Delays are Dangerous.

A few weeks ago, in these columns, we found it necessary to correct a statement made by some persons respecting the Gold Cure treatment for alcoholism given at the Lakehurst Institute, Oakville. This is now a desire to dispel from the mind of every interested reader the idea that besotted, degraded drunkards are what we have under our care. No greater mistake could be made than this. While many of our patrons have been desperate, hard drinkers, a large percentage of those who undertake the treatment have done so while yet possessing the respect and confidence of their business associates and a fore home, influence, wealth and health shall have been sacrificed to the insatiable demon—alcohol. The example of these is well worthy of imitation by thousands of business men who are daily making fresh concessions to the growing fondness for strong drink. Take the cure now, and head off the inevitable results of delay. Toronto office 28 Bank of Commerce Building.

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COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

(CONTINUED.)

"Do you know that I thought you would never come back, that you were dead, or that some one had come between us, and even now I cannot believe that you are here—you ought to have written, darling. Did you not guess what a miserable time it would be to me? I am going to scold you for it by and by, sir; but I shall have plenty of time for that! And I was wicked enough to doubt you, Paul—as though I might not have known better! I had all sorts of queer fancies. But I will never be afraid again, Paul—never again. I could even let you go away from me and be quite sure you would come back safe."

How silent Paul is! because he is so happy, I suppose; and how quickly he is breathing, as though he had been running hard.

"And you have come back to me on Christmas morning," I say, dreamily, "to give me the whitest, happiest, merriest Christmas. Do you know I asked George Tempest to wish me a merry Christmas just now, and he turned away. I suppose he is very tired, as you must be, darling."

I lift my head to look at his face, but he presses my head back in its place, stroking my face with his hand with a passionate tenderness that fills to overflowing my hungry heart.

"How quiet you are!" I say; "but I do not want to hear you talk—its quite enough for me to know that I have you so near me. What can come between us now that we are together?"

He draws my hand across his lips. How hot they are! how they quiver!

The church bells ring out sweet and cheerful across the fields; the peal rises and falls gayly. Can any sound be sweeter than Christmas-bells when one is happy?

"Paul," I say in a whisper, "did you see that wicked paper? I might have known you would not believe it."

"It is cold here," he says; and I lift my head suddenly and look into his face.

Is this my Paul—gaunt and worn, and pale as death, with deep, burning eyes? He looks like a man just risen from a bed of illness.

"You have been ill!" I cry. "That was why you stayed so long away and never wrote!"

"No," he says, slowly, "not ill. We can not talk here. Let us go to the old place."

But as we go I look at him again and again, and see plainly enough that he is ill. I should scarcely know him again for the man who went away from me a fortnight ago. As we cross the field I slip and stumble on the uneven, snow covered ground, and hold out my hands to Paul to help me, but he does not seem to heed me; he walks forward alone.

In our snow-parlor I sit down on the old log of wood; but he does not—he stretches himself out at my feet and lays his head against my shoulder. His face is hidden; he does not move or stir, or speak. Is he only weary, or in actual bodily pain? I have so much to tell him, he has so much to tell me, I think that if I were not so perfectly happy in merely knowing that he is with me I should be piqued, and a little angry. I never noticed until to-day that Paul's hair is streaked with gray—I always thought it was raven black; and it is full early for the color to change. He is but little past thirty. I pull the short locks out between my fingers, and he shivers under my touch. Yes, he is ill, and it is madness for him to lie out here in the cold.

"Paul!" I say, stooping over him, "you must not stay out here; come with me to the house."

He lifts his eyes to my face painfully giddy; then his head falls heavily back and he clasps his arms tighter about me.

"Can you not wait a little while?" he says, and his voice is strange and harsh.

"Yes, I can wait," I say, gently, looking out at the wide stretching sweep of white, just as I looked at it a few days ago, when I came hither alone; only then my heart was heavy as lead, and now it beats under the head of my lover.

I fold my arms about his neck, close and warm: it is such a new delight to me to know that he is all my own. If he had been given back to me from the dead I could not look at him with greater wonder and thankfulness. And yet it is altogether unaccountable. But though Paul has been with me all this time he has not kissed me once; no, nor seemed to think of such a thing! It never happened so before.

Hark at the bells!" I say, as they ring out, now loud, now clear, across the fields. "I wonder will they sing as sweetly as that when you and I are wed, Paul? And I actually dreamed that you were married to somebody else, dear; was ever anything more foolish and senseless!"

He lifts his head, suddenly rises and stands before me. The minute-bell has almost done ringing as he begins to speak; it ceases, and with the last stroke every joy and good hope the world contains has died out for me for ever and ever—and this is my white merry Christmas morning!

