### Emile Gaboriau.

His hopes were not conceived. If the judge was not absolutely and fully convinced he admired the ingenuity of the whole proceeding and complimented the proud jackdaw upon his brilliancy.

"This decides me," he said as he dismissed Fanferlot. "I will make out a favorable report to-day; and it is highly pro-bable that the accused will be released to-

of those terrible decisions of "Not proven," which restores liberty, but not honor, to the accused man; which says that he is not guilty, but does not say he is

charges against the accused, Prosper Bertomy, in pursuance of Article 128 of the Criminal Code, we hereby declare that we find no grounds for prosecution against the aforesaid prisoner at this present time; and we order that he shall be released from the prison where he is confined, and set at liberty by the warden." etc.

"Well." he said to the clerk, "here isanother of those crimes which justice cannot clear up. The mystery remains to be solved. This is another case to be stowed away among the archives of the record office."

And with his own hand he wrote on the

### CHAPTER VIII. THE PATERNAL FRIEND.

Prosper had been languishing in his lone ly cell for nine days, when on Thursday morning the jailer came to inform him of the judge's decision. He was conducted before the officer who had search him when he was arrested; and the contents of his pockets, his watch, penknife, and several articles of jewelry were restored to him; then he was told to sign a receipt. He was next led across a dark passage,

and almost pushed through a door, which was abruptly shut upon him.

He found himself on the quay; he was alone; he was free, but only acquittal after due trial would restore him to his former

position among men.

A decision of "Not proven" had left him

covered with suspicion.

The torments inflicted by public opinion are more fearful than those suffered in a "M. de Lag". horror of his situation that he could not re-

press a cry of rage and despair.
"I am innocent! God knows I am innocent !" he cried out. "And I will not die

Often, day and night, had Prosper re-peated these words, as he walked his cell. With a heart filled with a bitter, deter-With a heart filled with a bitter, determined thirst for vengeance, which gives a man the force and patience to destroy or wear out all obstacles in his way, he would be here directly."

"What! do you suppose——"

"Oh, I suppose nothing! Only I must see this young man. Also, I have arranged and will submit to you a little plan of conversation——"

helpless, caged up; but let me once be

he saw the difficulties of the task before him. For each crime justice requires a to be discouraged, helpless, and undecided innocence without producing the guilty man; how find the thief so as to hand him

Discouraged, but not dispondent. he turned in the direction of his apartments-

entertain no doubts of his innocence. He knew that woman remains faithful in misfortune, although her fidelity may not al-

ways be relied upon in prosperity.

Having arrived at the Rue Chaptal, in front of his own house, he hesitated to cross the threshold. He experienced the timidity of an honest man who is suspected of a crime, he feared to meet a familiar face. However, as he could not remain all day on the pavement he went in. The janitor uttered a joyful exclamation

"I am delighted to see you again!" he said. "I felt that you would come back as white as snow. When I read in the newspapers that you were accused of robbery I said to every one, 'He is innocent!'"

The sincere but perhaps awkward congratulations of this man made a painful im-pression on Prosper. He wished to put a stop to any explanations.

"Madam has, no doubt, left here?" he said ; "do you know where she has gone?" "No, monsieur. On the day of your arrest she sent for a cab, put all her boxes into it, and drove away without saying where she was going. Since then we have heard nothing of her."

This was a new source of grief to the "And what has become of my servants?"

"Gone away also; your father paid their wages and discharged them." Then you have my key?"

"Then you have my key?"

"No, monsieur; when your father left this morning at eight o'clock he told me that one of his friends remained in your apartment, whom I was to look upon as the master until your return. You know him to think." master until your return. You know him, doubtless, a stout man about your height

Prosper was greatly astonished. A friend of his father occupying his apartment! What did that mean? However, he concealed his surprise.
"Yes, I know him," he said. Then rapidly ascending the staircase he rang his own bell.

