Niagara Falls Park & River Ry.

THE FINEST ELECTRIC RAILWAY IN THE WORLD.

This railway skirts the Canadian Bank of the Niagara River for fourteen miles in full view of all the scenery of Falls, Rapids, and Gorge, and stops are made at all points of interest.

Close connections are made with all steamers at Queenston, and with all railroads centering at Niagara Falls, Ont.

For special rates for excursions, maps, pamphlets, etc., address

ROSS MACKENZIE, Manager, Niagara Falls, Ont.

MACHINERY OIL.

WHY PAY 50c. per gallon for Oil from your local dealer, when you can buy from us, the best oil on the market, at 30c. per gallon in barrels, and 32c. per gallon in half-barrels, freight prepaid to your nearest station. Our Oil equal to Climax, Pearless, or any other oil, or no sale.

Wholesale Grocer, TORONTO. A. H. Canning.

Cold in the Head AND HEADACHE

CURED IN FIVE MINUTES.

Catarrh Cured in A Week, by using

DR. HUNT'S MAGIC SNUFF

IN BOXES 25 Cents at all druggists, or by mail on receipt of price. Address THE MILLER EMULSION CO., Kingston, Ont.

Belting Shafting, Pulleys Hangers

Order your Supplies of

Oak Tanned Leather Belting

from us. We supply four grades, suitable for all classes of machinery. Everything in above lines at Manufacturers' First Cost Prices.

Lowest Prices For Cash.

TORONTO-TYPE FOUNDRY, 44 Bay Street, Toronto.

Abraham Lincoln SAID

"You can fool all the people sometimes, you can fool some people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time."

In the same way some storekeepers from motives of profit will fool their customers—but in the end it won't pay them to pass off inferior and worthless matches for

E. B. EDDY'S MATCHES.

A Chance to Whack Up.

A curious advertisement appeared in some of the morning papers the other day to the effect that a one-legged man would hear something to his advantage by applying at a certain address. Though not one-legged myself, I called there and found the advertiser to be a Grand Army man who had lost a leg at Antietam. Questioned as to why he had inserted the advertisement which attracted my attention, he gave this explanation:

"My idea," he said, "is to find a man who has lost his leg. You notice that my right is gone. Now I pay $8 a pair for my shoes, and I wear about five pair a year. That makes $40. And besides that I wear a good many socks which also count up considerably.

"You can readily see that if I can find a man who has lost the other leg and wears the same size shoe that I do, we can whack up, and by buying our shoes together we would make considerable."—Haberdasher.

Hypnotism for the Deaf.

Principal Currier, of the New York Institution, has startled the scientific world by his theory that hypnotism may, in certain cases, be successfully applied with a view of giving hearing to the deaf. The average individual knows little or nothing concerning the "eerie science," as some writers term it, but scientific and medical men have shown it to be of value in mental diseases, and, we believe, in surgery.

It would be folly to say that it is certainly going to prove efficacious in removing deafness, still the theory advanced and the arguments used are plausible enough to justify experiment. All the great inventions that are now being of so much service to mankind were ridiculed and denounced at the beginning, and Principal Currier will be exceptionally lucky if his theory is not ridiculed and abused by unbelievers. Time will show whether his [illegible] or otherwise.—Deaf Mute's [illegible]

Excelling all Others.

CANADA'S GREAT

INDUSTRIAL FAIR

TORONTO

SEPT 2 TO 14, 1895

The Great Live Stock And Agricultural Show Of the Continent.

Increased Prizes and Improved Accommodation.

Entries Close August 10th.

Greater and Better Attractions than ever before.

More to see at the Great Toronto Fair than all others put together.

Excursions on all Lines.

Make this your Annual Holiday Outing. For prize lists, Programmes, etc., Address......

H. J. Hill, Toronto. Manager.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

(CONTINUED.)

At the end of the corridor is a door by which the grounds can be reached, and I leave the house, and climb to the upper walks and terraces. I should like to go down to the sea, but it is too late to go alone, and upon its shore I could not be more lonely than I am up here. I come to the seat where Paul Vasher and I sat a week ago—only a week! And it seems a year. Everything looks different from what it did on that morning, faint chill bleakness lies over the landscape, the trees shiver a little as the leaves fall rustling to the ground, the bit of the sea in the distance is not blue at all, but a dull grayish-green, the birds are all cross, or asleep, and there is no pleasant hum of insects on the evening air. Perhaps it is I who am out of sorts, not Nature.

On my way I have pulled a handful of late carnations, and some of Shakespeare's streaked gillyflowers, and I am smelling at them idly, when a fragrant whiff of another sort floats up to me—that of a cigar. This is a remote corner, and people rarely come up so high as this, so I give it no thought, and have closed my tired eyes, and am looking inward at the vista stretching on before me of endless, empty, dull to-morrows, when footsteps, brushing through the short grass, make me open them suddenly, and there stands Paul Vasher.

For a moment I stare at him without speaking, then—"I think I have been asleep! I say, starting up; "and it must be near tea time—time to go in!" As I turn to go he puts out his hand and lays it on my arm.

"Is this game of hide-and-seek to go on forever?" he asks, sternly (a moment ago his face was overspread with a swift gladness.) "Am I always to be avoided by you in this way, morning, noon, and night?" (I am in for it!—he is determined to make a listening gooseberry of me, willy-nilly).

"If you call drinking tea—" I begin; then, looking up by accident and catching his eye, I stop short; evasions are always worse than useless with him.

"Your tea can wait," he says; "and you shall not go until you have answered me."

"Shall not! Who will prevent me?"

"I will."

For a moment I look straight at his resolute face and bent brows; then I sit down again and wait for him to begin.

"I want to know," he says, standing before me, "what you mean by behaving in this way to me?"

