hurried to catch the twelve o'clock ex-

press. "I will go to my uncle," she said, half aloud, slipping down off the bed and searching about among the things on her table for a light. "He will tell me what I ought to do: and, when I am gone, perhaps Fercy will go back to

She could not keep back a sob as she said it. It was like tearing the heart out of her body to do so, yet she felt in some strange way constrained to do it. Quickly, with panting breath, and hot. nervous hands, she packed up her things. throwing them into the boxes anyhow. A few that she thought that she would want to take with her at once, she stuffed into a small bag that she could earry in her hand.

As she was gathering her ernaments together, she came across a set of pearls that her uncle had given her on her birthday. Esther had admired these pearls, she remembered, and she put them on one side till she had finished bor task, and dressed herself in a dark stuff dress, her ulster, and a little black welvet hat, with a veil tied close about

Then she wrote a line-just one linewith a pencil on one of her visiting cards, and laid it with the pearls in their case. "For Esther on her wedding day, from Duleie."

That done, she sat down to try to still the beating of her heart, which seemed to have risen up into her throat, and to be choking her with its pitiful pulpi-

Some one came and tapped gently on the panel of her room door. She knew quite well that it was Esther, but she neither stirred nor spoke. After a while Dether passed on to her own room, and all was quiet again. A few minutes efter that, Dulcie passed down-stairs, Stanhope was dead. back gate into the road,

It was a still, damp, starless night, We she walked along, between the high bedges, with the blank gray of the sky above her, a very horror of nervous four took possession of her. A shiver of foreboding crept through her voins to her heart. No one was within sight. the few houses that she passed were in darkne's. Every new and again the bark of a dog would break the silence. Once as she leaned to rest for a few minutes against a gate, she thought who heard voices and stealthy footsteps; but that perhaps was only her fancy. But to her it was just as real as the shadows helds, the shortly trees, and the slippery den wet grass beneath her feet in the lane. They were all a part of the horror of the night the horror that seemed to be beating in upon her brain, and folding round her heart, and

It was a long, weary walk to the station. Her Teet felt like lead, and her head throbbed dissily. When at last she reached the foot of the stone steps leading up to the platform, she had to rest and get breath before she could

She found the station almost descried. The one or two people walking about took no notice of her, and she was thankful for it thankful to be able to creep into a second class carriage without meeting anyone she knew, or anyone who knew her. Then the train dushed on again, right into the heart of the night, and she leaned her head against the cushion behind her, and closed her eyes wearly.

There were two middle- aged men in the carriage who looked like farmers, going up most likely to the early mar-They were talking together about an accident that, it appeared from their remarks, had lately happened on the

Dulcie scarcely understood all their words. They spoke with the low Kenttah accont and she was not paying much beed to them or to their conversation. "Poor chanp," one of them said, "be-

Started " "It came on him sudden," the other struck in. "And some sa'as it 'ud be good fur us arl to die like thaat." Nay, nay, man, I cann't think that myself; else why should we pray every

Sunday to be saved from sudden death " Some one had died suddenly, then, Some one, perhaps, who was happy, and wanted to live," Dulcie thought. "What When she shut her eyes again, and the

a sad, sad world it is, to be sure!" throbbing pain in her head, growing worse with every jolt of the carriage deafened her ears to the talk going or about her.

How would it have been, if she had listened distance and understood?

OHAPTER XVII.

When Percy Stanhope left Dulcie he had gone direct to the station. He took the shortest way to it across the country, so that he reached it fully half an hour before his train was due.

This half hour he spent sitting on a bench outside the ticket office. The Pusty first-class waiting room would have stifled him. He was feeling strangely exhausted, both in mind and body. Lord Harvey came across te He thought him stiff and distrait

"It has been an abominable day." Percy said, "and I feel tired out!" "You look tired! You have been to The Elms, of course! How is Miss Dur-

