Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the foundation of health, by using Dr. Plegge's Golders Medical Discovery, and good discretion, and swindpass of constitution will be established. Colden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or cripption, in the worst Revolute, or intended the worst Revolute, or incorpoison. Respectively has it proven its efficacy in curing history and father Discovery cures to sumple of history has been considered in the severeties. For work lange, in the ling of filood, shortness of threath, throne the serverest Complex, as the serverest Complex, or "Liver Complinet." Despoyable, and indigentary, it is an unequalited remedy, sold by dringsiste.

May 19th, 1986 19

F. C. Taylor.

## CANADA LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

MATABLISHED IN 1847.

The Oldest and the Londing Life Office in the Dominion. Capital and Ausets as at the Soth of April 1445, over \$8,000 000. Annual Income for the Year ending Soth April, 1885, \$1,886.000. Amount of New Anthone for the Year onding 30th of April, 1886, \$5, \$40,407,

The profits of this old and reliable company are larger than any other lafe. Office doing instinces in the Dominion, and its ratio of excenses to income are less than that of any other canadian or British Office. The policies of this company are indisputable on any ground whatever after two years, and Policies becoming claims are paid at once. The rates charged by this company are as low as any first-class office.

F. C. TAYLOR,

## The Canadian Yost.

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

BY HUGH CONWAY.

(Continued from last weeks)

"Feet could drive you in the light wages, but that would be teclioner. I will try and

borrow a horse" I favored the home. Twenty miles in old Bothlay's wagon was not a tempting pros-pers. So the horse was procured, and I de-cided to stay at I. Orient for the night, and ride back the next day. My purchases

could be writ by diligence. tirant gave me a list of the articles he wished bought. Some of them, it struck the, sormed superfluence and trivial, and all might have been ordered by letter. Then I mounted and role along the tableland, down the hill, through the sleepy little viklage, up the other hill and away on the

dusty read to l'Orient. It was a blashus hot day, so hot that I blamed myself for not having started on my ride ofther varior in the morning or later on, when the power of the sun began

That wonder came coupled with another thought, a thought which made my hears book I remembered how anxions he had been that I should make the journey today, and contrasted that anxiety with the importance of the sevend. Could it he that he was for some purpose sending me out of the was? I rode slowly on, giving this question full considerations, and the more I considered it the more I become convinced that my organil to filtings was a rusa Having determined this, my mind was at once made up. I halted at the next farmhouse, and stating that the horse was lame left him in charge of the good people until I could send for him. Then rapidly I retraced my steps, until I reached the top of the cliff from which once before I had game at the house which held the man on whom I had come to wrenk vengennes. I throw myself on the turf, and for hours kept my nyon on the house of on the road

which led to it.
If I saw nothing to confirm my mepicions I could engain my horse and ride to I. Orient

after nightfull. There would be a moon, and I could no doubt find my way.

So, with eager eyes I watched and watched, until at last I saw, struggling up the bill opposite to me, a carriage, which must have passed through St. Scuric. I an it appear and disappear, according to the brude of the road, then emergeon to the table land, and finally stop in front of the farmhonen My heart leaped with delight. I care thrant come out and accept some lark figures to alight, I saw them enter the house. I saw the carriage and horses taken to the stables at the back of the farm,

Then I rose and went to meet what fate had other, and walked briskly toward the farm. I felt sure that the carriage men by me had brought Viola to my temporary home. Brant know that she was coming; hence the errand on which I had been sent. I chafed at the thought of how nearly I had fallen

into the trap.
About a hundred yards from the house I saw on my left hand, sealed on a large stone on the edge of the cliff, the form of a woman. My heart beat so violently, that for a moment I was forced to stand

Changed as was her dress, unfamiliar her affiliate, I should have known her among a thousand. At last, after an interval of two years, I saw Violat the was clothed in



black—she, who formerly detected the som-ber have the was sirting with her hands charped round her knees her head bast for-ward in a sad, thoughtful attitude. The seemed to be gazing at the see below, yet coving or hearing nothing. Noteclessly I greps over the soft turf until I was close to

Now that the moment for which I had taged had come, what should I dot Cover for with represented Coldin domaid as Eplanation? Insist upon her returning at

Not note of these. By only thought we to throw myself at her feet, to clays her in my arms, to cover her feet with hisms, to even that, not withthemiting all the met. I level her as of old. In mother second I when it have the met of the level her as of old.

should have done all this.

