For Love of Her.

CHAPTER XL .- (CONTINUED.)

"You are not well, Russell," she said to him anxiously, "you do not act or look like yourself. Go and see the doctor, dear.' But he shook his head, saying to himself bitterly.

"If there was a doctor in the city who could cool the fever of remorse, could allay the pain of passionate regret, I would go to him.

Ah, if there was such a doctor, he would have more patients than he would know what to do with.

Of course there have been thousands of young engaged people just as happy as Louie and Roy were, only it seemed to them that there never could have been before such perfect happiness as theirs.

"There is not one thing to spoil it." said Louie triumphantly.

"And there never shall be," said Roy

earnestly.

In her own heart Louie was quite positive that there was never before such a lover as Roy, such a dear, tender, thoughtful, strong lover; and Roy, for his part, was just as sure there never was before such a dainty, sweet, gentle little maiden as this little maiden of his. Society was not nearly so

much surprised when the engagement was announced as Muriel had supposed that august body would be; for long before Louie had thought of such a thing the young people of her "set" had begun to link her name and Roy's together. Everybody said were perfectly suited to each other, and congratulations were showered upon them.

"Lucky fellow, that Glenmore," said Louie's masculine admirers—and their name was legion-regretfully, and to be truthful, somewhat enviously.

"Louie was very fortunate to win the love of such a magnificent fellow as Roy Glenmore," said her young lady friends, also a little regretfully, also somewhat enviously; "and they say he has a fortune in his own right, beside what that rich uncle of his will leave him."

But not one of all Louie's or Roy's friends was so perfectly delighted as was Mrs. Van Alstyne. Just as soon as that energetic little lady heard of the engagement she went to see Louie, and kissed and hugged her enthusiastically.

"You little darling," she said, "I hoped with all my heart you would fall in love with Roy-dear, splendid fellow that he is, and I was so afraid you wouldn't, although I did not see myself how you could very well help it when he loved you. Did I know he loved you?" as Louie looked up at her, questioningly; "why, of course I did" -laughing merrily-"didn't I see him fall in love with you the very moment I introduced him to you, the night of Maud Farnum's reception? Louie," and Mrs. Van Alstyne spoke earnestly now, her laughing eyes growing thoughtful, "there is not a nobler fellow in this whole city-or in any other city, for that matter, than Roy Glenmore, and I congratulate you, dear, most heartily, for I know that he will make you very happy; you will have a noble husband, Louie, and a true one."

Aline Brentwood, too, wished Louie joy, warmly and sincerely, but though she liked Roy very much, still she could not help wondering how Louie could have preferred him to Percy Evringham; for Percy was perfect in Aline's eyes, because, you see, she loved him; and when a woman loves a man, it is quite natural for her to think he is a little better in every respect than any other man in the world. Before he went back to Baltimore, after Louie had refused him, Percy, whose heart was very sore, had gone to see Aline, and had told her of his bitter disappointment, and dearly as she loved him, unselfish Aline would rather have seen him happy and light-hearted as Louie's : ccepted lover, than dejected and quite broken-hearted as he was. She tried to comfort him, to cheer him, to make him believe his life was not utterly ruined as he seemed to think it was; and, for all his broken-heart and blighted hopes, Percy was not insensible to being pitied and consoled by so beautiful and charming a girl as Aline.

"I shall think of you always as my dear sister, Aline," he said, mournfully, as he rose to go. "I wish you would write to me sometimes, I shall be so lonely now."

The dejected look upon the handsome Saxon face went straight to Aline's heart, and quite unconsciously she laid her hand in his.

"I shall be very glad to write to you, Percy: it will be a pleasure to me."

"He will never marry, nor will I," she said to herself, when he had taken his departure; "but I would rather be as he said his dear sister, than the wife of any other man in the world;" and the thought of the letters she would write him-the sisterly letters-brought a soft flush upon her face and the soft flush was not quite consistent with the purely sisterly feelings Aline imagined she was for all time to entertain for Percy.

About three weeks after her engagement to Roy, Louie had met Richard Brandonthe man who was her father, and the meeting had in this wise come about : Much as he wanted to see his child-and only Go.l knew how passionately be longed to see her -Russel Anthon felt that he had not the strength to again cross the threshold of his brother's house; he felt that he could not bear another meeting with either Muriel or Arunde! ; so although Roy urged him again and again to go with him, bringing him messages even from Muriel-once an invita- Roy. tion to dinner in the handwriting he so well remembered, and which made him faint and sick to see again-he shook his head always, saying. "I cannot go, Roy-never again into that house."

