I was to death that night, just a year ago but as I can now look back and calmly recall each thought, take the sech set, it think I will write it alows as a warning to all who may find themselves similarly cir-cumstanced, hoping, with all my heart, that the number may be few.

In the first place, my name is Frederick Putnam. I am, and have been for the last tem years, the foreman and bookkeeper of the large lumbering establishment of William Winston & Co., and hope to be for another decade, unless something better turns up.

Mr. Winston is the resident partner and manager of the manufacturing part of the business. The other members of the firm, of which there are two, live in the city, at the foot of the lake, and attend to the sales of lumber, which we send them by vessels.

This is by far the largest share of what the mill cuts, although the amount of our sales directly from the mill, to supply the country to the west of us, is quite large.

Well, one cold December evening, just as I was preparing for home, I heard footsteps on the creaking snow outside, and presently the office door flew open, as though some one in haste had given it a push, admitting a tall, stout, well-dressed man, with a small traveling-bag in one hand and a shawl thrown over one arm.

I was alone-Mr. Winston having gone to the house some half an hour before, locking the safe, in which we kept our books and papers, and taking the key with him, as

I had already closed the damper to the stove, put on my overcoat, and was just in course, I waited. "Good evening, sir," said the man, bust-

ling up to the stove, and kicking the damper open with his right foot. "Has Winston gone to the house?" J answered that he had.

"When? I was afraid of it."

He drew out his watch—a very fine one, I thought.

"I shall not have time to go up," he said. "The train is due in fifteen minutes." " Is there anything I can do?" I asked. "I wanted to leave some money with

Winston. I intended to stop in town a day or two but I have just got a despatch that calls me home." "What name, sir?"

"Anderson, of Andersonville."

I knew him then, though I had seen him hest Western customers. I say had been, for the reason that during the past year his payments had not been so prompt. In fact, he was considerably behind, and Winston had that very day told me to write him, and 'punch him up a little," as he expressed it. The letter was then in the breast-pocket of my overcoat.

"You can leave the money with me, sir, and I will give you a receipt.

He seemed to hesitate, which nettled me somewhat. I have never blamed anybody. since, however.

"How much is my bill?" he asked, eyeing me sharply. I answered promptly, for I had struck

the balance not more than half an hour before:

"Eleven thousand seven hundred and fifty dollars and twenty-three cents." "Humph! less than I supposed. Write

out a receipt for that amount." He left the stove, and came and looked over my shoulder while I wrote.

You've been with Winston a long time. I can tell your signature any-He drew from an inside pocket a large one.

black wallet, very round and full, and counting out eleven different piles of banknotes, he told.me to run them over. It was a short and easy task, for each pile contained just ten one hundred dollar bills.

The balance was in fives, tens, and ket, I opened the door. twenties, and it took more time to count were satisfied.

At this moment we heard the whistle for vou better?" Anderson sprung for his traveling-bag, and giving me a hasty hand- | Carrie-good heavens !" shake, was off on the run.

piece of newspaper around it, and slipped it was my overcoat! into my overcoat pocket.

money about me; but as Winston's house into the pocket. I drew out eleven thousand was at least a mile distant, I concluded to seven hundred and fifty dollars and twentykeep it until morning when I could deposit | three cents. it in the bank.

gloves, took the office key from the nail antics of those crazed with rum, or the grojust over the door, and stepped up to put tesque dancing of savages. Well, judging out the light. As I did so, I saw a bit of from what Carrie told me, and from the appaper on the floor, which, on picking up, I pearance of my apartment after it was all saw was the receipt I wrote for Mr. Ander- over, I am sed to believe that, were it posson. He had dropped it in his hurry. I sible to concentrate the three above-menput it in my pocket, and thought no more tioned species of demons into one, their about it, only that I would mail it to him. | capering and dancing would appear tame in I would have done it then, but as the last comparison with mine that night. mail for that day had gone out on the train which took Mr. Anderson, I could do it in time to save Carrie's head a thump from just as well in the morning. Then, too, I the chair or the washstand, which I had sewas in something of a hurry that night, for | lected as partners in my crazy waltz. I had an appointment; and I may as well state here that it was with a young lady, the simplest thing imaginable. I do not who, I hoped, would be my wife before many know why I had not thought of it before.