The enddenly she turned her head and saw me. The started to her feet, and, with a low cry which told of pain, even horror, turned and fiel toward the house.

I followed, overtook her and seized her

ends. "Violal my lovel my wife!" I ried, "why do you fly from me!"
The made no reply, but struggled to free "Tell me all—I can forgive! Tell me noth-ing save that you love me!"

The looked at me; her eyes were full of ar. "Let me go," she said hoursely, "or ! "Navar!" I said, 'until you have told me

What does it means What am I to the laughed wildly, Think? Think that I am lake to fon—that I love another—that I hate you! But let me go. Julian,

let me go!" Her voice sank to piteous entresty as she spoke the last worth "Never!" I repeated. I wound my arms round her, and kissed her passionately. She trembled in every fiber of her body, and

in them positively frightened me-Suddenly, by a supreme effort, she tore perself from my arms and fiel rapidly toward the farm. I was on the point of pursuing her, when a great revulsion of feeling came to me. What had I done that this woman should shrink from my touch should regard me with dread and horrors I had lavished love upon her; I was willing to take her to my arms without a word of explanation, or an entreaty for pardon for the misery she had canned me. Yet she fled from ne me if I wore some noxious reptile. lowever deeply and blindly a man may ove, there must be a limit to his self-almos ment; so, as I structe into the house, to find, not her, but Kustace Grant, my heart was full of black and bitter thoughts against the woman I loved

I entered Grant's sitting-room without either knock or warning of any sort. He was scated, and, apparently, in carpest conversation with a pale, swest-faced woman, some ton years his senior, and who was as a Sigur of Charity. He started to his feet, and looked at me like one aston-

"You here, Lorainet" he cried. "Yes; I did not get so far as L'Orient."
Grant moved toward the door. "Excuse me," he said: "I shall be back in a moment. This is my sisten." The lady bowed, and smiled pleasantly.

what coldly, "You cannot prevent the menting; it has taken place." "Poor girl" he said. Then turning his sister, speaking in French, "You had better go and flud Viola." The row, and left the room, Grant and worn alone

"You are too late Grant," I said, som

"Well!" he said, calmly, "You have men here's Yes, in spite of your subterfuge.

"I noted but for the best, it was only this morning I knew they were coming. Some absurd report of my recent illness had reached my sister. Not having heard from me for weeks and weeks, she came to learn the truth." "Cante from where?

"From Nantes. She is the superior of a alsterhood there. She is my half sister. Her mother was a Frenchwoman." "Int Violat Why is Viola with her?"

"She has been in her charge ever since she left you It was to my sister I took

A thought crossed me. "Surety," I said, Viola, a married woman, can bind herself by no rows! She is not one of the sister-"The sisterhood is a purely charitable one. Fersons can leave it at discretion.

Viola has been my sister's guest, that is all.' "(Frank," I said, "I am now under the same roof as my wife. She shall not leave it until I know everything. From her lips I will learn the meaning of her conduct, On and soud her to me, He said nothing. He left the room, and

in a few infinites returned, leading my wife, She sank wearily upon a chair, with her fingers nervously moving one against the other. I had now time to notice what changes the two years had made in her. Beautiful as she still was, it was not the girlish beauty which had won my heart; is here the sail, errent beauty of a young wo there, but the gayety and exuberance of vonth were missing. Viola's cheek was paler than of old; her figure looked slighter; altogether she was more ethereal—more tragile looking. For a while she kept her over away from me; then, finding I did not speak, she looked at me. Her eyes were full of tears

"Rustace tells me you want to speak to me," she said, "Will you not spare me, "Unhappy! Spare you! How have you spared met Think what my life has been

rom the day you left me think of it, and

I heard her subbing. I could not bear to ritues her grief. I kneeled at her side "Tiola," I whispered, "fell me all. Let fell me why you left met

"I cannot! I cannot!" she watled. Heatless of Grant, who was still with me the sought her, implored her to enlighter me, or at least to say that she loved me still; that, now we have met, we should part no more. In vain! Again and again are lips formed the sad yet firm refusal. At last she said; "Ask me no more, Julian; it is for your sake that I am silent."

