AN'S VE

Esther smiled. She was inclined to think with Paddy, that, since these Americans had taken it in hand, the weather had never been quite as it should be. Yet there had been nothing to grumble at of late. April had been fine and, till then, May had promised fairly. As they sat in the drawing room after

dinner, the storm burst. Julian Carre was standing on the terrace with Clare, when the first flash rent its zigzag way along the horizon. The child rau in and hid her face in Esther's lap, and he followed more slowty. He was restless and excited that night. Esther wondered at him. He had been out almost all the day, coming in late for dinner, and even now he seemed as if he could not settle indoors. He was pale and quiet, too, not like him-

Lady Harvey noticed it, and asked if he were not well. 'Yes," he told her, "quite."

Then you are like myself, perhaps and feel the effect of this storm?" "No, I think not"-carelessly, "I am not afraid of the thunder, like some of my friends" - smiling a little as he laid his hand on Clare's bent head.

The child was shivering violently Great tears were rolling down her cheeks, and wetting Esther's lap. like a miniature ra' shower. Clare looked up as he paused beside her.

'Oh, do go away! You are laughing at me: and and I am so frightened." Then her head went down again, and Esther stroked her hair gently and tried to soothe her all she could. She was not very happy herself that night. It was the storm, perhaps. It could be nothing cise, of course, but there was a eurious depressed feeling at her heart, a sense of sinking, such as one sometimes feels in the heat and fire of a fierce

trial. The next day would be her last at Abbeylands, and she was glad of it. She should feel better, she knew, when she was back with Bertha and Dulcie, This grand formal life had tired her. So she

"You may look up." Lord Harvey said, presently, dropping into a chair at Esther's side and shaking his sister by the shoulder, "We shall have no more thunder to-night." Clare raised her head cautiously; then

she got up off her knees with a sigh of content. "I am so glad," she said. "Are not

von Miss Durrant?" "Yes, I am glad" smiling a little.

Vet I must own that a thunder storm has firstinations for me. But we could scarcely call this one," "Searcely," Lord Harvey said, "It is

only a forerunner, perhaps, of the great our that has been forceast. It may come in a day or so" laughing at poor Clare's dismayed face. When Esther went up to her own

your she found a note lying on her dressing table. It was from Dulcie, and had not long before been brought by a

"Come home at once, dear." it said. "We all want you badly. Don't stay an hour longer than you can possibly help after you receive this. And don't think me foolish or selish in asking you to break short your pleasant visit. Relieve me, I am neither this time. Now, as ever, your true friend. DULOIE."

Twice, three times, Esther read this note. It brought the writer very plain ly before her. That faint perfume of wild rose was Dulcie's own atmosphere. What could this girl mean? Could any thing have gone wrong at The Elms? Surely not, or Berta would have writton. For a long time Esther sat and thought it over, the open letter on her knee. All her friends seemed bent on dealing in enigmas that day. She felt vaguely uneasy and half inclined to be vexed with Dulcie for making her so. "I will go home," she thought, "They shall not persuade me to stay a day longer, and then, perhaps, Dulcie can

explain her enigmatic epistle." Then she undressed slowly, and got into bed, but it was a long time before she could sleep. When sleep did come it was broken by dreams. She thought that she was walking barefoot over sharp jagged rocks. The tide was lapping in between them, and sea weed floated about in its current. The light was faint, and more than once she stumbled and felt her feet sinking in

powe and sand. But all the time she was conscious of a hand grasping hers-a strong hand, on which she leaned trustfully. Suddenly this hand loosed its hold, and, looking down to discover the cause, she recoiled in horror. They were fleshless tingers that she clasped. She called aloud in her terror, and tried to shake off the awful thing. Slowly it unclosed, and, as it fell away, the sea rose and rushed over her, and she awoke, erring

hittorly. The dawn was creceping up then Hetween the curtains of her window a faint gray light showed, which, she knew, would brighten presently. A shostly silence brooded over all things. The chill of that curious breathing time that Nature claims for herself when the fight with darkness is ended struck upon Esther with something like dis-She was thankful when she heard the first songs of the birds in their lofty nests among the beeches.