Not a sound breaks the silence as we look in each other's deathly faces; then his mouth opens and a terrible curse breaks from his lips and wanders out over the desolate, stirless land; and my heart begins to move again, and sluggish life to creep into my body. His words do not shock me—do not even seem strange to me. I listen to them as idly as I used to hearken to the frozen brook yonder when it ran its summer course between the green banks.

"And why then did you come back?" I asked, and my voice is much the same as usual, only maybe a little slower. "Why are you not with your wife?"

"My wife!" The words leave his lips as though he cast a foul stain of leprosy from him. "Why did you let me go without a word of warning?" he cries, with clinched hand. "Did you know all the time that we had such a bitter enemy? Did you know that for years I have been spied on, dogged, followed, and that here, in your very home, lived one of that woman's spies to report our every word and act?"

"I knew we had an enemy," I say, sitting with stiffly-folded hands and eyes that never lift themselves from the blank, blinding carpet of my parlor, "but I thought she had no power to harm us."

"And that has undone us," he cries, with a despair and fury in his voice that makes it sound like nothing human. "If you had only warned me that morning before I left you—" He stops. "God forgive me for blaming you when my own mad folly has brought us to this. And to this," he cries, smiting his brow with his clinched hand, "that I have lost you to set that vile—thing! After parting with you the day I set out for Rome, I walked some distance; and then, reproaching myself for having allowed you to return home alone, I retraced my footsteps. Turning the bend of the meadow, I saw you in George Tempest's arms, your head against his shoulder; and, acting under I don't know what impulse, instead of walking boldly forward, I turned sharply, and in another moment was out of sight. I returned to The Towers, just caught my train, and at Marseilles sat down to write to you. My first hot anger had passed by then: your parting words of love and sorrow had come back to me with the stamp of their own beautiful truth upon them; and, though I could not understand the situation in which I found you, I felt sure you could explain it. And though I did not like it—what man would?—I was not at that time actively jealous of him or doubtful of you; that was to come after. In my letter I asked you how it was you came to be with him, and whether you had been ill or miserable when I saw him holding you. I reached Rome safely, and on the day after my arrival I looked for the letter that you had promised to post to me the day I left Silverbridge; but there was none—no, nor on the next day, or the next. Can you wonder that by degrees there grew up in my heart a terrible fear, a sickening doubt: with my absence had your love grown so faint and lifeless? And if I could have hurried back I should have done so: no word of mine should ever seek to determine your wandering allegiance. Only I could not suppose such a thing possible—you had seemed so honest, so true; your love-words were so freshly in my ears. But sometimes I remembered that so many women had been false to other men by women who had betrayed them."

"And did you ever receive a letter from me?" I asked, slowly, remembering the dainty knot of flowers that I had gathered so carefully and kissed so tenderly.

"I received one," he says, "later. Meanwhile I was detained by business beyond the time I had fixed to return to Silverbridge; and on the 21st a letter and a newspaper were brought to me. The former was in your handwriting, and your seal with your name 'Nell' on it, looked me in the face so naturally and sweetly, that my doubts forsook me on the spot, and I kissed it like a fool, child. I opened the letter, and out fell a tiny withered nosegay of flowers, that seemed to have been plucked many days and had little scent; and for your sweet sake, I kissed them, too, Nell, many times. Then I read your first love-letter. I took it in my hand so carefully, remembering that it had touched yours, and started as I read the first words—'Dear Mr. Vasher.' With all your wilful ways I could not understand that. Well, it was a simple e istle enough. It was only to say that, after mature consideration, you had come to the conclusion that you would be happier as George Tempest's wife than as mine, and that you had already married him, and were going abroad immediately with him and his father. You sent a newspaper to corroborate your statement; you asked forgiveness from me for any disappointment you might cause me; and you signed yourself 'Helen Tempest.'"

"Have you it here?" I ask; and he takes it out of his pocket-book and hands it to me, and I sit looking at it much as a man may look at the knife that has stabbed his nearest and dearest to the heart. The writing on the envelope is mine, that on the sheet inside is not; but the forgery is so excellent that, were this letter a copy of one I had ever written, I should pronounce it to be my own. I give it back to him without a word.