For my sake! Grant's parrot cry! I rose in bitter anger and turned to Grant,
"Tell her," I said—"fell this woman. ware my name, and who is still my wife, that nothing can make life more terrible to me than this concealment. Tell her in what frame of mind I met you. Bid her speak. You have power over her. She will listen to you, if not to me."

"Viola" said Grant, in a strangely solemn voice, "he is right; we are wrong He must know the truth." the raised her white face. never!" she moaned.

"It must be," continued Grant. "He is a man; and if there is a burden to be borne, on has a right to bear it. He must know

She stretched out her arms imploringly. "Enetace," she gasped, "think of the horror! Let him hate me, curse me, go "He must be told," said Grant, fruity.

the present her itsade to her eyes, and was sleat for some minutes. I steeled my heart, and neither spoke nor moved, although I saw the tears trickling through her closed fingers

Presently she spoke: "Not until I have gone, Eustace; not until the ship has sailed." "Bailed! What ship!" I exclaimed, turn-

"Viola catle for Americancest week. Some friends of her mother's live in New York; she goes to them."

I walked across to Viola. "Way do you got" I saked, flerosty. The seemed to trum-ble at the change in my votes. I repeated

the question.
"I am too near—too near to ling
she said, in a low, pained voice.
"Too near to me, you mean?
"Yes! There must be thousands of

I stamped in my rage. I was tried part
indurance. Her one thought, her only
rish, seemed to be that of groiding me,
"(iof" I cried, "and may I never game

with you the memory of the life you have ruined, the hopes you have blighted, the lave you have thrown away! Golf I turned on my heel, but in the small mirror over the fireplace I saw Viola rise, pale and tottering. I saw Grant place his arm round her and support her. "I cannot bear it," I heard her say. "I

can bear all for his sake, except his re-proaches. Eustace, when I am gone let him know all. Not until I am gone. Julian,

passing through the doorway. I sprang torward, but Grant checked me. The tears were rolling down his cheeks. "No," he said. "Leave her. No good can be done. You will kill her if you see

her again. Julian, leave the house for an hour; they will be gone by then. Trust me -teneve me, it is better so." "But I am to be told everything! "You when she has left England."

"No, now! Tell me now! Whatever it may be that divides us. I can sweep it away. from hinder her from going. I can hold her to my heart and keep her. Speak! If you are sworn to keep her secret awhile, for my sake, for her sake, break that vow, and let me know everything this moment! He laid his hand on my shoulder. "Ju-lian, my poor fellow," he said in voice full of feeling, "If you have any hope, abandon it. No love, no power on earth can bring

Viola back to you!" His words seemed to turn my heart into lead. I said no more, but, obeying his request, left the house. But I waited at the roadside for the carriags to pass; I would catch one more glimpse of Viola before she left me, as Grant predicted, forever.

At last the carriage passed me. Viola saw me; our eyes met. Her look was one of hopeless, yearning misery. She made a faint inovement as if about to stretch out her arms, then in a moment passed from my gase. And this was our farewell!

Conquering the impulse which urged me to rush after the carriage, tear my wife from it, and swear she should not leave me, I turned a way and struck down toward the

Hare I wandered about until late at night. Then, weary and miserable, dragged inviself back to the farm. Grant, with a face full of anxiety, was awaiting my return. I threw myself into s chair, buried my face is my hands, and, I believed, sobbed. The disappointments of the day, the threatened hopelessness of the future, had completely broken me down. I felt as a man must feel who is on the

"Rustace," I cried, "can you give me no 'My poor hoy, it would be cruel to d eive you—none!"

I groaned, "Let us go away," I said.
"Come with me to England—to London.
I shall go mad, and throw myself over the cliff if I stay here!"

The next morning we started for England.