My hands are locked fast together, my gillyflowers lie in my lap, my cheeks could grow no paler than they were before: if only my lips will keep steady, and my eyes tell no secrets—

"In what way, Mr. Vasher?"

"In never speaking to or looking at me; in never giving me a single chance of a few words alone with you—though Heaven knows I have worked hard enough to compass it. Could you have treated an enemy with more coldness and disdain? And I have been your friend, child, for so many years."

Yes, I have been wrong as usual. I ought to have met him just the same as I did before he told me his story; instead of which, I have left him to guess the miserable truth; and now, no doubt, he pities me—But I could not do the other: my strength did not go so far as that.

"You have always been my friend," I say, gently. "I know it, but—you will not be angry with me?"

"Angry? No!"

"When you told me that you loved somebody, I thought you would always want to be talking about her, like other lovers, and that you would expect me to listen; and I always was a bad listener; any one who talks as much as I do, must be; and so—and so I avoided you. Besides, you can always think of her, you know; and that must be better than praising her to me, who never saw her."

"And this is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" he says.

Then, as I do not answer, for his searching eye arraigns me before my own conscience as having answered disingenuously: "Would it bore us too much if we were to exchange confidences—you about him, I about her?"

"Make as many as you please to me," I answer, steadily, "and I will listen; but I have none to give you in return".

"None?"

"None."

"You used not to be so secret."

"Am I bound to give an account of myself to you?"

"I will have no more of this miserable uncertainty," he said, suddenly. "Tell me, child, are you engaged to that man at Silverbridge?"

"That is a matter that concerns myself only."

"Are you, or are you not?" he asks again, while the veins rise in his forehead like cords, and his hand clinches.

I may as well tell him after all: why should there be any mystery over it? It can make no possible difference to him or any one else.

"No. But there is a kind of promise between us."

"A kind of promise? Tell me what it is."

"When I was fourteen I gave him my word of honor that when I was eighteen years old and six months I would marry him if—"

"If," he repeats quickly. "Go on!"

"I did not see any one I liked better."

"Indeed! And are the six months up?"

"No."

He draws a deep breath, and then in the voice of a man who puts a strong restraint upon himself, says, "Tell me one thing now. Do you love him?"

"You ask too much," I answer, turning my pale face away. "What is it to you whether I love him or not?"

And then, against my will, I lift my eyes to his which are deep and tender with a warm love light—though he is speaking to me, he is thinking of her; and somehow the thought of her riches and my heart's bareness unnerves me, and my lips quiver, and slow painful tears fill my eyes.

"You poor little white blossom," he says, casting himself down on the seat beside me. "Nell! Nell! are you fretting after that Silverbridge man?"

He is looking into my face with a passion of eagerness that startles me, still thinking of her, I suppose.

"I will be good," I say, as two big tears fall with a heavy splash on my clasped hands. "Do not be afraid I am not going to cry any more—I will listen to you patiently, if you would like to have a comfortable talk about her."

"I shall keep you to your word presently," he says; "meanwhile you have not answered my question."

"I will not," I answer, with spirit. (How dare he torment me in this way?)

"Will you make me a promise then?"

"Tell me what it is first."

"I cannot. Will you promise?"

There is nothing more to tell—he knows about George; is it worth while to bandy words about a trifle? And I am longing to get away.

"I promise," I say, listlessly.

"Then, when we are both at Silverbridge—for I have a fancy for hearing you tell me where I met you first, in the field of rye—you will tell me the name of the man you love."

I sit silent, pale as death. Is it kind, or manly, or fair of him, to trap me thus?

"I break my promise," I say, firmly, "although I never broke one before."

"It is too late now," he says; "you are bound. You never failed in truth yet, child: are you going to begin now?"

But I do not answer.

"I think I never told you the name of my little girl? I will tell it you when you keep your promise to me—when we stand face to face in the place where I saw you first."

Ay! I see the scene clearly enough, the two figures, the shamed confession, the truth uttered as before God, the cart before the horse—the amazement of the man, who, with all his faults, was never vain or a coxcomb. But that hour shall never come to him or me.

"Although I have asked so many questions," he says, "you have never asked me one about my sweetheart. Why do you not?"

"How tall is she?" I ask, looking up at the chilly leaves as they rustle softly down—down—down like silk, to the ground.

Since he wishes to talk, I will put him through a whole catechism of questions, and, by hap-hazard, I begin the one that loveless Elizabeth asked of her beautiful rival, Mary.

"Just as high as my heart."

"Of what color is her hair?"

"Brown, with a warm, ruddy golden tinge running through it; it is all over little billows and cunning waves and ripples—the softest and prettiest head!"

"And her eyes?"

"She has two sweet, serious, saucy, tender eyes; they tell a different story every minute, but they are always true to her thoughts, which are honest; her face is the mirror of her heart, which is pure."

"Is she fair?"

"She has the whitest, softest neck and throat and hands I ever saw. She looks as though she were made to be kissed and spoiled."

"And her mouth?"

"Not very little, but the sweetest I ever saw; and she has a dimple at each corner."

"Is she merry?"

"You should hear her laugh! But she can be sober; sometimes I watch her face with fear, it is so sad."

And so this is why he has taken notice of me; this is why he sought my society—because I am a plain likeness of her, because I remind him of her. My hair, too, is a rich brown; and I have green eyes, while hers are gray—not much difference there; and I used to have some dimples, I think, not so very long ago.

"And does she love you?"

"I will tell you that when you tell me what you have promised to tell."

"And you love her?" I ask, while a bitter, jealous pain creeps about my heart, and stabs it through and through; while every pulse of my body seems to stand still, awaiting his answer.

"Do I not? God knows!"

