A DEAD RECKONING.

Turning to Crofton as soon as the servant had left the room, she said: "You will excuse me for a few moments, will you not? Gerald will be back in a little while, and I do so wish you would stay and meet him. George"—offering him her hand with a sudden gracious impulse—"let this afternoon be blotted from the memory of both of us. You will never say such foolish things to me again, will you?"

He took her proffered hand sullenly enough. "I have said my say," he muttered with averted eyes; with that he dropped her fingers and turned away.

A pained expression flitted over her face as she looked at him. "You will wait here till I come back, will you not?" she said; and then, without waiting for an answer, she quitted the room.

With his hands behind his back, and his eyes bent on the ground, George Crofton paced the room once or twice in silence. Then he said, speaking aloud, as he had a trick of doing when alone: "It is a lie to say she would never have learned to love me! She may try to deceive herself by saying so; but she cannot deceive me. Had not my smooth-tongued cousin come between us, she would have been mine. I had no rival but him. Not only has he robbed me of the woman I loved, but of this old house and all this fair domain which would all have been my own, had he not come between my uncle and me, and made the old man's bitterness against me bitterer still. "Oh," he exclaimed bitterly, "I have every reason for loving my dear cousin Gerald!"

Presently he caught sight of the miniature of his cousin, where it hung above the davenport. "His likeness!" he exclaimed. "The original is not enough for her; she must have this to gaze on when he is not by." He took the miniature o fthe nail on which it hung and scanned it frowningly. "To think that only this man's life stands between me and fortune—only this one life!" he said. "Were Gerald Brooke to die without heirs, I—even I, his graceless scamp of a cousin— would come into possession of Beechely Towers and six thousand a year! Only this one life!" He let the miniature drop on the hearth, and then ground it to fragments under his heel. "If I could but serve the original as I serve this!" he muttered.

The sound of the shutting of a distant door startled him. He pressed his hands to his forehead for a moment as though awaking from a confused dream; then he sighed deeply and took up his hat, gloves and whip. "Adieu, Clara but we shall meet again," he said aloud. With that he put on his hat and buttoned his coat and walked slowly out by the way he had come.

Two minutes later Mrs. Brooke reentered the room. She looked round in surprise. "George gone!" she said to herself. "Why did he not wait and see Gerald?" She crossed to the window and looked out. "Yes; there he goes striding through the grass, and evidently not in the most amiable of humours. How strangely he has altered during the last three or four years; how different he is now from what he used to be when we were playmates together! If he had but some profession—something to occupy his mind—he would be far happier than he is. But George is not one to love work of any kind." With that Clara looked at her watch and dismissed Mr. Crofton from her thoughts. "I wish Gerald were back. What can the strange Monsieur Karovsky want with him? What can be the business of importance that has brought him here? I feel as if some misfortune were impending. Such happiness as mine is too perfect to last."

She was crossing the room in search of a book, when her eyes was attracted by the fragments of the miniature on the hearth. She was on her knees in a moment. "What is this?" she cried. "Gerald's likeness, and trodden under foot! What a mean and paltry revenge! It is the portrait Gerald gave me before we were married. I could never like another as I liked this one. Oh how mean! Gerald must not know—at least not for the present." Tears of mingled anger and sorrow stood in her eyes as she picked up the fragments and locked them away in her desk. She had scarcely accomplished this when she heard her husband's footsteps. She hastily brushed her tears away and turned to greet him with a smile. "And this is what you call being half-an-hour away!" she said as he drew her to him and kissed her.

"Von Rosenberg and I were busy talking. We had got half way through the wood before I called to mind where I was." He sat down and fanned himself with his soft felt hat. "He tells me," went on Gerald, "that he has taken Beaulieu for twelve months—furnished, of course—so that we are likely to be neighbours for some time to come."

"He must find English country-life very tame and unexciting after being used to Berlin and St. Petersburg."

"You may add to Paris also. Some years ago he was attached to the German Embassy there."

"To live as he is now living must seem like exile to such a man.

"I am afraid it is little better. But the whisper goes that he is exiled for a time—that he has contrived in some way to incur the displeasure of the powers that be, and that leave has been given him to travel for the benefit of his health."