CHAPTER X

'IF HAS BEEN A DECAM, LET US FORGET IT." Curious as it may seem, I pressed Grant no more to make a premature revelation of the mystery. His warning words, his solemn assertion that I had nothing to hope for, when joined to the remembrance of Viola's grief and persistency in seeking to avoid me, had exercised a great effect upon me; so great that I began to dread the promised disclosure. Until it was made, I could at least tell myself that some day matters would come right. The look I had seen the last in Viola's eyes haunted me day and night. The last words I had heard her creak, "Julian, farewell!" rang in my ears. Both look and words told me that she loved me, but told me that hopeless misery was to be our lot. No wonder I hegan to wish to postpone the knowledge of the worst

moody and miserable—a cheerless companion to the man to whom I now clung as for support and strength. Somehow, Eustace Grant seemed to be the only creature to whom I could turn in my trouble for sympathy and aid. He was very good to me in those days. He was more than a friend, more than a brother. But, in spite of the compassion which I knew he felt for me, no word which encouraged the faintest hope passed his lips. Sympathy is precious, but wanted hope.

The days went by until I guessed that Viola's departure must be near at hand. I grew nervous and sleepless. Wild thoughts of flying back to France and seeing her once more shot through me. To see her, fouch even her hand once more, before I learned the fatal secret which I had by now brought myself to believe would part us

"When close she sail?" I asked Grant abruptly one night. "The day after to-morrow."

"From where!" From Hours

In forty-eight hours she would be gone. In forty-eight hours I should know why she

"Eustace," I said, "before I learn what here is to learn, there is something I should like to do. Viola is my wife. Whether she has acted rightly or wrongly, I shall soon know; but I must make some provision for her future." "Yes," said Grant "That you should

most certainly do." "Come with me to my solicitor's to-morrow. I will give him instructions."
Grant nodded; so I wrote at once and

made the appointment. I resolved to do all I had purposed doing before Viola left. By this act I could at least show her that, whatever the pending revelation might be, I loved and trusted her. I told Grant of my intentions, and wondered he expressed so little surprise at

what, under the circumstance, might be well called generous, if not quixotic. "It will be just and fair," he said quietly.

"It will be just and fair," he said quietly.
"Do it, as you suggest, at ones."

The next afternoon found us at my solicitor's. The large tin box, labeled "Julian Loraine, Esq.," was pulled down, dusted and opened. The notes which, two years ago, had been taken respecting the settlement were looked up and produced. It was arranged that Grant should be one trustee; and my solicitor, in whom I put great faith, the other. All was to be done with as little the other. All was to be done with as little delay as possible. I smiled sadly, perhaps bitterly, as I thought it was to be done for the sake of one who was eager to put thou-

the sake of one who was eager to put thousands of miles between us,

I was looking through some papers, among which I found one indorsed "Copy of Julian Loraine's will." I drew it out, opened it and held it toward Grant, "See," I said, "there is my title to all I possess. What a difference those few lines made to me at the time! Now, little good, after all, they have done me?"
"Shortest will I over read. Mr. Grant."

all, they have done me?"
"Shortest will I ever read, Mr. Grant,"
said the solicitor, "If every one made so
simple a will as that, lawyers would starve."
Grant, without much show of interest,
took the paper in his hand and run his eye
over it. Buddenly he stopped short, and
stared at it like one who sees a ghost.
Never before had I seen a man's face and
bearing so changed in a simple second.

bearing so changed in a single second. I was positively frightened.
"What is the matter?" I cried.
He turned to the salicitor, "Will you leave us alone far one minute?" he said; "only one minute?"

The solicitor looked surprised at the prucque request; but, nevertheless, courseously vacated the office.

Grant seized the office.

Grant seized my arm with a grip of iron.

"What does it mean—this?" he saied, in a voice full of wild excitement. As he spoke, he laid his foredinger on the words "adopted staff"



"No more than you are. I have always passed as such, and never troubled to correct the error. Perhaps, as my origin is a humble one, I was ashamed to do so," I

added, with a faint laugh. He took no notice of my self-deprecation. "Tell me all about yourself—as short as possible, but pass over nothing." So in sfew words I told him the story which, years ago, Julian Loraine had told

on Mr. Loraine. My tale was but half finshed when Grant left me, and I heard him in the outer office shouting for telegraphic forms in a way which scandalized the decorous cleris. He wrote two messages rapidly, threw down a sovereign and asked for some one to go at once to the telegraph office. Then he seized me by the arm. "Come!" he cried; "all that trash"meaning the business papers-'can wait.