His father's friend opened the door to him. He answered to the description—rather stout, with florid complexion, sensual lips, and brilliant eyes. In manner cheerful, but somewhat vulgar. The cashier did not re-

collect having seen him before.

'I am delighted to make your acquaintance," said the man, with a bow.

He had made himself quite at home. On the table was a book which he had taken from the book-case; it seemed almost as if he were about to do the honors of the apartment to its owner.

"I must confess to you-" began the "That you are surprised to see me here, you were about to observe, I can easily understand that. Your father intended to introduce me to you, but he was obliged to leave for Beaucaire this morning. I am

glad to say he went away as convinced as I am that you have not taken a sou belonging Prosper was delighted to hear this wel-"This letter," continued the stout gen-

'will serve as an introduction, I The cashier took the letter, opened it, and as he read his face brightened, and the blood returned to his cheeks. Having finished the letter he held out his hand to the stout gentleman, who shook it warmly. "My father tells me," said Prosper,

and to act on your advice."

"Just so. This morning your father said to me, 'Verduret—that is my name—Verduret, my son is in a painful position. You must get him out of it.' I answered, 'All right, I will do my best.' Now the ice is broken, let us discuss the question. What are you going to do?"

This question roused all the smothered anger of the cashier.

"What am I going to do?" he said. "I am going to find out the wretch who has caused my ruin, and hand him over to justice—to revenge myself."

tice—to revenge myself."
"Exactly; and have you any clew to the

e, and yet I shall succeed, for man who devotes his whole life to the accomplishment of a task cannot fail."

"Well said, M, Prosper; I fully expected such would be your intention, and I have already been looking into the case. I have formed a plan. To begin with, you must sell off your furniture, quit this house, and disappear."

disappear."
"Disappear!" cried the cashier, indignantly. "Disappear! that would be a confession of guilt, would authorize the world to say that I am hiding so as to enjoy un-disturbed and stolen fortune."

"Well, what then?" said Red Whiskers; "did you not say just now that the sacrifice of your life is made? The skillful swimmer thrown into the river by malefactors is careful not to rise to the surface immediate ly; on the contrary, he plunges beneath, and remains there as long as his breath holds out. He comes up again at a great distance, and lands out of sight; then, when he is supposed to be dead, lost forever to the sight of man, he rises up and has his vengeance. You have an enemy? Some petty imprudence will betray him. But, while he sees you standing by on the watch he will be on his guard."

And with his own hand he wrote on the cover of the bundle of papers relating to Prosper's case, the number of the package, that Prosper listened to this man, who, though a friend of his father, was an utter

stranger to himself.

He submitted unconsciously to the ascendency of a nature so much more energetic and forcible than his own. In his hopeless condition he was grateful for friendly assistance, and said:

"I will follow your advice, monsieur." "I was sure you would, my dear friend. Let us reflect upon the course you should pursue. And remember that you will need every cent of the proceeds of the sale. Have you any ready money? no, but you must have some. Knowing that you would need it at once I brought an upholsterer here; and he will give twelve thousand rancs for everything except the pictures." ging his shoulders, which M. Verduret ob-

"Well," said he, "it is rather hard, I admit, but it is a necessity. Now listen. You have a friend, M. de Lagors? who is "M. de Lagors, monsieur," said Prosper,

haughtily, "is M. Fauvel's nephew; a At the moment of his restoration to liberty Prosper so cruelly suffered from the cultivated, and the best friend I have." "Humph!" said M. Verduret, "I shall be delighted to make the acquaintance of one adorned by so many charming quali-ties. I must let you know that I wrote before I shall make that plain, and punish the real culprits!"

Often, day and night, had Prosper reOften, day and night, had Prosper rewould be here directly."

A ring at the front door interrupted M.

ree!"

