THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER IV.

"All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame."
—Coleridge.

All round the drawing-room windows at Scrope a wide balony had been built up, over which the creepers climb and trail. Stone steps lead to it from the scented garden beneath, and up these runs Clarissa gayly, when Thursday morning had dawned, and deepened, and given place to noon.

Witin the drawing-room, before a low table, sits Miss Scrope, tatting industriously. Tatting is Miss Scrope's forte. She never does anything else. Multitudinous antimacassars, of all shapes, patterns and dimensions, grow beneath her untiring touch with the most alarming rapidity. When finished, nobody knows what becomes of them, as they instantly disappear from view and are never heard of afterward. They are as good as a ghost in Pullingham, and obstinately refuse to be laid. It was charitably, if weakly, suggested, at one time, by a member of the stronger sex, that probably she sent them out in bales as coverings for the benighted heathen; but when it was explained to this misguided being that tatted antimacassars, as a rule, run to holes, and can be seen through, even he desisted from further attempts to solve the mystery.

Miss Peyton, throwing up one of the windowsashes, steps boldly into the drawing-room and confronts this eminent tatter.

"Good-morning," she says, sweetly, advancing with smiling lips.

Miss Scrope, who had not heard her enter, turns slowly round: to say she started would be a gross calumny. Miss Scrope never starts. She merely raises her head with a sudden accession of dignity. Her dignity, as a rule, is not fascinating, and might go by another name.

"Good afternoon, Clarissa," she says austerely. "I am sorry you should have been forced to make an entrance like a burglar. Has the hall door been removed? It used to stand in front of the house."

"I think it is there still," Miss Peyton ventures, meekly. "But"—prettily—"coming in through the window enabled me to see you at least one moment sooner. Shall I close it again?"

"I beg you will not distress yourself about it," says Miss Scrope, rising to ring the bell. "When Collins comes in he will see to it."

It is a wild day, though warm and sweet, and the wind outside is tearing madly over the lawn and shrubberies into the wood beyond.

"But in the meantime you will perhaps catch cold, or rheumatism, or something," says Clarissa, hesitating.

"Rheumatism! pugh! nonsense!" says Miss Scrope, disdainfully. "I simply don't believe in rheumatism. It is nothing but nerves. I don't have those ridiculous pains and aches people hug nowadays, and I don't believe they have either; it employs their idle time trying to invent them."

"Is Jim in?" asks Clarissa, presently, having seated herself in a horribly comfortless but probably artistic chair.

"James is in," says Miss Scrope, severely. "Do you mean my brother? It is really almost impossible to understand young people of the present age."

"Don't you like the name Jim?" asks Clarissa, innocently, leaning slightly forward, and taking up the edge of Miss Scrope's last antimacassar to examine it with tender interest. "I think it such a dear little name, and so happily wanting in formality. I have never called him anything else since I can remember, so it comes most natural to me."

"I think it a most unmaidenly way of addressing any gentleman whose priest christened him James," says Miss Scrope, unflinchingly. "What would you think of him were he to call you by some hideous pet name, or, more properly speaking, nickname?"

"I shouldn't mind it in the least; indeed, I think I should rather like it," returns Clarissa, mildly.

"I believe that to be highly probable," retorts Miss Jemima, with considerable scorn.

Clarissa laughs,—not an irritating laugh, by any means, but a little soft, low, girlish laugh, very good to hear.

"If you scold me any more I shall cry," she says, lightly. "I always give way to tears when driven into a corner. It saves time and trouble. Besides," returning with some slight perversity to the charge, "shall I tell you a secret? Your brother likes that little name. He does, indeed. He has told me so a thousand times in the days gone by. Very frivolous of him, isn't it? But—ah! here he is," as the door opens and Sir James comes in. "You are a little late, are you not?" leaning back in her chair with a certain amount of languid, but pleasing, grace, and holding out to him a slender, ungloved hand, on which some rings sparkle brilliantly.

"Have I kept you waiting?" asks he, eagerly, foolishly glad because of her last words, that seem to imply so much and really mean so little. Has she been anxious for his coming? Have the minutes appeared tedious because of his absence? "I hurried all I knew," he says; "but stewards will be stewards."

"I have been quite happy with Miss Scrope; you need not look so penitent," says Clarissa. "And who am I, that I should compete with a steward? We have been having quite a good time, and an excellent argument. Come here, and tell your sister that you think Jim the prettiest name in the world."