"You are a brave man," I say, smiling with pale lips. "Are you not afraid to risk your life's happiness so utterly?"

"Is any man wise who loves?—But I am not afraid: she is honest to the core, and could no more play one false than she could alter her innocent face."

"God send you happiness with her!" I say, gently, and rising I go away through the silent glades, and leave him sitting there alone with his pleasant thoughts for company, and, maybe, a picture girl-face to murmur fond love-words over—to press close kisses on, with a chafed, angry impatience that the warm living lips are not under his own instead of the silent painted ones.

CHATPER XIV.

"Good-by!" says Paul Vasher, as he stands on the step of the railway carriage with my hand in his. "I am coming home in a day or two, I shall then keep you to your promise."

I do not answer or look at him, although I feel his eyes searching my face. The guard waves his flag; Alice kisses her hand from the [illegible] carriage—"Goodby! good-by!" a swift glance at Paul's dark face, a wave of the hand to Alice, and I am off, either to render up my valueless body at Silverbridge Station at 5:25, or make an unsightly corpse on the top of the engine boiler or thereabouts.

There was a horrible railway accident a little while ago, and following that another and another! They have come hurrying after each other so fast that men going on a journey wear sober faces, and enter a railway carriage with an ugly presentiment of its being a probable tomb, and are haunted with dread visions of a fast train dashing up behind, or a slow one right in the path in front, and cannot settle to their newspapers and slumbers as usual. What a pity it is bridges are not built higher and people cannot travel outside trains as they do on coaches! We would at least be able to keep a look-out and see if Nemesis were overtaking us, and have a chance for our lives, instead of sitting stived up, blind as moles, helpless as infants, awaiting the crash that shoots us in one awful moment into eternity. If I come to grief to-day it will be alone, for I have a compartment all to myself, and can walk about, yawn, stretch, lounge, even laugh or cry, if it so pleases me.

Can it be only a month ago that I sped past those trim hedgerows and fields, with the ruminating cows and insensate children, who wave their dirty bits of rag at the train as it rushes by? As the day goes on a thought that has been lurking in some back lumber room of my memory, forced thither by my will, steps nimbly out and stares me evilly in the face; I have to tell George. I know what I have to say to him well enough, but that does not make it any the better; and even when that terrible wrench is over, there will be the long, inevitable afterward. I only wish there were some city of refuge to which rejected lovers might flee, and be kept there until they had made up their minds it was no good to sigh after what they could not get! It is bad enough to say no over again to a man without having the word crystallized into a two legged illustration, who struts up and down your little stage an image of despair, and never for a moment permits you to forget that your snubbing such a wretch up him has brought him to this miserable pass! I can feel for him now; poor George, as I little thought I ever should. I wonder how soon he will bring his wife home to Silverbridge? I wonder how soon he will call upon me to fulfil my promise? He may call upon me, but I will not go: in the field of rye alone my vow is to receive it, and thither to meet him my steps shall never turn.

I walk restlessly up and down the swerving carriage—for the train is express, and we are racing against time—then sit down and pull out my letters received this morning. That from mother contains news that a month ago would have driven me wild with excitement, that a few years ago would have made Jack and me happy as king and queen, but now brings no shock of surprise, pleasure, or expectation; indeed, until the present moment, I have scarcely thought about it. The news is this; papa is going away, a long, long journey to Australia, and he will be away many months. I do not quite understand why he is going; it is something about money, and perhaps he is tired of staying quietly at home (he was a great traveler in his youth,—; at any rate, he is going in about three weeks, mother says. What a time the young ones will have of it!

I wonder where Sylvia is now, and what she is doing? She left the day after our conversation in the garden, and we never met again. Sir George Vestris remained one day after her departure. If she cast him on one side, as report says she casts all her other lovers, he took his punishment quietly, and gave no sign.

My journey's end comes at last, and, at 5:35, reasonably punctual, according to the notions of country station-masters, the train reaches Silverbridge. There is mother in the pony-carriage; and on the platform, broader, bigger, more swaggering than ever, is the Bull of Bashan; but Corydon, where is he? Invisible, thank Heaven! I jump out quite briskly. I gave mother and Bashan a vigorous hug; and then, my box having been duly produced and handed over to the dog-cart in waiting, we set out, mother and I, side by side, Bashan occupying an abased and harassing position between the reins.

"My eye! How white you are!" he remarks. "Just look at her, mother!"

She looks at me with the anxious, perfect love that no earthly face save a mother's ever wears, and says: "So she is. The dissipations have not agreed with you, dear. We must nurse you up, now you have come home." And I know that in her gentle heart she is meditating a course of port wine and rum-and-milk.

"I say, Nell, have you heard the news?" asks Bashan, dodging an insinuating irruption of leather into his eye. "Won't we have a time of it—eh, Nell?" But mother shakes her head a little sadly.

"Poor papa!" she says: "he is very sorry to go away and leave us all." I stare at mother. Can she be joking? Can she mean (oh, the idea is too ridiculous!) that he likes us, that he is sorry to go away from us? I look at Bashan. His mouth and eyes are as round as mine. We have the two longest tongues in the family, but the notion has sobered him as well as me. Papa sorry to leave us! The idea is so amazing that it literally strikes us dumb.

"And how are Alice and Milly and the babies?" asks mother; and for the rest of the drive our talk is nothing but question and answer.

At the house-door are drawn up the young ones, whose shouts of welcome attest, without any need of inquiry, that at the present moment papa does not pervade these parts; and as I embrace them all round, I find it in my heart to wish there were even more of them, that Jack stood near to me to put my arm round his neck, that pretty Dolly was "finished" and sent home from school. They escort me to my room in a body, and make themselves very happy and busy until nurse appears to welcome me, and sweeps them all away.

