

EDGAR BARTON'S FATE

(CONCLUDED.)

"Well, well; perhaps I'm wrong," he ejaculated; "then perhaps, too, it was folly—sheer folly to dream of Lucy a becoming—There, I must endeavor to forget—to forget. What! abandon literature, for my peace of mind's sake? Why you simple young man, you, I've a three vol. novel all but finished. I don't mind telling you that it's not all my own invention, notwithstanding that however, it is likely to prove a success. Still sceptical? Never mind; I pardon your short-sightedness. Sit down there and I'll tell you a plan I've formed."

He forced me into a chair, rolled up a paper cigar, and resumed:
"Thornton," he went on, "you've done me not a few friendly terms; you've well earned the confidence which I now repose in you. I've discovered how to make perpetual motion, and intend to make it supercede steam in railway engines. I do! More, I've found out how I can transmute lead into gold. A fact; I give you my honor. I've something else, too, that will astonish them; I've a scheme by which I can produce at least a thousand pounds' worth of diamonds daily. I have! From a saturated solution of carbon in carbonic acid, coupled with black lead mixed with another contrivance, I can manufacture diamonds—aye, and diamonds of the first water, too! You shall be my partner—we will share our gains to the uttermost farthing. But you must aid me in my plan—which is this; I've planned, and I wish very much to tear the flesh from Mr. Bickers's throat."

"Barton, I entreat you to calm yourself," I interposed. "Your eyes are getting blood-shot; could you see your face. Its awful expression would appal you. Mr. Bickers is a kindly, manly fellow."

"I tell you he is a very demon," returned Edgar Barton. "He wishes to crush my future happiness; hasn't he offered to procure me a berth as a scientific drudge? Why has he done this? For my good. Pish! He has contrived it so as to keep me out of literature. Hark to me," he went on, grasping the sides of his chair, while his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, "Charles Thornton, hark to me, for fame, money, and troops of friends are before you. Aid me, and they are yours. Help me to avenge the insults which that man Bickers has heaped upon me." Here his hand clutched my wrist, as bending forward he whispered in my ear; "Help me to remove him."

Aghast and horror-stricken, I grasped the back of my chair and held it tight; then I stifled my terror and contempt, and answered:
"What do your words bode? Do you mean remove him by murdering him?"

"Yes," he said, "I do."
"Only you might have used a prettier word," I said. "Remove him!"

He chuckled.
Doubtless he believed that I was willing to aid him—that I was dazzled by his vague promise of "fame, money, and troops of friends."

"You wish to know my plan of operation? Good. You see," he continued, "that acid bubbling there? Good again. Well, that is fluoric acid. Ah, I see you don't know what that means. Hear, then and exult. Fluoric acid will utterly disorganize and destroy human flesh. With a full day and tact at our command that acid could be made to consume a human body, destroying every trace, so devouring its nature. These are my plans: Herr Guttman and—Lucy, Miss Guttman, will be away from home to-morrow night, probably to a late hour; they are going, as you know, to a supper-party, and dancing will abound. You decoy Bickers here. I've concocted a scheme by which I can get rid of the servant; I've written her a letter supposed to have come from her mother's doctor, in which character I've begged her to use all speed in seeking her parent's bedside, as said parent is dangerously ill. What think you of that for a bait, eh? Oh, it'll work beautifully."

What could I say? What could I think? It is true I thought very little; but the idea constantly presenting itself to my mind was this: Was the man mad?

Presently, after Barton had examined his boots very attentively, he turned his blood-shot eyes to me again.
"You won't betray me," he said. "Perhaps, though, you are willing to aid me. Will you aid me?"

"No!" I shouted—nay, screamed; for I felt that I possessed the courage of a little woman, and the strength of a lion, just then.

Neither courage nor strength, however, were required, for Barton buried his head in his arms, seemingly lost in painful thought. Soon a footfall was heard on the stairs, and Tom Garth, his animal spirits in the ascendant, entered the room.

