CHAPTER IX.

"TOO LATE !" "Sir Mark at home, Andrews?" said Stratton as the door was opened by the

"Yes, sir. Mr. Barron's with him, but of course he'll see you. Will you step up in the drawing room? Only the young ladies there."

"No, thanks," said Stratton hurriedly. "Ask Sir Mark if he will see me or make some appointment. Where is he?"

"In the library, sir." "Mr. Barron with him," thought Stratton as the butler showed him into the dining room and closed the door. "Wonder

what he is like. Oh! impossible. How easily a man can be jealous." As he stood looking up at the portrait of a lady-Myra's mother-he fancied he heard steps in the hall, and directly after

the butler entered. "Sir Mark will see you, sir," said the

butler. "But Mr. Barron is there?"

"No, sir, just gone up to join the ladies." Stratton winced, and the next moment was shown into the library.

"Ah, Malcolm Stratton," cried the ing the room. admiral bluntly. "Come in, my dear boy. How are you? Glad you've called. My friend Mr. Barron was here. I wanted to introduce you two. Traveled much, but he's chary of making new friends. You'll like him: though, I'm sure. Wonderful fellow at the management of a yacht, and before." man, sir, could swim for miles.

'Indeed, Sir Mark."

"Oh, yes; but sit down, Stratton; you ing. "No, no, he cried," calming down; "no are quite a stranger. Want to see me on use to get in a passion about it. Poor iad! business ?"

"Yes; I\_\_\_\_"

But before he could get any further the admiral, who seemed in high spirits, inter-

"Pity you were not ten minutes sooner. Barron was telling me a most amusing story of slave life in Trinidad in the old days. Wonderful fund of anecdote. But you said business or an appointment, my dear boy. Bad man to come to unless its about sea. What is it ?"

Stratton made no answer for a few moments. The difficulty was how to begin. was not that he was strange with the admiral, for, consequent upon the friendship ormerly existing between Miss Jerrole and his mother, Sir Mark's house had been open to him times enough. Seeing his hesitation the old sailor smiled encourage-

"Come, my lad," he said. "out with it. Is something wrong? Want help?" "Yes, sir, yours," said Stratton, making

his plunge, and now speaking quickly. "The fact is, Sir Mark, I have had news this morning-glorious news for me." "Glad of it, my dear boy. But you look

ed just now as if you were going to courtmartial for running your ship aground." "I suppose it was natural, sir. Yesterday I was a poor struggling man, to-day I have had the letter announcing my appointment to the Headley Museum, and it is not only the stipened-a liberal one-but the position that is so valuable for one who is fighting to make his way in the scientific rank.' The admiral stretched out his hand, and

shook Stratton's warmly. "Glad of it, my dear boy. My congratulations on your promotion. I shall see you an admiral among the scientific bigwigs yet. To be sure; of course. I have been so taken up with other things-being abroad -and so much worried and occupied since I came back, that I had forgotten all about it. But my sister told me she was moving heaven and earth, and going down on her knees to all kinds of great guns to beg them to salute you.

"Then it has been her doing," cried Stratton excitedly.

"Oh, yes : I think she has done something in it. Do the girls know?"

"No, sir ; not yet," said Stratton hastily. "I felt that it was my duty to come to you first." "Eh? Very good of you I'm sure. I'll

send for them. They'll be delighted." He rose to ring, but Stratton interposed. | will be your home." "Not yet, sir, please," he cried; "I have

something else to say."

Stratton hesitated for a few moments, and then said hurriedly :

that feelings such as have grown up in me ness passed away and she looked quickly in were quite natural. It was impossible for her betrothed's eyes. me to be in their society without forming accorded me; and had I remained poor, as I believed myself yesterday, I should never have uttered a word." "Humph !" ejaculated the admiral, gazing

at him sternly.

spoken to her on the subject ?"

"Never, Sir Mark, I swear." A gentleman's word is enough, sir. darling, You do understand. Well, I will not profess ignorance. My sister did once drop me a kind of hint about pose for Edie's hand?" my duties, and I have noticed a little thing now and then."

being startled.

