and across to d from his shoulder for to his eyes, and snewer. or worse, for richer for mine, and I will follow -giadly-through the

mething to tell you." yacinth; news is rare banks of Red River ker, who was half-way a great bush of "bitter. prway of an extremely turned a sunburnt rolled up red shirt. own with happy con-beautiful, if somewhat a who was standing beand an open letter in

please. I want to be cell you. This"-hold. s from Lily. face showed him that it was, was serious. anch of "bitter-sweet" brown hand about his ching her soft cheek

ell me your news." m Lily; and she says enemy, whom we fear ers of the Indian terrind she turned her face and began to sob like sigh, half of surprise, ef, and, with his arm

the newspaper and ding—"Suicide of an yes at once. im. Bah, child-why he ex-trooper a little read the paragraph. im, but for Heaven's answered. "He is y sin, granted time to en you!"

" he said, kissing her.

get rich enough, we afety and see Lily and ried house by the Nore s writing." Do you know, Giynn, says about her happy pier-for I have sinned ied you and found you Ah, well, we both

OTHING LIKE LOVE in

END.]

ge of Childhood.

to-day, those fierce nst have delighted in d enemies. Thus durassion was unknown, e been lately acquired races. Indeed, even vated a people as the almost unknown until

times -say fifteen proof of which may less fondness for the appeared late in the and, in view of the law which carries us along s have trod, how can be anything else but udicious to go, in tryal course of a child's posing upon him ideas he will not share until ion is inviting, but we tion at present, contentserving that because a ction at giving pain to

mly lacerates the feeluirrels, merely to give glected pets, is no reato grow up a monster will further venture to of the immorality of nsequence of their deof which follows the friend, "A good boy

d Nina Van Zandtna Van Zandt tells a ss Van Zandt's father's in Philadelphia the go. All that remainluence were five pug f Nina, and, as she o give them up, the er's assets had omitted dule of his effects. ully attached to the sed and she felt more poverty, her affection Oneday the favorite Dilligent search, offers sing were all ineffecnimal to its bereaved ndt wrote a letter to recounting her sorrow of her greatest pet. sthen editor of the etter, and wrote an which he made a good ung girl's love for the al gave the incident

t it lead to the discoof the dog. Miss Van al that she went in editor, and that was etween the doomed man who is destined

heels in Motion. ography has just been V. Gardner to demonoof the fact that the el of a vehicle in moickly than its lower as taken an omnibus in this photograph, of the spokes immediground are not perby the motion, the kes show an angular to about 10 degrees. most successfully exhe wheel it represents Instantaneous photo is going on, will soon to conquer.

ly; two of 'em."

-crowded street carentleman on platform. e inside)-"Can you re?" Chorus of Male

Not so very many weeks ago there resided not so very suburb of Camford a somein the ancrow-minded individual named

The name was not an inappropriate one The young man was much addicted to the

habit of gaping at people; indeed, he generally went about -generally, did I say! Ay, always!—with his mouth pretty wide open. Some people called him the fly-catcher, because of this unfortunate habit. He was not by any means an intelligent looking person, this Joseph Gaper; on the

contrary, he was about as stupid-looking an individual as one is likely to meet with in a day's march. Fortunately, perhaps, for him, he had not the most remote notion that he was rather a pitiable object than otherwise. On the contrary, he considered himself a very charm-

ing, fascinating, intelligent, and handsome persones but to look at a girl, and she will, metaphorically, and in many instances not metaphorically, but in reality, throw

herself into my arms." Such was the opinion Joseph Gaper held of himself as regarded his influence with the

He followed the occupation of florist, and lived at home with his father, a highly respectable and unassuming old man, who had established the business in which his son

now shared. It was very amusing to see the self-satisfied Joseph Gaper make his way through the (amford streets, dressed all in his best, and with the air of one who believed the whole place belonged to him.

Poor fellow! A good many people laughed in their sleeves at him, but he, in his profound ignorance, felt convinced one and all admired and envied him.