"Barton, old boy; Thornton, old brick; Sharpgad's accepted my burlesque. What doest think of that, eh? Sulky, are you? Pah! Likewise, bosh! Also fudge! Come downstairs, old fellow."

I was the "old fellow," and also the individual who was asked to go below stairs. I went with Tom Garth and thus escaped Barton's importunities.

True, I thought the man mad; but had he not better be placed under lock and key? He was in good sooth dangerous. I was certain he was dangerous. What had best be done?

Whilst revolving this matter in my mind, I heard the street-door opened, and presently was shaking hands with Walter Bickers. Should I tell him of Barton's terrible words? Really, I hadn't the chance, for Bickers stopped not in the house two minutes.

However, on the following day we heard that Barton had packed up his traps, and left the house for good. Three weeks afterwards we heard of him as confined in a lunatic asylum. I regretted that so clever a mind—for he was clever—had been overthrown. Very sad was I for some days; but something had happened which was eminently calculated to make me glad.

Lucy had consented to become my wife. And it was at our happy wedding, while solacing ourselves with the good things of a marriage feast, when Tom Garth's genial humour and quaint suggestions compelled us to hold our sides, that we heard of Barton's breaking loose from the asylum, and, consequent on that, his death. His housekeeper, who brought the terrible tidings, also brought Edgar Barton's confession, wet and pulpy, and a note addressed to myself. The letter was a curious, though sad combination of defiance and sorrow, and the confession was couched in the following terms:

MY CONFESSION.

On this my last day upon earth—the day of my Irrepressible Resolve, denied the power of sleep, unable to eat, tortured by a terribly keen conscience, heartily sick at soul, weary of life, eager for death, I, Edgar Barton, make a full confession of my treachery, my baseness, my crime!

Talent?—Pah! I possessed, and still possess, a certain amount of talent. And what has accrued from the possession? Misery; a hell-fire brain; and a wasted life. I had written a novel—well, perhaps "completed, a novel" would be a better term; it certainly possesses more of truth. What came of it? Nothing came of it; nothing at all but chagrin and disappointment.

On the day following the evening on which I left Herr Guttman, I sought and obtained a lodging at Fulham. I now set about completing and revising my novel, previously to submitting it to a decent publisher. Certainly, I thought I should awake one morning and find myself famous, and with a find a heavy cheque awaiting me at my publishers' Dreams!—nothing but dreams! It was not to be.

I wrote to an eminent publisher about my novel; and received for reply that he would take upon himself the publication, providing his readers thought well of it. He further informed me, by way of crushing my hopes, that I must advance thirty or forty guineas for advertisements, etc.

Thirty guineas! why, thirty pence just then was a sum almost beyond my means. But, then, my work was certain to meet with success; could I borrow the sum from anyone. No. That thought was stifled as soon as born. My sister was the only wealthy friend that I possessed, and we had quarrelled in the times gone by; so that, there was not the slightest hope in that quarter. However, I determined on having the money by fair means or foul—probably foul.

I sat me down to think. At length, after much thought, I resolved that I would see my sister, come what might.

Soon I found myself in the street and walking at a quick pace, bound for Clerkenwell, where my sister resided and carried on the business of a gold and silver refiner. The lateness of the hour (it was seven o'clock) I regarded as favorable to my plan; her assistant would have gone home long before I arrived, I reasoned, and I should have my sister all to myself.

I found her in the back shop; a five-inch meltingpot full almost to the brim with broken trinkets and gold watchcases, was in the furnace nearest to the door, in front of which (the furnace) my sister stood; raming down the coke and "banking up" the crucible.

