REASONS

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The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, DEC. 6, 1889.

By JOHN HABBERTON, Author of "Helen's Babies," Etc.

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To you think of 'Edgar Traminy & Co. for a business sign, or even 'Tramlay & Hayn?"

"I suppose it will have to be," said the lady, without any indication of gratification, "and, If it must be, the sooner the better, for it can't help making Lucia's position more certam. If it doesn't do so at once, I shall believe it my duty to speak to the young man." "Don't! don't, I implore!" exclaimed the

merchant. "He will think"-"What he may think is of no consequence," said Mrs. Tramlay. "It is time that he should know what city etiquette demands."

"But it isn't necessary, is it, that he should know how matter-of-fact and cold hearted we city people can be about matters which country people think should be approached with the utmost heart and delicacy? Don't let him know what a mercenary, self serving of wretches we are, until he is so fixed that he can't run away." "Edgar, the subject is not one to be joked

about, I assure you." "And I assure you, my dear, that I'm not more than half joking -not a bit more."

"I shall not say more than thousands of the most loving and discreet mothers have been obliged to say in similar circumstances, said Mrs. Tramlay. "If you cannot trust me to discharge this duty delicately, perhaps you will have the kindness to undertake it your-

"The very thing!" said Tramlay. "If he must have impleasant recollections of one of us I would rather it wouldn't be his motherin-law. The weight of precedent is against you, don't you know? -though not through any fault of yours," "Will you seriously promise to speak to

him! At once !- this very week!" "I promise," said Tramlay solemuly, at the same time wickedly making a number of mental reservations.

Then if there should be any mistake it will not be too late to recall poor Mr. Marge," said Mrs. Tramlay, "My dear wife," said Tramlay, tenderly,

"I know Marge has some good qualities, but I beg you to remember that by the time our daughter ought to be in the very prime of her beauty and spirits, unless her health fails, Marge will be nearly 70 years old. I can't bear the thought of our darling being doomed to be nurse to an old man just when she will be most fit for the companionship and sympathy of a husband. Suppose that ten years ago, when you boasted you didn't feel a day older than when you were 20, I had been twenty years older than I am now, and hanging like a dead weight about your neck? Between us we have had enough to do in bringing up our children properly; what would you have done had all the responsibility come upon you alone! And you certainly don't care to think of the probability of Lu being left a widow before she fairly reaches middle

"Handsome widows frequently marry again, especially if their first husbands were well off."

Mrs. Tramlay looked guilty, and avoided her husband's eye. Sho could not avoid his encircling arm, though, nor the meaning of his voice as he said:

"Is there no God but society?" "I didn't mean to," whispered Mrs. Tramlay. "All mothers are looking out for their daughters; I don't think fathers understand how necessary it is. If you had shown more interest in Lucia's future I might not have been so anxious. Fathers never seem to think that their daughters ought to have

"Fathers don't like girls to marry before they are women," said Tramiay. "Even now I wish Lu might not marry until she is several years older."

"Mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Tramlay.
"Would you want the poor child to go through several more years of late parties, and dancing, and dressing? Why, she'd become desperate and want to go into a nunnery or become a novelist, or reformer, or

"What? Is society really so dreadful to a young girl?' asked the husband.

"It's the most tiresome thing in the world after the novelty wears off," said Mrs. Tramlay, "unless she is fond of flirting, or gets into one of the prosy sets where they talk about nothing but books and music and pictures and blue china and such things." "Live and learn," quoted the merchant,

"Next time I become a young man and marry I'll bring up my family in the country. My sisters had at least horses and trees and birds and flowers and chickens to amuse them, and not one of them married until she was twenty-

Mrs. Tramlay maintained's discreet silence, for, except their admiration for their brother, Mrs. Tramlay had never been able to find s point of contact in her sisters-in-law. Tramslowly left the room and went to his club, forming himself, as he walked, that there is times in which a man really needed the