"Poor Baron! Let us hope that his eclipse will only be a temporary one. —By-the-bye, there has been some one else to see you while you have been out."

"And they call this the seclusion of the country."

"Some Russian or Polish acquaintance whom you probably met when abroad."

"Ah! his name?"

"Monsieur Karovsky."

Gerald Brooke drew in his breath with a gasp. "Karovsky—and here!"

"He says that he has important business to see you upon."

"He is one of the fe wmen whose faces I hoped never to see again. Where is he?" There was trouble in his eyes, trouble in his voice, as he asked the question.

"When I told him that you were out, he said that, with my permission, he would smoke a cigarette in the grounds, while awaiting your return. What a strange almost sinister-looking man he is! How I wish he had stayed away!"

Her husband did not reply; he looked as if he had not heard what she said.

Next moment Mrs. Brooke started to her feet. "There he is. There is Monsieur Karovsky," she cried.

And there, indeed, he was, standing just outside the open window smoking a cigarette. Perceiving that he was seen, he flung away his cigarette, stepped slowly into the room, removed his hat and bowed.

[illegible] CHAPTER III.

[illegible] informed Mrs. [illegible] were two [illegible] house, he stated no more than the truth; but one little point he had not seen fit to mention—that he himself was not alone at the time. When he had recovered from his momentary surprise at seeing his cousin, he had said to his companion—an extremely handsome young person in a riding habit that fitted her like a glove: "Let us put the pace on a bit, Steph. I've just remembered that there's a call I ought to make while I'm in this neighbourhood."

A few minutes later they pulled up at the Beechley Arms, a country tavern only a few hundred yards distant from the back entrance to the park. Here Mr. Crofton had been well known in days gone by; and by the time he had dismounted and had assisted his companion to alight, the buxom landlady, all smiles and cap-ribbons, had come to the door to greet him.

"Why, Master George, it's never you sure-ly," she said. "It seems like old times come back to see you riding up just as you used to do."

"Then you have not quite forgotten me, Mrs. Purvis," he said, as he shook hands with the landlady with that air of easy affability which he knew so well how to assume. "I don't wish to flatter you, but, on my honour, you look younger every time I see you."

The landlady smirked and blushed, and said: "Get along with you, do, sir;" and then led the way to her best parlour, an old-fashioned, low-ceilinged room, with a diamond-paned window, and a broad, cushioned, window-seat.

George ordered some sherry and biscuits to be brought; and as soon as the landlady had left the room he said to his companion; "I shall have to leave you for half-an-hour, Steph, to make the call I spoke of just now; I shall be sure not to be gone longer. You won't mind, will you?"

Mademoiselle Stephanie made a little moue. "I suppose you will go whether I mind or not;" she said.

"I must go," he replied. "It is a matter of extreme importance."

"In that case there is nothing more to be said," she answered with a shrug. A moment later she added: "Only remember, if you are away much longer than half-an-hour, Tartar and I will go back home by ourselves, and leave you to follow at your leisure."

George Crofton laughed. "Never fear, carissima; I won't fail to be back to time. Besides, our dinner will be waiting for us three miles farther on. Did I tell you that I had ordered it by telegraph before leaving town?"

"There's one thing neither you nor I must forget," she answered, "and that is, that I'm due at the cirque at nine o'clock to the minute. Signor Ventelli never forgives any one who is not there to time."

At this juncture Mrs. Purvis came in with the wine and biscuits. George hastily swallowed a couple of glasses of sherry; and then, after giving a few instructions with regard to the horses, and reiterating his promise not to be gone more than half an hour, he went.

Mademoiselle Stephanie Lagrange was a very pretty woman—a fact of which she was perfectly cognisant, as most pretty women are. She had a profusion of light silky hair, and large steel-gray eyes that were lacking neither in fire nor audacity. Her lips were thin and rather finely curved; but her chin was almost too massive to be in proportion with the rest of her features. Her figure was well-nigh perfect; and as she was a splendid horsewoman, she never appeared in the Row without having a hundred pair of eyes focused on her, and a hundred tongues asking eagerly who she was. In case the reader should put the same question, it may be as well to state that Mademoiselle Lagrange was a prominent member of the celebrated Ventelli Circus troupe, on whose posters and placards she was designated in large letters as "Queen of the Haute Ecole." Whether Mademoiselle Lagrange was of French or English extraction was a moot-point with several of those who knew her best, seeing that she spoke both languages equally well. Some there were who averred that she spoke English with a slight French accent, and French with a slight English accent; but be that as it may, no one knew from her own lips where she was born or of what nationality her parents had been.