"Oh, yes," said the admiral, smiling. ters; in fact, I woke up only three months ago much, Mr. Barroz." to find how blind I could be; but in your case I did have a few suspicions; for you young men are very transparent." "Really, Sir Mark, I assure you," fal- ed toward the door.

"Of course you have, my lad. Well, I came here, and bad my doubts, I fancied am a poor pilot in love matters, but I don't a rival in Mr. Stratton." see here why we should not go straight ahead. You are both young and suitable ing. for each other. Rebecca swears by you,

"Sir Mark !" cried Stratton, his voice husky with emotion, "in my wildest moments I never thought-"

"Of course-of course, sir."

"Not the custom to consult the ship about her captain, but we will here," cried opened, and Edith entered the room, look- he cried; "and as to the love—oh, that me from the best work and afterwards re-Sir Mark with a laugh; "they generally ing troubled and disturbed. appoint the captain right off. We'll have

young man; "is it kind-so suddenly-give in the act of closing. Then, in a whisper. subside into a dreamy state, principally

"No," said the old sailor abruptly; "she shall come down, and it shall be yes or no

ters; in fact, I woke up only three months ago | much, Mr. Barron." to find how blind I could be; but in your case I did have a few suspicions ; for you young men are very transparent." "Really, Sir Mark, I assure you," fal- ed toward the door.

"You've behaved very well indeed, my lad," he said; "and I like you for it. Inever knew your father, but he must have been a gentleman. Your mother, Becky's friend was as sweet a lady as I ever met.

The butler entered. "Mr. Barron gone?" "No, Sir Mark."

"Don't matter. Go and ask Miss Perrin to step down here." The butler bowed, and left the room. Stratton started from his seat with his

face ghastly. "Hullo, my lad! what's the matter? Time for action, and afraid to meet the saucy little thing. I say, you scientific fellows make poor lovers. Hold up, man, or she'll

laugh at you.' "Sir Mark!" gasped Stratton. "Ring again-a horrible mistake on your part. "What the deuce do you mean, sir? You come and propose for my niece's hand--' "No; no, Sir Mark," cried the young

man wildly. "What! Why I've seen you attentive to her a score of times. I say again, what the deuce do you mean? Why-why-you were not talking about my own child?" "My words all related to Miss Jerrold, Sir Mark," said Stratton, now speaking in a voice full of despair. "I never imagined that you could possibly misunder tand me."

"But, confound you, I did, sir. What the devil do you mean by blundering ou such a lame tale as that?' "Want me, uncle dear?" said Edie, enter-

"No, no, my dear. Run along upstairs. You're not wanted. I have business with Mr. Stratton here." Edie darted a frightened glance from the

choleric flushed countenance of her uncle to Stratton's, which was almost white. "Oh, poor Mr. Stratton," she thought as she drew back. "Then he did not know

magnificent swimmer. Why, I believe that | The door closed, and Sir Mark turned pon Stratton fiercely.

"Why, confound you, sir!" he began; but the despairing face before him was disarm. poor lad!" he muttered. Then aloud : "You were speaking, then, of Myra-my daughter-all the time ?" "Yes." Only that word in a despondent

tone, for he could read rejection in every line of the old sailor's face. "But I always thought-oh, what confounded angle. This is not men s work. Why isn't Rebecca here? Mr. this is all a horrible blunder. Surely

Myra-my daughter-never encouraged you to hope?" "Never, sir; but I did hope and believe. Let me see her, Sir Mark. I thought was explicit, but we have been playing at cross purposes. Yes; ask Miss Jerrold to see me here-in your presence. Surely it

is not too late to remedy such a terrible mistake. "But it is too late, Mr. Stratton; and really I don't think I could ever have agreed to such an engagement, even if my child had been willing."

"Sir Mark!" pleaded Stratton. "For Heaven's sake, let's bring it to an end, sir. I never imagined such a thing. Why, Man, then all the tie you were making friends with one cousin, so as to get her on your side."