"Eh! but your stay has done you but little good, Miss Nell," she says, as she stands before me. "Maybe you've been fretting after your lover, honey?"

"No, no," I answer, pressing my lips to her brown wrinkled cheek. "I have been gay, nurse, amusing myself."

"And if that's amusing yourself, my dearie, you had better have stayed at home," she says, as she goes away.

I have removed my dusty traveling-dress, and am drinking tea and eating chicken, when the trot of horses' hoofs comes up the avenue, and in another moment George and my father appear on horseback. Already! I had hoped for a little grace—just a little time to draw breath and gather up my strength. He evidently knows I am here, for he is casting his eyes over the house in the aggressively eager manner all unfavored swains effect. It is your lover who knows he is kindly welcome that walks in lightly and easily sure of seeing his lady-love in good time. Although I have precipitately rolled off the window seat, tea-cup and all, I have an uneasy feeling that he is looking at me through the bricks and mortar, and that his importunity will compel me into his presence whether I will or not.

When papa appears upon the scene it is one of the rules of the family for everybody to turn out and see what he will do next. From the force of habit, therefore, I go to the top of the stairs and peep over. He is in the hall, inquiring how many hours I intend to spend in "fligging" myself up. Reassured at finding him in his normal state of temper and character—for that other phase, as suggested by mamma, is too horribly subversive of all our traditions to make me feel anything but uneasy—I return to my room to finish my toilet, and in another minute am in the dining-room, standing before gentlemen.

My peck at papa's cheek is soon made; and then George takes my hand with a gladness in his face that I turn away my eyes from beholding. After all, he only says, "How do you do?" and when I have answered "Quite well, thank you," and told him that my journey was tolerably pleasant, our exchange of words ceases, and the conversation is sustained by him and the governor. The latter going away shortly, however, on some (probable) deed of vengeance, the young man comes quickly over to me. How frank, and fearless, and handsome he looks!—a better-looking man than Paul; the world would say.

Can you tell me, George, why you never made me love you?—why, when my heart was empty you could not fill it? Was the fault yours, or mine?

"How I have missed you!" he says, looking into every line of my face with greedy love. "How pale you are, Nell, and how pretty—prettier than when you went away, I think!"

"No, no," I say, while a pained, miserable flush creeps slowly up to my brow; "I never was anything to look at, George; no one ever thought so but you."

"Did they not?" he says, quickly. "I am glad of that. I grudge every admiring look a man casts on you, Nell. I wish you could not be fair in any one's eyes but mine, then they would not want to take you away from me."

"That is kind to me," I say smiling. "However, you have your wish—no one ever wanted to take me away from you."

"Thank God!" he said, with a deep thanksgiving in his voice that is almost solemn. "And so you have come back to me, my own little sweetheart, never to go away from me any more!"

"Hush!" I said, turning deadly pale "Is not that papa?"

"I don't care if it is—Nell—"

"I am going now," I say starting back. "I cannot stay now. To-morrow afternoon at four I will be by the brook."

"To-morrow," he says, below his breath and the rapture in his eyes makes me shiver. "I have waited so long, dear, and now—" and on his face is a look of such utter, pure content as makes his beauty something to marvel at.

Ay, to-morrow! and ere the sun has set a few words will have dashed it all out—all the sweetness of his hope's fruition—all the reward of his long, faithful service; and never, I wish, on this side of the grave, will my lover's face again wear the look it wears to-night—Somehow, I creep away and up to my own room, where a bitter anguish tears and rends me, heavier than all the pain I have suffered in this task set to my hand; and until to-night, I have thought almost lightly of his misery, wearily and continually of my own.

CHATPER XV.

Four o'clock struck ten minutes ago; but I am not at the rendezvous. I am loitering slowly along the meadows that lead to the running brook, and I am possessed by a keen overmastering inclination to turn round and run home again as fast as ever I can pelt. As yet, however, I have not forfeited my claim to valor, and as I go along, scarcely dragging one foot after the other, I look idly about me. This last September day is very different from that one little more than two months ago, when I wore my wreath of flowers, and later when I told George, with such grand triumph, that I was going away. Then the world was all quivering lights and dancing shadows. Nature was gay and debonair with her full summer's smile; now she seems to have unfolded her arms, to let autumn's chill breath steal over her warm, beautiful breast. And now my heavy feet have brought me within sight of the brook, and of a man who stands by its side waiting, and once again the irresistible inclination to take flight, even at the eleventh hour, possesses me, but remembering that if I do shirk my evil task now, I cannot get out of fulfilling it in the future, I walk quickly on, and he, spying my approach, comes forward to greet me.

"My darling," he says, and takes my two bare hands and kisses them; and I look up into his face, without a smile, without a word. But he is very blind, he does not see, does not heed. "You have come to tell me that you will make a happy fellow of me at last?"

But I draw my hands out of his, and hide my face in them, shivering.

"Are you sorry, dear?" he asks, gently. "Are you afraid? It must seem strange to you to promise yourself to any one—to a stranger; you have always been so fond of your own people; but I will be as careful over you, Nell, as gentle— You do not doubt that I can make you happy?"

Then, as I do not answer, or lift my face, he goes on: "I have waited so long for this hour, Nell, for so many weary, weary years, sometimes I thought it would never come. If any one wants anything as badly as I want you, he rarely gets it; and you know I have never had any one to care for but you—neither mother, sister, nor brother; and I have often noticed that when a man centers his whole happiness in one object it is taken from him. That is why I have always so feared, Nell, that some one would come and take you away from me. That was why I hated your going to Luttrell; for I thought all men must love you as I did, and perhaps a stranger would take your fancy. But when you told me yesterday that no one loved you but me, when I knew that my darling had come back to me, safely, then, Nell, my heart was at rest, and I knew a perfect happiness, than which earth could give me no better, not if you were my own true wife, love and bore my name— I believed I thanked God." The reverent, simple voice ceases for a moment. "And now," he says, drawing my hands gently away from my eyes with one hand, while he gathers me to him with the other, "I have my reward; have I not, my darling?"