"Did anyone throw a doubt on the subject? Lives there a soul so dead to euphony as not to recognize the music in those three letters?—Jim! Why, it is poetry itself," says Sir James, who is not so absent that he cannot scent battle on the breeze. As he speaks he smiles; and when James Scrope smiles he is almost handsome.

"Some day you will regret encouraging that child in her folly," remarks Miss Scrope severely. At which the child makes a saucy little grimace unseen, and rises to her feet.

"What a solemn warning!" says Scrope, with a shrug. "I hope," turning to Clarissa, "you have taken it to heart, and that it will keep you out of imaginary mischief. It ought, you know. It would be a shabby thing to bring down public censure on the head of one who has so nobly espoused your cause."

"My conduct from this day forth shall be above suspicion," says Clarissa. "Good-by, Miss Scrope," stooping to press her fresh warm lips to the withered cross old cheek beneath her. "I am going to tread old ground with—James."

She follows him across hall and corridor, through two modern rooms, and past a portiere, into another and larger hall beyond. Here, standing before a heavy oaken door, he turns the handle of it, and, as it swings back slowly and sleepily, they pass into another room, so unexpectedly and so strangely different from any they have yet entered, as almost to make one start.

It is a huge old-fashioned apartment, stone-floored and oak-paneled, that once in olden days, must have been a refectory. Chairs, carved in oak, and built like bishops' thrones, line the walls, looking as though no man for many a hundred years has drawn them from their present position. Massive cabinets and cupboards, cunningly devised by crafty hands in by-gone days, look out from dusky corners, the hideous faces carved upon them wreathed in their eternal ghastly smiles. From narrow, painted windows great gleams of sunset from the gay world without pour in, only to look sadly out of place in the solemn gloomy room. But one small door divides it from the halls outside; yet centuries seem to roll between it and them.

In one corner a door lies half open, and behind it a narrow flight of stairs runs upward to a turret chamber above,—a tiny stairway, heavily balustraded and uncarpeted, that creates in one a mad desire to ascend and learn the secrets that may lie at its top.

Miss Peyton, scarce noticing the monkish refectory, runs to the stairs and mounts them eagerly, Sir James following her in a more leisurely fashion.

"Now for my own room," she says, with some degree of quickness in her tone. She reaches the turret chamber as she speaks, and looks around her. It is quite a circle, and apparently of the same date as the one they have just quitted. Even the furniture, though of lighter make and size, is of a similar age and pattern. Ugly little chairs and unpleasantly solid tables are dotted here and there, a perfect wealth of Old-World work cut into them. Everything is carved, and to an unsympathetic observer it might occur that the carver must have been a person subject to fiendish visions and unholy nightmares. But no doubt the beauty of his designs lies in their ugliness, and his heads are a marvel of art, and his winged creatures priceless!

The high chimney-piece is en rapport with all the rest, and scowls unceasingly; and the very windows—long and deep—have little faces carved on either side of them, of the most diabolical.

Miss Peyton is plainly entranced with the whole scene, and for a full minute says nothing.

"I feel as though I were a child again," she says presently, as though half regretful. "Everything comes back to me with such a strange yet tender vividness. This, I remember, was my favorite table, this my favorite chair. And that little winged monster over there, he used to whisper in my ears more thrilling tales than either Grimm or Andersen. Have you never moved anything in all these years?"

"Never. It is your own room by adoption, and no one shall meddle with it. When I went abroad I locked it, and carried the key of it with me wherever I went; I hardly know why myself." He glanced at her curiously, but her face is averted, and she is plainly thinking less of him than of the many odd trifles scattered around. "When I returned, dust reigned, and spiders; but it has been made spick and span to-day for its mistress. Does it still please you? or will you care to alter anything?"

"No, nothing. I shall pay a compliment to my childish taste by letting everything stay just as it is. I must have been rather a nice child, Jim, don't you think? if one passes over the torn frocks and the shrewish tongue."

"I don't think I ever saw a tear in your frocks," says Sir James, simply, "and if your tongue was shrewish I never found it out."

Miss Peyton gives way to mirth. She sits down on a wretchedly uncomfortable, if delightfully mediaeval chair, and laughs a good deal.

"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see ourselves as others see us!"

she quotes, gayly. "Those lines, meant by poor Burns as a censure on frail humanity, rather fall short at this moment. Were I to see myself as you see me, Jim, I should be a dreadfully conceited person, and utterly unbearable. What a good friend you make!"

"A bad one, you mean. A real friend, according to my lights, is a fellow who says unpleasant things all round and expects you to respect his candor. By and by, when I tell you a few home truths, perhaps you will not like me as you do now."