As soon as she was left alone, Stephanie took off her hat and veil and seated herself on the window-seat, from whence she could look into a strip of old-fashioned garden at the back of the tavern. As she nibbled at a biscuit and sipped her sherry—Steph was by no means averse to a glass of good wine—she soliloquised, half aloud: "Why has my good friend George left me, and who is the person he has gone to see?—Eh bien, cher monsieur, there appear to be certain secrets in your life of which I know nothing. It must be my business to find out what they are. I like to have secrets of my own, but I don't like other people to have secrets from me."

At this point, in came bustling Mrs. Purvis, ostensibly to inquire whether the lady was in need of anything, but in reality to satisfy in some measure the cravings of her curiosity. She found Mademoiselle Stephanie by no means disinclined for a little gossip; only when she came to think over the interview afterwards, she discovered that it was she who had answered all the young lady's questions, but that the young lady had answered few or none of hers.

Yes; she had known Master George from quite a boy. Mrs. Purvis went on to say, gratified at finding a listener so ready to her hand. He had been brought up at the Towers—the great house in the park there—and everybody thought he would be his uncle's heir. But as he grew up he fell into bad ways, and all sorts of tales were told about his extravagance and dissipation; and no doubt he was made out to be far worse than he really was. At length the old gentleman turned him out of doors and made a fresh will in favour of his other nephew, Mr. Gerald Brooke—he who now lives at the Towers—while Master George had to content himself with a legacy of five thousand pounds. And there was Miss Danby—the late vicar's daughter—whom everybody thought Master George would marry; but she, too, turned against him, and married his cousin, so that he lost both his inheritance and his wife.

"And does this lady, whom Mr. Crofton was to have married live at the place you call the Towers?" asked Stephanie.

"Certainly, miss. She is mistress there; and a very beautiful lady she is."

"It is her whom he has gone to see," said Stephanie to herself. "He pretends that he loves me, but he cannot forget her. So this is your secret, cher George! I shall know how to make use of it when the time comes."

Suddenly she started and half rose from her seat. Her eyes had been caught by something outside the window. She turned quickly on Mrs. Purvis. "That child—where does he come from? Who is he?"

The landlady's gaze followed hers through the window. "Do you mean that little fellow on the grass plat who is throwing crumbs to the birds? He's a mountebank's son, as you may see by his dress. His father is having some bread-and-cheese in the kitchen. What a shame it is that such a dear little mite should have to earn his living by turning head over heels in the streets."

For several moments Stephanie stood motionless her eyes fixed on the child. Then, without turning her head, she said: "Thank you. I require nothing more at present. When I ring." The tones in which [illegible] were spoken conveyed more than the words themselves. Mrs. Purvis [illegible] like a peacock, shook her [illegible] and marched out of the [illegible] the door behind her [illegible] violence.

Hard Study in School

BRINGS ON A SEVERE ATTACK OF ST. VITUS' DANCE.

A Young Girl's Life for a Time Made Miserable—Could Not Use Her Hands and Found It Difficult to Walk — Health Restored.

From the Napanee Express.