supper, and then went over to Mr. Warner's worn it down town, never dreaming that a wearing the overcoat with the money in it, small fortune was lying idly in the pocket. as I did not feel easy about leaving it in my Well, I didn't have the brain fever over room. Carrie was at home, of course, as the affair, but I was the next door to it. she was expecting me, and, leaving my coat | made a clean breast of the whole thing ex-

over it, merely remarking that nothing oc- first time. curred to disturb me until I arose to take

my leave. Carrie went into the entry for my coat and hat, that I might put them on by the warm fire, but she came back with only my

hat. "Why, Fred, you certainly did not ven-

mother and the doctor ! You are as white gists. Large bottles 25 cents, of all drug-

And I was better. I was strong, all at esco - desperately strong. I never told any bedy how very, very ster. brought about this change? The simple receipt which I had in my pocket. Andersen had nothing to show that the money had been paid; and was not my unaided

word as good as his? I was foolish enough to believe that could brave it through, and I grew confident and quite easy at once.

"There, Carrie, I am much better now. The room was too warm, I guess. So some sneak-thief has dodged in and stele my coat Well, let it go. It was an old one, and I'll have a better one.'

"But was there nothing in the pockets?"

asked Carrie. It is strange how suspicious guilt will make us. I really thought that Carrie sus. pected me, and an angry reply was on the end of my tongue. I suppressed it, however, and uttered a falsehood instead:

"Nothing of consequence, Carrie. good pair of gloves and some other trifling

"I am glad it is no worse, Fred. Now, if you will wait just a moment, I will get you one of father's coats to wear home." Thus equipped I left her.

You may guess that my slumbers that night were not very sound, nor very refreshing. I never passed a more miserable night and in the morning my haggard looks were the subject of remark.

"Why, Fred, you look as though you had met a legion of ghosts last night !" said Win-"What is the matter?"

with a sickly smile. "And you'll have another, if you're not

careful. You had better keep quiet to day. the act of turning down the lamp-but, of By-the-way, did you write to Anderson?" I do not know how I managed to reply for the question set me to shivering from head to foot, and I was so weak that I could scarcely sit in my chair.

I must have answered in the affirmative. however, for hesaid: "Then we may look for something from | And its potent charm, by the Spirit led,

him to-morrow, or next day?" Immediately after he added: "Why, Fred, you shiver as though you had the ague, and you are sweating like a

butcher! You're sick, man! Come! jump into my cutter, and I'll take you home." To serve Him well, or to tell His lave." I was glad of the chance to get away, and reaching my room, I locked myself in. Winston sent a doctor round, but I re-

fused to see him. Then Winston came himself, but I would not open the door. Then my landlady came, then some of my but once before. He had been one of our fellow-boarders, but I turned them all Ah! those were terrible hours that I

passed, and the night coming on brought me no relief. Can you not guess what I was meditating? Coward that I was, I had at last resolved upon self-destruction. I commenced my preparations with the

same calmness and deliberation that I would have used in the most common transaction. I wrote a short explanation for Carrie, another for Mr. Winston, a third for my poor mother; and I sealed them all. In a fourth envelope I enclosed the receipt to Mr. Anderson. All this accomplished, I went to my

secretary and took out the weapon of death. It was simply a revolver, small and insignificant enough in appearance, but all suffi-

Having examined the cartridges, to make sure that there would be no failure, I sat down before the fire, and placed the cold muzzle to my forehead.