Now he was free, and for the first time le saw the difficulties of the task before the saw the saw

And he disappeared behind a curtain as Prosper ran to open the door.
Prosper's portrait of M. de Lagors had
not been an exaggerated one. So handsome

a tace and manly a figure could belong only Although Raoul said that he was twentytimes he had hateû her, but at this moment he thought of her with infinite tenderness. He felt that she loved him truly, and would entertain no doubts of his innocence. He soft chestnut hair, and soft blue eyes which

beamed with frankness. His first impulse was to throw himself "My poor, dear friend?" he said

poor Prosper!"
But beneath these affectionate demonstrations there was constraint, which, if it escaped the cashier, was noticed by M. Verduret.

"Your letter, my dear Prosper," said Raoul, "made me almost ill, I was so frightened by it. I asked myself if you could have lost your mind. Then I left everything to fly to your assistance, and

was preoccupied about the letter he had not written. What were its contents? Who was this stranger whose assistance he had

tinued M. de Lagors; "you are young enough to commence life anew. Your triends are still left to you Rely upon me; I am rich, half of my fortune is at This generous offer, made at a moment like this with such frank simplicity, deeply

"thank you! But unfortunately all the money in the world would be of no use

Raoul, quickly, "you must start afresh; until this mysterious robbery is explained you must keep away from Paris. It will never do for you to remain here." "And suppose it never should be

"Only the more reason for your remaining in oblivion. I have been talking about you to Clameran. 'If I were in Prosper's place,' he said, 'I would turn everything into money and embark for America; there I would make a fortune, and return to crush with my millions those who have suspected me."

This advice offended Prosper's pride, but he said nothing. He was thinking of what the stranger had said to him.

"I will think it over," he finally forced himself to say. "I will see. I would like to know what M. Fauvel says."

"My uncle? I suppose you know that I have declined the offer he made me to enter his banking-house, and we have almost quarreled. I have not set toot in his house for over a month; but I hear of him occa-

"Through whom?"
"Through your friend Cavaillon. My
uncle, they say, is more distressed by this
affair than you are. He does not attend to

his business, and wanders about as if he had lost every friend on earth." "And Mam. Fauvel, and—" Prosper esitated—"and Mile. Madeleine, how are

"Oh," said Raoul, lightly, "my sunt is as pious as ever; she has a mass said for the benefit of the sinner. As to my handsome, icy cousin, she cannot bring kerself down to common matters, because she is entirely absorbed in preparing for the fancy ball to be given day after to-morrow by the Jandidiers. She has discovered, so one of her friends told me, a wonderful dress-

Excessive suffering brings with it a sort of dull insensibility end stupor; and Prosper thought that there was nothing left to be inflicted upon him, and he had reached that state of impassibility from which he never expected to be aroused, when this last remark of M. de Lagors made him cry out

with pain:
"Madeleine! Oh; Madeleine!" M. de Lagors, pretending not to have heard him, rose from his chair, and said:
"I must leave you now, my dear Prosper; on Saturday I will see these ladies at the ball, and will bring you news of them.

Now, do have courage and remember that Now, do have courage, and remember that, whatever happens, you have a friend in

Raoul shook Prosper's hand, closed the door after him and hurried up the street, leaving Prosper standing immovable and overcome by disappointment.

He was aroused from his gloomy reverie
by hearing the red-whiskered man say, in a

ntering.tone: "So these are your friends."
"Yes," said Prosper, with bitterness.
"You heard him offer me half of his for-

M. Verduret shrugged his shoulders with an air of compassio "That was very stingy on his part," he said, "why did he not offer the whole. Of-

fers cost nothing, although I have no doubt that this sweet youth would cheerfully give ten thousand francs to put the ocean tween you and him.' "For what reason !"

