THE FATAL REPAST.

We had been nearly five weeks at sea, when the captain found, by nautical observation, that we were within one hundred and thirty miles of the north side of Jamaica. Favourable winds and smooth seas had hitherto been our constant attendants, and everything on board conspired to render the confinement and monotony of a long voyage less annoying than they usually are. The cabin passengers consisted of Major and Mrs. L——, a new-married couple; Miss P——, sister to the latter; Mr. D.——, a young Irishman, and myself. Our captain was a man of pleasing manners and liberal ideas, and formed an important acquisition to our party, by joining in all its recreations, and affording every facility to the indulgence of them. Much of our time was spent in conversation, and in walking on deck and when the dews of evening obliged us to descend to the cabin, the captain would often entertain us with a relation of the various dangers which he and other persons had encountered at sea, or detail, with great gravity, some of the prevailing superstitions of sailors.

Although he possessed more general information than usually falls to the lot of seafaring persons, his mind was tinctured with some of the weaknesses and prejudices. The ladies of our party had a great taste for natural history, and wished to obtain specimens of all the most interesting kinds of sea-birds. They had several times requested the captain to shoot one of Mother Carey's chickens, that they might take a drawing from it; however, he always declined doing so, but never gave any satisfactory reason for his unwillingness to oblige them in this respect. At last, Mr. D—— killed two of the birds, after having several times missed whole flocks of them. The captain seemed very much startled when he saw the animals drop on the waves. "Will you have the goodness to let down the boat to pick up the game?" said Mr. D——. "Yes, sir," replied he, "if you'll go off in her, and never return on board this vessel. Here is a serious business. Be assured we have not seen the end of it." He then walked away without offering to give orders about lowering the boat; and the seamen, who witnessed the transaction, looked as if they would not have obeyed him had he even done so.

Though we saw no land, everything proved that we were in the West India seas. The sky had, within a few days, begun to assume a more dazzling aspect, and long ranges of conical-shaped clouds floated along the horizon. Land birds, with beautiful plumage, often hovered round the vessel, and we sometimes fancied we could discover a vegetable fragrance in the breezes that swelled our sails.

One delightful clear morning, when we were in hourly expectation of making the land, some dolphin appeared astern. As the weather was very moderate, the captain proposed that we should fish for them; and a great many hooks were immediately baited for that purpose by the seamen. We caught large quantities of dolphin, and of another kind of fish, and put the whole into the hands of the steward, with orders that part should be dressed for dinner, and part distributed among the crew.

When the dinner-hour arrived, we all assembled in the cabin, in high spirits, and sat down to table. It being St. George's day, the captain, who was an Englishman, had ordered that everything should be provided and set forth in the most sumptuous style, and the steward had done full justice to his directions. We made the wines, which were exquisite and abundant, circulate rapidly, and every glass increased our gaiety and good humor, while the influence of our mirth rendered the ladies additionally amusing and animated. The captain remarked that, as there were two clarionet-players among the crew, we ought to have a small dance upon the quarter-deck at sunset. This proposal was received with much delight, particularly by the females of our party; and the captain had just told the servant in waiting to bid the musicians prepare themselves, when the mate entered the cabin, and said that the man at the helm had dropped down almost senseless, and that another of the crew was so ill that he could scarcely speak.

The captain, on receiving this information, grew very pale, and seemed at a loss what to reply. At last he started from his chair, and hurried up the gangway. Our mirth ceased in a moment, though none of us appeared to know why; but the minds of all were evidently occupied by what they had just heard, and Major L——remarked, with a faltering voice, that seamen were very liable to be taken suddenly ill in hot climates.

After a little time, we sent the servant to inquire what was going forward upon deck. He returned immediately, and informed us that the two sailors were worse, and that a third had just been attacked in the same way. He had scarcely said these words, when Mrs. L——gave a shriek, and cried out that her sister had fainted away. This added to our confusion and alarm; and the major and Mr. D——trembled so much that they were hardly able to convey the young lady to her stateroom.