"Of course, sir. Acting the timid lover with the old result!" cried Sir Mark angri-Stratton gazed excitedly in his face; there

"I don't know-was I?" said Stratton

was so much meaning in his words. "There," continued the admiral; "out it must come, sir, and you must bear it like a My child, Myra, has accepted my friend Mr. Barron, and the marriage is to take place almost at once."

Stratton stood for a few moments gazing in Sir Mark's face, as if he failed to grasp the full tenor of his words. Then, turning slowly, and without a word, he left the room, walked back to his quaint, paneled chambers, and hid his despair from the

> CHAPTER X. AN UNOPENED BUD.

Myra Jerrold stood looking very calm and statuesque, with James Barron holding her hand. "Yes," he said, "I am going now, but

only for a few hours. I cannot live away from you. Only a fortnight now, Myra, and then good-bye to cold England. I take you to a land of beauty, of sunny skies, and day I felt sure that he loved you, and would

which holds one's home?" she said. "No," replied Barron quickly, "but that

"Trinidad," said Myra thoughtfully; so many thousand miles away." "Wants to borrow a hundred for his out- "Bah! what are a few thousand miles fit," thought the admiral. "Well, I like now? A journey in a floating hotel to a

the fellow; he shall have it. Now, my place where you can telegraph to your or care, or else you would have seen." lad," he said aloud as he resumed his seat. father's door-instantaneous messages, and receive back the replies.

"But still so far," said Myra dreamily. "Try and drive away such thoughts, dear-"I have met Miss Myra Jerrold and Miss est," whispered Barron. "I shall be there. Perrin frequently at their aunt's, Sir Mark, And besides, Sir Mark will run over and and to a great extent you have made me see us; and Edith, too, with her husband." free of your house. You will grant, I hope, Myra's manner changed. The dreami-

"Yes, I always thought so," he said an attachment, but I give you my word, sir, merrily. "Tis love that makes the world as a man, that never by word or look have go round. That Mr. Stratton, your old me as he did this morning! Why, I would

I trespassed upon the kindness you have friend, is below. Don't you understand? "No," said Myra quietly, "not quite." "I think you do, dearest," trying to pass his arm round her, but she shrank

"Very well." he said, kissing her hand, "But now that I do know my position, "I can wait. You will not always be so cold. my first step is to come to you and ex- Mr. Stratton came to see your father on "And the young lady? You have not foot. I was sent up to you, and soon after out her hands imploringly, as her pale our dear little Edie is summoned to the library: Come, don't look so i nocent.

"That Mr. Stratton was come to p o-"Of course."

Myra's brow contracted a little, and as believe you love Mr. Barron the slightest "You have noticed, sir ?" cried Stratton, there was a puzzled look in her eyes bit." he said gently:

"James," he said reproachfully.

tered Stratton, "I have been most guard- "I like him, too, now that I am quite safe. There was a time, dear, when I first

"A rival ?" she said, starting and color- only to be withered as its petals fell apart. "Yes; but so I did in any man who vances, approved as a suitor by her father,

was anything-the slightest flirtation?" "No, never," she said quickly. "No, never," she said quickly.
"Of course not; and I so happy, Myra. she had reproached herself at times after he had complained that she was cold. One even-"That I should be such an easy-going first to love at my words. But you are she had applied to her father and asked not cruel and cold to me still? Our marboy. There is the young lady to think riage so soon, and you treat me only kindly, and she recalled his words when she had

so soon to be your husband." Myra with drewher hand, for the door "Why, of course I wish it, my darling," me from my place as boss, they removed

dinner time. Ah, Edie !" he said you not ?" "But one moment, sir," faltered the as the crossed to the door, which she was See had said that she did, and let herself "Am I to congratulat. you? My present taken up by thoughts of the change, the will be a suite of pearls."

and passed out. As he discended the guor, and delights-which Barron never He rang the bell sharply, and then crossHe rang the bell sharply, and then crossStairs his ears twitched, and his whole at seemed to tire of painting.