"Quite well, thanks," flushing a little. The other looked at him in surprise. His coat was wet and his boots muddy. had evidently walked a long way. Where could he have been, if not to The Elms to see Esther? But Lord Harvey was not a man to trouble himself about other people's affairs, was far from being in high spirits himself that evening. The pain at his heart-the pain that not all his pride or will could subdue-had cast its shadow over his face. He looked graver and sterner than usual. a man austere to a fault, as he lifted his hat to Percy

and turned away. In five minutes more the London train steamed into the station. Then Percy Stanhope roused himself. The train, not a very long one appeared full from end to end. He opened the doors of several carriages, and finally got into a smoking compartment, which for a wonder, was empty. But he had not gone there to smoke. He wanted to be alone for a while to think. He had been in a whirl of passion in which thought was impossible; but now he was cooling down, and there was the future to be considered. Two, three stations were passed before any one came to disturb him; the fourth was a junction. When the train slackened speed, two gentlemen opened the door of his carriage and got in. One of them was a young man, slightly lame. He had to be helped up the step by his companion, and, when

pain, before he could sit down. As he rested thus, his eyes fell upon Percy Stanhope's face, and instantly his own blanched to ghastliness. He staggered and would have fallen for ward but for his companion's arm.

he got in, he stood a moment, as if in

"What is it. Gus? What is it?" 'the young man's friend cried, sharply. But the young man could not speak. He pointed to the quiet figure opposite and then dropped down in the seat be-

The train was beginning to move on-A guard put his head in at the winof the carriage at that moment. Something wrong here, guard, This

gentleman has fainted, or else"-dropping his voice, and stepping back a litway- "or else he is- dead." 'He is dead, Robert," the young man

He was trembling violently. He had lately been very near to death, to sudden, awful death, himself and this shock too much for him. In truth, the sight of that handsome clay-cold face might have shaken the nerves of a far stronger man.

In another minute all was confusion. Strong hands eareful and tender in their strength now-lifted out the quiet figure that had something stark and chilabout it. They carried the burden into one of the waiting rooms, and sent for a doctor. One lived close by, and was on the spot immediately. He clearthe room at once of all save the station, master and his wife; but the man who, three-quarters of an hour before, had taken his ticket for London, had reached his journey's end. Percy

Then the question arose, "Who is No one knew him personally; many recognized him as a frequent passenger on that line. The guard who could have told who he was had gone on with the train. His card case was coupty; there was no letters or papers of any kind to tell who he was or whence he came, and for the time at least all curiosity respecting him was bailled. Of course there was an inquest. Then it was found that he was the only son of old Sonire Stanhope, of Nelson Place, which was only a few miles from the station. The medical men gave it as their opinion that death was caused by: the bursting of one of the blood vessels of the brain.

"And a lucky thing for the poor fel low and all belonging to him that he did die." Dr. Graves said, confidentially, to a neighbor present. "I never knew but one case where the brain gave way under violent excitement, in a like manner. That unfortunate man survived it; but he became an idiot."

The verdict was "Death from natural causes." Then Squire Stanhope came and carried home his dead son. He was an old man, frail and ailing; for alx months or more he had never left his rooms; but when he knew that his "boy" lay dead he got up, as if his "strength was as the strength of ten." and went to him. That was the twentyfirst of May, The twenty second was to have been Percy Stanhope's wedding day!

At The Elms all was confusion. Dulcie's flight had struck Esther like a blow. The first thing in the morning she had gone to her room to see if she was awake and better. She found the dooropen; two large boxes packed 'n the center of the room; the drawers and wardrobe empty.

Standing on the threshold, she looked about her in dismay.

"Dulcie!" she called; but no one ans wered. Indeed, she could see for herself that there was no Duicie there to answer. Everything had that air of desolation and confusion peculiar to a room or a house that has just been vacated. The bed had not been slept in. The window was open, and the long lace curtains hung limp with the heavy night dows. On the dressing table she found the little leather case containing the pearls and poor Dulcie's one little ill-written, hurried line "For Esther on her wedding day, from Dulcie."

She knew then that she had gone away not to come back, and she slipped down upon her knees bef .e the low table, and burst out crying. She guessed at a score of reasons for this sud den cruel departure, but the one reason she never gave a thought to.

"Something has happened to her," she thought at last, in despair what else to think. "It was not illness last night, but trouble, that made her so strange."

Then she got up and went straight to her sister's room. A foreboding had seized upon her that perhaps Berta had had some hand in it all. Mrs. Hardinge had just risen. She was doing her hair before the glass, and glancing at the pages of a new novel that lay open on the table before her, while she

"What is it now?"-rather sharply sight of Esther's wet eyes and crimson

and all her trunks are packed, and"— breaking into fresh sobs—"she must have gong away last night, after we

thought she had gone to bed. She is in some great trouble, I am certain." Mrs. Hardinge stood amazed. The color faded from her face, then rose

and settled angrily. "That is just like Dulcie. You'll believe in her friendship for you now, will you not? For my own part, I only hope we may find that she has gone alone -meaningly-"but I am very much afraid we shan't."