In another second I should have been life-"It is all right, Mr. Putnam. I know less; but just as my finger began to press the trigger, there came a tap on my door. It startled me, and hastily concealing my weapon, I called out that I could admit no

> "Not me, Fred?" I knew Carrie's voice, and a yearning to look on her loved face got the mastery of me. Quietly slipping the tell-tale letters, which I had left on the table, into my poc-

"Oh, Fred, you are real sick !" exclaimed them; but at last we got it, so that both | Carrie, the moment the light fell on my face. "Why did you not send for me? Aren't

"Worse," I answered huskily; "but, As I uttered this exclamation, I started

I closed the door, and counted the money back, and then forward; and then—I hardly again. Finding it all right, I wrapped a know what, for, hanging across Carrie's arm, Recovering from my astonishment, I

I did not feel quite easy to have so much snatched it from her, and thrust my hand

You have heard about, and perhaps seen, I closed the damper again, drew on my the singular capers of a madman, or the wild

But I cooled down after awhile, and just

Then I asked for an explanation. It was It was simply a blunder of Carrie's father. I hastened to my boarding-place, ate my | He had mistaken my coat for his own, and

and hat in the hall, I went into the parlor. cepting my attempt, or, rather, my resolve, I do not think a repetition of our conver- at self destruction. No one ever guessed would be very interesting, so I will pass that part of it, and I tell it to-day for the

> I sent Mr. Anderson his receipt, handed them. over the money to Mr. Winston, and went right on with my duties, a wiser and a better man, I hope. And to-morrow, God willing, I shall lead Carrie to the altar.

> > Nerviline, What is it.

BA YORK BEEL MANAGEMENT Friendship is a golden hand Linking life with life.

Beautiful and strong, hining through each kindly word, Quarting us from wrong.

Friendship is a beacon-light On life's rocky shere, Brightest in our darkest night

Friendship is an iron shield Where the cruel dart Ever may be forced to yield Ere it wounds the heart.

Friendship is the gift of God Freely to us given, As the flowers that gem the sod, Or the light of heaven ! .

Jesus Christ to Me-

Jesus Christ to me, Since His precious blood Is all my plea At the throne of God,-Takes away the night, and the bitter pain Brings His blessed light to my soul again.

Jesus Christ to me, By His grace shut in So safe, and free From the guilt of sin. Is a faithful friend, who with watchful care, Doth in love attend to each whispered prayer.

Jesus Christ to me, Hath such power to bless, My soul doth flee . In each sore distress "I had a bad night of it," I answered, To His loving breast, where my heart-aches cease with a sickly smile.

For He giveth rest, and such perfect peace.

> Jesus Christ to me, Triumphed o'er the grave; I know that He Can redeem and save ; And though far away, by His blood brought n gh, I shall some glad day, reign with Him on high.

Jesus Christ to me Is the sweetest name In speech can be, Or that tongue can frame; Keeps secure from harm, or can raise the dead.

Jesus Christ to me Is the King of Kings. My Spirit sings : Will be far too short, in the realms above,

"Let There be Light."

BY S. P. PORD, M. D. Twas Omnipotence that spoke, And instantly there broke Through the chaotic gloom That wrapped this new world round, a Offshoots from Heaven's blaze. Making barrenness to bloom, And the earth with living beauty to abound.

Through the turbulence and tears Of the intervening years, And the long and gloomy night That has brooded o'er mankind. Oftentimes that sovereign word Hath been spoken and been heard, Pointing always to the right, And removing error's blindness from the mind.

To the soul astray from God,

Overweighted with the load Of his sin, and grief, and care, Too grievous to be borne, That word has given peace, And brought a sweet, surcease On the wings of faith and prayer, And has ushered in a glad and glorious morn. Is there darkness anywhere?

Is there sin, or doubt, or care ? Is some weary, anxious soul Groping blindly for the light? Then forever be it known That 'tis God, and God, alone, -He who makes the planets roll-That can chase away the darkness of the night.

Galatea and the Water Nymph.

BY E. HERBERT STAFFORD. At purple rising of the morn, Before the warm-eyed day, a Sweet maid stood on the shore forlorn, Her name was Galatea.