"Yes, I shall always like you," says Clarissa. "Long ago, when you used to scold me, I never bore malice. I suppose you are one of those rare people who can say the ungracious thing in such a manner that it doesn't grate. But then you are old, you know, Jim, very old,—though, in appearance, wonderfully young for your years. I do hope papa, at your age, will look as fresh."

She has risen, and has slipped her hand through his arm, and is smiling up at him gayly and with a sweetness irresistible. Sir James looks as pleased as though he had received a florid compliment.

"What a baby you are!" he says, after a pause, looking down at her admiringly. Judging by his tone, babies, in his eyes, must possess very superior attractions. "There are a good many babies in the world, don't you think?" he goes on, presently. "You are one, and Geoffrey Branscombe is another. I don't suppose he will ever quite grow up."

"And Horace," said Clarissa, idly, "is he another?"

But Sir James, though unconsciously, resents the question.

"Oh, no!" he says hastily. "He does not come within the category at all. Why," with a faint smile, "he is even older than I am! There is no tender, baby-nonsense about him."

"No, he is so clever—so far above us all, where intellect is concerned," she says, absently. A slight smile plays about her lips, and a light, that was not there a moment since, comes to life within her eyes. With an effort she arouses herself from what were plainly happy day-dreams, and comes back to the present, which, just now, is happy too.

"I think nature meant me to be a nun," she says, smiling. "This place subdues and touches me so. The somber lights and shadows are so impressive! If it were indeed mine (in reality), I should live a great part of my time in it. Here I should write my pleasantest letters, and read my choicest books, take my afternoon tea, and make welcome my dearest friends,—you among them. In fact, if it were practicable," nodding her pretty head emphatically, "I should steal this room. There is hardly anything I would not do to make it my own."

Scrope regards her earnestly, with a certain amount of calm inquiry. Is she a coquette, or merely unthinking? If indeed, the face be the index of the mind, one must account her free of all unworthy thought or frivolous design. Hers is

"A countenance in which do meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet."

Her eyes are still smiling up at him; her whole expression is full of a gentle friendliness; and in his heart, at this moment, arises a sensation that is not hope, or gladness, or despair, but yet is a faint wild mingling of all three.

As for Clarissa, she stands a little apart, unconscious of all that is passing in his heart, and gazes lovingly upon the objects that surround her, as one will gaze now and then on things that have been fondly remembered through the haze of many years. She is happy, wrapped in memories of a past all sunshine and no shade, and ignorant of the meaning he would gladly attach to her last words.

"While I stay here I sin,—that is I covet," she says, at length, surprised by his silence, "and it grows late. Come, walk with me a little way through the park: I have not yet seen the old path we used to call the 'short cut' to Gowran, long ago."

So, down the dark stairs he follows her, across the stone flooring, and into the hall outside, that seems so brilliant by contrast, and so like another world, all is so changed, so different. Behind, lie silence, unbroken, perfect, a sad and dreamy light, Old-World grandeur; here, all is restless life, full of uncertain sounds, and distant footsteps, and voices faint but positive.

"Is it not like a dream?" says Clarissa, stopping to point backward to the turret they have just quitted.

"The past is always full of dreams," replies he, thoughtfully.

CHAPTER V.

"A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."
Wordsworth.

The baby morn has flung aside its robes, and grown to perfect strength. The day is well advanced. Already it is making rapid strides toward rest and evening; yet still no cooling breeze has come to refresh the heart of man.

Below, in the quiet fields, the cattle are standing, knee-deep in water, beneath the spreading branches of the kindly alder. They have no energy to eat, but munch, sleepily, the all-satisfying cud, and, with gentle if expressionless eyes, look out afar for evening and the milkmaid.

"'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all,
From pole to pole, is undistinguished blaze.
Distressful Nature pants!
The very streams look languid from afar,
Or, through th' unsheltered glade, impatient, seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove."

A tender stillness reigns over everything. The very birds are mute. Even the busy mill-wheel has ceased to move.

Bright flashes of light, that come and go ere one can catch them, dart across the gray walls of the old mill,—that holds its gaunt and stately head erect, as though defying age,—and, slanting to the right, fall on the cottage, quaint and ivy-clad, that seems to nestle at its feet. The roses that climb its walls are drooping; the casements all stand wide. No faintest breath of air comes to flutter Ruth's white gown, as she leans against the rustic gate.

All miller's daughters should be pretty. It is a duty imposed upon them by tradition. Romance, of the most floral description, at once attaches itself to a miller's daughter. I am not at all sure it does not even cast a halo round the miller himself. Ruth Annersley at least acknowledges this fact, and does her duty nobly; she gives the lie to no old legends or treasured nursery superstitions; she is as pretty as heart can desire.—

"Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair."