And, by the time that the sun had fairly risen, she was ready to smile at her dream and all the forebodings.

CHAPTER XIII.

few days after Esther went to Abbeylands, Dulcie received a long letter from her uncle. He wrote in best of spirits. Things were not turning out so ill as he had anticipated. He was working very hard, and had been ever since Dulcie left him, and now there was a prospect of reward. A very nice slice of his fortune would still remain to him, when every one had his due, and, thanks to some powerful patrons, he was on the road to make

money faster than he had yet done.
"Of course you will come back to me as soon as this wedding is over. I can't fancy the house without you. And you need fear no clouds on your return. Our old friends are all as eager as ever to

welcome you.' So he wrote in his crabbed business hand, with many abbreviations, which

would have puzzled the uninitiated. The letter came by the evening post. Dulcie had been out all the afternoon with Julian Carre, listening to his tender speeches and wearying of his very pronounced tokens of affection. She felt more than ever inclined to grumble at her place in the world, and all the

thorns that hedged it in. "Other girls are able to marry any man," she thought. "Nay, are thankful to get one. I do wonder what useful ingredient was left out of my composition that I am so wilful and ungrateful.'

Yes she was both there was no doubt of it, and all her common sense only served to make plain this truth to her; it could not alter it in the

When the letter came she went off into the garden to read it in comfort. Mrs. Hardinge was in the drawing-room with Percy Stanhope and Hugh Fleming. They had both been to dinner, and Hugh Fleming in particular had been in better epirits than usual.

Slipping down onto a gurden seat, Dulcle opened the letter. As she read it tears guthered in her eyes, and her checks burned redly. Why had not this come before? If it had, she felt she would never have promised to marry Julian Carre. It was the very mockery of fortune for her to get this letter now, or so it seemed to her at that moment, But was it too late, even yet?

She was excited and her nerves were unstrung. Iake many a wiser woman, she had put her hand to a tusk too great for her. Her lover loved her more than was at all agreeable. He exacted love in return, which was even worse. Nothing could have been more charming than his fervid, intense wooing, if she had loved him

"I know I shall be miserable!" she said, with a little sob. " He will be sure. to find it all out some day, and he is just the kind of man to hate me for it." Yet, if she gave him up, would she really be any better off? She would marry some day, she supposed, and it was more than likely that Julian Carre was as good a chance as she should ver get. He was rich, to begin with: handsome and fairly clever. What more could she expect. So she reasoned it out, and all the time the pain at her heart grew sorer, and that future, into which she was so anxious to peer,

lost none of its shade. The night was warm, yet she shiver ed a little, more than once, as she sat here. In the paddock close by she could hear the "crunch! crunch!" of Mr. Hardinge's stout cob feeding leisurely and contentedly on the short spring grass. Everything was so peaceful, how

vas it that she could find no rest? A step on the gravel roused her. Some one some one smoking, was coming toward her. She felt her heart beat faster with the dread that it might be Percy Stanhope. It was Hugh Flem-

He came and sat down beside her. "May I smoke, Miss Levesque?" "Certainly! I rather like a good ci-

"Then you are a connoisseur?" "Yes, so far as the perfume is concerned" smiling and hiding her letter-

"Just so! You judge of the weed by its fragrance, as we often judge of la dies by their sweetness." She gave a little shrug. "The sweetness is often like

sugar on the Christmas cakes, just scattered lightly over the top." "But the Christmas cakes are generally good all the way through, are they

"Yes."-with a laugh: "so good that they do not agree with one. "Ah, what a cynic you are." Hugh

Fleming said. "How is it that you ladies tender souls to men, as a ruleare so hard on each other?" "I don't know, I am sure, Perhaps

it is because we understand each other better than we understand you." "Worse and worse! As a lawyer, I object to that. It is what we call an

'indefinite indictment.' " "In some cases that might be pleasauter than a definite one, might it not?" He took his cigar from his mouth and bowed with most profound gravity.

vesque, to see what a loss my profession has sustained in you. If you had only been a man, or if the 'Woman's Rights' committee had gained their battle, what a power you would have been are true to Him, believe me, He will at the bar!