Now, as is very natural in the springtime of manhood, he had serious thoughts of finding out some gentle creature who would suit his taste when he should feel inclined to "settle down and get married," as the saying goes.

Of course he knew a good many young ladies of his own class of life; though probably, if you had dared to suggest that a hours. shop-girl was his equal, he would have been highly indignant. However, we will assume, and if we are wrong he must, forgive us, that they were his equals. But he turnel up his nose at the mere notion of marrying anyone in that position—a well-to-do tradesman's daughter was the lowest degree which he could dream of stooping.

There happened to stand, not very far from his father's premises, a tavern, bearing the name of The Sceptre.

Now The Sceptre was. without any exception, the best conducted house of the kind that ever was seen.

The land! rl, a hearty, genial-faced John Bull, conducted his business in the most him exemplary manner possible. No drunkenness or rioting was permit-

ted at The Sceptre. The landlady, a delicate, lady-like looking person, was universally respected. The name of the worthy couple was Bilfil. They were blessed with an only child-a daughter. At the period of our story she was two and

twenty years of age. Now Miss Bilfil was a remarkably handsome looking young lady. We call her a lady advisedly, and not in the general sense of the word, which now is applied to every thing feminine in human shape under the

She had been educated at excellent schools, and educated thoroughly. This and the fact other possessing a natural refinement of mind, emanating most probably from her gen:le mother, rendered her a most desina ble wife for any man who should have the

good fortune to win her. In spite of the respectability of The Sceptre, the life she was compelled to lead as parmaid was not, or at any rate could not be acceptable to one possessing her tastes. the, however, made the best of it, and as her chief delight was in rendering her parents happy, no one ever heard her grumble

It will easily be understood in what high respect Miss Bilfil was held. From the porest frequenters of the house to the Wealthiest, from the humblest to the best born, she was respected and liked by them

It was currently believed that the parents were very well to do. They deserved to be and doubtless they were. The natural inference drawn was, that Miss Bilfil, being an only child, would one day be extremely well off, and consequently, if only in a pecuniary way, she would prove an excellent

But Miss Bilfil was not the kind of young ady to throw herself away upon the first fool who had the impertinence to flatter ner. the knew how to put a man in his right place as well as any one. Of course there were many who ogled her,

and some imaginative gentlemen who beleved they only had to ask her to marry, and she would consent—conceited donkeys Amongst those who frequented The eptre was the hero of our story, Joseph baper. He came very often and gaped very

Miss Bilfil was courteous and polite toraids him, as she was towards all who conducted themselves properly, but nothing

Joseph Gaper, however, held the same pinion about Miss Bilfil as he held about the young ladies of his acquaintance, and felt convinced he had only to say, "Be mine," and she would jump down his open

He thought the matter over seriously. he don't show much affection toward her "If shoutward!" ber events, his money is sure to come to fired up," he thought. her eventually. I think I might do worse a Peaks French, and all that sort of thing. above the generality of market-gardeners and such-like. I think I shall have to marry he was rejoiced with the result.

aped for hours together at Miss Bilfil. would ask.

Absurd question! how could such a poor, himse duestion! how could such beyond Going home one night, after having in-

sure, and if she once said 'Yes' to a fellow, said : she'd never draw back, even though she met l've had something very particular on my someone she liked better; but that would mind for a long while." never be if I once asked her."

With these reflections the conceited Gaper retired to rest, little dreaming how the morrow would vary the weak current of

It came about in this. He was introduced to a rich builder's daughter, whose parents were old friends of his father's. The gentle Joseph thought he had "struck ile," as the Americans say, with a

What could he do better than find out everything possible about this new acquain. flycatcher, whose voice had now sunk almost at Altman's. tance, who probably was heiress to "heaps to a whisper.