Meanwhile, Phil had for the twentieth time been closeted with the purchasing officials of the Lake and Gulfside railroad—as disagreeable and suspicious a couple as he had ever found among Hayuton's allors ment of expert grumblers. Had he been more experienced in business he would have been less honeful for as averaged who was anybody. perienced in business he would have been less hopeful, for, as everybody who was anybody in the iron trade knew the Lake and Guifside had planned a branch nearly two hun-dred miles long, and there would be forty or fifty thousand tons of rails needed, every-body who was anybody in the iron trade was trying to secure at least a portion of the order. Phil's suggestion that Tramlay should try to secure the contract had affected the merchant about as a proposition of a child to build a house might have done; but to avoid depressing the young man's spirits, he had consented, and had himself gone so far as to get terms, for portions of the possible order, from men who were looking for encouragement to open their long closed mills, Unknown to the merchant, and fortun-

ately for Phil, one of the Lake and Gulfside purchasing agents had years before chanced to be a director in a company that placed a small order with Tramlay, and, remembering and liking the way in which it had been filled, was predisposed toward the house's new representative from the first. But Tramlay, not knowing this, laid everything to Phil's luck when the young man invaded the whist room of the club, called Tramlay away from a table just as cards had been dealt, and exclaimed in a hoarse whisper: "I've got it!"

"Got what?" asked the merchant, not over pleased at the interruption. Phil stared so wildly that his employer continued: "Not the smallpox, I trust. What is it? Can't you speak!"
"I should think you'd know," said the young

man, looking somewhat aggrieved.
"Not Lake and Gulfside?"

"Exactly that," said Phil, removing his hat and holding it just as he remembered to have seen a conqueror's hat held in a colored print of "Gen. Scott entering the City of Mexico."
"Hurrah!" shouted the merchant, dashing to the floor the cards he held. This movement eliciting an angry protest from the table, Tramlay picked up the cards, thrust them into the hands of a lounger, said: "Play my hand for me. Gentlemen, I must beg you to excuse me; sudden and important busi-uess," seized his hat, and hurried Phil to the street, exclaiming:

"Sure there is no mistake about it? It seems too good to be true." "There's no mistake about this," Phil replied, taking a letter from his pocket. The merchant hurried to the nearest street lamp,

looked at the written order, and said-"My boy, your fortune is made. Do you realize what a great stroke of business this

"I hope so," said Phil. "What do you want me to do for you! Name your terms or figures." Phil was silent, for the very good reason that he did not know how to say what was in

"Suppose I alter my sign to Tramlay & Hayn and make you my equal partner?" Still Phil was silent.

"Well," said the merchant, "it seemed to me that was a fair offer; but if it doesn't meet your views speak out and say what you prefer."

"Mr. Tramlay," said the young man, try-ing to speak calmly, but failing most lamentably, "they say a countryman never is satisfied in a trade unless he gets something "Very well. What shall it be?"

"Millions-everything; that is, I wish you'd give me your daughter too,' The merchant laughed softly and shook his head. Phil started and his heart fell.

"I don't see how I can do that," said Tramlay, "for, unless my eyes deceive me, you already have her."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Phil devoutly. "So say I," the merchant responded.

CHAPTER XXV.



NE of the penalties of success (according to the successful) being the malignant envy of those who have not succeeded, it is not surprising that in time there began to creep into Wall street some stories that E. & W. was no better than it should be, nor even quite so good, and that there was no reason why the stock should be so high when solider securities were selling be-

The management, assisted by the entire E. & W. clique, laughed all such "bear" stories to scorn, and when scorn seemed somewhat insufficient they greatly increased the volume of sales and maintained the price by the familiar, simple, but generally successful expedient of buying from one another through many different brokers in the stock market. The bear party rallied within a day or two, and returned to the charge with an entirely new set of lies, besides an accidental truth or two; but the E & W. clique was something of a liar itself, and arranged for simultaneous delivery, at different points on the street, of a lot of stories so full of new mineral developments on the line of the road, and so many new evidences of the management's shrewdness, that criticism was silenced for a while.

But bears must live as well as bulls, and the longer they remain hungry the harder the longer they remain hungry the narrier they are sure to fight for their prey; so the street was soon favored with a fresh assort-ment of rumors. This time they concerned themselves principally with the alleged bad condition of the track and rolling stock in the west, and with doubts as to the mineral deposits said to have been discovered. The market was reminded that other railroad companies, by scores, had made all sorts of orilliant discoveries and announcements that had failed to materialize, and that some of these roads had been managed by hands that now seemed to be controlling E. & W.