She laughed merrily, lifting dew-bright eyes to his face

"If you are going to be sareastic, I shall run away." "Don't do that"-laying his hand lightly on her arm. "This night is too divine to be wasted in gas-lighted Don't you think that yourrooms,

"I do: no one hates gas-lighted rooms more than I do: unless"-smiling a little-"they happen to be ball-

self?

"And I hate those above all others." His cigar had gone out while they were talking, and he did not care to spell upon him. This ready-tongued Dulcie, with her flitting blushes and fathomless eyes, was a very loadstone that drew his heart out of his keeping

in spite of all his prudence. In the house behind him they could hear Percy Stanhope singing "My Pretty Jane" with fervor and effect. Dulcie's saffron-colored robe, with its low, square bodice, and tight sleeves scarcely reaching to her elbows, shone lightly. faintly in the dim light. She wore a spray of jasmine at the bosom, and, as Hugh Fleming bent toward her, its pleasant perfume was wafted past him.

"Miss Hardinge is too good- The sooner we relieve her suspense the bet-

"I dare say; but then it won't be for

will always be as dear to me as she is now, though of course I shall see her but seldom." "Esther does not count on that I

know. She has been telling me her "Yes: May I hear them?" "You are to live with her till some

lucky fellow carries you off to a home of your own." She is very good, but I thought she had given up all that. I told her it could never be."

"I am very sorry to hear you say so emphatically. "Others, besides Etty, have looked forward to your settling in this neighborhood, at least for a time. And the Cottage, you know, is only a couple of miles from this."

"Yes! I know"-absently. "We went there one day with Mr. Stanhope, but the woman who minds it was out, and we could only peep through the groundfloor windows.

"Is there no possibility of your changing your mind, and staying with them for a little while?"

There is no possibility of my staying th them for-a day." Her voice broke a little. The tears were in her eyes, but he did not know that. She rose and caught up her train to go indoors.

"Don't go in yet," he pleaded. so pleasant out here, and"-looking at her as she stood before him, her lithe figure outlined by its soft, clinging dress, "It is not often I am so fortunate as to enjoy your company."

She smiled and leaned against the arm of the seat There is no doubt but that you are well without it, Mr. Fleming!

"Love for a year-a week-a day; But alas for the love that loves away

Percy Stanhope sang, and the word came to them distinctly.

"Don't you think that is a libel lovers?" Hugh Fleming said, laughing, "Oh! I don't know!"-kicking a peb ble away with the toe of her shoe. don't believe in love myself. We should all have been much happler, I think, if no one had found out the trick of loving."

"Love is a great sweetener of life Miss Levesque. "There's a deal too much fuss made about it, nowadays." Hugh Fleming laughed and colored

wisest of the ancients made fuss,' as you say, about this same love.' "But we should know better," Dullaughed. "We are not like those heathen who had nothing better to do than wear chaplets of roses and pour out libations to Bacchus and Cupid. "Yet some of those 'old heathen' were brave men and true, none braver liv-

good, and can't help themselves, just as some people are born fucky." You are both. I am sure.

"No"-laughing a little bitterly. am neither." "Neither good nor lucky," Hugh Fleming said: "I should be sorry to be lieve that."

He was watching her with his keen eyes, and, though the light was dim, it was not so dim but that he could see the pain on the face turned toward

"Mr. Fleming"-very suddenly and seriously-"do you believe in fate?" "I do, and I do not. If you allule to that destiny that 'shapes our ends rough-hew them how we will, I do not believe in it. If you speak of that blind chance that people talk of as ruling every act of their own mad, purpose less lives, I do not believe in it. have each the molding of our own fortune, more or less; but we are only workmen, when all is said and done. And as we do our work, and fill our place in the plan of the great Master.

