ROMANGE ECYPTIAN

Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabia Pasha.

in the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SPY,"

CHAPTER LIV.

TERRIBLE OF ALL PERILS, AND HOW NELLIE WAS PRESERVED.

Learing the two Europeans in pursuit of thousand Egyptians, who were executing retrogade movement, we will revert to the interest, or rather the misfortunes, of our orely Nellie and her parents.

lowed to hold specca with one another. Vellie could not help perceiving how the

he heard his conduct being discussed in muttering to himself the while: duid tones, but in no measured terms,

all sides of her. sich grumbling created in her heart a alarm, for did the war minister lese his position he would be no longer able to roke: her and her parents, and they would

three assuredly lose their lives. Whilst these fears and apprehensions dis-Pierce's to enough to endure in turn.

Pierce's "Favo cattle enough to endure in turn. He was continually beset by some officer distinction or other proffering his advice, is sometimes almost insisting on his coun-E. being followed.

After a monotonous fourteen miles' march rer the level. sandy, treeless plain, the litevillage of Kafr Dowa was reached, where, mongh well-nigh exhausted, the troops were at once set to throw up earthworks stross the narrow isthmus, as a safeguard wainst any possible landing and advance of British in that direction, while not far Gold Rings the rear of the working parties Arabi had gorgeous pavilion erected, which had been brought for his special use from Alexandria. It was furnished with an abundance of Jurkish rugs and cushions, the dressed skins different wild animals and with every ther appurtenance that would render both mosing and luxurious the tent of an Oristal commander-in-chief.

After he had perused sundry dispatches ud issued all necessary orders, to this ALL SIZES_LAT plendid pavilion was brought Nellie Donelby one of the guards.

The war minister received her with the atmost deference, and when her conductor ad taken his departure he turned to her with a smile and, helding her meanwhile by marm, exclaimed:

"How does my wife like our quarters? are they not very comfortable ?"

The fair girl caught his meaning in an instant and her heart seemed to stand still. "Oh, where are my father and mether?" see cried. "I thought that they also were being brought hither. "A wife's place is at her husband's side,

both night and day, and when she marries me is understood to leave both father and other and to cleave only unto him." "Bat I am not your wife. I was no conenting party. I was already married."

"Those wild statements have been refuted again and again, even from your father's and mother's lips. We Orientals cannot indenstand parents not being able to dispose of their daughters as they list, nor is men an anomaly comprehended in Christian cantries in which I have sojourned. Basides, the priest of your faith declared that you are were not rightly married to your entryman who ran away with you, while am very sure that you are rightly married into me, For these several and good reasons call you my wife, and from this morning swear by Allah and the prophet that you shall share the same tent and the same such with me. I have said it

An expression of stony despair came into | it.

Sie gazed fer a moment distractedly round at all the Oriental pomp and splendor by which she was surrounded, but they failsi to fire her ambition or to dazzle her imagination, as her Moslem lord had doubtless oped that they would do. The carved bamboo poles bent to the de-

sert wind that had just sprung up and the rimson damask lining of the magnificent tent glittered till the myriads of bunches of larget-me-nots that were embroidered thereon seemed to be instinct with life and, a they met her view, Neille remembered tast a blue ferget-me-not was the last flower that Frank Donelly had ever given to her. lais recollection it was which restered to her the courage and resolution that was an mential part of her character, and she plucked from Arabi's belt the revolver that was carelessly thrust therein, and presenting the muzzle at his very forehead, declared na voice which desperation rendered firm tat she would pull the trigger if he did not

"Is your hatred to me so great as all that!" demanded Arabi as he recoiled.

"My love of my husband and my honor is ugreat as that and greater. I care little in lieu of spurs. whither I destroy you or myself. If it real-If is a noble cause which you are supporting and your life is indispensable to its success, me so and I will point the weapon to-Ward my weak and worthless self. Welcome death a thousand times rather than a He spent with you in the character of your taird or even your second wife."