Ay! he has his reward, as I recoil from his embrace, slip away out of his arms, and stand looking at him with a measureless suffering in my eyes with a deadly pallor on lips and cheeks. A faint dread comes into his face, and dashes the surpassing brightness out; a terrible suspicion grows in his eyes, and dwells there. With that look upon him I can tell him better than I could a moment ago, when his beautiful face was transfigured with his great happiness.

"I do not love you," I say in a whisper, "but love has come to my heart." And then I cover up my face that I may not see his, and turn away.

For a moment there is a deadly waiting silence; then:

"Some one has stolen her from me!" he cries, in a voice like a trumpet. "God!"—and he falls downward like a dead man on the grass.

He does not speak or move, not even when I go and kneel down by his side and entreat him to answer my voice, to make some sign.

"George, George!" I cry, through my shuddering sobs, and then, for he may be dead, I say to myself in my wretchedness, I lay my hand upon the golden tressed head that lies so stirlessly on his folded arms.

"Do not touch me!" he cries; "do not dare!"

Oh! the relief it is to me to hear his hoarse voice!

"I might have borne it yesterday—not to-day—the joy I have been hugging to my heart is all a myth—a sham. I was putting myself in his place."

A tremor shakes him; he buries his face deeper in his arms.

"In whose place?" I ask, gently. "No one loves me but you, George."

"In whose place?" he repeats, lifting his haggard face, all blotted and marred with grief and passion. "The man you love does not love you?"

"No," I say, subsiding into a tumbled, miserable heap by his side, while the tears trickle slowly down my pale cheeks. "You love me, George, and he loves somebody else, that is all."

"Don't cry darling," he says; "I can't bear it!"

Even in this hour of supreme suffering my true, brave lover sets his own bitter grief aside to comfort mine.

"So that is the reason you look so pale and thin? Nell, you are quite sure you love him?"

"Quite—quite sure, George."

"It is not an idle fancy; you will hold to it?"

"Do you love me?" I ask. "Do you think that you will ever love any one else?"

"You know that I love you; and I am quite certain that I shall never love any one else."

"Then, George," I say, piteously, "as you feel for me, so I feel for him, and—"

"I understand," he says; "I know." And a bitter heavy silence falls between us.

"And this man?" he says, waking out of it with a fiery anger that somehow comforts me. Who would not rather see a man swell with rage than bow his head in grief? "Who has worked this misery to—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

One of the Latest of the Most Cherished Adages to be Disproved.

Another of our earliest and most cherished illusions has gone by the board. If there were one fact of hygiene which used to be regarded as settled beyond dispute it was that early rising is beneficial to the health. But the proverb as to the desirable consequences which spring from this habit in regard to health, wealth, and wisdom is ruthlessly trampled under foot by a medical contemporary which asserts that "the desire to rise early, except in those trained from youth to outdoor pursuits, is commonly a sign not of strength of character and vigor of body, but of advancing age."

This will be thoroughly good news for all our sluggards, who may be expected henceforth to quote medical opinion as a sufficient reply to the accusation of self-indulgence when they come down to breakfast at mid-day. They will lie in bed out of a stern sense of what is due to the teachings of physiology. However it is more than probable that in the next number of the same journal or at all events in an early issue of some rival sheet, we shall have the novel theory exploded. In support of the idea that we ought to lie long abed it is argued that men have been experimentally proved to work best and fastest, not in the early morning hours, but in the middle of the day. A good deal would depend, it may be suggested, on what kind of breakfast a man makes.

The early risers often commit the error of underfeeding, and work hard on an empty stomach, which is injudicious; yet there have been thousands who have found, as did Sir Walter Scott and Anthony Trollope, that the brain was clearest and most attuned to labor before the worries and distractions of the day had commenced. Our contemporary dismisses with airy contempt the advice, that we should imitate the hours of the birds and beasts and enjoy the beauties of the sunrise, and refers with evident approval and sympathy to the habit of the professedly nocturnal animals. A tiger, there is no doubt, is a tolerably healthy animal, although his best work is done about midnight. And, with due training carried on for unnumbered generations, it is possible that human beings might also get in the way of "turning night into day," with no detriment to their nerves or digestions. What, however, we have to deal with is man as we know him now, and it is a little startling to hear the advantage of being up with the lark decried from a scientific standpoint. Are these the paradoxical views of the "new doctor?"

We willingly admit that the other proverb as to the hours of sleep respectively required by a man, a woman, and a fool is as unsound as our contemporary asserts it to be, and, considering the wear and tear of nerves and brain which city life occasions in these fast moving days, it would be well if everybody would at all events attempt to give himself or herself eight hours, or seven as an irreducible minimum. And the young men who burn the candle at both ends and stay up till 12 or 1 when they have to rise at 7 or 8 are worthy of all the vituperation which all the medical journals in existence can invent. After all, there is a good deal in the teachings of experience, and it is difficult to displace the general belief that the person who goes to bed at ten or eleven and rises at six, seven or eight, is making the best of both worlds—the world of sleep and the world of waking.

Temporary Shelter for Stock.