All conversation was now at an end, and no more uttered a word till Mrs. L——returned from her sister's apartment. While we were inquiring how the latter was, the captain entered the cabin in a state of great agitation. "This is a dreadful business," said he. "The fact is—it is my duty to tell you—I fear we are all poisoned by the fish we have ate. One of the crew died a few minutes since, and five others are dangerously ill."

"Poisoned! my God! Do you say so? Most we all die?" exclaimed Mrs. L——, dropping on her knees. "What is to be done?" cried the major, distractedly; "are there no means of counteracting it?"—"None that I know of," returned the captain. "All remedies are vain. The poison is always fatal, except—but I begin to feel its effects—support me—can this be imagination?" He staggered to one side, and would have fallen upon [illegible] assisted him. M[illegible] standing [illegible] head upon his shoulder, apparently unable to utter a word more. "Oh, this is the worst of all!" cried Mrs. L——, in agony; "he was on the point of telling us how to counteract the effects of the poison—Was it heavenly mercy that deprived him of the power os speech? Can it be called mercy?"—Hush, hush! you rave," returned her husband. "We have only to be resigned now—Let us at least die together."

The crew had dined about an hour and a half before us, and consequently felt the effects of the poison much earlier than we did. Every one, however, now began to exhibit alarming symptoms. Mr. D—— became delirious; the major lay upon the cabin floor in a state of torpidity; and the captain had drowned all sense and recollection by drinking a large quantity of brandy. Mrs. L—— watched her husband and her sister alternately, in a state of quiet despair.

(To Be Continued.)

AN ULCERATED TOOTH.

Mrs. Dobson's Headache and Mr. Dobson's Toothache.

Mr. Dobson looked across the table at his wife with a smile of irritating tolerance. "Now these headaches of yours, my dear," he said, "I can't help feeling that they are partly the result of imagination. You are a little prone, I fear, to exaggerate your sufferings. I think you should guard against that tendency, or you'll soon become one of these chronic invalids."

Mrs. Dobson's pale face flushed, but before she could reply, her husband was apparently seized with a spasm of pain. He hastily left the table with his napkin pressed to his mouth. Mrs. Dobson followed, and found him in the library anxiously regarding a small, grayish lump held in one hand.

"The filling has come out of that wisdom tooth," he muttered, beneath the napkin. "The dentist said if the nerve was ever exposed again he feared ulceration; he was only able to put in a temporary filling last week. It is already jumping, and I must have a hot-water bag and do up my face right away for the night, and go to the dentist the first thing in the morning."

Mrs. Dobson was all sympathy at once. She passed a wakeful night, keeping hot compresses on her husband's face, but he suffered agonies from the tooth in spite of all.

"It has begun to ulcerate, I know," he mumbled behind his swathings in the morning; and without waiting for breakfast Mrs. Dobson took him, weak from pain, to Doctor's Brown's office.

"Your face hasn't swollen any yet," said Doctor Brown, with the cheerfulness born of long exercise of his profession. "Did you save the filling?"

Mrs. Dobson solemnly handed him a small piece of paper, which he unrolled is silence.

"Did you have any canned stuff for dinner?" he asked, with apparent irrelevance.

"Yes, we had canned corn," said Mrs. Dobson.

"Well, this," said the dentist, indicating the gray lump, "appears to be a lump of solder; probably it came from the tin can that the corn was in. I don't believe your tooth will ulcerate to-day, Mr. Dobson!"

Since then, when any guest mentions the word "imagination" at the Dobsons', the head of the family looks uneasily at his wife.

AGONIZING PAINS.

Endured by Those Who Suffer From Sciatica—A Victim Tells How to Obtain Relief.

Probably no trouble that afflicts mankind causes more intense agony than sciatica. Frequently the victim is utterly helpless, the least movement causing the most agonizing pains. Those who are suffering from this malady the following statement from Mr. John Hayes, of Hayesville, York Co., N. B., will point the road to relief and of twenty years I have suffered from cure. Mr. Hayes says:—"For upward weakness and pain in the back. Some four years ago my trouble was intensified by Sciatica settling in my right leg. What I suffered seems almost beyond description. I employed three doctors but all to no purpose: I had to give up work entirely and almost despaired of life. This continued for two years—years filled with misery. At this time I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using six boxes both the sciatica and the weakness in the back which had troubled me so long, were gone. I was again a well man and feeling fifteen years younger than before I began the pills. Nearly two years has passed since I discontinued the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in that time no symptom of the trouble has shown itself. Under God I thank Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for what they have done for me."