"Who knows? Perhaps for the some rea son that he had not set foot in his uncle's house for a month." "But that is the truth, monsieur, I am

"Naturally," said M. Verduret, with a provoking smile. "But," he continued, with a serious air, "we have devoted enough time to this Adonis. Now be good emough to change your dress, and we will go and call This proposal seemed to stir up all of

Prosper's anger.
"Never!" he exclaimed, with excitement. 'no, never will I voluntarily set eyes on This resistance did not surprise M. Ver-

"I can understand your feelings toward him," said he, "but at the same time I hope you will change your mind. For the same reason that I wished you to see M. de Lagors do I wish you to see M. Fauvel; it is necessary, you understand. Are you so weak that you cannot put a constraint upon yourself for five minutes? I shall introduce myself as one of your relatives, and you need not open your lips."

"If it is positively necessary," said Pros-"It is necessary; so come on. You must have confidence, put on a brave face. Hurry and fix yourself up a little; it is getting late, and I am hungry. We will breakfast on our way there.

Prosper had hardly passed into his bed-room when the bell rang again. M. Ver-duret opened the door. It was the porter, who handed him a thick letter, and said : "This letter was left this morning for M. Bertomy. I was so flurried when he came that I forgot to hand it to him. It is a very odd-looking letter is it not, master?"

It was, indeed, a most peculiar missive The address was not written, but formed of printed letters, carefully cut from a book, and pasted on the envelope.
"Oh, ho! what is this?" cried M. Ver-

duret; then turning toward the porter he He went into the next room, and clos ed the door behind him; there he found Prosper anxious to know what was going

"Here is a letter for you said He at once tore open the envelope Some bank-notes dropped out ; he count-

ed them; there were ten Prosper face turned purple.
"What does this mean?" he asked. "We will read the letter and find out," replied Verduret.

The letter, like the address, was compos ed of printed words cut out and pasted on a sheet of paper.
It was short but explicit:

"My DEAR Prosper: A friend, who knows the horror of your situation, sends this. There is one heart, be assured, that shares your sufferings. Go away; leave France; you are young; the future is before you. Go, and may this money bring you hap-As M. Verduret read the note Prosper's

rage increased. He was angry and per-plexed, for he could not explain the rapdily cceeding events which were so calculated mystify his already confused brain. "Everybody wishes me to go away," he cried; "then there must be a conspiracy

gainst me. M. Verduret smiled with satisfaction. "At last you begin to open your eyes, and begin to understand. Yes, there are people who hate you because of the wrong they have done you; to them your presence in Paris is a constant danger, and

they will not teel safe till they are rid of "But who are these people, monsieur?
Tell me, who dares send this money?" "If I knew, my dear Prosper, my task would be at an end, for then I would know who committed the robbery. But we will continue our searches. I have finally pro-But we will ured evidence which will sooner or later become convincing proof. I have hereto-fore only made deductions more or less pro-bable; I now possess knowledge which proves that I was mistaken. I walked in

darkness; now I have a light to guide me."
As Prosper listened to M. Verduret's reassuring words he felt hope arising in his "Now," said M. Verduret, "we must take advantage of this evidence, gained by "We will begin with the porter."

He opened the door, and called out:

"I say, my good man, step here a mo-

The porter entered, looking very much surprised at the authority exerci his lodger by this stranger. "Who gave you this letter

Verduret.

"A messenger, who said he was paid for bringing it." "Do you know him ?" "I know him well; he is the errand-runer who stands at the corner of the Rue

After the porter had gone M. Verduret drew from his pocket his dairy, and compared a page of it with the notes which he had spread over the table. "These notes were not sent by the thief,"

e said, after an attentive examination of "Do you think so, monsieur ?" "I am certain of it; that is, unless the "I am certain of it; that is, unless the thief is endowed with extraordinary penetration and forethought. One thing is certain, these ten thousand francs are not part of the three hundred and fifty thousand stolen from the safe."

"Still," said Prosper, who could not account for this certainty on the part of his protector; "still—"

"There is no still about it; I have the umbers of all the stolen notes."
"What! When even I did not have

He understood that alone, scarcely master of himself, governed only by the inexperience, never would be have the patient perspicacity of this singular mais.