"I am scarcely glad to see you, Edgar," she said coldly; and then added: "I suppose it's a strat that brings you to me. You swore terrible oaths that you would never look on me again. Have you a retentive memory? You used to have, or have you forgotten your resolve? Ah, well!" she continued, seeing my contrite look and downcast eyes: "I suppose you're 'hard up' or low down, poor stupid boy; I won't rake up the past. Shake hands with me, Edgar." I gave her my hand; she grasped it warmly. "Go into the front shop," she resumed; "you'll find the *Times* there. I'll come and hear what you have to say when I've taken this crucible out, in half an hour, or thereabouts, that'll be."

Seated in the front shop, with the *Times* spread open before me, surrounded by that which I most did lack—money—my thoughts flew back to the time when ambition (literary and scientific) was foreign to my nature, when passion—I was ever passionate to a terrible extent—allowed no room for anything but moroseness, and uncharitable feelings to all.

"Edgar, will you give me a hand here?" came forth from the back shop and roused me from my reverie.

I conjectured that my sister wanted me to close the furnace door while she poured the boiling metal into the skillet; or that, taking advantage of my presence, she'd request me to remove the crucible myself.

My latter guess proved correct. Well, I removed the crucible, and the skillet—one which held twenty ounces—was speedily filled. My sister half drew back the furnace door.

"Well, Edgar, why have you sought me?" she asked.

I told her—that is, I asked her to loan me a sum of money.

Useless—quite useless! She was obdurate. Hot words ensued. She called me a shallow-brained boy; she stigmatized me a ne'er-do-well, and that set my brain on fire.

I was standing by a barrel of "flux" (a compound of pearlsh and salt), and I seized a handful and threw it full in her face. It must have all but blinded her. I then gripped her by the back of the neck, and dragged her to the furnace, and held her over the glowing coals.

She neither screamed, nor spoke, nor struggled. From the moment when, blinded with rage and passion, I had dashed the pearlsh and salt in her eyes, she had seemed paralysed. Seemed paralysed! Great Heaven! she was dead now, dead!

I laid her down before the furnace, and wiped the sweat from off my face, and bathed my forehead with water. This done, I looked about me. My senses were terribly acute then. I was a murderer; I felt myself a murderer—knew that I was for ever branded with the mark of Cain. Oh, the terrible force of that feeling!

And 'twas then I felt how sweet life was—felt, too, that with a little strategy I could save my neck and fill my pockets with money at the same time.

Besides, what if my sister had made her will in my favour? If made at all, I felt convinced that she had.

Pah! my life was far above wealth. (I thought life sweet, and clung to it; but, ah me, if I had only lain myself a corpse beside my sister then!)

What should I do with her?—how remove the traces of my crime? Quick! for as my thoughts rushed through my brain I longed and yearned to fly the place—to get away from my horrible work. A bootless wish! Conscience had begun to prick and sting me; my own punishment was being wrought by my own conscience.

Never before that day, in a life of terrible vicissitude, of much suffering, of many dangers, had I felt the power of feeling which then possessed me.

I stood aghast at what I had done. I experienced a yearning to press that omni-ously still form to my breast, to smother that horribly charred face with kisses. I felt I loved my sister then. Say what you will, I felt affection for her. I felt, I tell you, that which I'd never felt before—a desire to act, literally, a brother's part—a desire which now can only equal my longing for death.

All had happened so suddenly; I could scarcely realize my act. I lived my whole life in that little span of time. For a moment I tried to deceive myself. Only for a moment, for a smell of something burning made me start round. The clothing of the corpse was on fire. Nervous myself, I seized a can of water from the sink, drew my sister's dead body away from the furnace, and saturated the upper part of her dress. Then I drew four bars of the furnace, pressed the coke down, and dragged the door off, and threw a gallon of water on the red-hot coke—and ran. Why this act? Well, you see, I naturally wished it to appear that my sister's death had been caused by the water coming in contact with the glowing coals; and the ruse succeeded! Such is the short-sightedness of a coroner's jury.