Mr. Hayes voluntarily testified to the truth of the above statement before Edward Whosead, Esq., J. P., and his statements are further vouched for by Rev. J. N. Barnes, of Stanley, N.B.

THE AGE OF NIAGARA.

The truth of the adage about constant dripping wearing away a stone is strikingly illustrated in the fact that the Niagara river has been 36,000 years cutting its channel 200 feet deep, 2,000 feet wide and seven miles long through solid rock. Evidence is conclusive that the falls were formerly at Queenstone, seven miles below the present situation. It has been proved that they have not receded more than a foot a year for the last half a century.

THE TRUE DEFINITION.

G[illegible]ius is the ability to say clever th[illegible]s which haven't been said, isn't i[illegible]

[illegible]. Genius is the ability to say [illegible]er things to people who haven't [illegible]ard them already.

A BU[illegible]S MAN.

[illegible]and is strictly busi-[illegible]nd.

ANTONIO DI CARARA.

Carara's indignation mastered him; he saw all going to ruin. A mighty battle lost, perhaps an empire broken down, by the formal stupidity of a slave of office. He turned round to the regiment, exclaiming, "Gentlemen, since the General sends us nothing but poltroons, let every brave man follow me." The regiment answered their favourite officer with an animating shout, and again rushed forward. Nothing could withstand this desperate charge. The leading brigade was cut through in all directions, and the column totally paralyzed. In the universal rout, Carara galloped into the spot where the eagle-bearer was retreating, protected by a confused crowd of lancers and infantry. The Count was for a moment alone, he gave his charger the spur, and, with a bound, was in the centre of the throng. The conflict was keen, but short. A sabre blow on the arm that held the standard, sheared off arm and standard together. Another cut his way through the confused ma s of pikes and bayonets that pushed at him in all quarters, and with a lance-wound in his side and a bullet in his shoulder, both equally unfelt for the time, he darted, eagle in hand, out of the melee, and rejoined his regiment, who received him with shouts of admiration.

But all was too late. From the eminence which the cavalry had reached in this victorious charge, the whole Austrian infantry was seen in full retreat. The French masses were again covering the plain, and the long lines of smoke continually advancing towards the camp of Melas, showed both that the enemy was in overwhelming force, and that the General had given up the day.

Night was falling, but the cannon still roared far to the west, and the flashing of the infantry fire became rapidly visible as the dusk thickened. It was evident that the field was lost, and the Hungarian Guard, now left almost alone, looked round for the tardy commandant, who was so fond of waiting for orders. He was nowhere to be found. His orders had not called him to join in beating the French brigade, and he had left the regiment to transact that matter for themselves, and galloped back to the camp. The only thing now to be done was to reach the camp, and endeavor to cover the retreat. As they moved off, Carara's horse startled at something under his feet; it was a headless body in the uniform of the Austrian staff. The tardy aide-de-camp had better have taken his chance even in the charge. A twelve-pound shot from one of the French guns had rolled across his gallop, and carried his head to the foot of the next tree, where the head and the ball now lay quietly together.

As the regiment advanced, the signs of defeat grew more frequent and fatal. Horse, foot, and artillery, crossed each other's way. Baggage-wagons were o[illegible]erthrown, troops plundering guns lying on the ground with their traces cut, and their horses floundering to get loose, or running wild about the field. The wounded were lying by hundreds, scattered over the ground, crying vainly to be carried off. Generals, that seemed to have lost their senses; Staff as senseless as their Generals; Colonels looking for their regiments, and regiments shouting out for their Colonels, were hurrying in all directions;—fury, folly, execration, frenzy, misery—all were let loose; and, in the mean time, the whole mass of 50,000 men were insensibly pushed to the edge of the Bormida. The confusion thickened. There had been no lines of retreat originally pointed out in the General's plan, for he had looked on the victory as certain. The Bormida was a deep and rapid stream, impassable on foot or horseback, and with but one crazy bridge, that would have broken down with the first baggage-wagon. The army was inevitably ruined. The report was, that the General-in-chief was either drunk, or asleep, or dead. General Zach, the second in command, had been seen to fall into the hands of the French dragoons. Elnitz, the most gallant officer of the army, and whose conduct of the cavalry had entitled him to the highest praise, had lost an arm by a cannon-shot, and been carried off the field two hours before. All was confusion beyond remedy.