An involuntary admiration of her conduct seized upon the war minister then. He felt instinctively that such a girl must possess a seal, no matter though the tenets of his creed declared to the contrary, and his brows contracted more with the weight of thought than under the influence of anger whe said in scarcely audible accents:

"You have doubtly disarmed me. You are safe. You may lower that weapon." By the time that he had finished speaking net only had they quited his own sumptuous pavilion, but they had also gained a leser tent, behind the flaps of whose canvas Neilie could plainly distinguish the voices ef her father and mother."

"I will not come in with you," said Arabi. "I have lost all esteem for your parents, and I care not to hold converse with those whom I have ceased to respect. You can tell them that within a quarter of an hour yeu will all three be journeying by special train to Cairo, for the station is not a hun-

dred yards away, and whither you will be taken when you arrive there. The protectors that I shall give unto you may be perfectly re ied on, for they are man who know that their future rests with me, so even their selfish interests will make them faithful to their trust. And now farewell."

As he concluded the war minister raised the lovely girl's hand to his lips and kissed The trio were classly guarded and not even it fervently—almost, indeed, reverentially. to enter it thereunder, and when she had Vellie Common disappeared from his sight he sighed and returned alone to his gergeous pavilion,

> "I wonder if I have acted as an honorable man or simply as a fool,"

> > CHAPTER LV.

LOST AMONGST MOUNTAINS - NEABLY BUN TO EARTH.

Two Europeans, wan, half starved and in every way wretched, begirt by as many perils as ever was the Apostle Paul, are wandering alone in the desert, attempting to | plainly audible than ever in their front, and make their way overland toward some part | decidedly very much nearer.

or other of the Suez Canal, Not to make a mystery of the matter, they are none other than Frank Donelly and his devoted follower, Pat Monaghan, whom in the chapter before the last we beheld setting out from Alexandria in the dead of night on a most Quixotic and hopeless er rand, as any but a lover and an Irishman would have perceived from the very first.

At last, one moonlight night, they had been perceived prowling in the neighborheod of an advanced picket, actually in the rear of the Egyptian lines (a hanging matter according to every military code in existence), so that a troop of horse had been sent in pursuit of them, and these, turning their flank and cutting them off from Alexandria, had chased them for fifteen miles out into the desert, and from that time whenever they had sought to retusn they had encountered some body of Bedouin horse or other, who drove them first in one direction and then in another, till at last (although they as yet had managed to keep clear of hostile lead and steel) they were altogether lost, and no more knew the way back to Alexandria than the way to reach the moon.

They had been lost for more than a month now, and all that while they have wandered to and fro in a weird wild region of hill and mountain, with large stretches of desert between hills rounded at the tops, bare of so that one can hardly be distinguished from another, which makes it all the more difficult to get out of this apparently enchanted region, and often after attempting it for a wnole day they have found themselves at sunset close to where they started from at sunrise.

Even in this terrible region, however, there is an oasis to be found at intervals wide apart, each with a natural spring in its centre (whence, undoubtedly, its existence). and adorned at the least with fig and date tre-s, fruit than which in a clime like Egypt nothing more is wanted to support life.

One morning just at dawn, Frank Donelly started as they were in the act of saddling their herses and exclaimed in excited tenes to his companion, "Did you not hear

"Begorra, an' bad cess to that same, I can

only hear the barking of a fox." "You aren't troubling to listen. I wish you would, for I want your opinion about

"Be jabers, I can hear it now, your honor. There must be a nest of 'em close by." "A nest of what, Pat? What on earth do

you make it out to be then ?" "Why, if it ain't the buzzing of the most thundering bumble bees or hornets I'm

blessed." "It sounds to me a deal more like the rush of steam through the 'scape pipe of a distant steamer. It seemed tamiliar to me

the instant that I heard it." "I wish it was, yer honor, but steamers

don't come tearing across deserts." "No, Pat, but in many places the desert stretches to the very banks of the Suez Canal, which is traversed by ocean steamers continually. Let us up and away and at once make in the direction of the sound. There is hope for us yet, my boy."