A very cheap and warm shelter may be made by setting posts firmly in the ground and covering with a roof of poles or long rails. Over this lay a covering of straw or coarse hay. Cover this with a few poles or boards to hold the straw in position. Set other posts two feet outward from the first ones. Wire a few poles to each set, filling in the space with straw firmly crowded into position. By having a door at one side the result will be as warm a room as can be made from boards and straw in a barn basement. For shedding rain properly, make one side three or four feet higher than the other, or make it level, putting a load of straw on top in the form of a pyramid to shed the rain. While this and other forms of temporary shelter are cheap and require no direct outlay for material, yet rather than follow up their construction year after year a permanent structure of wood should be erected. This should be built in a substantial manner, making the foundations solid, and nailing each piece firmly in position. The roof should not be less than a quarter pitch, and, if possible, obtain all boards a year in advance that they may become properly seasoned. If convenient plane the surface of boards to be exposed to the weather, and by giving them a coat of paint the general appearance of the premises is improved and the durability prolonged. Not infrequently a farmer who has a surplus of grain and coarse fodder can gain more money in feeding it on the farm than in selling it, thus needing additional room, which is readily provided by temporary shelter.

An Opportunity Lost.

"Thurber!"

"Yes your Excellency."

"This story that I sent a check for $500 to the father of those Indiana triplets annoys me excessively. I didn't do anything of the sort."

"I know, your Excellency, and that is where you lost an opportunity to display your interest in the infant industries of the country."

DIZZINESS IN THE HEAD.

This is a Sure Precursor of Apoplexy, and Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart at Once to be Taken.

No one can read the daily papers without being seriously impressed with the fact that a large number of people in the present age have within their system the evidence of apoplexy. This is seen and felt often in a trembling and uncertainty of the limbs, and frequently in an unpleasant dizziness and lightness of the head. He is a very unwise man who, knowing these symptoms to exist, does not promptly take measures to have them removed. We know of no remedy that has been so remarkably successful in this particular as Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. Primarily it is a heart Cure, but it is equally effective in what is to some extent a parallel disease, apoplectic symptoms. In a season when unusual heat prevails and excitement often runs high, we are doing a kindness to men and women by letting them know of this remarkable medicine.

You don't believe what you don't see. Did you ever see your backbone? Some men believe they have a backbone, when it is nothing but a cotton string run up their backs.

BOTH PROTESTANT AND CATHOLIC CLERGYMEN

Are of one Mind Touching the Remedial Character of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

While Protestants and Roman Catholics are wide apart as to certain remedial measures proposed just now, they find common meeting ground in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Take Hamilton alone. This medicine has been used by Presbyterians like the Rev. Mungo Fraser, D.D., and Rev. John Scott, D.D., by Episcopalians as with the Rev. W. H. Wade, and Rev. Chas. E. Whitcombe; by the well known Baptist Rev. G. Anderson; by prominent members of the Methodist church, and by the Rev. Father Hinchey, and many of his parishioners. They all tell the one story of the great good this medicine has done them. The same story has come from the most prominent clergymen in Toronto and elsewhere. It is unlike any other catarrhal remedy, simple, easy and pleasant to take, and quick in a cure. It will give relief within ten minutes in Hay Fever. Sold by all Druggists. Sample Bottle and Blower sent on receipt of two 3-cent stamps. S. G. Detchon, 44 Church street, Toronto.

When a man says, "It is all I can do to manage my own affairs; I have no time to talk about anybody else," he is on the biggest, broadest road to hell.

DO NOT SUFFER

With Kidney Complaint—You Can Be Relieved Within Six Hours.

I take much pleasure in stating that I have been using South American Kidney Cure, and found relief within six hours after first dose taken. I became sick in January, 1893, then I employed several of the local physicians, and was treated by them until the Fall of 1893 without receiving much benefit. I then began using South American Kidney Cure, and have found great benefit, and am almost, if not quite, cured. I have not been taking any of the medicine for seven weeks, and feel as well as ever.

MRS. A. E. YOUNG, BARNSTON, P. Q.

I love all the old maids. Whenever you see an old maid it is because some man has not done his duty, or she was too particular.

A Family Suffers For Want of a Mother's Attention.

Mr. Neil Morrison, St. John, N. B. "My daughter, Mrs. Gregory, has had rheumatism so bad during the last year that she was unable to help her children, or attend to her household duties. Everything imaginable was tried, but to no purpose. I was at last recommended to get South American Rheumatic Cure. One bottle cured my daughter within four days, and I take much pleasure in giving this recommendation."

Agitation in the world of homeopathic medicine has been its very soul of progress, as in politics and religion—the difficulties of opinion and the individualities of men have been parent to the disagreements by which the standard of these bodies have been elevated. So with most of our famous preparations—foremost in illustration of which truth stands the world-famous remedy to general debility and langour "Quinine Wine," and which, when obtainable in its genuine strength, is a miraculous creator of appetite, vitality and stimulant to the general fertility of the system. Quinine Wine, and its improvement, has, from the first discovery of the great virtues of Quinine as a medical agent, been one of the most thoroughly discussed remedies ever offered to the public. It is one of the great tonics and natural life-giving stimulants which the medical profession have been compelled to recognize and prescribe. Messrs. Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have given to the preparation of their pure Quinine Wine the great care due to their importance, and the standard excellence of the article which they offer to the public comes into the market purged of all the defects which skillful observation and scientific opinion has pointed out in the less perfect preparations of the past. All druggists sell it.

What is a German! It is hugging set to music, and the ante room to eternal disgrace. And what is eternal disgrace! It is hell-fire—that's it. Whenever you hear that I have had a little party at my house, you can just say that Jones is dead. He died last night.

SHADE TREES.

How They Are Destroyed by the Electric Current.