"I am so anxious to have you see Louie, Uncle Richard," said Roy one evening, "and she is so anxious to see you too. 1 have thought of a plan: Go with us to the theatre, I will get a box and you can see and talk with Louie just as you would in her home. Will you Uncle Richard?" "Will I? yes indeed, Roy. Ah, you do

not know how I want to see her." How impatiently he waited for that evening to come; he had thought nothing could make that desolate heart beat quick | called upon to suffer, he had sacrificed as

and high again, yet as he walked along the years before at the touch of Muriel's small tingers, the pressure of her head upon his breast; and the thought of meeting his own child—his little daughter brought a glad light into the tired, sorrowful

He did not hear Roy's voice as with fond pride he introduced Louie. He was blind and deaf to everything save the lovely face that was raised to his, the music of the sweet voice; and as he held her hand in his, heard her speak, felt her warm breath upon his face, it was as though the stone had suddenly been rolled away from the grave where long ago he had laid his happiness and the brightness of his life.

Roy wondered at the light that came into his eyes, the deep tenderness that softened his whole face. As for Louie, ah, the instincts of nature are wonderful; all her heart went out towards this man who was to her only Roy's uncle. He did not seem strange or unfamiliar to her, she could and did talk to him without a feeling of embarrassment.

"You will try and love me a little," he said to her before they parted that evening, speaking with a wistfulness she could not understand, and she answered, lifting her true eves to his:

"I love you now, Mr. Brandon!" In his sleep that night there was a smile upon Russel Anthon's face-the grief-worn face with its lines of bitter pain, and in his dream he murmured:

"My little daughter-my little Louie !" After that he saw her many times; he went with them-Roy and her-to church, to the opera and the theatre. He sent her the most beautiful presents, he wept like a child over the dainty little notes she wrote him, but they were tears without bitterness -glad tears; she filled his life, his heart, his thoughts.

"Roy's uncle seems to think the world and all of Louie," Muriel said to Arundel. "Everything he gives her is of the costliest description; I never saw more elegant presents, I wonder why it is he will not come here; don't you think it rather strange, Russel?"

Did Arundel think it strange? No, no, nor did he wonder at Richard Brandon's love for Louie.

Spring went by, summer came. Louie went to Newport with her mother, and Roy managed to spend a great deal of his time there.

Was there ever such a summer beforesuch a bright, beautiful summer?—never to Louie or Roy certainly. All the summers that had gone before seemed to them like winters in comparison with this one.

The Anthons returned to the city in September; then for weeks how busy they were! Such shopping exhibitions, such consultations with dressmakers and millin-

"I don't see what I want such a quantity of clothes for," said Louie, laughingly. "Why, Roy, it is positively startling, there are drawers full, boxes full, trunks full. I am so glad I shall never have to be married but once." Muriel took far more interest in tha trous-

seau than the girl did. And what a trousseau it was! All her lady friends went into ecstasies over it! Then the cards were out, and the presents began to pour in. "I don't see what we shall ever do with

them all," said Louie; "between the presents and the clothes there won't be any room in the house for Roy and me." "Is there anything they have not sent

you, my darling!" asked Roy, as he looked at the glittering display of silver, bronzes, laces, jewels, and bric-a-bac. "I don't think so," answered Louie

"Only think, Roy, five clocks and seven dozen silver butter-plates. Don't laugh, it is an awful thing to have seven dozen butter plates on your mind."

It was a very brilliant wedding; the church was packed. Aline Brentwood was one of the four bridemaids, and Percy Evringham had recovered from his disappointment sufficiently to enable him to assist as one of the usbers. Wondrously lovely was Louie in her gleaming bridal robes, and there was a look upon her face, as she went up the broad aisle, that told very plainly she was not thinking how the folds of her satin train hung, or wondering whether her veil was arranged becom-

No two people ever took upon themselves the solemn vows of matrimony with a tuller sense of their sacredness and purity than Roy and Louie did; and when they turned from the altar man and wife, the organ pealing cut the wedding-march, there was a look upon both their faces which had as much of heaven in it as of

Russel Anthon was at the church. He saw his daughter given in marriage to the man of whose magnificent manhood he had laid the foundations, whose mind he had formed, whose noble impulses he had drawn out and perfected. For Louie's sake, because she had wished it, and begged him to do so, he attended the reception at the house he had thought he could never again enter; and because of the new peace in his heart he was able to answer Muriel when she spoke to him in her sweet, gracious way, but he did not remain long, he knew his strength could be taxed only just so far.