He rang the bell sharply, and then crossStairs his ears twitched, and his whole at seemed to tire of painting.

AButenove the tawake hing was less that the could have the door, blitt he could hely about the hard the power of the could hely about the could have the door, blitt he could have the could have the door, blitt he could hely about the power that was alone with the could have the door, blitt he could have the door, blitt he could have the door, blitt he could have the hard the power of the could have the door, blitt he could have the door, blitt he could have the door, blitt he could have the hard the power of the like of the could have the door, blitt he could have the door have the door

"James," he said reproachfully. "James," she said, as if repeating a lesson, the repetition of those two words, quiver-

tered Stratton, "I have been most guard- "I like him, too, now that I am quite "Too late-too late-too late!" "Of course you have, my lad. Well, I came here, and had my doubts, I fancied mant in her breast, waiting to expand, and am a poor pilot in love matters, but I don't a rival in Mr. Stratton.

ing his hat and gloves from the table, he drawing room bell.

"Wedding a statue," he said himself. "But the statue is thickly flickering flames of the fire on his left." taste. The dark horse was not dangerous within that solitary room, had resembled after all, and was not run for coin."

he did not notice a hansom cab drawn looking his position in the face, he had set up about a hundred yards from the house, to work writing two or three letters, and in which a man was seated, watching him then commenced one full of instruction to intently, and leaning forward more and Percy Guest, telling him how to act when was a sharp pst-pst, which made him turn ness, and ended by saying: and scowl at the utterer of the signal. "Hi! What a while you've been."

"What the devil brings you here?" said "To find you, of course," said the man sourly. "Thought you'd be there,"

house, turned, and said sharply : "What is it ?" "Jump in, and I'll tell you," whispered the man. "Getting hot. Barron jumped into the cab, which was rapidly driven off after instructions had been given through the trap to the

driver, and the next minute it was out of Meanwhile, Edie had stood listening till nothing. she heard the hall door closed, and then turned to where her cousin was gazing thoughtfully at the window, not having moved since Barron left the room.

"Listening to his beloved footsteps, Myra?" said Edie, sarcastically. Myra turned upon her with her eyes flashing, but a smile came upon her lips, | in his chair. and she said:

"Well, Edie, am I to congratulate you,

"What about?" flashed out the girl, bitterly mortified by the position in which she had been placed. "Being made a laughing stock for you?"

"What do you mean, dear?" said Myra, startled by the girl's angry way; but there was no answer, and, full of eagerness now, Myra caught her hands. "Mr. Barron said just now that Mr. Stratton came to propose

"For me?" cried Edith bitterly. "Ab-"But I always thought he was so attentive to you, dear. I always felt that you were encouraging him.'

"Oh, how can people be so stupidly blind !" cried Edie, snatching herself away. "It is ridiculous." "But, Edie, he was always with you. When he came here, or we met him and his friend at auntie's-

"Leave his friend alone, please," raged the girl. Then trembling at her sudden outburst, she continued seriously : "Always with me! Of course he was to sit and pour into my ears praises of you to talk about your playing and singing, and

ask my opinion of this and that which you had said and done, till I was sick of the man. Do you hear? Sick of him!" A mist began to form before Myra's eyes, gradually shutting her in as she sank back in her chair, till all around was darkness, and she could not see the unwonted excitement of her cousin, who, with her fingers tightly enlaced, kept on moving from place

to place and talking rapidly. But there was a bright light beginning to flash out in Myra's inner consciousness and growing moment by moment, till the full maiden calm within her breast was agitated by the first breathings-the torerunners of a tempest-and she saw little thoughts of the past, which she had crushed out at once as silly girlish fancies, rising again, and taking solid shape. Looks that had more than once startled her and set her thinking, but suppressed at once as follies. now coming back to be illumined by this wondrous light, till, in the full awakening that had come, she grasped the sides of the chair and began to tremble, as Edie's voice came out from beyond the darkness in which externals were shrouded, the essence of all coming home to her in one terrible reproach, as she told herself that she had been blind, and that the awakening to the truth had come too late.