He swept me out of the office like whirlwind, down the stairs into the street. He shouted for a cab, and in a moment we were tearing at full speed toward our hotel. Had I not guessed that something deeper, something concerning my own fate lay under his excitement, I should have thought that Enstace Grant had suddenly gone mad. No: I knew that he had made some discovery which wrought a great change in everything.

Come with me."

What is it? Tell me," I said. "I cannot I cannot speak. Wait one "Tell me that it means good to Viola and

He grasped my hand, "Julian," he said. "it means everything."
I sank back speechless. For a minute or two I was willing to rest content with this bold assertion and ask no more questions. said no more until we reached the notel.

Grant carelessly threw money to the abman, passed his arm through mine, and led me to our sitting-room at a rate which made us the observed of all. Once there, he grasped both my hands and shook them vigorously. Then he left me. In a minute he was back again. He held

wo letters in his hand. He gave me one. "She wrote this," he said; "it is a fare-well, and was to have been given you when you had learned all," I snatched it and would have opened it.

"Stop a moment," he said. "This one is letter which on her death bed Viola's mother told me to give her daughter on her wenty-first birthday. Your wife read it in Mr. Monk's office while she was waiting for you and while I was talking to Mr. Monk When you read it, picture her feelings, and you will understand everything." Grant turned away and left me alone

Which should I open first? Viola's, of contain some word of love which would be Here it is:

"DEAREST-You will read this knowing all. Had we not met-had you even believed me faithless to you. I could have carried the dreadful secret to the grave, and you at least might one day have found yourself happy again. You have forced the truth from me, and the truth shows you that this letter is an eternal farewell times I thought, when years and years have passed, we might meet again. Dearest it can never be. Even that hope is denied us. Julian, fate has been cruel, and seems even crueler now that you must share the sorrow and the shame. Farewell"

I laid the letter on the table and opened the second packet. Another letter in a woman's writing; also two long narrow stripe of paper. I read the letter.

"MY DAUGHTER-If I am dead, this will be given you on yourtwenty-first birthday. The name under which I pass is not my own. I am the wife-you are the daughter of Julian Loraine, of Herstal Abbey. Somersetshire. How he treated me, why I left him, are matters upon which I need not peak. He was a flend in human shape. I hall never see him again. He does not know whether I am alive or dead. I tell you this, not that you may seek him and claim the right of a daughter, but that you may shun and avoid any one bearing his wicked name. He is rich, but riches do not bring happiness. Live your own sweet life, marry a good honest man, and let your true name, or the relationship you bear to the man who so cruelly wronged me, never pass your lips. If ever you feel tempted t go to this man and say, 'I am your daughter,' think of me and the years of suffering he has caused me. Let him die without knowing he has a child so fair and loving as yourself. Your affectionate mother. "MARGARET LORAINE"

The slips of paper were certificates—one of the marriage of Julian Loraine and Margaret, the other of the birth of Viola. Now I knew all-I rested still and pic tured my poor girl's unspeakable horror when she read that fatal letter, and learned that her busband was her father's son by what she supposed was a former wife. I seemed to see her struck down in the first flush of her wedded happiness, even as I had been struck down. I seemed to enter into her thoughts, to feel that it was impossible she could meet me again. I could bear her agonized entreaties to Grant to bear her away and hide her from me. I could understand now why she took no steps to clear her name in my eyes. How she even wished me to think her perjured and faithless, so long as the secret could be kept from me—so long as I did not suffer as she suffered. Yes! I could understand what, rightly or wrongly, she and Grant

had striven to do for my sake! On what a chance a life turns! Why had I never told Viola the story of my birth and strange adoption? Why had I never told Grant! It would have cleared natters in a second.

Strange to say, it had never occurred to ne to mention it to either of them. After I had succeeded to my reputed father's wealth, my position was so assured—it seemed to me so natural to be thought and called the dead man's son—that in sober truth my real origin had all but faded from my mind. For years I had scarcely given it a thought. But I ground my teeth now, as I reflected how a simple chance might have made me speak, and so saved my wife and myself from more than two

years of misery!