Then the E. & W. management lost its ordinary temper and accused the bears of malignant falsehood. There was nothing mangnant faisehood. There was nothing unusual in this, in a locality where no one is ever suspected of telling the truth while he can make anything by lying. When, however, E. & W. issued invitations to large operators, particularly in the company's stock, for a special excursion over the road, with opportunities for thorough investiga-tion, the bears growled sullenly and began

to look for a living elsewhere. The excursion start was a grand success in the eyes of Mr. Marge, who made with it his first trip in the capacity of an investigating investor. There were men on the train to whom Marge had in other days scarcely dared to lift his eyes in Wall street, yet now they treated him as an equal, not only socially but financially. He saw his own name in news-papers of cities through which the party passed; his name had appeared in print be-fore, but only among lists of guests at par-ties, or as usher or a bridegroom's best man at a wedding—not as a financier. It was

went eastward by some other route. A new of the more hardened operators began to encourage each other by telling of other breaks that had been the making of the men they first ruined, but they dropped their consoling reminiscences when Marge approached them; they had only contempt for a man who from his manner evidently was so completely "cleaned out" as to be unable to start again, even in a small way. The majority, however, seemed as badly off as himself. Some of them were so depressed that when the stock of cigars provided especially for the excursion was exhausted they actually bought common pipes and tobacco at a way station, and industriously poisoned the innocent air for hundreds of miles.

This, then, was the end of Marge's dream of the E. & W. directors with the party were projecting. It might retard a little his accu-mulation of E. & W. stock, but the difference would be in his favor in the end. To "get in

he and his broker knew of it; no one ever knew in what line of stock he operated. But how—why, had not his name been printed again and again among those of E. &. W.'s strongest backers! Every one would know of his misfortune: he could no longer pass as a shrewd young financier, much less as a man with as large an income as he had time would that he had not been so conceite

and careless as to mentally give up Lucia, who now, for some reason, persisted in appearing in his mind's eye! Had he given half as much attention to her as to E. & W., she might now be his, and their wedding cards might be out. And iron was stil looking up, too! How could any one not a lunatic have become so devoted to chance as but as soon as it became evident that to throw away a certainty? for she had been E. & W. was to be the only sufferer all the bulls in the market sheathed their horns in a certainty for him, he believed, had he chosen to realize. Alas! with her, as with E. & W., he had been too slow at realizing. bears' claws and assisted in the annihilation

CHAPTER XXVI.



good-by to his new partner a few moments after the partnership was do first-return to the club and anfortune to the sevwho were members, or go home and relieve the mind of

his wife. As he wondered he carelessly remarked: "Which way are you going, Phil?" The young man, who was already starting

off at a rapid pace, returned, and said, in "Can't you imagine?" The older man took his partner's hand, and seemed to want to say something.
"What is it, Mr. Tramlay?" asked Phil, for

the silence was somewhat embarrassing. "My dear fellow," said the merchant, "a man who has just given away his daughter is usually supposed to have done a great favor." "As you certainly have done," Phil re-

plied.
"Thank you, for I want to ask one in return. Fathers aren't sole proprietors of their daughters, you know. Mrs. Tramlay—when you speak to her about the affair, as, of course, you will, be as-be all-do be your most considerate, courteous self, won't you!" "I beg you will trust me for that," said

"I'm sure I can-or cod if you understood mothers as well as some day you may." "I have a mother, you know," suggested Phil.

"True, but she had no daughters, I believe Mothers and daughters—well, they're not exactly like mothers and sons. Mrs. Tramlay respects you highly, I know; but she may not have seemed as friendly to your suit as you could have liked. Try to forget that, won't you?-and forgive it if it has made you un-

"I would forgive a bitter enemy to-night, if I had one," said the excited youth. "That's right; that's right; a man has so few chances to feel that way that he ought to improve them all. You'll even be patient,

"As patient as Job," promised Phil.
"Thank you! God bless you!" said the merchant, wringing Phil's hand and turning away. Phil again started. The merchant walked toward the club, stopped after taking a few steps, looked in the direction Phil had taken, drew his hat down over his eyes, hurried to his house, entered the basement door, sneaked up the back stairway as if he were a thief, and quietly entered his own room,

for he heard through the open door of the parlor some piano chords which he knew were touched only by her fingers. Lucia did not hear him enter, and as he stopped to look at her she seemed to be in a revery that was not cheerful. He had never seen her looking so-so plain, he would have said, had she been any one else. There was no color in her face, and her cheeks seemed thin and drawn. An involuntary motion startled her, and she turned, exclaiming:

"I was quite busy in the earlier part of the evening," said Phil, "and I needed to see your "Business is horrid," said Lucia. "I should

think men would attend to it by daylight.
Well, I believe papa went to the club."
"Yes; I found him." "And, as usual, he sent you home for some

horrid papers of some kind?" "No, not exactly," said Phil. How un comfortable it is to have a dream dispelledeven a day dream! All along the way to the house he had imagined just how she would look; he could see the flush of her cheek through the half mile of darkness that he had traversed, his path had seemed illumined by the light of her eyes, yet now she was pallid, and her eyes had none of their customary luster, and her mental condition-it did not seem at all appropriate to the conversation which he had a hundred times imagined and

for his devotion to business?" he ventured to ask. "Out in the country we have an old saying, 'Make hay while the sun shines.' The sun never shone brighter than now in the iron business."