"How could you-how could you!" cried Edie in a low voice, full of the emotion which stirred her. "You thought I loved Malcolm? O Myry, as if I should have kept it from you if I had. Like him? Yes, always as the dearest, best fellow I ever met. I didn't mean it, dear. I never was sick of him; but he used to make me angry, because I felt that he almost worshiped you, and was making me a stepping-stone to get nearer. Well, why don't you ask me why I did not speak ?"

There was no reply, and Edie went on as f she had been answered. " Of course I could not say a word. One confide in me ; the next time we met he was about the room without stumbling over the "Can any land be as beautiful as that so quiet and strange that I told myself it rugs." was all fancy, and that I should be a silly matchmaking creature if I said a word. Besides, how could 1? What would uncle. who has been so good to me, have thought if I had seemed to encourage it? And you, all the time, like a horrid, cold, marble statue at an exhibition, with no more heart

> Edic relieved her feelings by unlacing her fingers, taking out her bankerchief from her pocket and beginning to tear it. you believed that he cared for me, and you !" Mrs. Scrimp-"Well, you don't let suggest that but for this idea things me see enough real money to enable me to might have been different. But they would | tell the difference." not have been. You are a hard, cold, heartless creature, Myra. He was too poor for you, and not likely to buy you dia-Promise me pearls, would he! Insulting rather have Malcolm Stratton without a penny than Mr. Barron with all the West Indies and East Indies, too, for a portion.

Malcolm is worth a hundred millions of him, and I hope you are happy now, for I shouldn't wonder if you've broken the poor fellow's heart." Myra could bear no more, and turning business, looking the lover from head to sharply towards her cousin she stretched face and dilated eyes seemed to ask for help.

But the look was not seen, for bursting into a fit of weeping, Edie cried: "But it's too late now! I hope you'll be happy, dear, and uncle satisfied; but you will repent it, I am sure, for I don't us?"

As she spoke those last words she left right of being the equal of man?" He-"Yes he has been very attentive 'o her the room, and Myra was alone with "Well, if she wants to let herself down so "I'm not an observant man over such mat- often. Well, I like Mr. Stratton very thoughts which grew and swelled till she far I don't see any reason why she should felt half suffocated, while, like some vibrat- be prevented." ing, echoing stroke of distant knell, came

"Too late-too late-too late !" For the bud of love had been lying dor | me quite as much as you." mant in her breast, waiting to expand, and it was opening fast now, as she felt, but Hurried on by Barron's impetuous adand I confess that I rather like you when approached you, dearest. But there never her betrothed's courtship had carried all before it. His attentions had pleased her, and

You, so young and beautiful, to awaken ing, when assailed by doubts of herself, attempt at description of her features, "A and pensive sigh. as if I were a friend, instead of as the man dreamily said that she did not think she loved him.

her down, bless her. A good girl, Stratton, said Barron, taking Myra's hand, "till you my child. You esteem Mr. Barron, do

preparations for that change and visions Edie started, and Barron smiled, nodded, of the glorious country -all sunshine, lan- you?"

For the bud of love had been lying dor

That night, hollow-eyed, and as if he had passed out of the great hall, erect, hand- risen from a sick bed, Malcolm sat writing some, and with a self-satisfied smile, before in his chambers by the light of his shaded the butler could reach it in answer to the lamp. The old paneled room looked weird and strange, and dark shadows to lurked in the corners and were cast by the gilt, and the marble underneath may be Since his return from the Jerrolds' he had made to glow without a West Indian sun. | gone through a phrase of agony and despair So it was little Edie, then. He hasn't bad so terrible that his actions, hidden from all

those of the insane; but at last the calm He was so intent upon his thoughts that had come, and after sitting for some time more till he was about to pass, when there he received that letter, asking his forgive-

I cannot face it. You will call me coward, perhaps, but you would not if you could grasp all. I am perfectly calm now, sensible of the awful responsibilities of my Barron looked quickly toward Sir Mark's know perfectly well that my reason is bring her to the very verge of death. This failing, and that in a few hours the par- was followed by bronchia for the rest oxysm will return, finding me weaker than of the year. Her bronchial tubes were before. Better the end at once than after | affected to such an extent that it was a few months' or years' living death, confined among other miserables like myself. It was my all-my one aim, Guest, for which I toiled so hard, fighting for success.