so our reward will be." The girl looked at him and flushed hotly. In all her gay, feted life, no man had ever spoken to her like this. She never remembered her mother, and her father had died before she was born; so that in all the world there had been no one who cared to speak seriously

to this wilful, petted Dulcie. "Ah, you are good," she said, with a long-drawn, quivering sigh; "and that makes everything seem so different to you. But for people who are not good, people like me, you know"- smiling to make her words seem less serious-"it is often very hard to know what

one's proper place is, much less to fill it well. The syntax was rather confused, but the meaning was plain enough to him. "To thine own self be true, and it must follow, as the night the day, thou caust not be false to any man.' That was only a worldling's reading of the divine command, Love God, and thy "It fills me with regret, Miss Le, neighbor as thyself. We can't be true to ourselves," he said, very low and gently, not looking at the girl's troubled face, but past it at the quiet sky, "unless we are true to our Master. If we

> give us our proper places, and show us what work to do-Heavy tears were in her eyes; her lips trembled. Something in her heart -wilful enough, yet not hardenedwarmed toward this man, who, without seeming to preach at her, yet spoke so frankly.

> She held her hand out to him almost shyly. "Thank you, Mr. Fleming: I shall

not forget your words." At that moment Percy Stanhope came sauntering toward them. He was bareheaded, and on the grass his footsteps were inaudible

"We wondered where you both had light it again. A beauty stronger than got to"-dropping onto the beach lan-the beauty of the night had laid its guidly. "Was it wise of you to stay out so long in that light dress, Miss Levesque?"-looking at her bare throat and arms, which the lace ruffles could not hide "Perhaps it was not wise, but it has

been very pleasant." She did not look at him, and yet she knew well that he was looking at her. "I believe that Miss Hardinge the that you two had eloped," he went on lightly. "She has been quite anxious

As she turned away. Hugh Fleming saw a white paper slip from the folds of her train. It was her uncle's letter. "You have lost this, I believe,"—lift-

"She told me she was engaged to be married; that was all. And when I ing it and holding it toward her. came here she showed me your like-"Miss Levesque is rather in the ha-bit of dropping her letters about," Percy ness, and I never knew till then"-stop pingan instant to catch her breathtanhope interposed.
"Indeed! What makes you "that it was my-that it was you she was going to marry; and now let me

go!"- for he stood between her and "Well" - laughing drily-"you would the door-drawing herself up and trying have lost that one, but for Hugh; and if I am not mistaken, I found a letter of yours on Brierton Common this after-

They were walking slowly toward the house, but at this she stopped. "If you found a letter of mine," she said, excitedly, "why have you not re-

turned it?" Hugh Fleming looked at her. surprised at her vehemence, but Percy Stanhope smiled maliciously.

"I have only waited for an opportuni-

ty to do so. "Then give it to me now"-imperiously. Her face was pale, her eyes glowed. As he handed it to her, she looked

into his eyes. The rage in them had frightened her. Had he read it, she wondered. No surely not! He was too true a gentle-

man for that-But, when she looked at the letter that night in her own room, she found that it was without its envelope. In that case he must have read it partly, or he would not have known to whom It belonged. Hot blushes dyed her face at the thought. What must he have thought of her, as he read the foolish. fond words of the writer, for whom, he knew only too well, she did not care

"At all events," she said to herself. trying to find some comfort, "he will know I am not going to break my heart for him. Julian Carre is worth a dozen of him, I dare say, and perhaps I shall think so some day.'

She sat up later than usual that night to write her uncle. Not that his letter required so speedy an answer, but because she was feverish and restless, and in no mood to go to bed. She slipped her dress off before sitting down to her writing, and put on a pretty Watteau wrapper of dark blue, covered all over with deep red flowers. A quaint, idvllic little shepherdess she looked in it. her bright hair curling about her throat. and face. Long before twelve o'clock the whole house was quiet. When she had finished her letter she went to the window and opened it gently and looked out. The night was cloudless, intensely silent-as night can only be in the

country-and full of deep peace. With a little sigh, Dulcie shut window and drew the curtains close, All at once she remembered that she had left her purse on the sideboard in the dining-room. Without a second thought, she took a candle in her hand, and went down to get it. It is well known how stairs and boards creak when one tries to step noiselessly. Dulcie thought they creaked worse than usual that time. She found the dining room door open, for a wonder, and very soon had her purse in her hand.