She is small, piquante, timid, with large almond-shaped eyes and light-brown hair, a rounded, supple figure, and hands delicately white.

Perhaps there is a lack of force in her face, an indefinable want, that hardly detracts from her beauty, yet sets one wondering, vaguely, where it lies, and what it can be. The mouth, mobile and slightly parted, betrays it most. Her lashes, covering her brown eyes, are very long, and lie a good deal on her cheeks. Her manner, without a suspicion of gaucherie, is nervous, almost appealing; and her smile, because so rare, is very charming, and apt to linger in the memory.

She is an only child, and all through her young life has been petted and caressed rather more than is good for any one. Her father had married, somewhat late in life, a woman in every way his superior, and, she dying two years after her marriage, he had fallen back for consolation upon the little one left to his sole care. To him, she was a pride, a delight, a creature precious beyond words, on whom the sun must shine gently and the rain fall not at all.

A shy child from the first, Ruth had declined acquaintance with the villagers, who would, one and all, have been glad to succor the motherless girl. Perhaps the little drop of gentle blood inherited from her mother had thriven in her veins, and thus rendered her distant and somewhat repellent in her manner to those in her own rank of life.

She had been sent early to a private school, had been carefully educated far above her position, and had come home again to her father, with all the pretty airs and unconscious softness of manner that, as a rule, belong to good birth.

She is warm-hearted, passionate, impulsive, and singularly reserved,—so much so that few guess at the terrible power to love, or hate, or suffer, in silence that lies within her. She is a special favorite with Miss Peyton and the vicarage people (Mr. and Mrs. Redmond and their five children), with those at Hythe, and, indeed, with most of the county people. Miss Scrope excepted, who gives it freely as her opinion that she will come to no good "with her books and her high society and general fiddle-faddling." Nobody knows what this last means, and everyone is afraid to ask.

Just now, with her pretty head bare, and her hand shading her eyes, she is gazing down the dusty road. Her whole attitude denotes expectancy. Every feature (she is of her guard) expresses intense and hopeful longing—

"Fiery Titan, who
——with his peccant heat
Has dried up the lusty liquor new
Upon the herbs in the greene mead,"

has plainly fallen in love with her today, as he has clothed her in all his glory, and seems reluctant to pass her on his homeward journey.

The heat has made her pale and languid; but just at this moment a faint delicate color springs into her face; and as the figure of a young man, tall and broad-shouldered, turns the corner of the road, she raises her hand to her cheek with a swift involuntary gesture. A moment later, as the figure comes closer, so near that the face is discernible, she pales again, and grows white as an early snow-drop.

"Good-morning Ruth," says Dorian Branscombe, with a smile, apparently oblivious of the fact that morning has given place to noon many hours agone.

Ruth returns his salutation gently, and lets her hand lie for an instant in his.

"This is a summer's day, with a vengeance," says Dorian, genially, proceeding to make himself comfortable on the top of the low wall near which she is standing. He is plainly making up his mind to a long and exhaustive conversation. "Talk of India!" he says, disparagingly; "this beats it to fits!"

Ruth acquiesces amiably.

(To be Continued.)

ANOTHER FLYING MACHINE.

Has Made Several Alleged Successful Flights in Midair.

Mr. Percy S. Pilcher, lecturer on marine engineering at Glasgow University, basing his inventions upon that of Herr Lilienthal, has produced two winged creations, and by their aid has taken sundry flights in midair, says the London Black and White. At times he has risen to an altitude of twenty feet, occasionally hovered kite-like for a space and then descended on the spot he left, while upon other trials he has hastened before the breeze for considerable distance ere regaining his feet.

Mr. Pilcher's machines are light structures of wood and steel supporting a vast spread of wing and braced with piano wire. The wings themselves, which are made of nainsoon—a sort of muslin originally manufactured in India—have an area of 150 square feet; and each machine possesses a vertical and horizontal rudder of circular shape, the one cutting the other at right angles. The former, which is rigid, serves to keep the machine's head to the wind, while the latter arrests an inclination to pitch sideways—a common vice in all like inventions.

The great difficulty with winged aeronauts is the uncertain quality of the wind, for a steady, unvarying breeze is never to be calculated upon. Indeed, the sudden, unexpected side puff often brought disaster in its train to Mr. Pilcher, until he hit upon a means of circumventing it. He now draws his wing tips in with a bend, which renders a flying machine safer and more stable.

Good to the Boy.