With bathing dress of sable blue. And unwound golden tresses, And white feet all empearled withdew, The sweet one onward presses.

The willing waves grow higher now.

She still advances forward. When from a blue wave's foam-white brow A face peers, looking shoreward. And thus a tender voice bespeaking-

Fond maiden tell me, prithee, What is it now that thou art seeking, That 'mid the waves I see thee ? But Galatea with a shriek,

Turned from the watery chasm; Twas but the shore that she did seek-With some enthusiasm. MORAL.

Maiden be thou plain or fair, Sylvan maiden of Lorne Park, Note my verses debonair, And their subtile lesson mark.

Go not in a-bathing early. Never dare go in alone, If nereids should meet thee fairly, Just chase them with a stone. -Lorne Park Gazette.

Longevity of Missionaries.

It is stated that the average life of missionaries in foreign lands is rather more than eighteen years. In tropical climates, usually regarded as less favorable to health, the average time of service varies from seventeen and a half to twenty-three and three-quarter years. The proportion of deaths among female missionaries is not greater, but somewhat less than among men; and the average of of both compares favorably with that of ministers and their wives in this country.

A Wrinkle for the Blind.

A blind man sits in the corner of a doorway, and when he hears the light footstep of a lady he takes off his hat and bows his head, covered with the snows of seventy Winters, saying, "Oh! madam, take pity on a poor blind man who is deprived of the pleasure of seeing you!" That fetches

Keeping a Secret. It must have been the experience of the vast majority of men that, when they were moved to confide a secret which should not ture out on such a night as this without an overcoat?"

No coat?" I exclaimed, in a dazed sort of a way, for the thought of the money, flashing upon me so suddenly, had almost stunned me.

The next moment I tore past her like a madman, as I was. The coat was gons!

Then I tous unnerved. I grasped at the stairrail, and caught it just in time to sup-Then I tous unnerved. I grasped at the cramps, pains in the head—external interpolation of the part of

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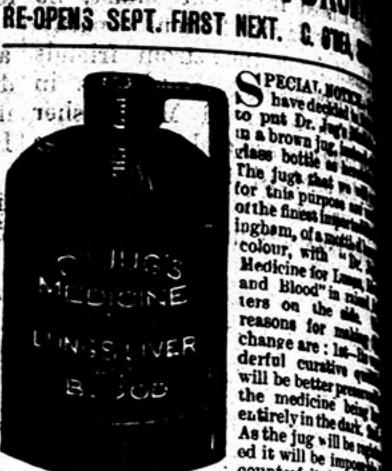
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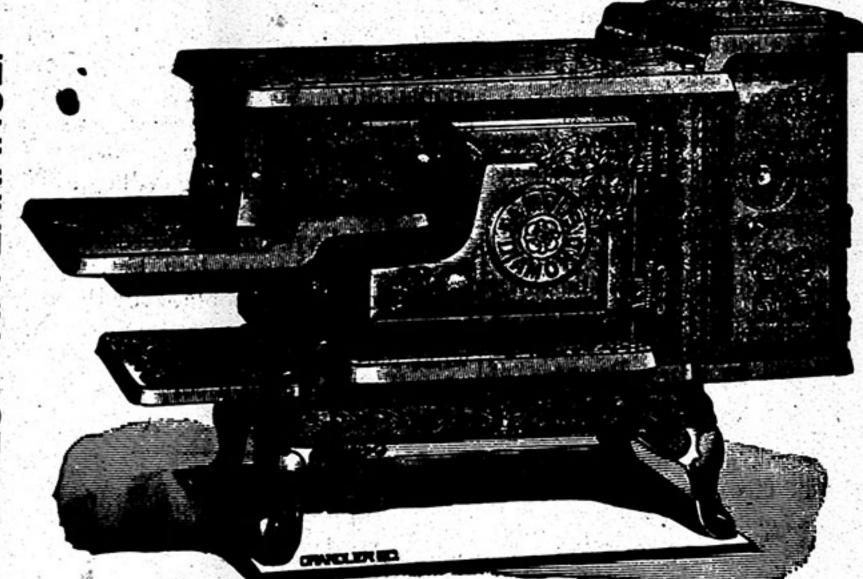