> Good-by. He read his letter over as calmly as if contained memoranda to send to a friend prior to his departure on a short journey. Then, folding it, inclosing it in an envelope, the others on the table before sinking back

"Is there anything else?" he sa

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOME FUNNY PIECES.

cut ?" Customer-" Off. There is much tenderness in this seeming ly cruel world, but the butcher rarely finds

Women would be of little use on board a leaking ship; they couldn't man the

long I'd have kissed you." She-"Gracious, time I have enjoyed the best of health. didn't you? Somebody did.' "Well, Johnnie, I hear you go to school now." "Yes." "What part of it do you

like best ?" " Comin' home." Beggar-"Kind gentleman, I beg your pardon-"Gent (promptly)-" Granted. I thought you were begging for money." A housekeeper uptown says that her think it possible for me to say too much in grocer is so slow with his delivery that favor of this wonderful remedy, the use of when she orders eggs the boy brings chick-

which in other cases as well as mine has Doo D. (to jeweler)-" I brought back this engagement ring that I bought yester-Jeweler-"Didn't it suit ?" Doo

Man wants but little here below. Some call this a mistake. But that'tis rue he soon can prove By just a slight toothache. It is stated that alcohol can now be ex-

tracted from beets. This is a dreadful piece of news for the beats who happen to be Bessie- The idea of your saying that ectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and you are only 21." Gussie-" You forget always refuse trashy substitutes alleged to mamma told us that it is always better to be "just as good."

underrate than to exaggerate.' Mrs. Jones-" There goes Mr. Gray. He's an octogenarian." Mrs. Robinson-Are you sure of that? I have always understood he was a Unitarian."

She (enthusiastically)-"I would have given anything in the world to get it?" He-"Well, why didn't you buy it?" She -"Oh, it cost too much-50 cents." Helen-"Funny you didn't notice that Tom had been drinking. He talked to you quite awhile." Maude-"Yes, but he

Gent-"How came you to put your hand in my pocket?" Pickpocket-"Beg your pardon. I am so absent minded. I had once a pair of pants just like those you are

talked to me under his breath.'

Florence-"Helen says Mr. Smallcash loves the very ground she walks on." Harry-"Jupiter! I guess so, it would bring a hundred thousand a day." The cider's bubbling in the cup.

The old brass kettles sputter The farmer's boiling punkins up To peddle for quince butter. "What a perfectly charming man Mr Twitter is." Maud-"I never heard him say a clever thing." "No, but he can move

Exceptional case-"I told my friend Emma, under promise of the strictest secrecy. that I am engaged to the lieutenant, and the spiteful thing actually kept the se-

In autumn's chill no song is heard; No feathered songster's note is due. And there's the difference, lucky bird,

'Twixt very many men and you. Mr. Scrimp-"My dear, I don't see how "And now," she went on, "you tell me you had this counterfeit bill passed on

"When er man smites yer," said Uncle statement that a single bee, with all its Eben, "tu'hn de uddah cheek. Den ef he's industry, energy and innumerable jourmean nuff ter tek advantage ob yer Chris- neys, will not collect more than a teaspoononds and pearls like Mr. Barron does. tianity, he deserves de bes' lickin' yoh ful of honey during a seaso . knows how ter gib 'im."

"What perfectly lovely gold hairpins Where did you get them?" Madge-"Well, no matter, for they're not worth anything. I can neither button my shoes nor shake down the grate with them."