"The sight of your handwriting," he goes on, "had so routed the jealous demon that had for the past ten days tormented me, that the letter itself came upon me like a rude, violent shock. Then I grew angry, and thought how unlike you it was to play me such a trick, and (knowing my weakness about Tempest) how unworthy of you! The joke seemed to me to be the worst possible taste. I pushed your letter and the flowers aside, and mechanically opened the paper—not that I expected to find there the announcement you bade me look for, but because I thought some curious similarity of name to yours and Tempest's had suggested the sorry jest. And I found no less than the actual announcement of your marriage. I was still staring at it, incapable of any reasonable thought, when Mills knocked at the door, and asked for orders about something or other. As he was going out of the room, I asked him, if he had heard any Silverbridge news since he came away. He hesitated for a moment, then took from his pocket a letter which he laid on the table, then went away without a word. Like all the other servants, he knew pretty well how matters lay between you and me. The letter was addressed to him, and the inclosure was from a housemaid (apparently) living in your house. She said that you were married to young Mr. Tempest, to everybody's surprise, that people said it was like a stolen marriage, even though Mrs. Adair went to church to see you made man and wife, and Mr. Skipworth read the service. Nell, I had treated your letter as a bad joke, I had doubted the newspaper, for I know mistakes sometimes occur, but this third piece of evidence I could not and did not doubt; none but a madman would. The gross improbability of the whole thing; the unlikelihood that you should be in so indecent a hurry to marry another man the moment my back was turned; the strangeness of your mother's abetting your rash act by her presence, when she had countenanced your engagement to me; your father's absence, and the tacit disobedience displayed to him by the marriage in his absence—all these unnatural circumstances I recollect clearly enough, but they vanished before the one great fact that you were married; how or why or where, mattered little enough, you were Tempest's wife."

"And then?" I ask, lifting my dull eyes to his bleached wild face.

"And then I went mad—as utterly mad for the time being as any wretch in Bedlam; as drunk with grief as any senseless beast on the pavement; as incapable as either of accounting for or guiding my action. Well, I wandered about all that day; at night I found myself back again in my rooms; and, as I sat there, my despair at losing you gave way to a fierce fury—that you should have dared to so trick and shame me; you, who had known of the disappointment I had found in my first love; you, to stab me so surely to the heart, who knew how entirely my whole life and belief in all things rested on the trust I had in your honesty and faithfulness. In that hour my love for you seemed to pass away, even more utterly than it had done for Silvia, when I found out her falsehood, for, be her sin what it might, she had been true to me, while you had deliberately left me without a pang, without a care.

"As I sat there, out of the darkness suddenly came clinging arms, and stole round my neck, drawing my burning head down to a soft embrace; a tender voice, gentle as a mother's whispered words of comfort in my ear. I did not know whether I was actually mad or dreaming. Had an angel dropped from heaven to tend me, or was my unknown consoler some earthly creature, like myself, who could care for so heart bare, desolate a man as I? And some touch of the hand, some tone in the whispering voice, by and by informed me that this woman, who could lay aside all pride and thought of self, to come to me in my hour of agony, was Silvia to whom I had dealt out such bitter mercy, and who, it now appeared, had loved me through it all, ay! from the first day to the last, while you, whom I had loved a hundredfold more than I ever did her, had cast me from you as unhesitatingly, as cooly, as a withered flower or a soiled glove. I did not question how she knew my story. I asked no reasons for her coming; and she gave none. She had only fled to me in my misery, reckoning, caring nothing for name or reputation—so I thought then—good God!

"The night wore on; her love, her tenderness, her clinging beauty, her great love worked on me like a charm. I have told you that in that hour I hated you for your falseness; well, in that hour I loved that woman for her truth. Had she not through good and evil report clung to me? Did not her own sin show white as snow beside your black, barefaced desertion? And remember that I was mad, child—utterly mad! My higher, better nature was dead within me. All reasonable, thinking power had gone out of me, and so—God knows the rest!—the maddening wiles of the woman, the rage that filled my heart against you—and the morning found us standing together before a priest, and, later on, at the British embassy, man and wife.

Even then the madness had not passed. I did not know what I had done, did not know what I had married. The darkness still lay upon my eyes. She was to me simply a woman who had been faithful; you a woman who had betrayed me. My thought never went any further than that. I did not love her, and did not hate her; I simply had no feeling for her whatever.

"We went to Florence immediately. Tempest was at that moment in the town, if we had known it. With the usual fatality where one's lives are concerned, there had been no less than three break-downs on the road, and he had arrived too late. Afterward I found that, half an hour after we set out, he had reached my door, but no message had been left, and he had no clew to our whereabouts, so he had a long search before he found us. At that time I never thought. It did not occur to me strange that Sylvia should be in there alone and unattended, I never asked myself or her how she knew of your marriage, or how she could dare to marry me knowing what effect the news had upon me. I felt something like a man under the influence of an opiate that has not made him perfectly unconscious—everything passes around him in a dream, but he knows that by and by he will awake, and see things as they really are.