Jimmie—Billy Snagg's mamma is awful good to him.

Mamma—What has she given Billy?

Jimmie—Let him have the measles the day as school took up.

THE LAKE OF THE WOODS.

VERY PROMISING PROPERTIES BEING DEVELOPED.

Interesting Information About the Gold Mines—Silver, Nickel and Iron Mines—The Most Complete Flour Mill on the Continent—The Lumbering and Fishing Industries Give Employment to a Large Number of Vessels and Men.

A New York gentleman, Mr. Morton, who passed through Montreal the other day, gives some very interesting information regarding the gold mines of the Lake of the Woods district and other resources of that country between Sudbury and the eastern portion of Manitoba.

"The tangle of forest," he says "is made up of pine, cedar, spruce, birch, hemlock, tamarac, poplar, and a dozen other kinds of useful timber, while the rocks through which the iron steed thunders in deafening haste contain riches of gold, silver, nickel and iron—all waiting the hand of industry to turn them to account." Being asked as to Keewatin, the tourist replied: "The Lake of the Woods Milling Company's flour mill at that point is one of the most complete on the continent, having a capacity of 2,000 barrels daily. The lumbering industry gives employment to seven large saw mills with a combined output of 100,000,000 board measure per year. A fleet of twenty-three steamers ply regularly on the Lake of the Woods and Rainy River, besides numerous launches and other pleasure craft, all owned in and operated from Rat Portage. Ten fishing companies employing a fleet of 136 boats, ship their catch, the value of which it is estimated will approximate $4,000,000 this season, from this port. These, with several minor industries, support a population of 5,500, which is rapidly increasing.

"Apart from these industries gold mining has been carried on in a desultory and

SLIP-SHOD WAY

for several years, partly owing to difficulties in obtaining Government recognition of their claims consequent upon a territorial boundary dispute between Manitoba and Ontario. It was not, in fact, until 1892, that any substantial progress was made. In that year Mr. John C. Caldwell, of Winnipeg, purchased the property known as the Sultana, eight miles southeast of Rat Portage. Here he built a ten-stamp mill which he has worked continuously ever since, producing gold bricks with satisfactory regularity every week, the average output being $1200 per week. This gentleman's dogged perseverance has had its inevitable result. Other owners, encouraged by his success and convinced in the stability of the veins when they saw his main shaft sunk over 200 feet and the ore body increasing in width and richness at every point, have roused themselves to action and are now busily engaged in developing their localities. Distant

"What are the names of these mines?" asked the correspondent. "The Regina Mine, owned by a London (Eng.) company, of which Major-General Wilkinson, C.B., is the president, commenced operations last autumn. Their development work exposed a magnificent lode of richly mineralized quartz, and on the 7th of last month their ten-stamp mill was started with a good prospect of satisfactory returns. A clean up of 36 hours run has produced a $350 brick of gold. General Wilkinson has donated the first regular ingot produced towards founding a hospital at Rat Portage. The Dominion Gold Mining and Reduction Company of London, Eng., recently organized the reduction works at Rat Portage and under the new management the works give promise of being an invaluable assistance to mine owners and proprietors, as the company are putting in a battery of forty stamps with a complete and modern plant suitable to the treatment of the various classes of ores found in the vicinity. The establishment of these works will enable prospectors to test their properties at

A SMALL OUTLAY

and those who cannot afford to build and operate a mill may have the output of their mines tested at a reasonable cost per ton."

"Has not this corporation purchased several mines?"

"Yes, they have bought out the Black Jack, Gold Hill, Sultana and some other partly developed properties. They are operating all of these, the work being only limited by the number of miners available, and report favorably of each and all. At the Gold Hill they have a ten-stamp mill in operation since Sept. 28, which they propose augmenting to 30, and possibly to 50 stamps in the near future. Here an extraordinary rich strike is reported. In one of the three shafts which are being sunk free gold is showing in every piece of quartz blown out, and it is estimated that the ore in sight on the surface and in the shafts will produce several hundred thousand dollars. The Messrs. Wright, of Ottawa, possess in the Gold Mountain a very promising property. The ore body, 60 feet in width, is exposed on a side hill, so that the work for some time will partake more of the nature of quarrying than mining." New discoveries are reported almost daily and many of the specimens brought in are of surpassing richness.

Placer diggings have been found on the Manitou and it is said that four adventurous Swedes working there are making $10 per day each with sluice and rocker.