"Yes, I know," replied Lucia wearily. "It's always something for business' sake. Yes, we have that same dreadful saying in New York."

men are so absorbed in business," argued Phil. "What would your father care for business, if it weren't for his wife and charming daughters and younger children? He never sees iron, I imagine, while he is talking about it, nor even thinks of the money for its own sake. Greenbacks and gold and notes and bonds all transfer and sake the sake of the sake the s bonds all transform themselves in his eyes, I suppose, into dresses and cloaks and bonnets and opera boxes and trips to Europe and"—
"You silly fellow!" said Lucia, with the first smile upon which she had ventured that evening; "I wonder where you get such notions. If you don't give them up you will some day find yourself writing poetry—something about the transmutation of railroad irou into gold. Think how ridiculous that

VARIETIES.

The mustard plaster is always likely to do somethin "PECTORIA" will ours that cold. "PECTORIA" has no equal.

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The sea is always graceful. Even when mot trests in a becalming manner.

The special announcement which appeared in our columns some time since, annou special arrangement with Dr. B. J. KENDALL Co., of Enceburgh Falls, Vt., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," whereby our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work FREE by sending their address to J. B. KENDALL CO., (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing the same) is renewed for a limitedperiod. We trust all will avail themselves ofthe opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the horse it is indespensible, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it a standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise."—73-13.

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any sulky made. Go to KEITH'S and get one,

would be is his favor in the end. To "get in en the ground floor" of some great enterprise had been his darling idea for years; he had hoped for it as unwearyingly as for a rich wife; now at last his desire was to be granted; the rich wife would be easy enough to find after he himself became rich. Unaccustomed though he was to slumbering with a jolting bed under him, his dreams in the sleeping car were rosier than any he had known since the hair began to grow thin on the top of his head. But as the party began to look through the car windows for the bears of the Rocky mountains the bears of Wall street began to indulge in permicious activity. They all attacked E. & W. with entirely new lots of stories, which were not denied rapidly enough for the good of the stock, for some of the more active managers of the E. & W.

more active managers of the E. & W. clique were more than a thousand miles away. Dispatches began to hurry westward for new and bracing information, but the whole excursion party had taken stages a few hours before for a three days' trip to see some of the rich mining camps to which E. & W. had promised to build a branch. No answers being received, E. & W. began to droop; as soon as it showed decided signs of weakness and seemed to have no friends strong enough to support it the bears sprang upon it en masse and proceeded to pound and scratch the life out of it. It was granted a temporary breathing spell through the assistance of some operators in other stocks, who feared their own properties might be depressed by sym-

of the prostrate giant who had no friends. The excursion party returned from the mines in high spirits; even the president of the company declared he had no idea that the property was so rich. He predicted, and called all present to remember his words, that the information he would send east would "boom" E. & W. at least ten points within ten days. Marge's heart simply danced with-in him; if it was to be as the president pre-dicted his own hoped for million by the beginning of the stagnant season would be nearer two. He smiled pityingly as Lucia's face rose before him; how strange that he had ever thought seriously of making that chit his wife, and being gratified for such

dowry as the iron trade might allow her father to give! The stages stopped at a mining village, twenty miles from the station, for dinner. The president said to the keeper of the little

"Is there any telegraph station here?" "There's a telephone 'cross the road at the store," said the proprietor. "It runs into the bankin' house at Big Stony." "Big Stony?" echoed the president. "Why, we've done some business with that bank. Come, gentlemen, let's go across and find out

Several of the party went, Marge being among them. The president "rang up" the little bank, and bawled: "Got any New York quotations today?" "Yes," replied a thin, far away voice. "How's the stock market?" "Pretty comfortable, considering."

how our baby is being taken care of."