As she turned to go back, a slight stir in the room opposite startled her. It was the drawing-room and the door opened directly opposite to the dining staircase. She stopped on the mat to listen, the light shaking a little with the trembling of her hand; but everything

was quiet. "What a coward I am, to be sure Now, I'll go right in and make my mind easy. It could have been but fancy." It is said that "second thoughts are best," but she dared not trust to second thoughts; she knew she would run away if she did. She just opened the door and walked into the room, looking to right and left as she went, and horribly frightened, in spite of her show of bravery. And no wonder, for the gas was alight, and she knew that Mrs. Hardinge never went to bed and left it. Yet the room seemed undisturbed, Hardinge ordered the pony carriage, and the windows were fast, she made

sure of that. At the sound of her footstep some one rose up from the depths of a great chair and looked toward her. It was Percy Stanhone!

No burglar or ghost could have frightened poor Dulcie more than he did. Every bit of color faded from her face. till she looked like a ghost herself, the dainty little ghost of some "Lady Bell" or "Lady Kitty" come back in the "teagown" of a past century to revisit the

"Dulcie!" Then he strode across to her, and took the light out of her hand, and held her up, with his arm about her waist, or she would have failen to the floor. He looked pale and worn, even ill. She saw that in the midst of her fright. and her heart gave a great throb of

"Whoever thought of seeing you here at this hour of the night! What brought you down ?"

She struggled out of his arms and leaned against a table. The color had come back to her face with a rush. Yet she still trembled-"I had forgotten something"-very low and faint. "And when I was go-

ing back up-stairs I heard a noise in here; and I-was frightened." "I should think you were"-grimly. He had put her candle down on a chair, where it flickered, looking wan and white in the gaslight. He stood

right opposite to Dulcie, looking at her: and the girl shivered faintly as she felt the love and anger and cruel power of that look. She would have run away If she could, but her limbs shook under "So you have consoled yourself already? I might have known you were not a woman to live long without a lov-

er. I hope you are going to treat this fellow better than you treated me, Don't break his heart-you have broken mine. It's a dangerous pastime, let me tell She lifted her eyes and looked at him

exquisite eyes, wet now with blintears, under their thick shining lashes. "Heaven forgive you, Dulcie! You might have rested content with the first part of your work. You need not have come here to wreck the last hope of peace that was left to me," the young fellow grouned, smiting his hands together with a force that made her start. "How could I tell," she cried, "that I should meet you here? Don't you know that I would have died-yes, died!"—with a rising sob, "before I to look unconcerned and majestic. "Dulcie!"-and he heid out his hands to her with a sudden tenderness and

passion. But she pushed them from her, and ran out of the room and upstairs, not pausing to look behind her. Was she afraid that his eyes would have drawn her back and into those yearning arms if she did? As she got to the top of the stairs,

would have seen you again, if I could

have helped it!"

"Didn't Esther tell you?"

Mrs. Hardinge opened her room door and looked out. "Oh, it's you, is it?"-dryly, "! thought we had thieves in the house when I first heard the voices! Late,

isn't it, for a tete-a-tete?" "I went down for my purse," Dulcie said. "Yes?"

"And I have got it all right! Good night. "Good night or good morning I sup pose it is by this time."

CHAPTER XIV.

The next morning Dulcie was up betimes and dressed in one of her smartest gowns, with her shining hair coifed daintily. She was good to see as she came into the breakfast-room. Mrs. Hardinge was not down, only Mr. Hardinge and Hugh Fleming: so. Dulcle presided at table.