But even in the routed army there were brave spirits still, and a few regiments of hussars, encouraged by the gallant discipline of the Hungarians, still covered the confusion from the immediate sight of the enemy.

It was now dark, and the retreat was still pushed by the French, evidently with the design of throwing the whole Austrian army into the Bormida. By the flash of one of the batteries, which had just commenced its fire, on the retreating cavalry, Carara saw the countenance of a man struggling his way towards him through the crowd. With a mixture of grief and gladness he recognized his friend, the Colonel, who, on hearing the tumult approach the camp, had torn himself out of the surgeon's hands, mounted, and come to share the fate of his regiment. There was no time for further explanation; for a rush of the whole French cavalry upon the broken battalions, drove them like one vast surge to the brink, and another rush drove them in. Carara felt himself helplessly whirled along in this living earthquake, and the Colonel had only a moment to grasp his friend's bridle, and lead him along with him, when they were both plunged in the centre of the Bormida.

The torrent was covered with men, screaming and struggling for life, stabbing each other, and drowning. By what fortune Carara escaped from this scene of horror, he could not tell. But he at last found himself sitting steedless, on the opposite shore, with the Colonel by his side. "You have saved my life, Colonel," said he, "but to what purpose? It was my wish to have died in that field, or in that stream, but your friendship was too active."—"I feel that I am dying, Count Carara," said the Colonel; "it was I who disentangled you from your charger and drew you upon the bank. No acknowledgments," said he, with a melancholy wave of his hand, "I am more rewarded. If I have a consolation at this hour, it is that I can disburden my mind of the load of wretchedness that has bowed me for years. Look upon me, Count! Have you no recollection of these features in earlier life?" Carara looked in vain. "Have you no remembrance then of the name of Count Alexander Torriano?" His hearer started. He had known him for one of the [illegible] distinguished of his rivals, and [illegible] with whom he had even disputed [illegible] Julia's hand at the point of [illegible] "You knew so much then," [illegible]olonel, with a faint smile, [illegible]do not know all. I am no [illegible] I loved the incomparable [illegible]is now your wife. You [illegible]fe for her, and you de[illegible]t the curse of Italy was [illegible] swore revenge. I could [illegible] to the field again [illegible]en me my life. But [illegible]ge must be fed. Do [illegible] night when you were [illegible]om the fete in Pa[illegible]hat broke in yo[illegible]r was mine!" Carara [illegible] the ground, but the [illegible] the countenance that [illegible]d on him, disarmed all re[illegible]ment.

"You may well scorn the baseness of the act," said the dying man; "but no scorn of yours could equal my own. The moment I gave the blow, I would have given worlds to retract it. I was frantic when I saw you fall. I cursed myself in my agony. I would have plunged the weapon into my own heart; but I then thought I had left it in yours. I was overwhelmed with so bitter a sense of the baseness of my crime, that I must have proclaimed my infamy to justice, but for the loss of my senses. I became a lunatic. My family, for the double purpose of my recovery, and absence from scenes where every hour threatened insanity again, sent me into Hungary, where a noble branch of our house had been long settled. I entered the Imperial service, and in that service I was unhappily compelled, in the course of a diplomatic mission, to visit Italy once more. My revenge flamed again. It was a canker in my heart; a devil that possessed me night and day. I determined on your destruction. To prevent any compunctious change of mind I pledged myself by a vow at the altar, strange mockery! to accomplish your destruction. But not by the pistol or the dagger. Not by my own hand. I had too fierce a consciousness of the agony of my first attempt, the scorpion-sting of self-reproach was too venomous still for me to hazard a new torture. I salved my conscience by determining to make you the instrument of your own ruin. You remember our studies in chemistry?"