Nervousness is the frequent cause of much misery and suffering. One of the effects of this breaking up of the nerves, particularly among young people, being chorea or St. Vitus dance. A correspondent tells of a young lady at Selby who was badly afflicted with this trouble. He says:—"I never saw anyone suffering so badly before from nervous disorder. She was violently jerking and twitching all the time, and could not use her right hand at all. Anything she would try to pick up with it would instantly fall. When she would attempt to walk, her limbs would twist and turn, the ankle often doubling down and throwing her. Lately I heard that she had been cured, but doubted the truth of the statement and went out to see her. The statement proved quite true, and believing that a recital of the facts of the case would be of advantage to some one who might be similarly suffering, I asked permission to make them known, which was readily granted. The young lady is Miss H. M. Gonyou, a general favorite among her acquaintances, and it is thought that her trouble, as is not infrequently the case, was brought on by hard study in school." Miss Gonyou gave the following statement:—"All through the fall of 1894 I had been feeling unwell. I did not speak to anyone about it, for I was going to school and was afraid if I said anything about it to my parents they would keep me at home. I kept getting worse, and at last grew so nervous that I could not hold my pencil. My right side was affected most, though the trouble seemed to go through my whole system. In January I was so bad that I had to discontinue going to school, and I was constantly growing worse. I could not use my hands, because I would let everything drop, and frequently when I attempted to walk, I would fall. My brother had been ailing for a long time and was then using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and getting better, so I thought as they were helping him so much they would be a good medicine for me. Before the first box was done I was feeling much better, and after using the Pink Pills for about a month, my health was fully restored. It is now more than a year since I discontinued the use of the pills, and I have not had the slightest trace of the malady since. I am satisfied Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from a life of misery, and I would strongly recommend them for nervous troubles.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

CUT FLOWERS IN HOSPITALS.

Why the Authorities of the London Institutions Have Prohibited Them.

An deict has gone forth against the introduction of cut flowers into the one hundred and forty-seven public hospitals of the British metropolis. This may at first sight appear an arbitrary and cruel measure.

On inquiry it is ascertained that the objections are due mainly to the fact that the water in which they are placed in order to retain their freshness rapidly ferments, rots and engenders microbes, which thereupon find among the fever stricken and anaemic patients of the wards a most favorable field for growth and propagation. Of course, this drawback could be remedied by the renewal of the water once or twice a day, and by the refusal to permit any cut flowers to remain in a room for any longer period than twelve hours. But experience has shown that even in the best regulated hospitals, where the discipline is most elaborate and strict, it is absolutely impossible to insure the sick from the danger arising from neglect in this matter.

Then, too, the odour of the flowers is in many cases deleterious to the sick. Not only do their various perfumes exercise an injurious influence upon the nerves and upon the brains of the patients, but also upon their throats. According to the most eminent laryngologists, such as Dr. Fauvel, the late Sir Morel Mackenzie and others, the flowers which have the worst reputation in this respect are the violet, the rose, the heliotrope, the gardenia and the mignonette. Perfume of these flowers produces a species of paresis of the constrictor muscles of the glottis, and spasm of the bronchial tube

THE POWER OF ELECTRICITY.

By this agency Nerviline is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve—every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficent power. Nerviline is a wonderful remedy, pleasant to even the youngest child, yet so powerfully far reaching in its work that the most agonizing internal or external pain yields as if by magic.

AN APPROPRIATE QUOTATION.

Wheelman—Festina lente is a law term, isn't it?

Friend—Not at all. It means make haste slowly. Where did you get the impression that it was a law term?

Wheelman—Well, it's what the Judge said to me when he fined me $10 for scorching.

Dropsy Cured With One Bottle.

A great cure and a great testimony: "For ten years I suffered greatly from Heart Disease, Fluttering of the Heart and Smothering Spells, made my life a torment. I was confined to my bed. Dropsy set in. My physician told me to prepare for the worst. I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—One dose gave me great relief, one bottle cured the Dropsy and my heart."—Mrs. Jas. Adams, Syracuse, N. Y.

ONE OBJECTION.

Hazel—Why don't you like the stories Mrs. Talker tells.

Nutte—They have no terminal facilities.

WHAT DR. A. E. SALTER SAYS.

Buffalo, N.Y.—Gents:—From my personal knowledge [illegible] of the effect of [illegible] advan[illegible] pared to [illegible] Remedies [illegible] my [illegible] equired.

AN IMPOSING GIFT.

Mrs. Hornbeak—I wonder what we'd better give Cousin Emily for a wedding present? It ought to be something cheap that will make a big show.

Farmer Hornbeak—Guess we'd better give her a load of hay, then.

$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. G. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

HOW A GREAT GENERAL SLEPT.

A good story is told of the Duke of Wellington. The French, with a fresh force doubled that of the duke, were closing in upon his jaded troops one stormy night in Spain. Wellington completed his preparations, and then, turning to a scout, asked: "How long will it be before they can reach us?"

"Half an hour," was the reply.