Verduret continued talking to himself, as if he had absolutely forgotten Prosper's presence.

presence:

"Then, as this package did not come from the thief, it can only come from the other person who was near the safe at the time of the robbery, but could not prevent it, and now feels remorse. The probability of two persons assisting at the robbery, a probability suggested by the scratch, is new converted into undeniable certainty. Ergo, I was right."

Prosper listening attentively, tried hard to comprehend this monolegue, which he dared not interrupt. "Let us seek," went on the stout man,

"this second person, whose conscience pricks him, and yet who dares not reveal He read the letter over several times, scanning the sentences and weighing every

"Evidently this letter was composed by a woman," he finally said. Never would one man doing another man a service, and sending him money, use the word 'help.' A man would have said, loan money, or some other equivalent, but help never. No one but a woman, ignorant of masculine susceptibilities, would have naturally made use of this word to express the idea it represents. As to the sentence 'There is one heart,' and so on, it coul

only have been written by a woman.'

"You are mistaken, monsieur," said Prosper; "no woman is mixed up in this M. Verduret paid no attention to this interruption, perhaps he did not hear it, perhaps he did not care to argue the matter. "Now let us see if we can discover whence the printed words were taken to

He approached the window, and began to study the pasted words with all the scrupulous attention which an antiquarian would devote to an old palimsest.

"Small type," he said, "very slender and clear: the paper is thin and glossy. Con-sequently, these words have not been cut from a newspaper, magazine, or even a novel. I have seen type like this, I recognize it at once; the publisher Didot often uses it, so does the printer Mames, of was constantly looking the control of the Rue Lafitte.

M. Verduret seem was constantly looking the control of the Rue Lafitte. He stopped with his mouth open, and eyes fixed, appealing laboriously to his

nemory.

Suddenly he struck his forehead exult antly.
"Now I have it!" he cried: "now I have it. Why did I not see it at once? These words have all been cut from a prayerbook. We will look, at least, and then we

shall be certain.' He moistened one of the words pasted on the paper with his tongue, and, when it was sufficiently softened, he detached it with a pin. On the other side of this word was printed a devout Latin word, Deus. "Ah, ha," he said, with a little laugh of satisfaction, "I knew it. Father Tabaret would be pleased to see this. But what has ecome of the mutilated prayer-book ? Can t have been burned? No, because a heavy

ound book is not easily burned. It is thrown in some corner. M. Verduret was interrupted by the porter, who returned with the messenger. "Ah, here you are," he said, encouragingly. Then he shother the letter, and said: Then he showed the envelope of

"Do you remember bringing this letter here this morning?" "Perfectly, monsieur, I took particular anything like it." "Who told you to bring it? a gentlema

"Neither, monsieur : it was a porter. This reply made the porter laugh very much, but not a muscle of M. Verduret's

"A porter? Well, do you know this col eague of yours?"
"I never even saw him before."

"He was neither tall or short; he wore: reen vest and his medal." "Your description is so vague that it would suit every porter in the city; but did your colleague tell you who sent the

in my hand, and said, 'Here, carry this to No. 39, Rue Chaptal; a coachman on the boulevard handed it to me.' Ten sous! warrant you, he made more than that by

This answer seemed to disconcert M Verduret. So many precautions taken in sending the letter disturbed him, and dis-

por ter again ?" 'Yes, monsieur, if I saw him." "How much do you earn a day, as a por-

"I can't tell exactly; but my corner is a a good stand, and I am busy doing errands nearly all day. I suppose I make from eight to ten francs." "Very well; I will give you ten francs a day if you will walk about the streets and look for the porter who brought this letter. Every evening, at eight o'clock, come to the Archangel, on the Quay Saint Microsity, give me a report of your earth and receive give me a report of your search, and receive your pay. Ask for M. Verduret. If you find the man I will give you fifty francs.