The city or town which possesses no shade trees is lacking in attractiveness and beauty. More than ever before, the American people are realizing the blessed relief afforded by the foliage of a noble maple or elm. Shade trees are being cultivated, even in thickly populated communities, and the boulevard idea, which includes a double driveway, with a stretch of lawn, planted with trees, between, is becoming extremely popular, not only in the newly-laid out towns of the west, but also in the east, where to construct such boulevards, streets have to be widened and valuable property purchased. The torrid climate of our midsummer is such that the people demand such shade as is offered by the leaf-clad trees, either in parks or in the public streets. But just at the time when the beauty and utility of the shade tree is becoming appreciated, a new enemy has risen to destroy it. Comparatively few cities and towns of any note are to-day without an electric railroad system. The trolley roads furnish such excellent rapid transit that the people would not go back to the old and slower form of horse locomotion. Yet the electric system has its disadvantages, and one of these is the effect it has upon trees. Everywhere the electric system is in use the same result is noticeable. Slowly but surely the trees are being killed by some disease new to the students of arboriculture, but directly attributable to the electric current in the ground. The system in use on nearly all of these railroads provides for a return of the circuit through the ground. Naturally, some of the current as it passes down the motor car to the rails is scattered and does not return to the power station, there to complete the circuit. This electricity in the ground is believed to be the cause of the strange disease among the shade trees. In some cities and suburbs the ill effect of the electric current on the shade trees is very noticeable. Magnificent elms and maples, which for years have been the pride of the town, are slowly dying. Nor is the disease confined to the shade trees directly along the line of the railroad. Even as a distance of two or three blocks trees have become affected and are perishing, without any hope of being saved. At present no one seems to know how this disease of the trees can be checked.

A WINTER IN PARIS.

Mr. G. T. Fulford's Return From The World's Gayest City.

A Reporter's Interesting Interview With Him—Some Statistics and Information of General Value.

From the Recorder, Brockville, Ont.

Mr. G. T. Fulford, who is understood to have been doing big things in Paris during the past winter and spring introducing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, has reached home with his family, and on the evening of his arrival was interviewed by a Recorder reporter, and asked to give an account of himself.

"Well," he said, in reply to a question on the status of the Pink Pills business in France, "of course it isn't altogether an easy matter to introduce a foreign article into a strange market, but I don't think we can complain of the progress made, it is gratifying to report that some, at least, of the Paris doctors are open to recognize a medicine of which the intrinsic merits can be demonstrated to them. One of the best of them—at Versailles, the Paris suburb where the Emperors used to keep their court—has given favorable testimony through the press of quite wonderful cures through the use of Pink Pills in his practice; and the Religieuses, an order of Nuns like the Sisters of Charity, have also made an extensive use of Pink Pills in their charitable work, and give strong testimonials as to their good effects."

"How do you find business all round?"

"Pretty good. We have sold in the past twelve months a little over two million three hundred and sixty thousand boxes of Pink Pills."

"That is a pretty large order, isn't it?"

"It is the best twelve months' business yet. Look for a minute at what the figures mean. If all the pills were turned out into a heap, and a person set to count them, working ten hours a day and six days a week, the job would take—I have reckoned it—4 years, 31 days, 6 hours and 4 minutes counting at the rate of 100 a minute. Or, if you want further statistics, it is somewhere about two pills a head for the combined adult population of Canada, Great Britain, Ireland and the United States. I don't give these figures to glorify the business, you will understand, but to enable you to make the facts tangible to an ordinary reader."

"Does Great Britain do its share in the business?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, I think we have had a record there. The head of a leading advertising agency in London to whom I showed my figures told me that no business of the kind had ever reached the same dimensions in England in as short a time; for though we have only been working in England two years there are but two medicines there that have as large a sale as Pink Pills and one of these is over thirty years old while the other has been at work at least half that time."

"How do you account for the way Pink Pills have 'jumped' the English market then?"

"I cannot attribute it in reasonable logic to anything but the merits of the pills."

Was everything lovely asked the reporter or were there any crumpled rose-leaves in the couch?

"Can't grumble except in one way. There's a certain amount of substitution in some retail stores and there is a man in Manchester, England, that I have had prosecuted on the criminal charge of it."

"But what do the substitutors do—do they duplicate your formula under some other name?"

"No, not a bit of it; that is the worst feature of the fraud. No dealer can possibly know what is in Pink Pills; and if he did, he couldn't prepare them in small quantities at a profit. They are not common drugs, and by no means cheap to make. I suppose I have spent from ten to twelve thousand dollars, since I took over the trade mark, in trying of the formula could be improved and spent a share of it for nothing."

"What do you mean by 'for nothing?'"

"After I acquired the trade mark I saw that if the thing was to be a success it was imperative that I should have the best tonic pill that could be gotten up. Consequently I obtained the advice and opinion of some of the most noted men in medicine in Montreal and New York—and expert advice of that sort comes high. I made the changes in my formula suggested by these medical scientists, and the favor with which the public has received the medicine, demonstrates that it is the most perfect blood builder and nerve tonic known. However, I was anxious to still further improve the formula, if that could be done, and have since spent a great deal of money with that end in view. On going to London, two years ago, to place Pink Pills, I went into it again, with the best medical men there, and as you know, the medical expert is not too friendly to proprietary medicines; and least of all to a good one; and I don't blame the doctors either. It isn't good for their business if a man can get for fifty cents medicine that will do him more good than $50 in doctoring. Consequently advice came high, but I obtained the best there is, not only on this continent but in London and Paris.

"When I went to Paris last winter I placed my formula and a supply of Pink Pills in the hands of one of the most noted doctors in that city for a three months' trial in his practice, with a view to getting suggestions for improvement; at the end of that time his answer was 'Leave it alone, it cannot be bettered. You now have a perfect blood and nerve medicine.' This opinion cost me 10,000 francs, but I consider it money well spent, as it determines the fact, that the formula for Pink Pills is now as perfect as medical science can make it. And coming back to the question of substitution and imitations; what I have just told you will show what a poor thing it is for a man who goes to a store for Pink Pills to let something else be pushed on to him in place of them—more especially if it is a worn out thing like Blaud's pills—a formula in the French pharmacopoeia that has been a back number for years until a few storekeepers tried to push it on the strength of Pink Pills advertising. You can take it from me that a storekeeper who tells anyone that Blaud's pill (which is not a proprietary at all, any one can make it that wants to) is in any way a substitute for Pink Pills is an ignoramus and never ought to be trusted to sell medicine at all. A druggist as ignorant as that certainly isn't fit to put up a prescription, and will poison some one some day."