Percy Stanhope was nowhere to be seen, and she dared not trust her tougue to ask for him. When Mrs. Hardinge did come down

she was in the very best of humors. "Where is Percy?" she asked at once. "Off for a walk an hour ago," her husband told her. "Oh!" - with a chill smile. "We used

to rise'; but it seems he can rise early even if he sits up half the night be-Dulcie felt her cheeks crimson. "I'll pay you off for that, my lady.

to hear that 'early to bed was early

she said to hefself with a little frown of disgust. Jasper Hardinge asked his wife, when the meal was over. "Because if you are you must let me know now, and then perhaps I can meet you."

sent down the wrong sizes of gloves, And he went off to get his hat and

gloves. Hugh Fleming lingered behind Hardinge thought, with a sigh that was lmost a groan. "I shall know no peace till she is married. That girl seems to

bewitch every man she turns her eyes room door and close to the foot of the Ever since that first night of her visit, when Dulcie had worn her green velvet dress, and met Percy Stanhope so gravely. Mrs. Hardinge had suspected her. She would have liked her well enough, perhaps, but for her rivalry of Esther. In Mrs. Hardinge's eves the two were rivals, and must ever be she ould not understand any woman pick ng a friend so dangerous as this changeful Dulch Levesque assuredly was. She could not but doubt her and watch her jealously, lest she should hurt

> Such being her state of mind when they two were left to themselves, as now, poor Duicie had no pleasant time of it. After an early luncheon, Mrs. and drove to meet the afternoon train to see her go. Percy Stanhope had not come back, and she had ceased to expect him. The house was very quiet and very stuffy. She had promised to meet Julian Carre that afternoon in Flton Lane, but she had two hours clear before her ere that. What should she do with herself all that time? The question was answered for her, for while she stood at the drawing room window, yawning and looking out wearily, the Harvey carriage dashed up, and Esther herself got out, looking as cool and pale as if there were neither sun nor dust in the world. Dulcie deshed the window open, and ran down to the gate to meet her.

"I am so glad you have come -holding both hands out and lifting ber

mouth to be kissed. "And I am so glad to be here. "Now, tell me everything." Dulcie insisted, when Esther had taken her things off, and was resting cosily one

the sofa. "I don't know that there is much to tell. They were all very kind to me. and the house is something splendidthe kind of house one reads about, you know. The pictures are levely. And then the plate, and the old china, and the gorgeous little knick knacks. I never knew there were such exquisite

things in the world." "Ah." Duleic sghed. "And you might have been mistress of it. If I had only had the chance now." "You would not have taken it, dear, if you had loved Percy as I do."

Dulcie paled a little and laughed. "What a good soul you are, to be sure. Etty! One half ceases to believe in 'original sin' when one looks at you. Now, since you have no news to tell me, what are you prepared to give me for some? "I don't know, I'm sure. I am so

poor," Esther laughed. "But what is your news?" Dulcie, sitting upright on her low chair, shook her curly head solemnly. "Words fail me, my dear Etty. But let me be brief, and not harrow your feelings by unnecessary delay. The

dresses have come." Esther burst out laughing, Dulcie joining in; then a deep flush stole from chin to brow.

"What would I not give," poor Dulcle thought "to be able to blash like

that at the mention of my wedding dress. "Come along, now," she said, "and * see them for yourself. They are su-

(Tobs Continued)





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D. J. McIntyre, Gurney-Harris hot air, coal,
John McDonald, Gurney-Harris hot air, coal, Mrs. Houghton, hot air, wood.

Eithe Bowes, hot air, wood.

Jaa. Grabam, Burrows Stewart & Milen, hot air, coal.

Sam Irwin, Gurney hot water, coal. Sam Irwir, Gurney hot water, cost.

E. D. Grde, Gurney hot air, cost.

J. H. Sootheran, Gurney hot air, coal.

John Konnedy, Gurney hot air, coal.

John Dobenn, hot water, coal.

Wm. Needler, hot water, coal.

Dr. Wilson, hot water, coal.

Dr. Wilson, hot water, coal.

Nowing Brus, hot water, coal.

Knowison Bros., hos water, coal.