Carara assented. He "even remembered them with extraordinary admiration for the various talent of his teacher."

"The time for compliment is past," said his friend. "I found you a quick scholar; but all my science was for the purpose of tempting you into studies that must bring you under the eye of our jealous government. I succeeded. But the government foiled me, and I found that a temporary surveillance would be your highest affliction. I desired more. I prompted you to seek the Emperor at a season, and by a route, which, to your habits, rendered death almost inevitable. Careless of my life, if I could extinguish yours, I led you into the very region of the avalanches. We both escaped by miracle; and I found that my work was to be begun once more. I set to it subtilely. I involved you in the obligations of a service which abounded in all the chances of ruin to a man of spirit and fashion, of susceptibility and genius. The hazard table or the sword, the dissipations of a prodigal regiment, and the vices of a profligate city, the dagger of the bravo, or the risks of the field, all lay in wait for the man whom I honoured, esteemed, and even loved, but whose death I had sworn by all the solemn vows that could pledge the resolution of a human being."

His voice sank at the words; a tear broke down his cheek, and he fell into Carara's arms. "I have but a few words more to say," said he, recovering, "and I feel it something like a sign of Heaven's mercy, that I am permitted thus to atone by my shame for my crime. Angry at your continued escape, yet delighted at your continued advance in honour; outrageous with myself for my designs against your life, but still desperately bound by my vow, I entered the field this day, with the determination that neither of us should survive. But it was to be otherwise. The sabre was already raised in my hand to strike the blow, when the Frenchman's bullet struck me. Thank Heaven for my fall." Carara's countenance showed the astonished feeling with which he listened to this recital on the part of his fellow-soldier. "I cannot die without your forgiveness, Count," said the Colonel weakly, endeavoring to clasp his hand, "I know, and abhor the whole treachery of the deed. But I was born an Italian—I was reared, as we all are, in the midst of treachery. Revenge was inoculated into my frame from my first hour, as it is into us all. The night which we passed together in your palace, desolated as it was, in the presence of your admirable wife who did not know the changed features of the man whom she had scorned; even that night was a new fount of fire in my soul—it roused the undying worm again in me—it shed deadly poison in every vein; but all is at an end. And now let me do one last act of justice to myself. While I lay in the agony of a wound this day, which I knew to be mortal, I heard that the regiment was retiring, and that all was lost. My revenge was gone. A brighter spirit had dawned upon my mind, even on that bed. I rose, against all remonstrance, with a determination to expend the last wreck of a worthless and unhappy life in rescuing yours. I forced my feeble way through the route with that sole purpose. I found you in a spot which must have been your grave. At the moment when the French battery were preparing to throw in a fire which must have torn every man within range to pieces, I turned your horse's head into the stream. There was but the choice of hazards, and, thank Heaven, I chose fortunately for my gallant and generous friend." His voice faded away into a whisper as he spoke he attempted a few inarticulate words more, and lay clasping Carara's hand. The roar of the French guns, as they drove the last remnant of the unfortunate army over the bridge of the Bormida, were the requiem to the warrior. Carara caught his last breath, and bore him in his arms to the little church, which stood like an asylum of peace in the midst of the turbulence and horrors of war. The solitary priest who remained, laid him in an honourable grave.

The French victory instantly changed the face of affairs in the north of Italy. Buonaparte, eager to conciliate all parties, and fond of popularity among his countrymen, commanded that all the injuries done by the preceding government should cease, all the losses be compensated, and all the exiles restored. Padua came under the general change, and the Count Carara saw himself once more a proud husband, a happy father, and the lord of an inheritance worthy of his trials and his name.

(The End.)

THE QUEEN'S TRAIN.

Not Such a Grand Affair as Those Used by Some Other Crowned Heads.