Do you accept ?' "I rather think I will, monsieur." "Trather think I will, monsieur."

"Then don't lose a minute. Start off!"
Although ignorant of M. Verduret's plans, Prosper began to comprehend the sense of his investigations. His fate depended upon their success, and yet he almost forgot this fact in his admiration of this singular man: his energy, his bantering coolness when he wished to discover anything, the sureness of his inferences, the

anything, the sureness of his inferences, the of his movements were astonishing.

"Monsieur," said Prosper, when the porter had left the room, "do you still think you see a woman's hand in this affair?"

"More than ever, and a pious woman, too, who has two prayer-hooks, since she could cut up one to write to you." "And you hope to find the mutilate "I do, thanks to the opportunity I have of making an immediate search, which I will set about at once."

Saying this, he sat down, and rapidly scratched off a few lines on a slip of paper which he folded up, and put in his vest pocket.
"Are you ready to go to M. Fauvel's" Yes? Come on, then; we have certainly earned our breakfast to-day."

CHAPTER IX.

When Raoul de Lagors spoke of M. Fau-el's extraordinary dejection he had not exaggerated.

The day of Prosper's release, about three o'clock, M. Fauvel was as usual, seated in his study, when his office-boy rushed in, and with a frightened look, said:

Monsieur, our old cashier, M. Bertomy, is here with one of his relatives, he says he

"Ask them to walk in."

If M. Verduret had counted upon witessing a rtrange and affecting sight he was not disappointed.

Nothing could be more terrible than the attitude of these two men as they stood confronting each other.

Silent and immovable, they stood glaring

at each other with mortal hatred.

M. Verduret curiously watched these two enemies, with the indifference and coolness of a philosopher, who, in the most violent enemies, with the indifference and coolness of a philosopher, who, in the most violent outbursts of human passion, merely sees subjects for meditation and study.

subjects for meditation and study.

Finally, the silence becoming more and more threatening; he decided to break it by speaking to the banker:

"I suppose you know, monsieur, that my young relative has just been released from prison."

"Yes," replied M. Fauvel, making an effort to control himself, "yes, for want of sufficient proof."

"Exactly so, monsieur, and this want of proof, as stated in the decision of 'Not proven,' ruins the prospects of my relative, and compels him to leave here at once for America."

been relieved of some fearful agony. "Monsieur Bertomy might have spared us both this painful meeting. I have nothing to say to him, and of course he can have nothing to tell me."

This was a formal dismissal, and M. Verdunt was a formal dismissal, a duret, understanding it thus, bowed to M. Fauvel, accompanied by Prosper, who had

M. Fauvel's features relaxed as if he had

not opened his lips.

They had reached the street before Prosper recovered the use of his tongue. "I hope you are satisfied, monsieur," he said, in a gloomy tone; "you exacted this painful step, and I could only acquiese. Have I gained anything by adding this humiliation to the others which I have

"You have not, but I have," replied M. Verduret. "I could find no way of gaining access to M. Fauvel, save through you; and now I have found out what I wanted to know. I am convinced that M. Fauvel had

nothing to do with the robbery."
"Oh, monsieur!" objected Prosper, "innocence can be feigned." "Certainly, but not to this extent. And this is not all. I wished to find out if M. Fauvel would be accessible to certain suspicions. I am now confident that he is.' Prosper and his companion had stoppe to talk more at their ease, near the con

M. Verduret seemed to be anxious, and was constantly looking around as if he exnected some one He soon uttered an exclamation of satis-

At the other end of the vacant space he saw Cavaillon, who was bare-headed and He was so excited that he did not even stop to shake hands with Prosper, but darted up to M. Verduret, and said: "They have gone, monsieur!"
"How long since?"

"The duse they did! Then we have not an instant to lose."