When the gayety was at its height, Roy, and Louie went away. Husband and wife now, never to be separated, to walk together through life, hand in hand, heart to heart -one a part of the other.

CHAPTER XLI.

"It is early yet, Uncle Richard," said "Yes, only a little past ten," murmured Louie, pleadingly. "Don't go yet, Uncle

Richard, stay a little while longer." A smile passed over Richard Brandon's worn face as he listened to them-a smile that, curving his lips, swept away, for the time being, the weary look of pain which for so many years had been stamped about his mouth; and the sorrow in his dark eyes was replaced for the moment by a great, deep tenderness as he laid his hand caressingly upon the small white one which Louie had laid upon his arm. They were his childron-these two-and they loved him. Life had been hard and bitter to him, God knows; he had suffered as few men are

few among us would have the strength to sacrifice; but the love of these children of was throbing as it had throbbed years, and his as he called them—poured out upon | ways thought had alone kept him from sinkhim, went a long way toward healing the terrible wounds in his heart. They would never heal entirely, these wounds never at least in this world; but they did not to death. And further back yet went his beat and throb with the same intolerable thoughts, as he walked along with the stars agony that they had been wont once to shining above him in the vast blue meadows do, before he knew he was not a childless

said as he resumed his chair, and even his face, who had called himse's Henry Glenvoice had lost the old ring of hopeless sorrow which for so long had been one of its characteristics.

"Uncle Richard never retuses to do any thing I ask him," said Louie, merri ly. "I think, Roy, Uncle l'ichard loves me a little.

"He would be a very strange person indeed if he did not," said Roy, looking down at his young wife with a world of tenderness in his eyes.

"I think you are a little prejudiced in my favor, Roy," murmured Louie, with a low laugh of pure gladness; then after a moment's pause she continued: "Next year this time we shall be in our own house; how lovely that will be; and then, Uncle Richard, you can't say when ten o'clock comes, 'Well, I guess I will go home now:' for our home will be your home then-and oh, how happy we will all be !"

"Am I to presume, Mrs. Glenmore, that you are not altogether happy now?" asked

Roy, with mock gravity. She lifted her face to his; her lips were smiling, but her eyes-well, they were smiling too, but there were never eyes so full of love and tenderness, and the happiness that comes of loving and being loved, as those soft eyes of hers.

"Do I look very happy, dear?" For answer he bent and kissed her. The fair face flushed under his caress, for though he was her husband, he was her lover still and the time would never come when Louie would be indifferent to Roy's kisses. And Richard Brandon, watching them, said to himself.

"Thank God, she loves him-loves him as much as he does her !"

They had been married now two months. Roy and Louie, and though it is said there is no such thing as perfect unalloyed happiness in this world, both Roy and Louie would have earnestly disputed it, had that rather melancholy statement been made in their hearing; this thing is quite certain, their happiness was so nearly perfect that no earthly ey es could have discovered any flaw in it; and if there was any happiness greater than that of being Roy's dear wife Louie did not care to know anything about

Since their return from their wedding trip, they had been boarding on Fifth Avenue, only a few blocks below Louie's old home, where they intended remaining until the early summer, when they thought to go abroad for a few months; then in the fall they were to go into the house which Mr. Trowbridge was building for them upon the lot of ground which had been his wedding prosent to Louie. Richard Brandon had wanted to give them their home. Was it strange that this man, whose own home had been stolen away from him, would have found a happiness, half sad, wholly tender, in planning and building the house which would be his daughter's home? But Mr. Trowbridge had made up his mind that Louie's home should be a present from him, and Graham Trowbridge at sixty-five was not different from what he had been at twenty, in this respect : that when he made up his mind to anything it was utterly impossible to change his determination.

"It's no use, Brandon, to talk to me," he said, half seriously, half in jest. "I have always said that when Louie was married I should give her a house to live in; why I have been saving that lot for her for years. I might have sold it a hundred times over. You must remember, Brandon, that she is my only grandchild,'

And a little bitterly Richard Brandon said to himself, while under his gray mustache his lips quivered:

"She is my only child-yet I cannot give her her home.