"Viss Bilfil," he said to himself, "can wait—she's a certainty at any given mo- marry me, dearest one! My 'and and 'art ment. If Miss Clarke, the builder's daugh- are yours !" ter, hasn't the prospects report declareth, I He stretched out his palm as he spoke and it. Then you were pale, haggard and lowcan very easily renew my attentions at The | bent forwards over the bar. Sceptre."

so regularly at The Sceptre Tavern as usual. | miral good sense she suppressed it. He appeared every now and again, however, and gaped for an hour or so in his with a laugh.

usual idiotic manner, and then retired. "She's all right," he murmured to himself on his way home; "smiles and chats as pleasant as ever" (Joseph's grammar was "I must inform you that I am already en- until I began taking the 'Prescription.'

as long as I leave her a shadow of hope." really fond of Mr. Gaper. Poor girl, she words, was not gifted with too much intellect, The flycatcher's jaw dropped; his mouth which no doubt accounts for her extraordi- stood wider open than ever. He drank up Burdett-Coutts to join the latter in a plan and whole ome at one half the price? Prove it by buynary taste. The flycatcher had captivated his grog at last, and went his way a wiser her somehow or other.

being a simple kind of girl and, most fatal ceited enough to think was dying for him. thing of all against a silent tongue and a wise head, in love, gave him all the information that lay in her power.

This satisfied him, and he proposed. On a lovely starlit night he made his offer, and report has it that after he had taken this stupendous step, he did not close his mouth for four-and-twenty consecutive

On the day that followed this proposal he consequently reduced to comparative po. of the aerolite. "I was just leaving home,

minded florist took. Remember, he had plenty of money, and could well offord to more closely then, and found that there was marry a woman without a sixpence.

He took another stroll beneath the starlit It was a yellowish-white color. sky with Miss Clarke, and instead of sympathising with her in her father's great loss, which of course meant ruin to her as well as

pauper, whatever other folks may be."

ly fallen upon her poor father.

shoppy expression) "with them as suits size of a wagon." them," which was the flycatcher's mudiled way of endeavouring to state that people been a long record of ærolites, which, are never know of anything that is not likely to more exactly described, and no museum is

plead, let her do so never so wisely,

Joseph Gaper had made up his mind to pick a quarrel with and get rid of her. Having reviled her for half an hour, and giving her plainly to understand that he was at an end between them, he left, and repaired to The Sceptre.

"Ha!" he exclaimed mentally, and his mouth stood wider open than ever with admiration-"Ha! that's the girl for my mo-

He stood gaping at Miss Bilfil, as though he really did feel a little bit in love for once in his life. Probably it was a kind of reaction after his baseness and cruelty towards the builder's daughter.

Miss Bilfil was talking to a dark and remarkably handsome gentlemanly-looking man when the flycatcher entered. He had seen this dark personage there a good many times during the last eighteen months. He had asked who he was, and had been intormed that he was a gentleman of excellent family, holding a good berth in a government office. Although he always made way for the florist when he came in, and never endeavoured to monopolise the conversation with Miss Bilfil, an endeavour Joseph Gaper always made, the flycatcher was not wise enough to learn by example-indeed, he didn't like the dark man, probably for the simple reason that the dark man was a

gentleman. That night, as usual, the dark gentleman very soon retired after Joseph Gaper's appearance, and left him master of the posi-

"Those chaps in government offices ain't much to do, I should think," said the flycatcher, with a sneer. "Have not they?" answered Miss Bilfill

handing him his grog. "Lazy snobs as a rule," said Mr. Graper. "There are exceptions in every ruld," re-

plied Miss Bilfil complacently. Now Miss Bilfil took these two last remarks, aimed against the man who had just strike a city some day." Captains of ocean It would prove a good match. Old Bilfil retired, with such calm indifference, that steamers arriving in Boston say they saw property in Camford—a good deal of it gladdened Joseph Gaper's heart beyond the falling meteor while far out at sea.