He handed Cavaillon the note he had written some hours before at Prosper's "Here, send him this, and then return at

"They went about a quarter of an hour

once to your desk; you might be missed. It was very rash in you to come out without vour hat. Cavaillon ran off as quickly as he had come. Prosper was stupefied.
"What!" he exclaimed. "You know Cavaillon?"

talk ; come on, hurry !" "Where are we going now?"
"You will soon know; step out!" And he set the example by striding ra-pidly toward the Rue Lafayette. As they

went along he continued talking, more to himself than to Prosper.
"Ah," said he, "it is not by putting both feet in one shoe that one wins a race. The track once found we should never rest an instant. When the Indian discovers the trail of an enemy he follows it persistently knowing that falling rain or a gust of wind may efface the foot-prints at any moment. It is the same with us; the most trifling incident may destroy the traces we are fol-

M. Verduret suddenly stopped before a door bearing the number 81. "We are going in here," he said to Pros-They went up the steps, and stopped on the second floor, before a door over which was a large sign, "Fashionable Dress-

A handsome bell-rope hung on the wall, but M. Verduret did not touch it. tapped with his knuckles in a peculiar way, and the door instantly opened as if some one had been watching for his signal on the

The door was opened by a neatly dressed woman of about forty. She quietly ushered M. Verduret and Prosper into a neat dining-room with several doors opening into This woman bowed humbly to M. Verduret, as if he was some superior being.

He scarcely noticed her salutation, asked, in a low tone, pointing to one of the "In there ?" "No," said the woman, in the same tone; "over there, in the little parlor."

M. Verduret opened the door pointed out, and pushed Prosper into the little par-

lor, whispering as he did so:
"Go in, and keep your presence of mind."
But this injunction was useless. The in-

which he had so unceremoniously been pushed without any warning. Prosper, exlaimed, in a startled voice : It was, indeed, M. Fauvel's niece, looking more beautiful than ever. Hers was that calm, dignified beauty, which elicits

admiration and respect.

Standing in the middle of the room, near a table covered with silks and satins, she was arranging a skirt of red velvet em-broidered in gold; probably the dress she was to wear as maid of honor of Catherine

At sight of Prosper all the blood rushed to her face, and her beautiful eyes half closed, as if she were about to faint; she clung to the table to prevent herself from Prosper well knew that Madeleine was not one of those cold-hearted women whom nothing could disturb, and who feel sensations, but never a true santimest

## BUSINESS COLLEGE

(To be Continued.)

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W. LOGAN



Cavallon?"
"So it seems," answered M. Verduret,
with a smile; "but we have no time to Pianos, Organs and Sewing Machines, any make

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BROOKLYN,

Br. Taimage easonable o the text being morning he sh at night he sh A few uigh encamped alt road so as to ing, which w leer hunting. o'clock in th October our with a shock ed of pointer quail are the sportsman. land you the sports hunting h man that ammunition for the fields in regard to the fur East, chase the tig darts his arr frightened h European no fox chase and I. was call Moses decla mighty hunt fore, in all: of my text a man after is telling th He prophes of Benjamii his dim old the hunters ing them all ing home, is tent, the hu game, and the mornin

and at night Or it may then drag and divide I take m descriptive morning of to hunting the grace o life divide a of Christia Christian n who, if the you that i were after hound aite upon a gaze felt that if would have started ou world. T laughed burlesque, Charles L They ming spectacu ai of the h drew, and Life was ble, and ing, and of glee the mirth, ever they came even at the something countenan the back. thing they their late or there w every gree more than God they estness the awoke to mortality. seventy ye all innoce they are the morn voured th ed the spo Then the

for financ bows dow ous. The how the w of a four thought t gear of a bridges in rataplan wanted a other. rowed in the roof. pected to across the the night rondack night by chased i They rou ers and t hedges f "Hark a when at actually was like cessfully morning devoure better t out that on bank Pacific ! through uncertai They sa rate of

wharf be live at wizen a changed stamped earthy. avarice said to higher to From whether walked lived in under the whether broadeld