Then the idea came to me that every moment which elapsed before Viola learned the news was one of sorrow to her. I prung to my feet and went in search of

Good fellow! I found he had already method his portmanteau, and was budly ed ou mi

Although starting from London at once meant pacing for hours the quay at South-ampton, I had the satisfaction of being so many miles nearer to Viola.

Shall I ever forget that crossing! The

night was fair. No thought of sleep came

to me. I sat on deck all might, gazing out over the sea; looking out for the two great lights on Cap de la Heve; listening to the steady, monotonous thump, thump, thump of the engines, and knowing that every revolution of the paddle-wheels was bearing me nearer to Viola; or I leaned over the side of the boat and watched the hissing water flying behind in a foaming white track. I felt that I was being borne away from all my troubles, and that the path the sturdy ship plowed through the moonlighted sea was one which led me to unmakable happiness. I was alone with my thoughts nearly all the time. Grant, like a wise man, had gone below to court sleep. Perhaps, in spite of the jey he felt in the approaching happiness of his friends, my ceaseless and oft-repeated questions became a trifle monotonous. He had to assure me a thousand times that one, at least, of his messages would reach Viola in time to stay her departure. He had telegraphed to the steamer, as well as to the Hotel de l'Europe, at which he knew she was staying. He had simply said, "On no account go to-mor-ow," and felt certain she would countermand her journey, and await explanations.
Would she! Would a few words from him change her plans? What should I do if we reached Havre after the American teamer had sailed, and found that after all Viola had gone in her? "Do!" said Grant. "Take the next boat

nd follow her. It will be but the delay of week, and the voyage will do you good." But I could not contemplate with equadimity the thought of Viola's spending nother week in ignorance of the truth. So Grant had again and again to assure me that we should certainly find her at Havre with his sister, who accompanied her thither and had promised to see her safely on board

I had other questions to ask him, among them when he first learned the true reason of my wife's sudden flight—how he learned it He was silent for a while, then he said

"Loraine, I will once for all make a clean preast to you. A month after I had placed Viola in my sister's hands I said to myself; This man, who should have made her life happy, has by his treatment forced her to leave him. Why should she waste her life in grief! I love her!" So I wrote to her— I could not have spoken the words—I wrote and told her I loved her. I asked her what the voice of the world mattered to us. The law might free her from you, and we might be happy! Her answer was to send me back my letter, accompanied by the papers which I gave you to-day. She knew that I would guard the secret. I knew that she left you, not because your love had wanel. The hate I felt toward you, the passion I felt toward Viola, turned into the deepest pity. Now you know all."

It was just after saving this that Grant bade me good night and left me to my own reflections. So I watched and watched until morning dawned, then broke broad and bright; until the sun was well up; until at last we steamed into Havre, and I could step on the broad quay and tell myself that in a few minutes my wife would be weeping in my arms.

We reached the hotel. We learned that the ladies were still there. Grant's telecourse. Sad though it might be, it would gram had done its work. My impulse was to rush in search of my wife, but Grant the discovery he had made. Let him see her first, and convince her that I was. without a shadow of a doubt, Julian Loraine's adopted son. Then I might see her as soon as I liked. I consented, and curbed my impatience

> I sat in the courtyard of the hotel counting the minutes. Grant must have told her by now. She must know what joy is a waiting us. She must be longing to throw herself into my arms. Why am I not summoned? Perhaps the joy has killed her! I will wait no longer! I rose, but at that moment Grant ap-

peared. His face told me that the good tidings had worked no evil. I ran toward him. He grasped my hand. "Stay yet a few minutes," he said: "she

"She is well? There is nothing wrong!" "She is well and happy. In ten minutes on shall see her." Somewhat sullenly I reseated myself. Presently, we were joined by the sweet-faced Sister of Charity, who had for the nme discarded the spotless linen jusignia of her calling, and was dressed in simple black. She talked on various subjects; but if I answered at all I did so mechanically. her voice bearing no meaning to my ears. At last she rose, and I understood that she wished me to follow her. Grant wrung my

hand as I passed him. With a beating heart I followed his sister up the wide stairs, followed her until she paused before a door, and placed her hand on the handle. Then, turning to me, she

whisnered: "Mr. Loraine, I know all the sad story of the last two years. I know what this poor child has suffered. There are some griefs which are too acute to bear even the tion of. Take her to your arms as if you had parted with her but an hour ago, and until she speaks of it let no word of the last two years pass between you." She made the sign of the cross, opened

the door and left me free to enter. What did I see! Viola even as she left that morning so soon after our wedding. Viola in the very dress she wore that day How well I remembered it-remembered its hue, its very material. Long afterward she told me that during those months of a paration she had treasured up and kept always near her everything that reminded her of the few happy days she had spent with me, before the fatal mistake crushed her to the earth. Yes, I saw Viola as of old—even down to the sparkling ring which I had, it almost seemed to me that morning, given her. Viola, my love, my wife!