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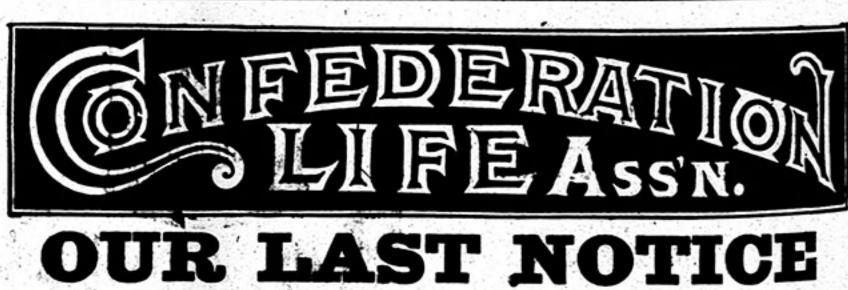
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In this paper referred to the Annual Meeting of the Association. This meeting (being the 15th since the Company was organized) took place on Tuesday, the 12th April, when the following gratifying increases were announced:

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que inpova on Kini windid and or

CHAPTER, V .- (CONTIN way pley me now," h tog to speak sternly or her see how every wo had out him to the he thing I held dear, everyth over thing that I hoped t appy and blessed through, " He paused a mom

of in his Me Hyacinth, do you your husband that knot at the alter and v sine before Heaven ?" moved a step nearer to he is hand in a last appeal; an he raised her haggard fac and looked at him with ing stamped on every fe back horror-stricken. Good heavens," he burst to do all our lives?"

shed meant to lead him to With this one object i given the agony and fury rein; with burning impatient Now she answered eager will tell you what we ca

nessionately. We can bo marriage had never been ws of it but Bob-no one w ching the books in the chur Let it be forgotten. Oh casy way! We shall bo py, content ; let it be forgot ever, Glynn !"-and she ds together and bent entr or a moment he looked at

nned by the audacity of he than he cried out-It is impossible—utterly not delude yourself with su are mine-we cannot part-

ropping his voice to a whis despair-not quite-yet !" Oh, yes, I know that—I k answered bitterly, ignoring his last words. "I am yo a bird you have locked i Yes, the law gives me the shrinking maiden from wealthy Turk; and" before him, with burning ering lips — "you can ta me, until the face that is worn and wrinkled, unti at you love now, until you feel what I feel now !"-and head again upon the top of

here was silence then—a sil girl's fierce rebellious spiri for hours. She had made h all the despair, vehemence t had lain pent up within h know what her marriage h and now she could only wa ing and yet hopeless, for his The night was falling; the su red some time; a cool gray dabout the little red chu e, under the hanging lilacs a, it was quite dark; therefo h other's face as they kept nce. At last Hyacinth spok bear the torture of waiting "Well," she asked slowly we you decided!

He lost all hope then; her o lled voice was more painful in the passionate utterances nts before, and he answered oken tones—

Hyacinth, if I could do nul this marriage, believe m any case I will relieve you sence until you yourself cal "Setiment, sentiment, sen claimed, raising her bowe mping her foot upon what do I care whether you is of our uncle's will, and of t bars us from all benefit u m talking, Glynn"-moving him. "Will you do as I rriage be forgotten, and es portion of the old man's w "But it cannot be forgott nember it and take it into a

"I understand you, she ans You can live just as it pleas Il live in purity and honour you know that I shall." He did know it. That cold puld never walk through ntest shadow on her name. "But there is something simed. "We are married, at be made public or kep mot take the money—it wo "Frand? How? I don't cried, beginning to sob "Are we not the pe the will; and, if we act as marriage had never taker

Mo-the Crown, I believ I will not be guilty of ob

defrauding? Some ch

ome though