"On the morning after we reached Florence, my senses came back to me; for the first times I saw face to face this thing I had done; knew that, married though you were, I loved you madly as ever; knew that the woman I had made my wife was less to me than one sound of your voice, one touch of your hand. And strangely enough, you had not seemed lost to me when I knew you to be the wife of another man, as now that I found myself the husband of another woman. I walked out of the house in the still bright, early morning, and the first man I met was your husband, George Tempest. There must have been murder my eyes as I looked at him, for he said at once, 'It is all a mistake.'

"I don't know what happened after that. In that hour we had set out for England. You know the rest."

Yes, I know the rest, as I look upon the face that is now no more than a shadow. The features are there, but where are the life, the glow, the spirit, that filled it in bravely a fortnight ago—only a fortnight ago!

And we stand looking, looking into each other's haggard countenances, and dare not put out so much as the tips of our fingers to each other—'twixt him and me a great gulf lies. I wonder if I shall always be this dumb, senseless stone—will the spirit ever wake in me and cry, and rend me?

"If I had to choose between dying now this minute and living over again the last hour, I would choose to die," he says, slowly. "I have suffered enough, God knows, since you and I stood here together, but never half of what I did when I heard your footsteps coming over the snow, and dared not turn to face you, and then, when you clasped your arm round my neck, and ran on in your loving welcome—when I think of the future, of how I shall never watch for your coming, never see you stepping across the rye to meet me; never, in summer or seed-time, or winter or harvest, listen to your steps and the sound of your gentle voice—we shall miss each other's morning kiss, child—at eventide we shall hold out our despairing arms to each other—the days will be empty and dreary—we shall call upon each other across the silence that gives back no answer."

His words enter my ears, but do not stir my heart; by and by they will come back to me, perhaps. I shall have plenty of time after he is gone to muse over and be sorry for them—yes, all the rest of my life.

"We need not have quarreled about the books—need we?" I ask, with a faint smile. "I shall never have a chance of throwing any more at you."

"Don't," he says, sharply. "You were right, child, when you used to say we were too happy."

"Paul," I say, shivering, "when do you go back to your wife?"

"Go back to her?" he says, frowning. "Did I hear you aright?"

"Yes. Of course you will go back to her—you are bound to."

"Am I?" he asks, between his teeth. "I think not."

"She could not force you to marry her," I say, steadily; "you did it of your own free-will. What reason would you give to the world for casting her off?"

"What reason?" he asks, with a deep, steady blaze in his eyes. "She is no wife of mine, and it shall be my business to prove that she is not!"

"She loves you."

"Loves me!" he cries, with a fierce scorn in his voice. "She would have shown her love better by stabbing me to the heart! And you would send me back to her?"

"Yes, I would send you back"

"Ay!" he says, below his breath, "I will go back to kill her!"

"Will you? Was Paul Vasher born to be a murderer?"

"Yes," he says, doggedly, "even that!"

"No, you will not. That weak, sinful woman has no power to plunge your soul into guilt. She has ruined your life, but she can do no more. Shameful though she is, she is yours. You took her not for a day or a week, but for better for worse. You must bear the burden of the rash act you committed; remember that any discredit you lay upon her will recoil upon yourself; for she is, in the eyes of the world, your wife and the bearer of your name."

"In the sight of God she is not! Did you ever love me?" he asks, bitterly. "After all, I do not think you can know what love means, to wish to send me back to that woman. Do you think that if you had been cheated into marrying another man, and you came to me, I would send you back to him? I would hold you—keep you—bind you in my arms so safely that no one should wrest you from—my love, my darling!" He covers up his face, he trembles in a strong man's agony, and still, still I can look at him and feel absolutely nothing.

"As you will not take up your burden and bear it like a man," I say—and at my words he lifts his head—"I must take it up and bear it for you. I will never live to have people pointing at me and saying: 'That is the girl Paul Vasher loves, and who loves him—the married man!' It is on her account that he does not live with his wife.' Do you think that I could bear it? If you will not go back to her, I will leave Silverbridge and go far away, where the prying finger of scandal cannot reach me."

"And why should you? Who will know the story?"

"Everyone. Do you think she will keep silence?"

"There can be no possible reproach to you in it."

"None if you are with her, much if you are apart. She who is known to stand between husband and wife receives but scant mercy from the world."

