young enough, too, to bear you children. I am childless myselfhow I would have loved your children! Their own mother would not have loved them more. Every penny of my large fortune should have gone to them. This has been my dream for years past, and now you shatter it by telling me that an upstart, a parvenu, a nobody from nowhere, holds you ensuared be-

youd escape!" Thurston was not at all touched. This outburst, so uncharacteristic and so unexpected; did not bear for him a grain of pathos. He saw behind it nothing save an implacable selfishness that chose to misname itself affection. The ambition of Claire saddened him to contemplate; it had so rich a potentiality for its background. He was forever seeing the true and wise woman she might have been. Even the nettles in her soil flourished with a certain beauty of their own, proving its fertile resources if more wholesome growths had taken root there. But in Cornelia Van Horn's nature all was barren and arid. The very genuineness of her present grief was its condemnation. Her tears were as chilly to him as the light of her bravest diamonds; they had something of the same hard sparkle; she wept them only from her brain, as it were; her heart did not know that she was shed-

ding them. "The hitter epithets which you apply to my ensuarer." he said, with a momentary curve of the lips too austere to be termed a smile, "makes me the more suspicious that you harbor against her designs of practical spite. I want your promise that you will refrain from the least active injury—that you will never use the great social power you possess, either by speech or deed, to her disadvantage. Do you give me this promise, or do you refuse it? If the latter, everything is at an end between us. The monetary trusts you have consigned to me shall be at once transferred to whatever lawyer you may appoint as their recipient, and from to-night hencefor-ward we meet as total strangers."

"A quarrel between me and you, Beverley!" said his sister, trying to choke back her sobs, and rising with a cobweb handkerchief pressed in fluttered alternation in either humid eye. "A family quarrel! And I have been so guarded—so careful that the world should hold us and our name in perfect

leasant," he answered. "You yourself have power to avert it or bring it about. All remains with yourself."

" I-I must make you a promise," she retorted, in what would have been, if louder, a peevish wail, "just as though I had really intended some some gross, revengeful act! You-you are uncentlemanly to impose such a condition! You-you are out of your senses! The creature has bewitched you!"

He saw her eye, tearful though it was, quail before his own narrowed and penetrating look. He felt his suspicion strengthen within him.

"Ldo impose the condition," he said, perhams more determinedly than he had vet spoken. "I do exact the promise. Now decide, Cornelia. There is no hard threat on my part, remember. You don't like the ides of an open rupture with me, you don't think it would be respectable; it would make a little mark on your ermine-a defaut de la cuirasse, so to speak. But your beloved world would possibly side with you and against me; you would not lose a supporter; you would still remain quite the grand personage you are. Only, I should never darken your door again; that is all. Come, now, be good enough to decide."

What does it mean? I demand to She sank into her seat once more; her eyes had drooped themselves: the tears were standing on her pale cheeks. "I did not know you had it in you to be so cruel," she said, uttering the words with apparent difficulty.

"I am afraid I always knew that you had it in you," he returned. "Come, if you please. . . Your answer." 'You-you mean my promise?"

Your faithful and solemn promise. We need not go over its substance again. If you break it after giving it I shall not reproach you; I shall simply act. You understand now; I have told you."

She was silent for some time. She had got her handkerchief so twisted between her fingers that they threatened to tear its frail fabric. Without raising her eyes, and in a

voice that was very sombre but had lost all trace of tremor, she at length mur-"Well, I promise faithfully. I will do

nothing—say nothing. My conduct shall be absolutely neutral—null. Are you satisfied?" "Entirely," he said. He at once left her. He reached the

opera just as it was ending. Claire, in the company of two ladies and two gentlemen, and attended by Goldwin, was leaving her box when he contrived to find her. Hollister had purchased one of the larger proscenium boxes some time ago; he had given a great price for it to an owner who could not resist the princely terms offered.

"You are very late," Claire said, giving him her hand, while Goldwin, standing behind her, dropped a great furlined cloak over her shoulders, and hid

"No," replied Thurston, who had already exchanged a nod of greeting with Goldwin. He lowered his voice, so that Claire alone could hear it. "I arrived but a few moments ago. I have been talking seriously with my sister. You were quite right. She has withdrawn her disapprobation. You have conquered her, as you conquer everybody."

He saw the faint yet meaning flush that left her dark-blue eyes, and read clearly, too, the significance of her bright smile, as she said :-"Ah, you reassure me. For I had my

doubts; I confess it now." "So had I," he returned. "But they are at rest forever, as I want yours to

At an early hour the next morning Mrs. Van Horn surprised her friend and kinswoman, Mrs. Ridgeway Lee, in the latter's pretty and quaint bouloir, that was Japanese enough, as regarded hangings and adornments, to have been the sacred retreat of some almond-eyed

Yeddo belle.
Mrs. Lee had her coffee, and was deep in one of Zola's novels when her friend was announced. Her coupe would anpear at twelve, and take her to a certain small religious hospital of which she was one of the most assiduous patrons; but she always read Zola, or some author of a similar Gallic intensity, while she digested her coffee.

She had concealed the novel, however, by the time that Mrs. Van Horn had swept her draperies between the Oriental jars and screens.

"I have come to talk to you about that affair—that plan, Sylvia," said her visitor, dropping into a chair. " You meen. . . to-morrow, Cor-

"Yes. . . . By the way, have you seen the morning papers?" "I glanced over one of them—the Herald, I think. It said, in the society column, that I wore magenta at the charity ball last night. As if I would disgrace myself with that hideous color! These monsters of the newspapers ought to be suppressed in some way."
"You didn't think so when they described your flame colored plush gown

you deserve to be ridiculed for going to those vulgar public balls." " But this was for charity, and-"Yes, I know. Don't let us talk of it. If you had read the paper more closely you would have seen the statement, given with a great air of truth. that Herbert Hollister's millions are flowing away from him at a terrible rate, and that to-night may see him al-

so accurately last Tuesday. However,

most mined." "How dreadful!" said Mrs. Lee, in her slow way, but noticeably changing

Mrs. Van Horn gave a high, hard laugh. "Of course you are sorry."
"Sorry!" softly echoed Mrs. Lee, uncoiling herself from one peculiar pose on the yellow-and-black lounge where she was seated and gently writhing into another. "Of course I am sorry, Cornelia. Although yen must grant that she merits it. To desert her poor, ignorant, miserable mother! To run away and leave her own flesh and blood in starvation!" Here Mrs. Lee heaved an immense sigh. "Ah, Providence finds us all out, sooner orlater! If that wicked woman's sin is punished by her husband's ruin who shall say that she has not richly deserved it? But in spite of this, Cornelia dear, our stroke of punishment will not be too severe. With regard to my own share in our coming work, I feel that I am to be merely the instrument—the humble instrument of heavenly justice itself."

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It is the custom with some Clothiers and Dry Goods Dealers to mark up goods early in the season and to get as high prices as possible, and later on to reduce prices slightly and to come out with a big flourish of trumpets and announce impossible cut downs. That is a system we never pursue. We never have to cut down, because goods are always marked at the lowest possible price. We don't reduce on one and make it up on another. Everybody gets full value for their money. This is all the sensible man expects. This is all we promise. If you believe in candid treatment and fine imported goods at lowest possible prices you will give us a trial.

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Lindsay, May 13, 1884.- 88.

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I offer a neat assortment of TIES, COLLARS, SCARFS, and GENTS FURNISHINGS GENERALLY. I propose to extend this department and make

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200 BUGGIES & WAGGONS under way and a large number finished, which we intend selling at Hard Times Prices. We have the facilities to do the work. Our

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