Berta, you'll break my heart some day! How can you be so suspicious, and so-so cruel?"

Esther had sat down, still holding the little case in her hand. She was trembling nervously, and the color came and went in her face like a rising and tail-

"What can have come to her? She seemed all right yesterday when she was going out. I've seldom seen her in better spirits. I'm certain she had no thought of leaving us then. Have you said anything to her. Berta?"-

raising quick, resentful eyes.
"I? No, indeed. I've had thing better to do than weste my talk on her. But I'm not blind, if you are, and I've not liked those long walks she took lately every day, about the same time, too. I know Dutcie too well to believe that she took them alone."

Esther's lip curied scornfully. It fretted her almost past her patience to hear her sister talk like this. She had known beforehand that she should get no sympathy from her, nothing but doubts and suspicions, and she dreadfully uneasy about Dulcie.

"I wish Percy would come," she thought, twisting the pearls round and round in her fingers. He would know what had best be done." Mrs. Hardinge had gone back to the

dressing of her hair, though not to her

novel. "Now, don't spoil your looks mourning over her, Etty," she said caimly. "You will have your hands full to-day, I can tell you. The breakfast I shall see to myself, of course, but you will have

plenty to do, if everything is to be in or der to-morrow. What time will Percy be here do you think?" "About two o'clock, I expect." "Very well. You must have all your

work done by then, and for Heaven's sake look more cheerful. One would think .to see you, that it was your bride groom you had lost, in place of your bridesmaid! She is quite able to look after herself. She'd never have packed up her dresses if she had not meant to live a little longer!"-sarcastically. "But if you are awful anxious about her. Jasper shall telegraph to her uncle when he comes home. We can do nothing till then."

To this long speech Esther made no answer. She went back to her own room without so much as a took at her sister. There she sat down close before the open window, where she could feel the fresh, keen morning breeze blow on her. What had come to her? Some vague terror was knocking at her heart. A horrible sense of the unreality of all things had seized upon ber. Dulcie's flight had, in a way, shaken the solid ground under her feet. It had sent the first haunting doubt across the satisfied self-content of her soul. What might not happen next? An hour ago and she was as sure that Dulcie was Now Dulcie was gone faded away out of her life like a ghost. Of whom, of what could she ever be certain again Might not love one day prove as light as Friendship? Her head swam dizzily; she "seemed to move among a world of ghosts," and "all things were and were not!"

"Etty," Mrs. Hardinge said, looking critically across at her sister, "I thought you had laid aside that old dress long ago. What possessed you to put it on to-night? If Percy had come to dine, as he promised, I should have been absolutely ashamed of you; as it is you may pass in this light. But the dress has quite 'gone off' in style and color, You look like a last season's ghost in

It was the very dress that Esther Durrant wore that night when she waited for Percy Stanhope and Hugh Fleming. She was waiting for them again now. The drawing-room was much the same. There were more cut flowers about, and the windows were open, for then it was March, and it was May now, and that was about all the apparent difference as far as the room was concerned. The real difference was in the girl's own heart, and not in her sur-

To morrow would be her wedding day. and through all the hopes and dreams that fluttered round her heart, there came and went a vague, restless dis-

quiet. . She was still troubled about Dulcie. too. Yet this trouble could only "rise so far and no farther," for her great love beat it and all else back brooding calm. Percy was coming. He would comfort her. Nay, his very presence would atone for all. It had been her whim to wear on this the last night of her old life, the dress that she knew he always admired. She even remembered to fasten a red rose in her bosom such as she had worn that other night. How things come back! Times and seasons repeat themselves with almost weird exactness, and yet all the time we know so well that what has been never can be again, except with difference. And this difference was very strongly marked to night, but as yet Esther did not know it. They had waited dinner till they were tired, and the cook in despair. After dinner Jas-per Hardinge sat down to his evening paper. Berta was trying to read "Middlemarch."

Esther, not able to read or to rest. stood before one of the windows looking out at the fading light. Honeysuckle and dog-roses clustered over th hedges; the air blew sweet over the clover, and the lambs were bleating in old Farmer Ryan's pasture field just across the road. As she stood there the sky deepened its hue; stars came out, luminous, far-off diamond rays.