I placed my sister's body in a line with the furnace, so as to suggest that she had fallen dead from the catastrophe, which would suggest itself pretty forcibly, I thought. Subsequently I fixed a small tin-pail (used for 'washing' gold lace) in a position to infer that its upsetting had caused the disaster; and then I left the body lying there.

I sought the room on the second floor, where I knew the contents of the till were kept; my object being, of course, to enrich myself somewhat. Luckily, I found the key in the safe. I took of gold and foreign gold and silver coin, in all, about twenty pounds' worth. Leaving the safe as I had found it—lighter by twenty sovereigns, of course—with the key in the lock, I turned on my heel and prepared to leave the house.

As I reached the door of the room, I shuddered and trembled, and my teeth began to chatter. Turning about, I clutched at the banisters, and went unsteadily down the stairs, and quickly sought the street.

My staggering hurry increased at each stride. I, as it were, struggled through the groups I met on the pavement, like one followed by a demon. I felt mad; my brain reeled; live things seemed running about inside my brain.

On the evening of the next day the papers were full of the "Terrible Catastrophe in Street, Clerkenwell." And the jury's verdict proved to be the one that I'd contrived for; they agreed that my sister had met her death by means of an accident.

Her money and possessions were willed to me fast enough; and I became a rich man. And, ah me, at what a cost. I furnished me a house, and published my novel; and lost eight guineas sterling by its publication.

They tried to prove me mad. They did at length. But I escaped them, yes, I escaped them. Hurrah! All glory to the power of brain. Stay! What did I say? Brain? Why, cunning and scheming have been my ruin—my curse!

I have no money now. My last fourpence which I got for a pair of shears I stole from the asylum, purchased me the paper whereon I write, and a pint of coffee which I am now drinking in a filthy coffee-house in Rotherhithe.

Ah, well! it is all over now. And I don't know who's got my money. Nor do I care. I hate it; every coin had a demon's face, each one glared at me; they drove me wild. Before another hour or two I shall be away from the sight of human faces. They all seem to glare at me; they all seem to reproach me—every one. I cannot run away from my tortured brain; hence my resolve to cast my body in the river.

(Signed) EDGAR BARTON.

He effectually carried out his resolve. For, three days subsequent to the date of his confession, his body was found among the windings of the River Thames, far below bridge. The coroner was apprised of his duty, the jurors were summoned, and the verdict of "suicide whilst in a state of unsound mind" was given; and thus the matter ended, as far as the requirements of law were concerned.

Mr. Bickers paid the expenses of the funeral; but not a soul could be persuaded to follow the remains of Edgar Barton to the grave. Had the above confession, taken wet and pulpy from the breast pocket of the deceased, never been deciphered, he would have had a very different burial.

Was he mad? That question had been frequently repeated, but never yet has a satisfactory reply been given. If this manuscript is published, perhaps the reader may determine. This I decided long ago: that Edgar Barton's Fate points the lesson that even in this world there is no such thing as unpunished crime, for that crime is its own punishment.

THE FIERCE SOLDIER OF CHILLI.

He Can Go Many Days Without Food—In War He Gives no Quarter.

As a soldier the Chillano is brave to recklessness, and a sense of fear is unknown to him. He will not endure a siege, nor can he be made to fight at long range; but as soon as he sees the enemy he fires one volley, drops his gun and rushes in with his "curvo." His endurance is as great as his courage, and no North American Indian can travel so far without rest or go so long without food or water as the Chillano peon, or "Roto," as the mixed race is called.