"If there is, begorra, here comes a pack of those brown Bedouin devils determined to do their best to cut us off from it. We've not a moment to lose, yer honor."

There was no need to lose even half a minute, for the horses were already saddled, and they had but to leap upon their backs, gather up the reins and kick the corners of their shoe shaped stirrups against their bony ribs

This done away they aped with the speed of the very wind out of the fertile oasis and across the brown desert sand, whilst the Bedouins, who had evidently heped to steal down upon them rnperceived, rent the air with their shrill and angry cries and brand-

ished their long spears on high. The monotoneus sound still continued, and the fugitives guided their horses in its direction. If it was what Frank Donelly supposed it to be 'twas still a long way off, and by the time they had reached the canal the steamer, from which he almost hoped against hope that it preceded, might have passed quite out of sight.

Then all at once it struck him: Was the canal still open?

He was aware that the war minister had threatened to destroy it on the firing of the first hostile cannon against Alexandria.

steamer was a myth, and the strange humming neise was caused by semething that might be hostile instead of friendly to them. These were anything but agreeable doubts

and fears. As a drowning man clutches at a straw, so, however, did Captain Donelly and Pat Monaghan hang on desperately to this, their almost remaining hope, as they sped on and on across the level plain and around one hill which he made werse through being in too

ably straight course. The Bedouins hung as perseveringly on their trail, however, as grim death spurs his white horse hard on the track of plague, pestilence or famine, and every time they ventured to look back their pursuers seemed to have gained on them, whilst that they themselves were aware of the fact was evident from their frequent exulting shouts and the continual frantic brandishing of lance and matchlock.

A wild and ferocious looking set they were, with their long beards, floating scarlet headdresses, bronzed, halr naked forms and enormous swords alung over their backs; whilst their horses looked almost equally ferecious, with their tossing heads and streaming manes and tails, and those other tails dyed bright red that dangled and swayed from their picturesque harness.

"Pat, unless Providence is especially looking after us, they'll run us to earth." This at last in almost despairing tones, came from Pat's master ; but Monaghan's thoroughly characteristic reply was :

"Bedad, yer honor, an' it's hard to say; but for myself. I feel in better spirits now that there's something more to rouse me up than the flies an' other stinging an' worriting creatures. An' besides, we've pulled through almost as bad before.

"Well, Pat, we can but do our best; and, by Jove, that we will do to the last gasp." They spoke no more, but strained every nerve to prevent the Bedouins gaining

ground. Their sole comfort was that that half humming and half shricking noise was more

of the atmosphere, and the still, balmy air of Egypt bears sound at all times a long way, so that it might be still miles distant. And now the Bedouins slung their lances and handled their matchlocks, the next instant discharging them whilst at full gallop,

But sound is very uncertain in some states

according to their usual custom. The bullets buzzed past the ears of the fugitives like wasps and they made the most unpleasant discovery that they were already within range.

To turn at bay upon more than a score of foes would, however, have been positive madness, and so they still continued their flight, a flight that now appeared to be hopeless.

A big hill was directly before them, ebstructing all view behind.

"If there's no succer on the other side of that we will sell our lives at the best price we can get for them, Pat," said Frank Donelly, as he carefully examined his revolver. "Ye may well say that," was Monaghan's response, "for my nag is about dead beat

The Bedouins perceived this as well, and their cries became like those of hungry wolves.

Donelly involuntarily drew in his own steed somewhat, determined that he wouldn't place himself by se much as a single yard in verdure and hideously monotonous of aspect, a safer position than that occupied by his brave and faithful follower.

The horses were both reeling rather . than galloping now, but in another minute, as the base of the rocky hill was rounded, both officer and man almost shrieked with delight at what they beheld, for not five hundred yards in front of them was a narrow strip of red water, and an enormous whitehulled transport flying the British Union Jack lying motionless in the centre, whilst her bulwarks were crowded with red-jacketed, white peak-helmeted soldiers, gazing with eager curiosity in their direction, doubtless owing to the report of the Bedouin matchlocks having reached their ears.