But he begged to furnish the house for them, and to that request Mr. Trowbridge acceded; and Richard Brandon filled many of his lonely hours-hours which otherwise would have been filled with bitter memories, with thoughts of the beautiful things with which he would fill his children's home. For years it had been his custom to walk through the streets, with head a little bent, and eyes that looked only straight before him; but now he looked into the store windows as he passed them; paused when his eyes fell upon a beautiful picture; a choice bit of bric-a-brac, a piece of antique furniture, saying to himself, "Louie would like that," or, "I will get that for Louie, it will be pretty in her boudoir, or library, or parlor,"as the case might be. When he went by a florist's and saw great masses of flowers, he stepped in and ordered the rarest and choicest ones for her; and when he discovered her liking for bonbons he bought her huge boxes of them, and laughed-he, whose noble heart had been almost crushed by weight of pain-when she merrily insisted upon his taking those she picked out for him with her own little fingers, because, to use her own words, "they were particularly lovely ones; and if she allowed him to select for himself he made it a point to take the worst ones he could find."

And all these were little things, the merest trifles in the world; yet they were helping to raise him out of his hopeless despairing misery, bringing a gleam of sunshine into his darkened life. Day after day Louie grew deep and deeper into his heart, -she was always in his thoughts; her face came between him and his books, it filled his dreams, and where he had been wont to moan with breaking heart, " My lost Muriel," he murmured now with a tender smile upon his lips. "My little Louie-my own little daughter."

It was nearly eleven o'clock when he left Roy and Louie, and as he walked down the avenue-for he was still an inmate of Mrs. Deming's pleasant house—he was thinkiag of them, thinking with prayerful gladness how happy they were, how dearly and truly they loved each other.

"Thank God for it," he said to himself "thank God for all the husbands and wives who love each other and are true the one to the other."

time he had first seen Roy; the little golden haired boy, whose innocent love he had alto the black despen which wastes the maralyzes thought and action, and like a quick and, in time drags its victim down of heaven. Clearly in his memory rose his first meeting with Roy's father, the grave, "Well, just for a few moments, then," hee stately man with the high-bred patrician more. Ah, how well he remembered it, as though it had been months instead of long weary years before. How he was toiling along toward Guaymas worn and footsore, tired and weak, yet his heart beating high with hope, thinking he was on his way to Muriel; and just as the sun was rising above

> learned to love, and who had died in his Would the time ever come when it would be right and necessary for Roy to know the story of his father's life? Ah, it was a strange story, and the people who had thought it very odd that Roy Glenmore knew little or nothing about his family, would be surprised indeed if they knew what blood it was that flowed in his veins.

the mountains, throwing a flood of rosy

light apen the plains, he had come up with

the man, whom in such a short time he had

He did not feel like retiring when he reached home; his room was bright and warm, and sitting down before the fire he took up one of the newspapers that lay upon the table, and began to look through the columns, reading a little here and there.

Suddenly a low exclamation escaped him; sitting upright in his chair, he grasped the paper firmly in both hands, and an expression of the most intense interest settled upon his face as he read:

"A THOUSAND POUNDS REWARD.-To any one who can give correct and satisfactory information regarding one Cyril Fairleigh, who it is supposed went to America in the year ---, and lived there under an assumed name. Any person having any knowledge whatsoever of said Cyril Fairleigh or his heirs, will communicate at own! with Messrs. Gresham & Barham, Solicito 100 Lincoln's Inn, London, England."

Once, twice, he read over that paragraph, then he rose from his chair. In one corner of the room stood a small iron safe; this he unlocked and from it he took a box. It was the box Henry Glenmore, on his death-bed, had given into his care—the box he had guarded so carefully all these years-the bcx which held the secret of Roy's birth. Lifting the lid he disclosed various bundles of time-yellowed letters and papers, carefully sorted and tied up, and his hands trembled a little as he drew out two papersmore precious than all the rest-and unfolded them. One was a marriage certificate, the names of the contracting parties being Cyril Fairleigh and Lilian Forsyth; the other was a certificate of Roy's birth. Before Richard Brandon laid his head on his pillow that night he had written a long letter to Messrs. Gresham & Barham, the London solicitors.

CHAPTER XLII.

In due time Richard Brandon received an answer to his letter; again he wrote and again came a letter from the London lawyers: and the day after the receipt of that second letter he told Roy and Louie that he had business which made it necessary for him to go at once to England.

"To England!" echoed Louie, in great surprise, "and how long will you be gone, Uncle Richard?"