As the "Cholo," in Peru is the descendant of the Spaniards and the Incas, so is the "Roto" in Chili the child of the Spaniard and the Araucanian Indians, the race of giants with which the early explorers reported that Patagonia was peopled—"men of that bigginess," as Sir Francis Drake reported, "that it seemed the trees of the forests were uprooted and were moving away." They have the Spanish tenacity of purpose, the Indian endurance and the cruelty of both. Each soldier, in the mountain or the desert, carries on his breast two buckskin bags. In one are the leaves of the coca plant, in the other powdered lime made of the ashes of potato skins. The coca is the strongest sort of a tonic, and by chewing it the Chillano soldier can abstain from food or drink for a week or ten days at a stretch. The Chillano soldier is not easily subjected to discipline, and out-lands the vandals in the destruction of property, as the present condition of Peru will prove. He burns and destroys everything within his reach that has sheltered an enemy. No authority can restrain his hand. The awful scenes of devastation that took place in Peru have nothing to parallel them in the annals of modern warfare. On the battle-fields nine-tenths of the dead were found with their throats cut, and the Chillanos took no prisoners except when a whole army capitulated. They ask no quarter and give none. The knowledge of this characteristic and the fear of the Chillano knife were a powerful factor in the subjugation of the more humane Peruvians.

Lord Salisbury is the only member of the British Cabinet who has grown fatter. He has gained four pounds.

The Beauty of English Women

English women are justly and deservedly distinguished for beauty. According to a writer in London Society there is hardly another nation in Europe whose capital can boast of so many beautiful women as can London. Their beauty is of so many varied kinds, of so many shades and gradations, that each one only enhances the other, and that no one type is repeated sufficiently often to become wearisome. This is perhaps the chiefest charm of English women. They are all so different to one another. In our own country the mixed race, Saxon, Norman and Dane, intermingled with countless other strains from every nationality under the sun, has produced so varied a program that the eyes are never satiated and the mind is never oppressed by the sameness which in other countries is apt to pall so fatally upon the taste.

English women are as fair as lilies or dark as Southern hours; they are slender and graceful as the grasses of the field or they are massive and Juno-like in their proportions; they have eyes and hair of every shade under the sun, and there is no similarity either in their features or their figures. The consequence is that, as a rule, a pretty English woman is not wont to consider herself and her appearance as anything out of the ordinary way. If she is conscious of her beauty she knows also that there are hundreds of other women who not only are as beautiful as herself, but whose style of beauty may very possibly be preferred to her own; she knows that the men who flatter her to-day will pay tribute to another to-morrow, and the homage she may have gained in one ball-room last night will be transferred to somebody else who may outshine her to-night in another.

This is why our London beauties are seldom ungenerous to each other; they understand that the mind of man is fickle and prone to change above all created things, and the raven tresses are frequently preferred to gold. Because her own dark eyes are paramount to-day she does not forget that forget-me-not blue ones may steal away her admirer's fancy to-morrow, so that she is perpetually on her probation, as it were, and ever ready to acknowledge the superior claims that her friends may possess to admiration.

The printed forms of the petition to Governor Oglesby appealing for a commutation of the sentence for the condemned anarchists have been gotten out, and are now being forwarded to all parts of the country.

In the year of the Queen's accession the imports and exports of India amounted to £21,000,000; in the year before the Mutiny they reached a value of £33,000,000; and in 1855-56 they amounted to no less a sum than £156,000,000.

The annual consumption of lager-beer in New York city is said to be about 6,000,000 barrels, which, to say nothing about the other forms of intoxicating liquors consumed, gives about five barrels for every man, woman, and child in the city. The first cost of the intoxicating liquors sold in the United States is annually about £170,000,000.

No, "Anxious Mother," Patti has no babies. The family have decided that they can't afford it. When they realized that it would cost the youngster five hundred dollars every time he wanted his mother to sing him to sleep, cash up to the door or no concert, they decided that no baby could stand it without mortgaging the nursery and fittings.

Happiness.
The foundation of all happiness is health. A man with an imperfect digestion may be a millionaire, may be the husband of an angel and the father of half a dozen cherubs, and yet be miserable if he be troubled with dyspepsia, or any of the disorders arising from imperfect digestion or a sluggish liver. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the safest and surest remedy for these morbid conditions. Being purely vegetable, they are perfectly harmless.