Three minutes later Captain Donelly and Pat had gained the bank of the canal, whilst the Bedouins, swooping round the base el the hill, in turn received such a deadly carbine fire from the deck of the British transport that half of their saddles were emptied, whereupon the survivors shricked, wheeled round and disappeared behind the hill again with a quickness that did more credit to horse than man,

CHAPTER LVI.

THE DEATH RIDE AT BL MAGFAR-THE FIRST VICTORY.

Ten minutes later Captain Donelly and Pat Monaghan were safe aboard the British transport Greece, which had been waiting for as much as a couple of hours in the Narrows of Atabet for a pilot to navigate her through Lake Timsah to the town of Ismailia, where, according to instructions of the commander-in-chief, her living freight was te be put ashore.

Both officer and man were glad enough to find themselves amongst fellow-countrymen, and more especially red coats, but how was their satisfaction increased when, directly they set foot on the transport's decks, the "Fourth D. G." on the shoulder straps of the soldiers who thronged around infermed them of the most agreeable fact that they were with the Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, by nickname " The Happy Family," and in short, their own regiment.

"Thought you'd turn up somewhere or other, old fellow," exclaimed one efficer. "Hardly in such a Mazeppa life fashion, though," added another. "I never beheld a more exciting steeplechase in my life,

Well ridden, too.' Thus, admidst jests and congratulations, was their brother officer escorted to the saloon, while the troopers lugged Pat Monaghan off to the ship canteen to treat him to what he had for weeks been longing for and dreaming of and chiefly talking about, and what he had taken to calling the "three

blessed B.'s," namely, bread, beef, and beer. We are getting so near to the end of our tale that we find we have no time to waste over table talk. It was the officers' breakfast hour and Frank Donelly was quite ready for the meal. When he had briefly narrated his ewn adventures and listened in turn to plenty of divers opinions concerning the campaign, all parties helding the unanimous conviction, however, that they would If he had kept his word, the supposed | be crossing swords with the Egyptains within a very few hours at most, he excitedly

exclaimed: "I wish to heaven that I had a horse and a uniform, so that I might join you."

"Faith, and I don't see what's to prevent your doing that same," responded the regimental surgeon, a genial cove of Cork, as he was in general facetiously termed. "There's Captain Murphy down with fever,

after another, the continuously humming | great a hurry to recover, but I'm sure he'll sound alone enabling them to steer a teler- | feel a deal of entiefaction to think his coat has a chance of being in the thick of the fun even if he has to remain outside it. He's a man of just your own build, Captain Denelly, and his horse is one just after your

own heart, I'm sure." "Are there any sick amongst the men, so that my fellow Pat may have an equal chance ?"

"There's just three, who, I fear, will have small hope of drawing sabres before the time has come to sheath them, and I've no doubt your man will find that out and not let such an opportunity slip."

"No, I'll be sworn that he wen't," replied Frank. "And I'll wager, too, that he'll do the work of any three ordinary men, if only previously well fortified with beef and beer. Two hours later the Greece was discharging her living fraight upon the quay at Ismailia, and some of the dragoons were sent off to the front as quickly as they could be

A few words of explanation are essential here in order that the reader may know what the British troops were about so far away from Alexandria.

got into their saddles.

The fact was that when the commanderin-chief, Sir Garnet Wolseley, arrived at Alexandria on the 25th of August, he found that Arabi Pasha had raised such fermidable batteries at Kafr Dowar (where we left him in the chapter before last) that he completely blocked the short and straight road to Cairo, and so effectually that a fearful lo:s of life must have been the result of any attempt to force a way in that direction.

re-embarked more than half his army, ostensibly with the object of attacking the forts in Aboukir bay and there effecting a landing; and, having deceived not only the enemy, but a host of treublerome and mischievous newspaper correspondents by the carefully spread report, he accomplished the most brilliant ruse known in modern warfare by steaming on far past the anticipated point of attack and seizing the whole length of the Suez canal, thus in less than twenty-four hours most successfully accomplishing a complete strategic change of base, bringing himself nearer to the capital of Egypt by a good fifty miles than he was at Alexandria, strikng directly at Arabi Pasha's communication therewith and turning and rendering perfectly useless the formidable works at Kafr Dowar, which had taken him more than a month to construct.