"Not longer than I can help -probably not over six weeks." "And why can't Mr. Disbrow go instead of you?" asked Louie, thinking the matter which was calling him abroad had something to do with the great wholesale business which he and Mr. Disbrow carried

A grave smile passed over his face as he answered her:

"Mr. Disbrow could not transact the business that is taking me to England, dear. When I come back I will tell you all about it, Louie. What shall I bring you from

London ?" "You are always thinking what you shall bring me, dear Uncle Richard," she said tenderly; then with a little laugh she told him two or three things she would like to

"I am getting jealous," said Roy, laughingly. "What are you going to bring me, Uncle Richard?"

Again that grave smile curved Richard Brandon's lips. "I shall bring you-something, Roy," .he answered quietly; and little did Louie or

Roy himself suspect what that something was to be. That was Thursday; the following Satur-

day Mr. Brandon sailed, taking with him to England the box Henry Glenmore had left light. From the free carbon thus obtain in his care. Both Louie and Roy missed him very much after he had gone.

"I never thought I would love any one outside of my own family as dearly as I do him," Louie said to Roy, one day when they were speaking of him. "If he was your own father, Koy, I could not think more of plying the reception of external energy and with a little was your plying the reception of external energy efft obtained by him than I do;" and with a little sigh she wondered to herself whether it was wrong for her to have for Richard Brandon a love and tenderness such as she had never been able to feel for her father. For it was indeed so; she fels not the slightest restraint with Roy's; uncle she was perfectly at ease with him, could talk to him in her own pretty, graceful fashion, could ask his advice and opinion; while her father-or rather the man she thought was her father-had always chilled her; she could never be her own sweet, loving, impulsive self in his pre-

(TO BE CONTINUED:)

Mr. Hugh Sutherland, M. P., has received advices from his shanties on the Rainy River to the effect that small-pox was creating sad havoc among the Ludians who had crossed from Minnesota into Canadian territory. Some three hundred of the redskins are reported to have died. Some two hundred men now employed in Mr. Sutherland's shanties have, fer the cause given, struck work and are now on their way to Portage Then his thoughts went slipping back to the firm's operations, la Prairie. This will seriously interfere with

ONLY FOR SMILE A gentleman who has been buying a hack, having visited comes home radiant with joy. I'm going to buy one of then says; "one of those rifled horse must carry much further than the

thought," remarked the victor dentist had dragged him an room several times, "I thought you tised to extract teeth without pain "So I do, sir," replies the operato.

ly; "it doesn't hurt me at all to you A father has been complaining to of the family of the conduct of his

"You ought to reason with him ser says the friend of the tamily. "So I do! So I have!" says the fas despair, "but it has no effect. The scoundrel will listen to nobody who fool like himself. I want you to a

A delightful French gallantry of the time has not yet flown from earth. A beautiful rosebud of a girl is no up the drawing-room leaning on the her father.

"What, mademoiselle," says a gent of the old school, "do you walk! Rie I thought you were on a stem!" A lady of mature age is consulting

lawyer about instituting proceeding "I perceive," says the lawyer, wish to obtain a separation because of cruelty?"

"I wouldn't have minded so much beaten," sobs the lady, "if he had is me in an ordinary manner, but he die the scoundrel didn't, sir, he used to s me with-"

"With? Compose yourself, my der "With my poor dear first husband'se

Breakfast at home.

"Well, madame," says the head of house, who has apparently got out of he the wrong side, "what have you m breakfast this morning? Boiled egg Seems to me you never have anything boiled eggs. Boiled Erebus! And else, madame, may I ask?"

"Mutton chops, my dear," says they bor, for fear of anythin timidly.

"Mutton chops!" echoes the had be mining boards only th bursting into a peal of sardonic land moted, and so the boom "Mutton chops! I could have guest tion now becomes an im By the living jingo, madame, if ever | hether the Keewatin dis another meal inside of this housejamming on his hat and slamming the ral ores. This can only the aggrieved man bounds down the mount of the production and betakes himself to the restaurant "What'll you have, sir?" says the nightity are fully borne out politely, handing him the bill of fare. and drifting as the wor "Ah!" says the guest, having glatter mines progress. At over it, "let me see! Bring me twom eggs and a mutton chop!"

The parents have taken the younger their three daughters to the theatre. I had had their doubts about taking on the elder ones, for the play was rather has just been been rece "naturalistic" kind; but as for the war ratin mine : est, poor child, she would never see areholders in this mine thing wrong in it.