The Queen has modelled her long life rather on virtue and usefulness than on pomp and vanity. She cares comparatively little for luxury. She is homely in her surroundings; and the Queen's train cannot compare in sumptuousness to those used by some of the crowned heads of Europe. She has not vied even with the late Emperor of the French, who travelled in a train of imperial splendor, a train with nine richly appointed carriages, which included a cellar of choice wines and a conservatory of rare flowers. Still, to quote the old nursery rhyme, the royal train fashioned by the North Western "is good enough to set before the Queen." The saloon formerly consisted of two six-wheeled vehicles connected by a flexible central gangway; but in 1896 the two bodies were placed on a sixty-feet under-frame, with two six-wheeled bogies, making one vehicle. The day compartment, upholstered in royal blue silk, with white silk roof, is furnished in satinwood, inlaid with tulipwood; and the night compartment, upholstered in red patterned chintz, with heavy green curtains, is furnished with a brass bedstead. The saloon is strongly braked, lighted by electric lamps, and has electrical communication from the Queen's apartments to the Indian and other attendants and also to the guard of the train. The description does not read very grandly; but the shrewdest thought, the highest mechanical skill, and the best workmanship have been concentrated in the building and equipment of the Queen's train, and the arrangements safeguarding it, are though the words merge on paradox, careful and costly. The ordinary traffic is suspended; so is all shunting. Plate-layers watch the track, and there is vigil at every crossing. A pilot-engine is run fifteen minutes in advance of the train throughout its entire journey, its progress is telegraphed from point to point, and a sharp lookout is kept by the officials to detect the slightest irregularity in running. The average speed of the train does not exceed thirty-six miles an hour; and her Majesty has such a sense of security on the line, that some years ago, when railway accidents were more frequent, she wrote to the directors of the railway companies expressing the hope that the same security in traveling might be assured for all her people as was so judiciously provided for herself.

ORIGIN OF A SUPERSTITION.

There is hardly a town in Great Britain and Ireland in which the old horseshoe may not be seen nailed up to a door; and the idea is even carried so far that horseshoes in miniature are worn as amulets or charms, or nailed up at the desks in offices—all with the same idea of bringing the occupier or owner good luck.

A few people out of the thousands and tens of thousands who follow the custom have better information on the subject for the horseshoe is not any more an emblem of good luck than any piece of old iron found by the wayside.

The good luck tradition belongs to the latter part of the Middle Ages, and has no direct connection with the horseshoe at all. Iron was the metal sacred to Mars, and the popular idea of the middle ages was that Mars is the perpetual enemy of Saturn, the liege-lord of witches. Hence to find a piece of iron and nail it up with devout faith was to be protected from Saturn, the evil deity of the astrologers of those days.

This idea again is manifestly taken from the Roman conception of driving iron nails into the porches of their houses.

But the horseshoe tradition not only goes back to the days of the Romans, but obviously demands something more to account for the preference exhibited for it.

If it was reflected for a moment how commonly the emblems of the early Christians are seen in all the monuments of the Middle Ages—notably the palm branch, the fish, the Chi-Rho and the circle, and the Alpha-Omega intertwined—then the obvious analogy of the form of the horseshoe to the Greek capital letter Omega cannot fail to be perceived. "I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last." Viewed in this way the horseshoe becomes a potent sign. Without such association, it is a piece of old iron—nothing more.

Aubrey, the old English writer, says in his "Miscellanies" that "it is a thing very common to nail horseshoes on the thresholds of doors, which is to hinder the power of witches to enter the house. It should be a horseshoe that one finds."

In the poet Gay's fable of the "Old Woman and Her Cats," the supposed witch complains as follows:

"Crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noise—
Straws laid across my pace retard;
The horseshoe nailed each threshold guard."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to Cure. 25c.

THE MONEY SAFE.

Needy Client—Oh, if I lose my case, I don't see how you are to be paid.

Lawyer—Oh, don't worry about that, my dear sir. The lawyer on the other side is my partner.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

AN EASY CHOICE.

She—Which would you rather have, wealth or the affection of the woman you truly loved?

He—Wealth by all means. Then I could have the other on the side.

How About Your Blood

Is it pure, and is your skin clear, fresh and fair? Or do you have pimples, blackheads, boils, sores and eruptions? Hood's Sarsaparilla will make your blood pure. It will cure all blood diseases, give you a good appetite, strengthen your nerves and make you feel strong and healthy. To-day buy and begin to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Canada's Greatest Medicine, and be cured.
Hood's Pills act easily, effectively. 25 cents.