Thus was the outgeneraled Egyptian compelled to show an entirely new front in the Valley of the Sweet Water canal, which canal he, however, promptly dammed up, in an attempt to cut off the only sources of water supply available to the British troops, whese position for a while was critical enough, in the neighborhood of Ismailia, at all events; for, independent of the water difficulty, Arabi had the railway at his command and, no sooner had the two thousand men and a couple of guns been thrown ashore, than ten thousand Egyptians, with a battery of a dezen Krupp cannons, came steaming down from Zag-a-Zig, resolved to drive the whole of the little force into Lake Timmah.

It was the quick approach of the Egyptians which had caused the dragoon guards to betake themselves speedily to their saddles the very minute that their horses were slung ashore, and no sooner were they mounted than a couple of squadrons were sent forward to reconnoitre, one on the right side of the bank in the direction of Nepthe and the other on the left bank toward El Magfar.

Captain Donelly had been given the ccmmand of the latter squadron and he nominated Pat Monaghan his orderly.

The instructions were to be on the alert, to advance in line when the ground was sufficiently open for such a formation, and generally to feel the way as far as El Magfar, there to discover what the enemy were about and if possible obtain a clue as to what they meant deing.

"Threes about ! march ! trot !" and out flashed the sabres and away filed the dragoons in sections of threes, all in the highest spirits at the near prospect of a brush with the foe.

After they had proceeded for about a league, from behind a small but dense patch of scrub Frank Donelly thought that he distinguished the glitter of steel. He was about to send half a dozen men forward to reconnoitre, when he was saved all trouble on that score by the enemy suddenly revealing himself in the shape of a well-mounted regiment of Egyptian horse, who came spurring from the rear of the scrub, brandishing their lances as though they theroughly meant mi chief.

In numbers they were thrice the strength of the British, whilst their horses were in fine condition. They thus had the advantage in every way. But of course retreat was not to be thought of, and so Captain Donelly, as he cast loose his holster flaps and then waved his sword, shouted out :

"Trot ! gallop ! charge ! Give them the point, lade, when you can, and remember all of you to watch your opponent's eye and net his blade !"

The Egyptian cavalry did not stop to receive them, but, waiting until their foes were almost within pistol shot of them, they parted to left and right, made a rapid retrograde movement in two columns, whilst at the very moment that they thus divided asunder a puff of white smoke and a flash of red flames broke through the patch of scrub and a shell came hurtling through the air and fell plump amongst the dragoens, causing their horses to rear, plunge and shriek.

The ruse of the Egyptain cavalry had explained itself. Their sole intention had been to tempt the British dragoons within point blank range of their masked battery, and they had effected their fell design, for, "Hur r r! Hur r r! Hur r r !" came three more of the small howitzer shells, and one trooper's head was whipped clean from off his shoulders and the bowels of another torn out and scattered all his horse and saddle trappings.

Every one looked anxiously toward their leader, wondering what his next command would be.

"Oh! On! We daren't let it be poured at us in retreat, and the boldest course is the safest !"

They saw it was so; but had they not it would have been all the same. The long brass trumpets sounded the "gallop," and the dragoons went straight at the scrub.

The noise was deafening, the smoke was blinding, but in they burst and on they rush-

ed, and in another couple of minutes they were through the scrub and sabering the artillerymen at their guns, whilst the Egyptian cavalry, who might have made minos meat of them whilst so engaged, seized with a wild panis, galloped away across the desert, leaving guns and gunners alike to their fate, and in the deadly meles Captain Donelly, who expeced himself most fearlessly, would more than once have met his own but for the valor and the fidelity of Pat Menaghan.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Training the Children.