"Any figures on E. & W.?" "El," was the only sound the president could evolve from the noise that followed. "Umph!" said he; "what does that mean! 'El' must be 'twelve'-hundred and twelve. Still rising, you see; though why it should have gone so high and so suddenly I don't exactly see. Hello," he resumed, as he turned again to the mouth piece; "will you give me those figures again, and not quite so loud? I

can't make them out.

verv keen.

Again the message came, but it did not seem any more satisfactory, for the president looked astonished, and then frowned; then be shouted back: "There's some mistake; you didn't get the right letters. I said E. & W .- Eastern and Western. One moment. Mr. Marge, won't

you kindly take my place? My hearing isn't

Marge placed the receiver to his ear, and shouted, "All right; go ahead." In two or three seconds he dropped the receiver, turned pale, and looked as if about to fall. 'What is it?" asked several voices in chorus. "He said, 'E. & W. is dead as a smelt:

knocked to pieces two days ago." "What is it quoted at now!" asked one. True enough: who could want to know more than Marge? It was in a feeble voice. though, and after two or three attempts to

clear his throat, that he asked: "How did it close to-day" Again, as the answer came back, Marge dropped the receiver and acted as if about to

"What is it?" Speak, can't you?" "Thirty-seven!" whispered Marge. There was an outburst of angry exclamations, not unmixed with profanity. Then nearly all present looked at the president inquiringly, but without receiving any attempt at an explanation, for the president was far the heaviest owner of E. & W. stock, and he looked as stony of face as if he had sudden-

ly died but neglected to close his eyes. Marge hastily sought the outer air; it seemed to him he would lose his reason if he did not get away from that awful telephone. Thirty-seven! he knew what that meant; his margin might have saved his own stock had the drop been to a little below par, but it had tumbled more than half a hundred points, so of course his brokers had closed the account when the margin was exhausted, and Marge, who a fortnight before had counted himself worth nearly a million dollars (Wall street millions), was now simply without a penny to his credit in Wall street or anywhere else; what money he chanced to have in his pocket was all he could hope to call his own until the first of the next month, when the occu-

pants of his tenement houses would pay their It was awful; it was unendurable; he longed to scream, to rave, to tear his hair. He mentally cursed the bears, the brokers, the directors, and every one else but himself. He heard some of his companions in the store bawling messages through the telephone, to be wired to New York; these were veterans, who assumed from past experience that a partial recovery would follow and that they would partly recoup their losses. But what could he do? There was not on earth a person whom he could ask, by telegraph, for the few hundred dollars necessary to a small

speculation on the ruins.

He heard the outburst of incredulity, followed by rage, as the passengers who had re-mained at the little hotel received the unexpected news, which now seemed to him to be days old. Then he began to suspect every-body, even the crushed president and direc-tors. What could be easier, Marge said to imself, than for these shrewd fellows to unload quietly before they left New York, and then get out of reach so that they could not render any support in case of a break? He had heard of such things before. It certainly was suspicious that the crash should have come the very day after they got away from come the very day after they got away from the telegraph wires. Likely enough they now, through their brokers, were quietly buying up all the stock that was being offered, to "peg it up," little by little, to where it had been. The mere suspicion made him want to tear them limb from limb, to organize a lynching party, after the fashion of the territory they were in, and get revenge, if not justice.

It was rather a dismal party that returned to New York from the prin over the F. A.

gratifying, too, to have presented to him some presidents of western banks who joined the party, and be named to these financiers as one of the most prominent investors in E. & W.

He saw more, too, of his own country than ever before; his eyes and wits were quick enough to make him enter heartily into the spirit of a new enterprise or two which some

This, then, was the end of Marge's dream of wealth! Occasionally, in other days, he had lost small sums in Wall street, but only

SOME MINDS RELIEVED **HEN Tramlay bade**

verbally formed he wondered which to nounce his good eral other iron men

Little Britain, Nov. 12, 1889 -75 4.

should it be necessary?"

which, to his great relief, was empty.

Meanwhile, Phil had reached the house and been admitted. He had not to ask for Lucia,

"How you frightened me!" "I wish you might punish me in some way for it," said Phil, approaching her. "It was so late that I did not imagine any one would call," the girl exclaimed.

upon which he had set his heart that night. Well, he would be patient: "Faint heart never won fair lady." "Aren't you a little severe on your father

"But it's all for the sake of women that

"But when iron attempts to gild refined gold—to paint the lily," said Phil. "as it

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