Quickcure

For Bunions, Corns, all Inflammation or Pain.

THE INCREASING

Popularity of **LUDELLA Ceylon Tea**

leaves no doubt that it is well worth your most careful attention.
Try it. Lead packages. 25, 40, 50 and 60c.

The Moon's Influence.

Upon the weather is accepted by some as real, by others it is disputed. The moon never attracts corns from the tender, aching spot. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor removes the most painful corns in three days. This great remedy makes no sore spots, doesn't go fooling around a man's foot, but gets to business at once, and effects a cure. Don't be imposed upon by substitutes and imitations. Get "Putnam's," and no other.

A POINT AGAINST HIM.

He's free even from a breath of suspicion, declared she who is his best girl.

Oh, I don't know, replied the jealous friend. He never took me to the theater yet that cloves did not give him a breath of suspicion.

AYLMER'S THOMAS' PHOSPHATE POWDER

PERHAPS THAT WAS IT.

Mamma—Alice, what happened last evening? I thought I heard something drop in the parlor.

Alice—I—I think Mr. Templeton fell in love with me.

W. P. C. 929.

Have you written on the **ENTRANCE** or P.S. **LEAVING** Examination this year? If so send name, address, teacher and school, to the Principal of the **CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE,** YONGE & GERRARD STS., TORONTO, and receive full particulars about the Free scholarships this school will give to successful candidates for the Fall Session beginning on Sept. 1st next.
Address W. H. SHAW, Principal.

PAINT so CHEAP You can use it on old shingle roofs or sides of buildings.—Used 22 years. With a good sprayer you can paint a barn in half a day. Write us for circulars and information about painting. The Finch Wood Preservative & Paint Company, 370 Queen West, Toronto.

TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL offers special inducements to young men desirous of taking up Cutting. Full particulars on application. 113 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

THE TRIUMPH
ADJUSTABLE STOVE PIPES. Easy put up and taken down. Can be cleaned, nested, and put away in a small space. Ask your dealers for them. Manufactured by
C. B. BARCLAY,
168 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.
NESTED. CLOSED.

STAMMERERS.
Only institution in Canada for the cure of every phase of speech defect. Established in Toronto, 1860. Cure guaranteed.
CHURCH'S AUTO-VOCE INSTITUTE,
9 Pembroke St., Toronto, Canada.

Dominion Line Steamships.
Montreal and Quebec to Liverpool in summer. Large and fast twin screw steamships "Labrador," "Vancouver," "Dominion," "Scotsman," "Yorkshire." Superior accommodation for First Cabin, Second Cabin and Steerage passengers. Rates of passage—First Cabin, $52.50; Second Cabin, $34; Steerage $22.50 and upwards according to steamer and berth. For all information apply to Local Agents, or DAVID TORRANCE & CO., Gen'l Agents, 17 St. Sacrament St., Montreal.

CONBOY'S IMPROVED CARRIAGE TOPS
received the highest awards at the World's Fair 1893. CONBOY'S PATENT ROLLER TOPS have met with such universal favor, that other manufacturers are now making inferior imitations. Insist on having the Conboy make as imitations are never as good as the genuine.

JUST WHAT IS NEEDED in every family—44 first class tools, neatly packed in wooden box, for repairing boots, rubbers, harness and tinware. All these tools are full sized and practical, not mere toys. Full directions accompany each outfit. A great money saver. Hundreds of thousands now in use. Delivered free within a radius of 500 miles of Montreal. Price $2.75. Send card for prices of our sewing machines, wind mills, pumps, guns, hardware, watches, &c.
The Bailey Donaldson Co., 1 St. Peter St., Montreal.

For Sale....
Iron Turning Lathe, sixteen inch swing, six foot bed, rod and gear full, countershaft complete, good as new, VERY CHEAP. Apply,
The WILSON PUBLISHING CO., LIMITED.
73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

The tea that goes the farthest.....
MONSOON
INDO-CEYLON TEA
not only goes farther, but is pure, healthful and delicious. All grocers sell it, in lead packets only.
25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c. per pound.