Children should be spared from sorrow as much as possible; their sunshine of hope and joy should never be dimmed, so as to leave them without even the memory of its glory. The perfume of a thousand reses soen dies, but the pain caused by one of their thorns remains long after; a saddened remembrance in the midst of mirth is like that " thorn among the roses."

When an accident occurs, learn whether it was through misfertune, carelessness or wilfulness before you pass sentence. Accidents are frequently of great service, and children often learn more caution and gain more real information from their occurrence than from fifty lessons. Be it remembered that the perfection of science is owing to the occurrence and remedy of its early accidents.

There can be no greater mistake than to consider children as destitute of understanding; their understanding should rather be appealed to and consulted Most of us re-So, four days after his arrival, Sir Garnet | member being impessed upon in youth and how our elders sought sometimes to put us off with evasive answers or insufficient explanations; how they told us some plausiple story as an excuse or as a reason; we also remember that even in our youth and simplicity we were quite capable of seeing through their maneuvers.

Now I do not believe in this sort of thing. There should be no stifling of truth and no relaxation of duty. If, as often will happen, it is not expedient or proper for the children to know a particular fact or incident, they should be told so with kindness and frankness, but at the same time with firmness. 1 am afraid parents are too apt to overlook the intelligence of their children and address themselves to their stature; they forget the mind, which is invisible, in the presence of matter, which is seen.

The treatment of children must always, for their own sakes, differ much from that of adults. Our manner of addressing them must also be different; but there does not seem to be any reason why we should not give them full credit for the amount of intelligence they do possess. We may every day see children with more discrimination, greater goed sense, of better regulated moral deportment, than many whose tall figure or riper age has invested them with the consequence of men and women.

A Bulgarian Heroine.

The Widdin correspondent of the St. Petersburg Novesti sends to that newspaper the following account of a young Bulgarian girl who took an active part in the late war against Servia, distinguishing herself at Slivnitza and at Pirot, and received two crosses for bravery. Previous to the outbreak of hostilities she joined a company of militia-such companies were then torming in various parts of Bulgaria-and accompanied it to the southern frontier in the hope of there meeting with the enemy. During some time she managed to conceal her sex, for her comrades took her to be a youth with an effeminate face, of which there were many such to be met with among the militia. Only the commander of her company knew her secret; she was obliged to disclose it to him when the company had set out upon its march, and he appears to have loyally kept it to himself. In all exercises, parades and reviews she took part jointly with her male comrades. At last, when Servia declared war against Bulgaria, the hereine took part in the forced march into Servia, fought at the battle of Slivnitza, and joined in the attack upon Pirot. During the fight she did all she could to encourage her comrades, and they in return unamiously voted to her the company's medal for bravery. When, in consequence of the war coming to an end, the militia was dispersed she went to Sofia and was there presented to Prince Alexander, who awarded her a second deceration for bravery. She then returned to Widdin, her place of demicile before the war, where she acts as servant to an old lady. She says that should the Servians begin another war she will again fight against them, but in her woman's attice, for it is not worth while to change one's dress for such an enemy.

LATEST DEFINITIONS.

Manufacturer-A man whose control of his own business is limited to paying the Boycett-A benevolent institution import-

ed from Ireland, Laber agitator-A toiling workman who labors sixteen hours a day with his chin. Capitalist-A villain who has accumulat-

ed something by his own industry. Strike-An improved gun that wounds ten at the breech as often as one at the muzzle.

Knight-A brave fellow who by a secret oath has parted with his personal liberty. Eight-hour mevement-A charitable

scheme for the benefit of saleons. District Secretary-A soverign ruler who "orders out" those that would like te

work. Laborer-A suffering martyr from the tyranny of-strikers.

Striker-A man having a "geod time" -with a head-ache and an empty pocket the next morning.

Webster Superseded. Erom " Life."

How Engines are Killed.

"What stuff is this about killing engines? They ain't alive. Mr. Dasenberry, what is meant by killing them?" "Simply depriving them of fire and wa-

ter, my dear." "Oh! Then you could be killed very

casily." "How, my love?"

"By simply depriving you of whisky and water-especially whisky."

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