Adelina Patti has been engaged to sing for Mapleson at £917 per night, twice a week for six months, each night paid in advance.

"Then let the moon usurp the rule of day,
And winking tapers show the sun his way;
For what my senses can perceive,
I need no revelation to be live."

Ladies suffering from any of the weaknesses or ailments peculiar to their sex, and who will use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription according to directions, will experience a genuine revelation in the benefit they will receive. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppression, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

The contribution box recently passed around a large and fashionable congregation at Canterbury Cathedral contained fourteen shillings.

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Paul Du Chaillu has gone to St. Petersburg to study some bronze ornaments lately found on the Baltic, supposed to belong to the Vikings, about whom M. Du Chaillu is an authority.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the stomach, can be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

Mrs. John W. Mackay is having a cloak made from the breasts of birds of paradise. These cost 30 shillings each, and about 500 birds will be necessary.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Bilio-nousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine, All Druggists, 50 cents.

The Princess of Wales has a large number of fine diamonds for putting in the centres of flowers after the latter have been fashioned to her dress. The effect is very brilliant.

YOUNG MEN suffering from the effects of early evil habits, the results of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted; also MILDLY-AGED and OLD MEN who are broken down from the effects of abuse or over-work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, need for aid READ M. V. LUBON'S Treatise on Diseases of Men. The book is sent in sealed envelopes on address on receipt of two 5c. stamps. Address M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E. Toronto Ont.

On Sunday last Monsignor Peracio, the Papal envoy to Ireland, preached in the Kilkenny cathedral. When he reached Ireland in the beginning of the summer he could not speak a word of English.

The Sporting Record.

In Book form, contains a correct record of the PART-LET TIME and best performances in all DEPARTMENTS of SPORT, Aquatic and Athletic performance, Billiard, Racing and Trotting records, Baseball, Cricket, Lacrosse, etc. Price 5c. stamps taken. Address all orders to THE RECORD, 60 Front St. East, Toronto, Canada, Room No. 15.

White Sir Salaar Jung, who is a Mussulman, was visiting Droitwich, for the baths, he celebrated the Mohammedan festival of Zoha. The ceremony was mainly the slaughter of a goat by his own hands. The flesh was distributed among the English poor.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 506 King Street West Toronto, Canada.

At the unveiling of a monument to Chausser at Chamounix recently a delegate from Geneva, in proposing a toast to France, jocularly said he hoped France had no thoughts of annexation. M. Spuller replied that France had no longings for what did not belong to her, but she would certainly make efforts to regain her lost property. This, in connection with Gen. Breart's vengeful utterances, has caused a sensation at Berlin.

A GENEROUS COMPANY.—A beautiful present will be given by the Breadmakers Yeast Company, of Toronto, to nearly every one, as long as they last—first come first served. The most accomplished woman has still something worthy to be added to her list if she has never yet made a good sweet white loaf of bread. To encourage the art of Home Bread-making this Company have secured ten thousand presents, which will be sent to all who comply with their terms. They want all who are old enough either to follow directions or work under instructions, to learn how to make bread. They will take your word for it when you have succeeded to your own satisfaction in using their Hop Yeast, and write them to say so, enclosing a wrapper of a five cent package of THE BREADMAKERS' YEAST, when they will send in return a lovely gift. This offer is open to any young lady, girl, single or married woman, matron or housekeeper, who has never before made a loaf of bread. Any person having domestic charge of a household who is not now baking for the family, and who will commence by using their yeast, and who will send to them the wrapper of a package, and write to that effect, will receive a still better class of gift than that above offered. Better yet: any one at present making their own bread, using their own or other yeast, but who will buy a five cent package of the Breadmakers' Yeast from any grocer or storekeeper, and, after using, will write and say that their Yeast is Superior, they will believe her, and will astonish that lady by return mail with a lovely gift. You must get the yeast from your own grocer. Don't send money to the Company direct.

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