The door closed softly behind me—the sister's care must have done this. I opened my arms. With a cry of rapturous delight Viola ran toward me, and in a moment was

sobbing and laughing on my breast.
"Dearest," she whispered, when at last
we found speech for more than ejaculations and broken words of love, "dearest, it has been a dream—a black cruel dream!" She shuddered as she spoke. Once more pressed my lips to hers.

"Let us forget it," I said. Then, hand in hand, out of that long night of dark dreams we passed into the full day-light of the joy which life can only know when brightened by such love as ours! THE END.

"Nothing in this life, to me," said Pro-lessor Huxley, "is sadder than the fact that a man, watching the development of his children, is doomed to see his own peculiarichildren, is doomed to see his own peculiarities, his own faults—the things which he condemns in himself—cropping out in them. They may have his good waits, too. But nothing that he can do will prevent those old faults coming out in them. That illustrates the immutability 62 law. Children inherit certain traits and capabilities. They must go on and develop them. There is nothing more and develop them. must go on and develop the nothing more. They are bor

Huxley On the Origin of Char

[George Parsons Lathrop.]

We were in plenty of time. Indeed as the beat did not leave Southampton until nearly midnight, we might have waited for a later train. It was better as it was.

Although starting from Lordon of time.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST IN TOWN, No.

Scythes and Snaths, Forks and Fork Handles, Hand Rakes, Harvest Gloves, Reaper and Mower Sec. tions of all kinds on hand. The celebrated. Peerless Machine Oil, Seal Oil, Lardine. and all leading Oils.

ANY OF THE ABOVE ARTICLES WILL BE SOLD VERY CHEAP FOR CASH AT JAS. KEITH'S, William street, Lindsay

Lindsay, July 19th, 1888.-2.

Oakwood, Aug. 12, 1886,-5.

the son, or the son's son, turns out to be a

and benierings of oriental pearls, with mar-

velously beautiful effect. Its sister dress is

of a new material embossed with wild

roses, combined with lace net in the same de-

sign, with edge to match the looped back

and train being of the embossed fabric.

while the front is formed of the lace in

under kirt and most artistically draped

A Woman's Ingenuity.

[Chicago Times.]

pane of glass through which came in more of the keen, cold wind than was at all agreea-

hie. It was not convenient to have new

glass put in just then, so she covered the

crack with thick cloth, pasted a pretty little

engraving in the center of the pane, and

around it arranged a wreath of small autumn

eaves. The draught was stopped, the cracks

hidden, and she had a pretty picture to look

at besides. It would have been quite as

pretty, perhaps, if the engraving had not

seen used, and the pane entirely covered

Artistic Fashion Novelty.

[Chicago News.]

The latest novelty in the world of fashion

is the recent German invention of painted

dress materials for ladies' dresses, table and

furniture covers, rideaux, portieres, etc., in

satin, real velvet and cotton velvet, the

manufacture of which last named article

Germany has brought to the greatest perfec-

tion. The designs are first outlined on the

respective material, then painted with very

thin but fine and adhesive colors in oil, and

these paintings, before they are quite dry, are given a thin coating of bronze colors.

Send Away the "Crow-Feet."

[Demorest's Magazine.]

The face is educated to wrinkles, and

One need have no more "crow-feet" at 40

than at 14, if people would laugh with their

mouths and not with the sides of their laces.

But the crows-feet are increased tenfold by

burying the face in pillows at night.

looking-glass will prove this at any time. Wrinkles on the forehead are similarly in-

Care of the Hair.

[English Hairdresser.]