LAW Mills, Mills & Hales, Barristers, etc., removed to Wesley Bldgs., Richmond St. W., Toronto.

WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING
J. L. JONES ENG. CO.
6 & 10 ADELAIDE ST. W. TORONTO

SHIP YOUR PRODUCE,
Butter, Eggs, Apples, Fruit, &c., to
THE DAWSON COMMISSION CO., Limited,
Cor. of West Market and Colborne Sts., TORONTO.

Have you written upon
ENTRANCE OR **LEAVING**
Examinations this year? If so send name, address, school, teacher, and which examination, to CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, YONGE & GERRARD STS., TORONTO, and receive particulars about free scholarships for successful candidates. Fall term opens Sept. 5th. Address,
W. H. SHAW, Principal.

L. COFFEE & CO., Established 1845.
GRAIN AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Rooms 409-12 Board of Trade Building,
TORONTO, ONT.
THOMAS FLYNN. JOHN L. COFFEE.

THRESHERS ENGINE CASTOR MACHINE CYLINDER Oil
ENGINE PACKING and THRESHERS' BELTS
Get our prices. We want your trade.
WILLIAM C. WILSON & CO.
LIMITED,
STEAMBOAT, RAILROAD and MILL SUPPLIES,
24 Front St. East, - - - TORONTO.

The Dominion of Canada Guarantee and Accident Insurance Company.
Authorized Capital $1,000,000
Government Deposit 81,000
HEAD OFFICE, - TORONTO
GEORGE GOODERHAM, President.
J. E. ROBERTS, General Manager.
A CANADIAN COMPANY—WITH CANADIAN CAPITAL AND CANADIAN DIRECTORS.

A Handsome Gold Ring Set With Genuine Garnets and Pearls FREE!
You pay nothing, simply send your Name and Address plainly written, and we will send you 20 packages "Senclo" (scented cloth, a new discovery which far surpasses any other perfumeries for the lasting qualities of its sweet and fragrant odor, to sell for us (if you can) among friends at 10c. per package. When sold remit us the money, and we will send you free for your trouble the above described ring, which is stamped and warranted Gold, set with genuine Garnets and Pearls.—Send address at once, mention this paper and STATE THAT YOU WANT "Senclo" and we will send it. No money required. We take all risk. Goods returnable. Handsome premiums in proportion to amount sold.
Senclo Agency, 84 McCaul St., Toronto.

ALLAN LINE
Royal Mail Steamship Co.,
Montreal to Liverpool.
Steamers sail from Montreal every Thursday morning on arrival of trains from Toronto and the West about 9 o'clock.
RATES OF PASSAGE
Cabin $52.50 and upwards; Second Cabin $34 and and $36.25; Steerage to Liverpool London, Glasgow, Belfast, Londonderry or Queenstown $22.50 and $23.50.
A reduction of five per cent. is allowed on round trip first and second cabin tickets. For sailings of steamers or other information apply to any authorized agent.
H. Bourlier, 1 King St. W. Toronto, or H. & A. Allan, Montreal.

THE MONEY MAKER RIBBING MACHINE
ONLY $15.00 NET CASH
KNITTING MACHINES.
OLD AND RELIABLE
Established 1572
THIS IS FOR YOU—
Clothe your family from head to foot with our
MONEY MAKER
Prices only $15, $20 $30.
CREELMAN BROS., Georgetown, Ont.
FOR TYPEWRITERS WRITE US.

WAIR PRODUCER — CURES DANDRUFF
What? "AMBERINE"
Over 300 are using it in Hamilton.
Over 1000 in Toronto and London.
Removes Dandruff in One Week.
Cures Itching of the Scalp.
Prevents Breaking of Hair.
Stops Falling Out.
POSITIVELY GROWS HAIR.
SWORN TESTIMONIALS SENT FREE.
"HAIR PRODUCER"
$1.00 per Bottle from Druggists, or on receipt of price to
Job Cook Mf'g Co., London, Ont.
ENDORSED BY CLERGY — TESTIMONY UNDER OATH
SURE!