Speaking of the great dam at Rat Portage, it was explained that the Keewatin Company had here placed for industrial purposes a massive barrier of granite masonry stretching from bank to bank, stemming the surface drainage of 3,000 square miles and holding in check a motive power equal to 30,000 horse power. The work has cost its promoters $250,000 and is now so far completed that they are prepared to furnish power to almost any class of manufacturers who chose to avail themselves of the advantages offered.

Philadelphia Fire Horses.

Philadelphia has some remarkable horses in its Fire Department. One acts as a watch dog; another chews tobacco; another has developed a fondness for raw onions, another kisses his driver, and another is ever on the alert to go to a fire, taking almost a human interest in his work, but he does not like to be fooled, and the daily training he despises. He is always first to spring under the harness when the signal is given; but when the firemen unharness him and attempt to lead him back to his stall he manifests his disappointment by an ugly shake of his head, striking out with his fore feet, kicking with his hind feet, and then bounding back to his stable.

Railways of India.

The director-general of railways in India reports that some forty-five different railway projects have recently been approved by the government, and are now in course of construction. The various lines will, when completed, aggregate 6,163 miles of railway. The private enterprises are encouraged by certain concessions from the government, such as free use of land and provision of rolling stock. The parliamentary commission, which has investigated into the resources of India, has reported that 60,000 miles of railway are needed in India to develop the resources of the country.

SAVED MUCH SUFFERING.

Rev. Father Butler's Interesting Experience.

Suffered from an Abscess in the Side Which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured After Other Medicines Failed.

Caledonia, N. S., Gold Hunter.

Faith leads many to believe, yet when one has experienced anything and has reason to rejoice, it is far stronger proof than faith without reasonable proof. About four miles from Caledonia, along a pleasant road, passing by numerous farms, lives Rev. T. J. Butler, the parish priest of this district. Reports having come to the ears of our reporter about a wonderful cure effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, he called on Mr. Butler to seek information on the subject. Mr. Butler spoke in very high terms of the Pink Pills, and said they had saved him untold suffering, and perhaps saved his life. The reverend gentleman felt a little hesitancy at giving a public testimonial at first, but after our reporter remarked that if one was really grateful for a remarkable cure, he thought it was his duty to give it publicity for humanity's sake, he cheerfully consented. His story in his own words is as follows:—"I was led to take Pink Pills through reading the testimonials in the papers. I was troubled with an abscess in my side and had tried many different medicines without avail. I took medical advice on the subject, and was told I would have to undergo an operation to cure it which would cost me about $100. At last I determined to try Pink Pills, but without a great feeling of faith of their curing me. One box helped me and I resolved to take a three months' course and give them a fair trial. I did so, and to-day I am completely cured of the abscess in my side through using Pink Pills, and I always recommend friends of mine to use Pink Pills for diseases of the blood. As Father Butler is well known throughout this county his statement is a clincher to the many wonderful testimonials that have appeared in the Gold Hunter from time to time. On enquiring at the stores of J. E. Cushing and N. F. Douglass, it was found that Pink Pills have a sale second to none. Mr. Cushing on being asked if he knew of any cures effected by them, replied that he had heard a great many personally say Pink Pills had helped them wonderfully. If given a fair and thorough trial Pink Pills are a certain cure for all diseases of the blood and nerves, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Cash Girls.

I hear that Miss Cash has rejected Mr. Bellevue after receiving his attentions for nearly a year.

Is that so? How does the poor fellow take it?

He's completely broken-hearted.

I suppose he was madly in love with her.

Yes, indeed he was. When I tried to console him by telling him that there were plenty of girls left he said he'd have me know that girls with $200,000 in their own right were mighty scarce.

Active Exercise

and good food in plenty, tend to make children healthy. If children suffer, however, from Scrofulous, Skin or Scalp Diseases—if their blood is impure and pimples or boils appear, they should be given the right medicine. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery brings about the best bodily condition. It purifies the blood and renders the liver active as well as builds up health and strength. Puny, pale, weak children get a lasting benefit and "a good start" from the use of the "Discovery." It puts on wholesome flesh, and does not nauseate and offend the stomach like the various preparations of cod liver oil. Once used, it is always in favor.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation, headaches, indigestion, dyspepsia. One a dose. Sold by all dealers.

An Encourager.

My cake is dough, complained the dejected husband.

Well, responded his energetic wife, all cake is more or less dough. All you need is to brace up and cook it.

CATARRHAL DEAFNESS OF TWELVE YEARS' STANDING

Cured by Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder—An Extraordinary Experience.