Strawber-"You look as if you had been laid up, old man." Singerly-I have been. I announced my engagement last week." That Tired Feeling, Constipation Strawber-"Why should that lay you up? Singerly-" I announced it to her father." "How's all the folk's up your way?" Appetite and Health Restored by "Well, mother ain't so peart now, Molly's got the measles, John's stove up with rheumatism, an' Dick's down with

snake bite. When air you a-comin' to see She (a woman's rights woman)-"Do you believe that woman should have the

"There is something about you that I "James," she said, as if repeating a lesson, the repetition of those two words, quiver- like exceedingly," said Mr. Callowhill to in a dreamy tone, and her eyes were direct- ing through every nerve and fiber of her Miss Ricketts. "That's your own inordinate egotism," replied the girl. "My egotism?" "Yes, sir, for nothing is abou; "Cephas," said his employer, "you haven't put the whitewash on these walls

> and daubs."-"Yes, sah," replied Uncle Cephas, "I's not a scrub whitewashah, sah, I's an impressionist. "And what kind of a chin has she?" she asked, as he paused in the middle of an sober thought. And then he heaved a deep

evenly. You have smeared it on in chunks

will come. Don't let schoolgirl fancies and moved me to the lowest grade; and three "Good-by, then, once more, dearest," romances which you have read influence removes, you know, are as bad as a "fire."

Journalistic Limitations.

Schoolmate-"It must be lovely to be

married to a newspaper man. You get free

tickets to all the theaters and operas, don't Mrs. Scribbler "Y-e-s but we never far I don't see any reason why she should felt half suffocated, while, like some vibrat- be prevented."

ing, echoing stroke of distant knell, came "There is something about you that I in a dreamy tone, and her eyes were direct- ing through every nerve and fiber of her Miss Ricketts. "That's your own inordinate egotism," replied the girl "My egotism?" 'Yes, sir, for nothing s about me quite as much as you." "Cephas," said his polove

THE WONDERFUL NARRATIVE OF A PATIENT SUFFERER.

The After Effects of La Grippe Developed Into Inflammation of the Lungs and Chrenic Bronchitts-After Four Years of Suffering Health is Almost Miracu" lously Restored. From Le Monde, Montreal.

Mrs. Sarah Cloutier, who resides at No. 405 Montcalm Street, Montreal, has passed through an experience which is worthy of a widespread publication for the benefit it may prove to others. to four years ago, Mrs. Cloutier's health had been good, but at that time she was attacked by that dread scourge, la grippe. Every fall since, notwithstanding all her act, but after what I have gone through | care to avoid it, she has been afflicted with since I have been here alone to-day I inflammation of the lungs, which would

make her cough in the most distressing manner. "There was," said And the good fortune has come in company Mrs. Cloutier to the reporter, "a conwith a failure so great that the success is stant rattling sound in my throat, and in the state I was in death would have been a relief. I could not attend to my affairs nor to my house, and had it not been for my niece, on whom I relied, I cannot say what would have become of me. It was in vain that I tried the numerous remedies he directed it, and laid it carefully beside given me by various doctors, and when I think of all the money they cost me I cannot but regret I have ever tried them. had read frequently of the cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I felt

that they must contain the truth, for if they were unfounded none would dare to give the names and addresses of the persons said to be cured in the public manner in which these are given in the newspapers. I decided to try Pink Barber- " How do you want your hair Pills, and none but those who were acquainted with my former condition can understand the good I have derived from their use, which I continued until I felt that I was completely cured. As a proof that I am cared I may tell you that on the first occasion of my going out after my recovery I walked for two miles on an up hill road without feeling the least fatigue or He-" If I'd known that tunnel was so the least pant for breath, and since that Last fall I was afraid that the inflammation of the lungs to which I had been subject at that period in former years might return, but I had not the least symptom of it, and never felt better in my life. You can imagine the gratitude I feel for Dr. Willams' Pink Pills, and I recommend them to all who will heed my advice, and I do not

> proved invaluable." A deprayed or watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves are the two fruitful sources of almost every disease that afflicts humanity, and to all sufferers Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered with a confidence that they are the only perfect and unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer and that where given a fair trial disease and suffering must vanish. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent by mail on receipt of 50 cents a box or \$2.50 for six boxes, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schen-

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