"Then I can go to sleep," he said; and, wrapping his cloak about him, he dropped where he stood in the muddy trench, and in an instant was asleep. He awoke when the bugles of the enemy sounded in his ears.

SIMILAR SYMPTOMS.

Attorney—Are you a married man?

Humble Witness—No; I was hurt in a saw-mill last week—that's what makes me look so bad.

A BICYCLIST'S FEAT.

A French cyclist named Garaud, a plumber, recently rode around the coping-stone of a house in course of construction, for a wager. The coping stone was barely two feet wide and was about fifty feet from the ground.

ITCHING, BURNING, CREEPING,

Crawling, or Stinging Skin Disease Relieved in a Few Minutes by Dr. Agnew's Ointment—Price 35 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves instantly and cures tetter, salt rheum, scald head, eczema, ulcers, blotches, and all eruptions of the skin. It is soothing and quieting, and acts like magic in all baby humors, irritation of the scalp or rashes during teething time. 35 cents a box.

IRRECONCILABLE.

Isn't there any chance of settling the differences between Mr. and Mrs. Whirly?

Not the slightest. Each got hold of the diary that the other kept before they were married.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure cures where others fail. It is the leading Cough Cure, and no home should be without it. Pleasant to take and goes right to the spot.

MORE DESIRABLE.

First Tramp—I know a place where dey give yer a good free lunch wid a glass of beer!

Second Tramp—Yer do, eh? Well, wot I'm lookin' fer is a place where they give a glass of beer wid a free lunch.

For Constipation take Karl's Clover Root Tea, the great Blood Purifier. Cures Headache, Nervousness, Eruptions on the face, and makes the head clear as a bell.

AN UP-TO-DATE YOUNG MAN.

Tom—What did she say when you tried to kiss her?

Ned—She said stop sir! as forcibly as she knew how.

Tom—And did you stop?

Ned—Yes. I stopped for an hour, and kept doing the same thing.

Stop that Cough! Take warning. It may lead to Consumption. A 25c. bottle of Shiloh's Cure may save your life.

AN OPENING FOR ESCAPE.

Johnny hasn't split a stick of kindling for a week.

What's the matter?

His father very foolishly read aloud an article protesting against the wanton destruction of forest timber.

Adams' Ginger Beer

RECIPE.

Adams Extract	One bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast	One half to one cake
Sugar	Two pounds
Cream of Tartar	One half ounce
Lukewarm Water	Two gallons

Dissolve the sugar, cream of tartar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling, cool and delicious. The ginger beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 cent bottles to make two gallons.

HIS HUMANE WAY.

Askins (sympathetically)—What is the matter, old fellow?

Grimshaw—Nothing that would interest you, Askins. It is true, I have troubles of my own, but I never tell them—I am no opera singer.

25,000 NORWAY SPRUCE

8 inch to 5 feet transplanted, 2 cents to 40 cents each according to size, finest stock in Canada. Bushy, stout trees with good roots and right color, sure to grow and please.

OTHER EVERGREEN TREES.

Austrian Pine 15 to 36 inch, Scotch Pine same sizes, Swiss Pines, Arbor-Vitaes of sorts, Hemlocks, White Spruce 18 inch to 4 feet, Junipers, &c. Shipped safely to any distance. THE LESLIE NURSERIES, Queen Street East; City Office, 4 Lombard St., Toronto. 60th year.

ACCOMPLISHED.

Dobson—There goes D'Auber and his rich wife. She married him to reform him.

Hobson—Did she succeed?

Dobson—Yes; he hasn't painted a picture since he was married.

A GREAT deal of nonsense has been written—and believed, about blood purifiers. What purifies the blood?

THE KIDNEYS PURIFY THE BLOOD

AND THEY ALONE.

If diseased, however, they cannot, and the blood continually becomes more impure. Every drop of blood in the body goes through the kidneys, the sewers of the system, every three minutes, night and day, while life endures.

Sanitas

puts the kidneys in perfect health, and nature does the rest.

The heavy, dragged out feeling, the bilious attacks, headaches, nervous unrest, fickle appetite, all caused by poisoned blood, will disappear when the kidneys properly perform their functions.

There is no doubt about this. Thousands have so testified. The theory is right, the cure is right and health follows as a natural sequence.