Catarrh nearly always leaves its mark after it. This is frequently revealed in deafness of the victim. A case in point is that of Capt. Ben Connor, of 189 Berkeley street, Toronto, who was deaf for twelve years from catarrh. No medicine or treatment did him any good, until he procured a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, which gave immediate relief, and continuing to use it, in a short time the deafness was entirely removed. Mr. Connor's friends, who knew the extremity of the malady, are loud in their praises of this medicine; and Capt. Connor himself will be only too glad to answer all enquiries concerning his case and remarkable cure.

Sample bottle and blower sent by S. G. Detchon, 14 Church st. Toronto, on receipt of ten cents in stamps or silver. A. P. 788.

Purified Blood

Saved an operation in the following case. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail. It makes pure blood.

"A year ago my father, William Thompson, was taken suddenly ill with inflammation of the bladder. He suffered a great deal and was very low for some time. At last the doctor said he would not get well unless an operation was performed. At this time we read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. Before he used half a bottle his appetite had come back to him, whereas before he could eat but little. When he had taken three bottles of the medicine he was as well as ever." FRANCIS J. THOMPSON, Peninsula Lake, Ontario. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

Promineutly in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache. 25c.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of **Walter Baker & Co.** (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

WELL YESTERDAY—DEAD TO-DAY.

Sudden Taking Off by Heart Disease.

That pain in the side, that sense of smothering that palpitation of the heart, that restiveness rendering it impossible for one to remain long in any one position—these are symptoms of heart disease that should be immediately heeded. And practical heed will be given by securing a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, the most wonderful heart specific that has ever been given to the world. As has been shown frequently in these columns, some of the most desperate cases of heart trouble have been cured by its use.

One dose will relieve in 30 minutes. The remedy is harmless as milk, as it is entirely vegetable.

A farmer of Albany, Ore., is exhibiting a bunch of 42 stalks of wheat, with 924 meshes and about 3,500 grains, which grew from a single kernel. Another farmer, in Cedar Rapids, Neb., has a cucumber five feet long, and still growing.

L. W. Palmer, of London, England, had one room of his house papered with cancelled one penny stamps. It took 70,000 to complete the job.

M. Durnof, the aeronaut, who first opened communication between Paris and the outside world in 1870, is dying in a Paris hospital.

For Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure.

Two sets of sables, each valued at £13,000 are respectively owned by the Empress of Austria and the Duchess of Coburg.

The manuscripts of the fifth and twelfth centuries are written with very good black ink, which has not shown the least sign of fading or obliteration.

A perplexed woman can ask more questions in a minute than she can remember the answers to in a lifetime.

Growing Prevalence of Bright's Disease.

Bright's Disease shows itself usually in depression of spirits. Life loses its zest. Efforts bring an early fatigue. There is loss of appetite; listlessness; sleep fails to refresh. There may, or may not be, pain in the region of the kidneys. It is not only astonishing, but alarming the extent to which this disease is seizing the ablest men of the country. The deceptive nature of the trouble is almost akin to that of consumption. Our dearest friends are carried off with it before we are aware of the nature of their disease. The one salvation is to rid the system of the trouble at its inception. This is being most successfully accomplished by South American Kidney Cure, a medicine that will cure any case of Bright's disease that has not already signed the death warrant of its victim. It is a medicine that most completely rids the system of those elements that go to constitute this disease, working distinctively on the kidneys.

A bad man's example often does more good than a good man's precept.

Health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free.

No man's brain can drive other bodies unless it drive his own body.

Catarrh—Use Nasal Balm. Quick, positive cure. Soothing, cleansing, healing.

A woman can lose her head about as easily as she can her heart.

Rev. Dr. Potts says he uses St. Leon, and finds it both curative and refreshing.

A sound mind in a sound body is not as attractive to some people as a sound body in sound clothes.

Rheumatism is Still Being Cured in From One to Three Days by South American Rheumatic Cure—More Testimony.

Mr. Z. A. Van Luven, Governor of the County Gaol, of Napanee, Ont., writes:—"My wife has been a great sufferer from rheumatism for some time past. The disease attacked the limbs and was drawn into one out of shape. The pain was most excruciating. She could not get anything to cure her. Mr. Huffman, druggist of this town, recommended South American Rheumatic Cure. The first few doses gave my wife perfect relief. To-day after taking four bottles of the remedy, she is certain that the disease is entirely eradicated from her system and blesses the day she first heard of this remedy."

An engagement without kisses is taxation without representation.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the blood and gives a clear and beautiful complexion.

Common sense is the happy medium of all the senses.

Thousands of cases of Consumption, Asthma, Coughs, Colds and Croup are cured every day by Shiloh's Cure.