"If she'd cared a straw about him she'd

By this it will be seen that the idea had Deaks French I think I might do worse a flashed through Mr. Gaper's mind that Miss Bilfil might et least have a friendly feeling the sort of girl I shouldn't feel ashamed of, towards the gentleman in question, whose have prospects, and hold myself name, by the way, was Reginald Chambers. He had put this as a kind of feeler, and

The bar chanced to be very empty, and Such was the style of reasoning in which soon Mr. Gape found himself quite alone soon Mr. Gape found himself quite alone She looks prettier than with Miss Bilfil. "She looks prettier than with Miss Bilfil. "No wonder she aped for home at The Sceptre, and ever," he said to himself. "No wonder she has been proposed to scores of times."

codcest wonder how it was she had never who had saked her will be the who had saked her "Did he love her?' perhaps the reader the didn't, however, in his wonderful selfthe didn't, however, in his wonderful selfcodesit wonder how it was she had never
codesit wonder how it was she had never He was convinced in his own mind that he hard one? was the only person to whom the himself as I'm just getting home from a summer resort. Terms on application.

dulged in a little more elected than usual, he stood gaping at her, I have tried her Joseph aid to himself with an idictio reference long enough, pror girl. Sile might the desired with an idictio reference long enough, pror girl. Sile might the desired little will not contain the fear I mean to have to deprive yourself of a single comfort; and I'd a good mind to secure her without one else. I mustn't risk much a thing any further delay. She's a straight girl, I'm longer." Then addressing Miss Biltil, he

> " Indeed !" said Mts Bilfil with her pleasant smile.

" Very particular," said Mr. Gaper. "I hope it is very pleasant also," replied Miss Bilfil

"Oh, very, very! The very pleasantest thing I ever had on my mind !" cried the flycatcher.

Miss Bilth smiled, and sarveyed him with a kind of pity, which he mistook for admir-

"Shall I tell you what it is?" s id the "If you please," answered Miss Bilfil.

Mis Bilfil drew back; and for a moment a Consequently Joseph Gaper was not seen look of anger crossed her face; but with ad-"You are talking nonsense," she said

swered Miss Bilfil with admirable dignity, was a martyr to functional derangement shaky at times) "and will wait until I speak, gaged, the honor of your offer has come too Now I am as well as I ever was in my life. late in the day." An amused smile came No woman who suffers as I did, ought to

and a sadder man, having lost the woman It took him a long time to discover "how who could have made him happy, and been she really stood," as he called it; and she thoroughly snubbed by the one he was con-

Miss Bilfil is shortly to be married to Mr. Reginald Chambers, and may all happiness and all possible blessings attend her.

OUT OF ITS ORBIT.

The New Brunswick Meteor as Seen from

The fall of the great meteor in New Brunslearnt, to his great consternation, that wick has excited much interest at the Har-Miss Clarke's father had lost a very large vard Observatory. One of Prof. Pickering's amount of money in a bank-failure, and was | assistants says that he saw plainly the flash said he, "and looked up at the sky, when Now, note the course that this narrow- immediately I saw something which I thought at first was a flash of lightning. I looked a diffused light, like lightning behind clouds.

"The durationwas somewhat greater than that of a lightning flash. I came up here and reported the matter, and found that one to him, he reviled her for having misled of the other assistants had just came in, who was then telling of the very same phenomenon. "You misrepresented things to me I know now that it must have been the New shameful," said Joseph, gaping more than Brunswick meteor that I saw." "The fall liards, Racing and Trotting records, Baseball, Cricket, ever with real and assumed anger. "You've of meteors," continued the Professor, "is by treated me cruel. I wouldn't a minded if no means so uncommon as you might supyou'd spoke straight-forward; for I ain't a pose, although, of course, we seldom hear of such a large one as that which fell Thursday Poor Miss Clarke cried very much, and night. There is a curious coincidence in the assured him she had no idea of the evil estimate of the size of that one and one which that was pending and which had so sudden. | the ancient writer, Pliny, mentions as having been found in the Thrace 500 years before "Had no idea!" exclaimed the flycatcher | the Christian era. The correspondent of scornfully "Of course not! no one never A. D. 1881 says the meteor was "larger has no idea of anything which is likely to than a box car." The historian of B. C.