Try it.—It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent—Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and astringent. This Oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

A Story of Two Words.

"Oh, if I were lucky enough to call this estate mine, I should be a happy fellow," said a young man.

"And then?" said a friend.

"Why, then, I'd pull down the old house and build a palace, have lots of prime fellows about me, keep the best wines, and the finest horses and dogs in the country."

"And then?"

"Then I'd hunt, and ride, and smoke, and drink, and dance, and keep open house, and enjoy life gloriously."

"And then?"

"Why, then I suppose like other people, I should grow old, and not care so much for these things."

"And then?"

"Why, then, I suppose, in the course of nature, I should leave all these pleasant things—and—well, yes die!"

"And then?"

"O bother your 'thens!' I must be off."

Many years after the friend was accosted with:

"God bless you! I owe my happiness to you!"

"How?"

"By two words spoken in season long ago: 'And then?'"

Idleness is repose run riot.

Art is man's conception of nature.

Defeat is the poultice that draws endeavor to the surface.

200,000 WEAK MEN CURED!

STARTLING FACTS FOR DISEASED VICTIMS.

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY!

ARE YOU? Nervous and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams and night losses; restless; haggard looking; weak back; bone pains; hair loose; ulcers; sore throat; varicocele; deposit in urine and drains at stool; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strength—WE CAN CURE YOU!

RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DRS. K. & K.

JOHN A. MANLIN. JOHN A. MANLIN. CHAS. POWERS. CHAS. POWERS.

BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT. BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT.

NO NAMES OR TESTIMONIALS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS AND IMPOTENCY CURED

John A. Manlin says:—"I was one of the countless victims of early ignorance commenced at 15 years of age. I tried seven medical firms and spent $900 without avail. I gave up in despair. The drains on my system were weakening my intellect as well as my sexual and physical life. My brother advised me as a last resort to consult Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. I commenced their New Method Treatment and in a few weeks was a new man, with new life and ambition. This was four years ago, and now I am married and happy. I recommend these reliable specialists to all my afflicted fellowmen."

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY.—CONFIDENTAL.

"The vices of early boyhood laid the foundation of my ruin. Later on a 'gay life' and exposure to blood diseases completed the wreck. I had all the symptoms of Nervous Debility—sunken eyes, emissions, drain in urine, nervousness, weak back, etc. Syphilis caused my hair to fall out, bone pains, ulcers in mouth and on tongue, blotches on body, etc. I thank God I tried Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. They restored me to health, vigor and happiness." CHAS. POWERS.

Syphilis, Emissions Varicocele, Cured.

We treat and cure Varicocele, Emissions, Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, Unnatural Discharges, Self Abuse, Kidney and Bladder Diseases.

17 YEARS IN DETROIT. 200,000 CURED. NO RISK.

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your Blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. CONSULTATION FREE. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. BOOKS FREE—"The Golden Monitor" (Illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Inclose postage, 2 cents. Sealed.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No medicine sent C. O. D. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of Treatment, FREE.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 148 SHELBY ST. DETROIT, MICH.

"I TELL ALL MY FRIENDS."

A Lady of Shelburne, Ont., Permanently Cured of Indigestion After Using Two Bottles of South American Nervine—Glad to Let Everyone Know It.

MRS. A. V. GALBRAITH.

With indigestion it is not only that one suffers all imaginable torments, physical and mental, but more, perhaps, than anything else, an impaired digestion is the forerunner of countless ailments that in their course lead to the most serious consequences. Let the stomach get out of order and it may be said the whole system is diseased. When the digestive organs fail in their important functional duties, head and heart, mind and body are sick. These were the feelings of Mrs. Galbraith, wife of Mr. A. V. Galbraith, the well-known jeweller of Shelburne, Ont., before she had learned of the beneficent results to be gained by the use of South American Nervine Tonic. In so many words she said: "Life was becoming unbearable. I was so cranky I was really ashamed of myself. Nothing that I ate would agree with me; now it does not matter what I eat. I take enjoyment out of all my meals." Here are Mrs. Galbraith's words of testimony to South American Nervine, given over her own signature:

"Shelburne, Ont., March 27, 1894.

"I was for considerable time a sufferer from indigestion, experiencing all the misery and annoyance so common to this complaint. South American Nervine was recommended to me as a safe and effective remedy for all such cases. I used only two bottles, and am pleased to testify that these fully cured me, and I have had no indication of a return of the trouble since. I never fail to recommend the Nervine to all my friends troubled with indigestion or nervousness.

"MRS. A. V. GALBRAITH."

The testimony of this lady, given freely and voluntarily out of a full heart because of the benefits she experienced in her own person, have an echo in thousands of hearts all over the country. South American Nervine must cure, because it operates at once on the nerve centres. These nerve centres are the source from which emanates the life fluid that keeps all organs of the body in proper repair. Keep these nerve centres sound and disease is unknown. There is no trick in the business. Everything is very simple and common sense like. South American Nervine strengthens the digestive organs, tones up the liver, enriches the blood, is peculiarly efficacious in building up shattered and nervous constitutions. It never fails to give relief in one day.

W. TURNER & CO.

Wholesale & Retail Merchants for Markdale.

If you Want First-rate Job Printing at low Prices, apply at this Office.