At one of the most "naturalistic" at k, with the little maid observes with all unima able gravity:

"You were quite right, ma! It me water level is reached never have done to let the girls see it that work has been g New York World.

Leaves. The leaf is the essential and really at gher, vice-president of part of the ordinary vegetal organism; at once the mouth, the stomach, the hand. The party went to of the entire plant. Indeed, from the following is clipped from strictest biological point of view every Times, which speaks o must be regarded as to some extent at Hon. Mr. Norquay dividual organism by itself, and the tre rip to Rat Portage on M the head must be looked upon as an agree ing his absence he, in con or colony of such separate units bond several other g gether much in the same way as a group the Keewatin mine and no coral polypes or the separate parts of the managers of the sponge in the animal world. It is can been sunk some 96 feet, therefore, that so little attention, compared the portly premier we tively speaking, should have been give eet from the bottom the the shapes of the foliage in various put this gave way, and Mr. N "The causes which have led to the differ malance of the distance, forms of leaves, " say Sir John Lubbe of the shaft with a cra "have been so far as I know, explained ibly informed, could be very few cases." Yet the origin of so beautiful and varied natural shapes is throes of some mighty of worth a little consideration from of the shaft being evolutionary botanist at the present posed of solid rock, the the more so as the main principles prevented from cras must guide him in his search after to bowels of the earth causes are simple and patent to en inquirer. The great function of a leaf it absorption of carbonic acid from the all, down there but for the its deoxidation under the influence of ster had kept him comp together with the hydrogen liberated in the water in the sap, the plant manufacture by means of a deri the hydro-carbons which form the its various tissues. Vegetal life in the may be safely said that or green plant consists merely in such describes has been so bas dation of carbonic acid and water, and rangement of their atoms in new forms, and ferocity, have b this external energy is supplied by sunly - Grant Allen, in Nature.

Something Odd About Sponger

When first pulled from the rocks when grows the sponge looks like a comp mass of putty. It is drab in color, exceed ly heavy, has a sickening odor, and it fused by a stringy mucus which drops it in long viscous lines, The external are partly closed up by a sort of sel which finds refuge in them, and must annoying interloper to the sponge-ball while often a red sea worm an inch or length is found far within the spongy the exact function of the mucous not yet appear to be clearly settled. is certain that when taken from the sp and placed on still bottoms, new span are propagated from it; and if two of the same living sponge, or of difference sponges of the same species, are laid side side on the sea bottom, they soon together. The vitality of the sponge fact, coupled with the decrease of supply, suggests that ere many years ficial propagation may have to be

those who can Even at th are unacrupulous person stage of the honest effort companies which have seek to enrich ing" claims with ore of Daring the past w have been detected in th pretended rich claims,

their assertions by produ s stating that they we sums to be sold, but w obtained from the Keew on Hay Island. In on T. Nagle, late supering vatin Company's mine, ent when a transfer was a d by means of keewatin teen, had not Mr. Nag rain alleged companies

nous sales of stock, n act that they have not that they are about to ap at, One of these reports its stock. This compa legal difficulties as to t ion which is the basis of which has at least a doze bogus transaction in the s or stock will HAVE A DETRIMENTAL nore injurious to the m the failure of any one p h had been honestly co.

precaution cannot be t

to invest. After as ode being developed by is productive, the next should be the personnel on all sides it is consid ng boom in the great No ry strongly. From all si of great finds, assays rican mine reports are re regular fever of investi values keep the assaye Mining companies an e keeping a sharp look the prospects of this e. Geological indication the vein was promised one, or a true fissure ve nt to be correct, and is n milling, and heaviest ve the district, the same

that a very rich body VERY PROSPECT OF A ST that the results more th e Hon. Mr. Norquay, M

J. Foy, Mr. McMeans,

Winnipeg mine. Th

Mr. G. McEames acc Mining Company, to B off, while the earth t scountry with no oth shin. He would have

ing business. "Wild Ca ent obtained by its me the keeper of the cats. the Chicago Mining expose, and says: The amount of utterly nuknown and unknow and and never will he except in the deba of the certificates of the

the miners subsequ

trope to the adventur

WILD CATS.

is marvellous and surpr Millions of hard earn paid for stocks which or the sole purpose of People. Claims have pars cost of location, ar made the basis of a st ossands of shares and have never ever aled to, thus, by th

have induced to purc of dollars are t must be done to assume the money is safe.

The money is safe.

The money is safe.

The should never be to glittering are the processing of false sales of st