Dr. Mcaipine, Gorney somit nation, coal.
Thos. Matchett, Sr., Gurney hot air, coal.
Dr. Degrassi, Gurney hot water, coal.
Geo. Martin, Belliffo hot water, coal.
High Workman, Gurney not water, coal. Geo. Little, Gornsy h.t water, coal.
Col. Deacon, Gurnes hot water, coal.
Wm. Finvelle, Gurney combination,
D. & F. Broe., Gutney his air, coal. Warner & Co., Edward hor air, coal.
Britton Bros., Gurney hot air, coal.
Chas. Britton, Peace combination, coal.
Richard Egile, Gurney hot air, coal.
J. P. Byley, Gurney hot air, coal.
James Lovell, Gurney hot air, coal. James Lovell, Gurner bot air, coal. W. M. Bobson, Buck's hot air, coal Thos. Beal, hot water combination.
Geo. Beall, hot water combination.
W. W. Logar, Gurney hot water, soal lilas Bigelos, Gurney hot air, coal, W. King, Gurney hot air, coal.

R. Sylvester, Gurney hot water, coal.

Miss Foster, Gurney hot water, coal.

G. H. Hopkins, Gurney hot water, coal.

Opera House, steam,

wm. Likennie, Kirkfield, Gurney hot water, woes.

R. McKing, and many others.

J. Elliaby, Gurney hot air, wood John D. Finvelle, Gurney hot water, coal.

Geo. H. Wilson, Gurney hot air, wood.
Geo. H. Wilson, Gurney hot air, wood.
John Kells, Gurney hot air, wood.
Geo. Stephens, Gurney hot air, wood.
Geo Milne, Gurney hot air, wood.
Thos. Adams, Gurney hot air, wood.
Mrs. Ross, Gurney hot air, wood. The subjoined is an unsolicited testimonial which Dr. Poole kindly handed me a few days ofte. "Hat see

W. G. WOODS,

DEAR SIS,—I have much pleasure in stating that the Gurney Oxford Eot Water System which yes
set up in my house in the autumn of 1894 was fully what you represented it to be, and gave active saished
tion. There was no dust, no smoke, no gas, no leakage, and the air seemed pleasant and agreeable is
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of last winter our house was so comfortable that we had to go outside to find if the day was cold, while the
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stove with less rooms to be heated. The Furnace was easily managed, and with or inlary care the temper
ature of the house could be kept at any degree desired. I can heatily recommend this system of heating
to any one who during our Canadian winter desires to enjoy what I can best describe as "Solid Comfort,"
(Egd). TEOS. W. FOOLE, M.D., Linian).

Give W. G. WOODS the contract of making your life a comfort this winter. August 21et, 1895 .- 1889-ly.



BABYH CENTRE OF APPALL

THE Malevelent

Diabelica

World of

Baco-The Not Prove Washington mage this n the young The cradle rockers, for oscillating m other princes was not to so exquisit pillow, for meteor-ord seemingly u pearances—i place where had been set

so serenade an epic, yet for all earth Indeed & g was the nar escape of the speken his sould not a gigantic op the world born. Was. systematized in al. the wo of that crac The He: treachery. personated. Hyrcanus Then he si he butchere and Aristob his oldest s alive 40 per mobles who nniversal From that slaughter of under 2 year he massacre sion that wo had pointed What were and as man bed he wor they could sword took and others from roofs that village Miliside beca To have su

just as cruel mand, atten Jesus, does escape? Th so many mi bandits and late mission and the Chi-Cairo, Egyp to take through . with all de think of th in villages laws were t on earth doors, and night wine many days part of man evertake the The san! the report child that i ties and the "Thut the bar it again and eccles Petrait who Bradburn H nee Gurney Barris, hit als, wood.
R. D. Theaton, Born ow, Swearis Milen, hot ass, seel.
Mr. Hooper, Gurney hat air, soal.
Bem G. Parkin, Gurney hat water, soal.
Dr. McAiring. all the p sufferings Bews Came Madonna w Child home Archelaus. -another of the bab grave hold "Pat h ap and dov from the c Cairo. Th iconoclast o comes an Augustus Bethlener Davement down the the labe g up from to manho

Mess abshi enthronein on warth michtier n What I is your nar world's ni attemps been succ of Wine 1 Berod in the hard Sary, bad and the Ch Archalaus that his fa Pose that from the P ated by aw

mry Josus Then to of my su would nev maa narola meyer teats played, What wa Motly,8 making of England