The sweetness of a sweet English May-time was over the land. Tears came into the girl's eyes as she looked, and her heart gave a throb of intense joy, which was a prayer in its thankfulness. In the dining-room on the other side of the hall, the wedding breakfast was laid out—a costwedding breakfast was laid out—a cost-ly feast daintily spread, glass and rare eld china and solid silver helping out the show. The family had dined in the breakfast-room, so that all this might not be disturbed. Indeed, the whole house was in confusion. Esther's boxes half filled the spare bedroom; her wedding finery lay all over the chairs in Mrs. Hardinge's sitting-room. One had to take care of one's steps in going through the house that night.

"Jasper, you might just look over the time-table," Mrs. Hardinge said, quietly. I think they must be coming by the last train."

Esther turned her head quickly that. There were two red spots on her cheeks, as red as the flower in the bo-som of her dress; her eyes were bright,

her lips shut close. Her sister's words were as flames to tow, and they set her mouldering fears alight instantly. "8.40 is the last train," Mr. Hardinge told his wife, without stirring from his seat. "If they are coming by that,

they will be here in about twenty min-

utes. It is just nine now." Mrs. Hardinge was secretly excited and anxious, but she was not a woman to betray her fears. She continued to hold the book open before her face, but if any one had been observing her, it would have been seen that she did not turn the pages. She was a hard woman in her own languid way. She was a plucky little woman, too, as people had found to their cost often. But not for worlds dared she have spoken aloud the thoughts that had taken hold of her, seized upon her against her will, that night. From the first moment of hearing of Dulcie's flight, she had connected

it with Percy Stanhope.

With rapid intuition she had guesses at a part of the truth at last. All day she had been oppressed as if with a foreboding, and miserably anxious. She could not have told why, but she expected some evil. She felt that Dulcie's going away was only the beginning; something else, something much worse, perhaps, lurked behind. And it was for this "something" that she was waiting as she sat in her low chair that night, with George Elliot's masterpiece in her

hand and her back turned to Esther. Esther was beginning to feel the quiet intolerable. She pushed the window open and walked across the lawn to the gate. Her heart was beating stormily; the flower at her breast rose and fell with its rapid, heaving throbs. She had not been at the gate five minutes when she heard a horse's hoof-beats.

"They are coming! O, Percy!" cried, with a sob of sudden relief and

In her eagerness she opened the gate and went out into the road. She could see a trap coming along rapidly. Then a sudden shyness crept over her; she felt ashamed to be discovered there, on the lookout for her lover. Blushing even in the dark, and though there was no one to see her, she ran back up the walk. and, when the trap drew up at the gate. she was standing on the door-step. Only one man was in the trap and it was not Percy! Her heart failed her, yet not with actual fear; rather with impatience. This late arrival was Hugh Fleming. He walked quickly up to the door, but at sight of Esther's white figure on the threshold, he came to a

"Where is Percy? What has made you so late? We have been so uneasy about

Then you have not heard?" He answered her question by a question, staring hard at her in the uncer-

"We have heard nothing. What is

Then at sight of his set, white face host of fears rushed upon her, and she came down the steps and stood on the walk beside him, trembling and paling, she did not know why or what. 'Has anything happened? Is Percyis he -" Her dry lips failed her. all the breath in her body seemed flutter-

g out of them. He took her hands and wrung then wrung them hard. "My poor girl! But come into th

house; you must not stand out here." The dining-room was the first he came to; he opened it and walked in.

Esther, I don't know how to tell you what I have been sent here to tell you to-night. Any other creature could have done it better, I think. All the way here I have been praying that you might have heard it from some one elese; but since no one has told you, I must." She stood before him, her hands lock-

ed fast together, her dry eyes fixed upon his face. The life seemed frozen in her. Only out of those wild, wide-open eyes the tortured soul looked, hungry. uestioning. This look unmanned Hugh fleming. If she had cried out, and clung to him, as other women might have done, he could have borne it, perhaps.

better. As it was ,she frightened him. 'Etty," he cried going back in his deep excitement to the familiar name of his boyhood, " for Heaven's sake try to bear up. Something has happened to Percy. He met with an accident

going back from here last night; he—"
"Hush!" she said. "He is dead!" She turned her head and looked over her shoulder at the table set out behind her-the long, glittering table, loaded with choice dishes and rare fruits and wines. His eyes followed hers, and then he saw, for the first time, that the wedding feast was spread. The mockery of it hurt him, like an actual blow. But only for an instant: he had time to think of nothing but Esther. She stood quite still and upright, her hands tightly lded across her breast. In the dim light of the room her face, with its stiff lips and baif-closed eyes, looked ghast-

corpse-like. "Esther," he whispered, and laid his hand on her arm tenderly. He loved this girl dearly once, and the sight of her woe was agony to him "How can I live without him? Oh, Hugh, how can I?"