To wash, braid the hair loosely in several

braids, take a raw egg and rub thoroughly into the scalp (if beaten first it rubs in bet

braids in a coarse towel, sit by a fire or in

the sun until dry, then comb out the braids.

The braiding prevents much snarling. Where one's hair is thin a quinine lotion will

prevent its falling out and give life to the

The Undermost Garment.

"Close, but not too tight in fit, the under most garment, either in one or two divisions, should cover the body from the neck to knee,

or even to heel, with sleeves or half-sleeves; but it would be worse than useless," says the author of "Dress and its Relation to Health

and Climate," "if made of other material

than pure wool, which, we cannot too often insist, is superior to all other textiles as a non-conductor of heat and absorber and dis-

wibutor of moisture."

away at any time.

wrinkles are cultivated by most people.

One winter a lady discovered a crack in a

OVER .. Dron.

with the leaves.

A. Higinbotham.

SEEDS! SEEDS SEEDS!

Cabbage, Carrot, Beet, Turnip, Mangold Garden Peas, etc.,

In fact all varieties of Seeds sold cheap by the package. ounce or pound, and will be found reliable. Also

PRIME CLOVER and TIMOTHY SEE And a fresh supply of PURE GROUND OIL CAKE

at HIGINBOTHAM'S Drug Store, Lindsay.

A. O. Hogg-Oakwood. NEW GOODS

A. O. HOGG'S, OAKWOOD.

This week among General Dry Goods received are some very

heavy Check Shirtings, all fast colors, at 10c.; Heavy all wool Tweets at 60c.; See our Gents' Silk Ties at 25c. Fine White Shirts at \$1.00. We have bought, to arrive next week, some very choice Tweeds for Suitings and Trouserings. Call and examine goods and get prices. Stock always kept well assorted.

A. O. HOGG. Oakwood.

G. A. Metherall. A particular man receives a blow on the head, you see. Now perhaps he recovers TEW ARRIVALS from that blow; he is apparently perfectly well; but the effect of the blow continues. A son is born to the man. What has be-GEO. A. METHERALIS come of the energy expended in that blow Music Emporium and Bookstore. upon the man's head? It is bound to continue. You cannot get rid of that. The persistence of force makes it inevitable. New Authorized English and Canadian Heary, combined; New Algebras, Arithmetics, English Grammars, Geographies, Dictionance, Sep-Perhaps the man's son gets along all right, and perhaps he doesn't. But suppose that bling Books, Copy Books, Exercise Bosa Slates, Slate Pencils, Lead Pencils, Fraceap, and in fact everything that will be required for the Model, High and Common

forger, or a criminal of some sort—possibly a murderer. How do we know that this is not the result of the original blow on the head, producing a slight accidental impression on the brain, the force of which takes the form of moral perversion in the offspring? WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AT PUB LISHERS' PRICES. Remember the place, opposite the idendish church, Kent-st., Lindsay.

An Original Creation. [Chicago Herald.] GEO. A. METHERALI Among other idealistic dresses is an ori-Lindsay, July 28, 1886.-3. ental creation of gold silk and cream tissue. figured with green palm leaves woven into the sheen-like fabric, the leaves being in McLennan & Co. clusters, the corsage, loopings of the skirt and hair all being furnished with pendants

> Nails. Hinges. Glass. Scythes. Forks Cradles. Rakes. Paris Green. Binder Twine. -AT-

Lindsay, July 7. 1886.-100.

MCLENNAN & CO'S

A. J. Smith.

A Small BOY About the size of a man, blind, barefooted by

A. J. SMITH'S vited, and with the crows-feet, can be sent For a set of team Harnes

HARNESS OIL, MICA GREASE HARVEST GLOVES. ter), then rinse in cold water with a little onia incorporated in it, wring the HARNESS. COLLARS. WHIPS. COMBS. BRUSHES.

WHIP LASHES.

FLY SHEETS. DUSTERS. TRUNKS. VALISES.

a of Pure Cod Liver Off In General Debility, Emaciation, Consumption, and Washing in children, is a most valuable food and edi no. It creates an appetite for food, strengthens the nervous system and builds up the body. It is prepared in a palatable from and prescribed universally by physicians, Take an other of CANNINGTON,

Is the best place to buy.