Be self-convinced through personal proof.

DON'T FORGET

That to remove corns, warts, bunions in a few days, all that is required is to apply the old and well-tested corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless. Putnam's Corn Extractor makes no sore spots hard to heal, acts quickly and painlessly on hard and soft corns.

HOW THE PRINCESS SHOPS.

The Princess of Wales does most of her shopping at home. Representatives of the stores she patronizes wait on her from time to time, spreading out their wares in peddler fashion in the Princess's boudoir.

Strawber—"Why do you think you will have any trouble in keeping the engagement secret?" Singerly—"I had to tell the girl hadn't I?"

W P C 868

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To clean tombstones. To polish knives. To clean dishes. To renew oil-cloth. To scrub floors. To whiten marble. To renovate paint. To wash out sinks. To remove rust. To brighten metals. To scour bath-tubs. To scour kettles.

EVERYBODY USES IT.

Dentists to clean false teeth. Surgeons to polish their instruments. Confectioners to scour their pans. Mechanics to brighten their tools. Cooks to clean the kitchen sinks. Painters to clean off surfaces. Engineers to clean parts of machines. Ministers to renovate old clapboards. Sextons to clean the tombstones. Hostlers on trusses and white horses. Artists to clean their palettes. Wheelmen to clean bicycles. Housemaids to scrub marble floors. Chemists to remove some stains. Carvers to sharpen their knives. Shrewd ones to scour old straw hats. Soldiers to brighten their arms. Renovators to clean carpets.

EVERY ONE FINDS A NEW USE.

THREE PROPOSITIONS.

$300.00 IN GOLD GIVEN AWAY.

Here Are Our Offers

No. 1= $100.00 IN GOLD to the persons who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in the words "LADIES' JOURNAL."

No. 2= $100.00 IN GOLD to the persons who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in the word "LEADING."

No. 3= $100.00 IN GOLD to the persons who can form the greatest number of words from the letters in the word "MONTHLY."

To enter any single contest you must send Thirty-five Cents in stamps (or P. O. Order) with your list of words, for which THE LADIES' JOURNAL will be sent to you for Four Months.

You can enter all three by sending One Dollar with your list, and THE LADIES' JOURNAL will be sent for One Year. Every one entering all three will have a handsome little present sent postpaid, if their list of words exceed ten for each offer.

The $100.00 offered in each contest will be divided as follows:

$30.00 to the sender of the largest list.
$20.00 to the next.
$10.00 to the next.
$5.00 to each of the eight following largest lists.

Don't delay sending in. Contest closes on July 31st.

Names of the successful will be published in first issue of Ladies' Journal after date of closing. Words in English language only can be used.

Address. LADIES' JOURNAL, 73 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Canada.

Sweden Gold Mine!

Capital Stock, $500,000.

In shares of $1.00 each. Fully paid and Non-assessable.

A WORKING MINE,

And a sure dividend payer. It has all the necessary buildings, Boarding House, Blacksmith Shop, Shaft House, etc. Three shafts, one nearly 100 ft. deep. 5 large veins already opened up, all rich free milling quartz, which is being taken out and placed on the dump ready for Stamp Mill.

It is surrounded by several of the best known Mines in Rat Portage District, namely, the Sultana, Pine Portage, Norway, Triumph, and the Haycock, and only 7 miles from Rat Portage with every facility for economical working.

PRACTICAL MANAGEMENT.

The Company is formed on a business basis, only $500,000 and the Treasury stock is nearly one half.

100,000 shares only of Treasury stock (Fully paid and Non-assessable) is being offered, proceeds to be used for purchasing necessary Machinery, Stamp Mill, etc.

This stock is going well. If you are looking for something safe and sure, BUY NOW. These shares will soon be PAR, for the Sweden will be a SURE DIVIDEND PAYER.

THE FOLLOWING TELEGRAM HAS JUST BEEN RECEIVED:

"Struck rich body of ore. AVERAGE assays Forty One Dollars,

(Signed) CHAS. E. [illegible]ARBERT, Sec'y. Sweden Gold Mine."

All application for stock, subject to increase in [illegible] to be made to

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ENJOY LIFE AS THEY OUGHT.

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