Since Pliny's time, however, there has Hamilton; 100 Colborne St., Brantford. so poor that it does not exhibit one or more It was useless for poor Miss Clarke to specimens of these visitors from unknown one weighing 260 pounds, which fell in Alsace in 1492. It is still preserved in the Church at Ensisheinn. The largest masses on record were found about seventeen years ago on the west coast of Greenland by the Swedish Arctic Expedition. There is now in the collection of the Royal Academy of Stockholm, one of them which weighs twentyfive tons; and the Museum of Copenhagen has another weighing ten tons. In the British Museum is one weighing five tons, and in the museum at St. Petersburg one of 1635 pounds. The Smithsonian Institute at discovered in Mexico in 1700, which, accordfore that, during a shower of stones. Its

During the present century aerolites have | Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and been carefully studied and analyzed, and, indeed, aside from the general outside appearance, by which they are readily recognized by an expert, a chemical analysis distinguished in doubtful cases. In many cases they are largely composed of iron, and from one which fell in Mexico a sword-blade was made, which was once in the possession

of Gen. Ord, of the United States army. The origin of these mysterious visitors has been widely discussed, but never thoroughly explained. Of the arious theories there are two which attract the most belief. is that space is filled with floating masses, and that our aerolites are that portion of them that comes within the sphere of the earth's attraction. The other is that they are projected from the sun and other planets, by the inconceivably tremendous forces at work there. It is strange that in the fall of so many large masses, with such tremendous force, there has never been any well authenticated case of loss of life. The chances are good, however, that one of them will

To Cure a Corn.

common ailment known as corns. The vege- 9 to 12 a m. and from 1:30 to 4:30 p.m., Sabbaths ex table, animal, and mineral kingdoms have cepted. 28 Dundas Street Toronto. been ransacked for cures. It is a simple been ransacked for cures. It is a simple seen ransacked for cures. It is a sim you will go to any druggist or medicine dealer and buy a bottle of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor and apply it as directed the thing is done. Get, "Putnam's," and no

A Hatural Mistake.

on the contrary, you will enjoy life more than ONTARIO ever. How can you accomplish this result ? Rasily; cut down your doctor's bills. When begins October, 26th. Apply to the Principal, PROF your appetite, and become billious SMITH, V. S., Toronte. and constipated, and therefore low-spirited, don't rush off to the family physician for a prescription, or, on the other hand, wait powders blue, white, yellow and the French liquid stamping for plush, relyet and silk, minutely describthing at all; but just go to the druggist's ed in print, all sent by mail for 40 cents. C. STIDand for twenty-five cents get a supply of Patterns and Books in R. Toronto. Butterick's Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets Take them as directed, and our word for it, your unpleasant symptoms, will disappear as if by magic, you will have no big doctor's bill to nay, and everybody interested (except the doctor), will feel happy.

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"What in the world has happened to "I've made up my mind to ask you to you since the last time I saw you?" asked one lady of another when they met on the street the other day; "I can't understand spirited, and I remember you said that you hardly cared whether you lived or died. To-day you look ever so much younger, and it is very evident from your beaming face that your low spirits have taken flight." "Yes, indeed," was the reply; "and "I swear I'm not!" cried Loseph Gaper. shall I tell you what drove them away? It "Then if you are serious, Mr. Gaper, an- was Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Miss Clarke, the builder's daughter, grew into her handsome face as she said the last let an hour pass before procuring this wonderful remedy.'

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"All But" is the title of a story by Rose Terry Cooke. Probably the history of a

Free! Free!! Free!! A Book of Instruction and Price List Dyeing and Cleaning to be had gratis by Sample Shades. Spring Roller. Stationery and calling at any of our offices, or by post by sending your address to R Parker & Co., upset their apple-carts" (this was rather a | 467 states that the one he saw "had the Dyers and Cleaners, 759 to 763 Yonge St., Toronto. Branch Offices: 4 John St. N.,

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painting the town red is a cardinal sin? YOUNG MEN suffering from the effects o early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find space. About the oldest known specimen is | themselves weak, nervous and exhausted, also MID- ing summer months. The steamers of the Glasgow DLE-AGED and OLD MEN who are broken-down from the effects o abuse or over-work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, send for and READ M. V. Lubon's Treatise on Diseases of Men, The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 3c. stamps. Address M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. E. Toronto, Ont.

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