DOUGLAS BROS. Slate, Gravel and metal roofer, metallic ceilings, skylights, shee metal workers. 124 Adelaide W., Toronto

FARMERS here is a snap for you. Harris has sample cloth pieces for quilts. Send $1 for trial lot, good value.
27, 29, 31 William St., Toronto.

DOUGH MIXERS, MANUFACTURED BY C. T. PENDRITH
73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.
Catalogue on application.
All Bakers Should Have Them. Great Labor Savers.

FLORIDA LANDS of extraordinary fertility in healthy location; immense profits on shipping winter grown vegetables to northern markets. No clearing, drainage or irrigation needed. Low prices; easy terms. W. J. FENTON, 203 Church Street, Toronto.

STAMMERING Permanently Cured by a strictly Educational System. No advance fees. Write for circular. THE ONTARIO INSTITUTE, 76 Bond St. Toronto

BUSINESS CHANCES.
If you want to buy or sell a stock or business of any description write me. I have had large experience in the wholesale. Am selling businesses continually. Correspondence confidential. No charge to buyers. JOHN NEW, 21 Adelaide East, Toronto

BICYCLES—"THE SUN," A Strictly High Grade Wheel, at a Moderate Price. Send for catalogue.
G. T. PENDRITH, Manufacturer.
73 to 81 Adelaide St. W., Toronto.

The Only Chemical Hand Fire Extinguisher now approved of by the Inspector of Government of Quebec and all fire department authorities. It is the simplest, the best and the cheapest and is now in use in most public buildings, factories, etc.
Price $24.00 per dozen.
THE CANADIAN FIRE EXTINGUISHER CO.
7-9 St. Peter St., Montreal.

$3 A DAY SURE. Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day, absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure. Write at once. Address Dr. T. Morgan, Mgr. Box A. 4, Windsor, Ont.

TWO SCHOOLS UNDER ONE MANAGEMT.
CENTRAL Business College
TORONTO AND STRATFORD, ONT.
Unquestionably the leading Commercial Schools of the Dominion; advantages best in Canada; moderate rates; students may enter at any time; write to either school and mention this paper.
SHAW & ELLIOTT, Principals.

Children Shrink

from taking medicine. They don't like its taste. But they are eager to take what they like—Scott's Emulsion, for instance. Children almost always like Scott's Emulsion.

And it does them good.

Scott's Emulsion is the easiest, most palatable form of Cod-liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda added to nourish the bones and tone up the nervous system. The way children gain flesh and strength on Scott's Emulsion is surprising even to physicians.

All delicate children need it.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute.
Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and $1.

$500,000.

PRIVATE FUNDS FOR INVESTMENT on Mortgage of Real Estate. Interest at lowest rates. Special arrangements may be made for Church Loans. Apply to
Beatty, Blackstock, Nesbitt Chadwick & Riddell,
Bank of Toronto Offices,
Church Street Toronto

CHAMPION STUMP & STONE EXTRACTOR.
There are more of these Machines in use than all other kinds combined. 14 years' trial has proved them the best. Send for prices and terms to
S. S. KIMBALL,
577 Craig St., Montreal

EBY'S ELECTRIC SALVE
Cures Salt Rheum, Old Sores, Sore Eyes, Piles Boils, Sore Nipples, Burns, Scalds, etc.

RHEUMATISM, Dyspepsia, Inflammation of the Lungs, and other disorders.
Remedy: Polycine Oil.

NEW FRENCH DISCOVERY—Apparatus and Oil from $10 to $50. Oil can be kept for several years. See certificates of cures obtained—Published in the Montreal papers.
EXPLANATORY PAMPHLET $1.
"ALEXANDRE," Specialist of Paris.
1694 Notre Dame St., Montreal.

FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS
DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

Music

We want every MUSIC TEACHER to have a copy of our NEW (386 page) MUSIC CATALOGUE JUST ISSUED. It is one of the LARGEST GENERAL MUSIC and MUSIC BOOK Catalogues ever issued. Containing a TEACHER'S GUIDE for the selection of Music. NO MUSIC TEACHER can AFFORD TO BE WITHOUT THIS WORK. We also carry EVERYTHING PERTAINING to MUSIC and MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
WHALEY, ROYCE & Co., 158 Yonge St., TORONTO, CANADA.

EVERY DISHONEST ACT
leaves its eternal reward. If you are crippled with Rheumatism or are a miserable Dyspeptic be honest with yourself and give St. Leon a trial. This water has never failed to cure others; it is sure to cure you.
ST. LEON MINERAL WAT