She stretched out her arms, and caught her to him; and laid her head against his breast. Suddenly she grew heavy in his arms; the face against his looked white as newly fallen snow. She had fainted.

It was in the gray of the early morning—her marriage morning that was to have been—when the sweet eyes unclosed to know those about her. She was lying in her own bed then. The blinds were close drawn, and the room was cleared of everything that could remind her of what day it was. Mrs. Hardinge—she had never been in bed that night—stood at the foot of the bed, and Dr. Crane, his finger on Esther's pulse, sat by the pillow. His was the first face she saw; then her gaze travel-led to Berta, red-eyed and altogether unlike her usual self. Her father stood back in the shade of the long curtains, but she could not see him.

For an instant she wondered, in a weak way, to find herself lying there with all those about her. Her eyes sched, her head throbbed. What alled

nor? Then it all came back with a Percy was dead; she should never see him again! A great cry burst from her lips-a cry

hat made the watchers shudde "Hush, darling, hush!" Berta sobbed.

"You must compose yourself, my dear young lady," the doctor put in, in his low, even tones. "We shall have you seriously ill on our hands, if you yield to any undue excitement."

She heard him, perhaps, but she never heeded; pushing his hand from her wrist, she held out her arms to Berta-"Take me to him! Oh, Berta. let me see him, just once, or I shall die!"

The doctor gave Mrs. Hardinge a warning glance, and shook his head. He saw the fever rising in the bright. pleading eyes; he knew that it would be a long time before she could be taken anywhere, if, indeed, she ever lived to rise off that sick bed.

"Try to rest a little, dear, and then we will see about it. You are not fit to get up yet," Berta answered evasively, laying her head on the girl's flushing,

beating temples. But she only mouned the more pit-

eously. "Take me to him! Oh, don't bury him till I have seen his face. Just once only once! I am fit to go now! How could I rest here till I have seen him?" They did their best to quiet her; but she could not be quieted.

Doctor Crane went home to prepare her a soothing draught. Her father and Berta sat beside her, promising her to do anything and everything she could desire, If she would only rest for an hour and try to get a little sleep. So much now depended on quiet, the doctor had said; but she turned from them, sobbing in an agony that could not be appeased. What could words avail her? What were tenderest pity, fondest care what was anything on earth to her now? He was dead, the man she loved, the man she had worshipped rather. In a little while the cold earth would cover him from her sight. In all the years of her life she should never see his blue eyes, his blond head, his fond, smiling, tender lips. She should never hear him speak, she should never feel the close, warm clasp of his hand on hers; he was gone, and her life was "left unto her deso late." Why did they talk to her? Why did they beseech her to be patient?

Who among us is patient when the flesh is shrinking, and the nerve is laid bare, and the heart is bleeding inwardly? Ah! it is afterward, when we have writhed till all strength is gone from us, when the pain is dulled into an ache, and the wound is healing upon the surface, that we grow to be patient or ap-

Slowly the daylight broadened, the pale gray deepened into gold and purple; while poor Esther lay there broken and spent with anguish. Before noon she was delirious. Still her sorrow walked with her. She raved and wept by turns. She would have flung herself out of the bed if they had not held her; and all the time her one cry was for Percy. The doctor came and looked at her, but he could do nothing. She would not touch the medicine he had

"I will come back toward evening," he said. "Let the room be kept as cool and quiet as possible. I am afraid it will be a bad case of brain fever."

And his fears proved corect. Jasper Hardinge who had become very fond of his sister-in-law, brought one of the most eminent physicians in London to see her. But even he could do no more than was being done. For six weeks she lay, fighting ceaselessly for her life, as only the young and strong can fight. When at last she opened her eyes in consciousness, the watchers knew that there was at least a chance that she would recover. At first it was a very faint one. Pale as a snow-drift, worn to emaciation, she lay with her hollow eyes full of a pitiful, dumb pain. She was too weak to speak or to move at first; and, when she had gained a little

strength, she was too listless to use it. "She is dying before our eyes." Berta Hardinge said to Hugh Fleming one day. "After all that we have done to save her, she will not try to save herself. She has lost heart and hope. She wants to die. I almost think. It was an unlucky day that ever Percy Stanhope darkened these doors.'

Hugh Fleming winced. The dead man had been his friend; it was he who had first introduced him to The Elms. But Mrs. Hardinge was not thinking of that, and he knew that she was not.

"That Dulcie, too," she went on resentfully. "Only this morning I found Esther crying about her. 'She may have died,' she said to me, 'as he did, with no friend near her. She would never have stayed away from me in my trouble, if she were alive and able to come.' It vexed me to hear her."

A mist rose up before Hugh Fleming's keen eyes, and shut out the sunny room and Mrs. Hardinge's well-coifed head for an instant. This runaway Dulcie had been more to him than he had guessed till she was gone, and half the rest of his life along with her. He had gone to the house once occupied by her uncle Durer Levesque, but it was empty, and no one seemed to know where the late owner had gone. Durer Levesque had disappeared from his old haunts within these last five or six weeks, as mysteriously as Duicie had from The Elms.

Esther never will get well," he said at last, rousing himself from his own thoughts with an effort, "without change. She wants fresh atr and fresh scenes. It stands to reason she must fret here. where her trouble came to her. She is always reminded of it here."

Mrs. Hardinge, who thought few men so wise as Hugh Fleming, took the hint. and the end of it was that Esther went home with her father, for a time, at least. They wanted to take her to the seaside, but she would not hear of it; the would go to no place but home.

"I am fired of almost everything" the said, plaintively, putting one thin little hand into her father's; " and I sould rest better with you. Let me go

"Heaven bless you, my darling! The: ald house has never been the same to me since you left it.' So the untalked-of breach was healed,

and father and child were dearer to each other than ever. "You will come back to me when you are stronger?" Berta whispered, holding Esther's hand in both her own, as the

rain steamed into the quiet station. But

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DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in stating that the Gurney Oxford Hot Water System which you not up in my house in the autumn of 1894 was fully what you represented it to he, and gave entire establetion. There was no dust, no smoke, no gas, no leakage, and the air seemed pleasant and agreeable to breathe, so that no one had a cough in my house during the entire winter. Notwithstanding the severity of last winter our house was so comfortable that we had to go outside to find if the day was cold, while the quantity of coal consumed was only a little more than we had burned in former winters in one large coal stove with less rooms to be heated. The Furnace was easily managed, and with ordinary care the temper-ature of the house could be topi 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 Gensfort," (Sgd). THOS, W. POOLE, M.D., Lindeny,

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

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DR. TALMAGE'S

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Bight Direction self Worth Hu Thousands of th Person-How ural Resources. Washington, Jan. mage this morning texi: II. Samuel worth 10,000 of u-One of the most of his time was boy, he could she sten loaves and t to his brothers in leathern thong, st a giant whose arm redweight of metal roared at him in ! as he flung it dy could marshal, a or thumb a ba cured. Saul's whose strings and heroics, of fields, of country manship, 14' to tion. Four thous Josephus, were

captains werd pr of the regiments into right wing. lons. But who s commander-in ch. the res and prop He will lead t for he has not his body. He did troops go into pe would not prave quired as much any execution at a bonitive reach of s civilians a mi David's taking th important to the down, the empire the whole 1.00% another army the defeat turned and the nation We estimate you mrt worth I That army an shere reminded ms of the fact appreciate at all morally or spir consus and state of churches, of na pose, but they can press the real sta Meal subject thus day is that those dinity, especial g especial talent to make up opportunities an uplifting than anth of vour en he file of the 4 Buth when they I admis that t fully carried on the world a stati

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his work in re Oh, the wor to give many recognition. cons went to marned the ad ant how ab tho through ons the noble thein to go and perhaps a few would have ke in the homestea ward will revea delity of thou heir lives recei Oh, ye unknow tian and all-end have no power. but I tell you o and of the day It will be the d the ladle, and the the washtub, ar and the soythe machine, and frowel, and the high an approch the award, or