"Ask me something less hard," he says, and the veins in his forehead stand out like cords. "Even for you I cannot do this. Set me some task that body and soul do not utterly forbid. I am not mad, Nell; but I know my own strength, and I could not do it. What do you think I am made of, that I could see her fill your place, bear your name, stand by my side usurping your rights—she! Do you think I could ever let my eyes rest on her false face without yours rising up before me? ever hear her called Mrs. Vasher without longing to strike to earth the man that said it? ever endure to so much as touch her hand, when I was wearying, aching after you—you think I could do all this and live? Sooner or later I should break down—and—"

"Paul," I say, and my voice is so hushed that I can scarcely hear it, "do you not see that there is no safety for either you or me if you are not by the side of your wife? For the sake of all the love you bore me, in recompense for all the misery you have brought me, I ask this one mercy of you! Live with her as a stranger if you will; but, in the eyes of the world, be man and wife."

A shamed streak of red comes into my cheek as I speak; then I bow my head and wait, and a terrible doubt crosses my mind as to whether I am acting for good or evil in demanding this supreme expiation of a life. The silence is so long and unbroken that time seems to stand still; and when he speaks his voice seems to come from a long way off. I lift my eyes and look at him, and in his there is the beaten, broken look that never comes into a man's face until the last hope is gone—the last stake lost.

"You have conquered," he says. "I will do it for your sake. Could any man do more? You must give me a little while to get used to the idea, a little while to get rid of some of my prejudices" (he laughs harshly), "then she shall be offered a place in my house as the mistress of it, to be treated by me as any other stranger within my gates, if she refuses, she can live alone."

A sick, jealous pain, the first that has begun to stir my dull heart, awakes as I look at him. What if he grows to love her again? Is she not fair as the day? and do men remember forever? And I am sending him back to her. There is a little bitter silence, and then Paul kneels down in the snow and looks into my face; but I do not look at him: my heart is waking from its torpor, and I dare not. Yesterday he was my lover, to-day he is Silvia's husband. Not in one moment can I pass from the familiar friendship to the new, unnatural position we hold toward each other.

"You have fixed my lot, child; what is to be your own?"

"I shall live."

"Will ever any one fill my place?"

"Never."

"No one man more than another?"

"No man."

"I was always a selfish brute," he says, slowly; "I am selfish still, and I tell you I would rather see you lying in your coffin with violets in your pale hands than know you to be another man's wife. And that is my love for you, Nell. I would have you love me to the very last beat of your heart. I would have the last thought of your sweet soul, the last call from your lips; as your name will be on mine when I die, sweetheart; as I shall love you to the day of my death—and after. And when we meet as we shall meet, in another world, where there are no marriages, will you come to my side with lips as pure and untouched as they have ever been, save to me? as on mine no touch of living woman shall rest between now and then—so help me, God!"

"I will come to you," I say, simply.

The calm that lay on me, heavy as the snow on the once throbbing earth at my feet has broken up now, and a wild fever of agony possess me—a breathless longing to touch his hand, to speak one word of love and comfort to him—and I may not, dare not, though we are young, loving, together, though not a yard of space lies between us. We are separated, not for a week or a year, but forever. Since he lifted his head from my shoulder when the bells were ringing, there has been space between us—Death himself could not set us further from eachother. I must get away soon—soon, or I shall break down utterly. I stand up. "Good-by," I say, in a whisper; "I am going now."

"So soon?" he says, and his voice is almost as faint as mine; "shall we not be apart all the rest of our lives?"

"Will talking give us back our murdered happiness, Paul? will talking about our beautiful yesterday quicken our dead to-morrow? We can never be any more to each other than we are now; we can never be any less. Let me go now while I have the strength."

"Strength!" he repeats, hoarsely, as he peers into my face; "and I have brought you to this, my poor broken little white flower. It is my mad, senseless sin that has driven the color from your cheeks, the gladness from your sweet eyes! Nell, Nell! I cannot let you go; you are my real wife, not that other—my life, my lily!"

"Should I be your lily, then?" I ask, tremblingly. But he who has been so chary of touching me since he has told me his evil tidings, comes closer; would fold his arms about me.

"Back!" I cry, springing aside; "what! would you be the foulest traitor on God's earth?"

"To her!" he cries, with a fierce gesture of loathing. "To me!"

"To you," he mutters, then an ashen gray replaces the fire of a moment ago; his hands fall to his side, and so, with a hand's breadth between us, we stand looking on each other's wild faces, then—

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE MAN WITH THE TEA KETTLE.

The Amateur Sherlock Holmes Bothered Him so Much that he Lost Temper and Memory

There was a man riding on the rear platform of a Grand River avenue car the other afternoon with a package between his feet, and this package attracted the attention of a little man who got on at Second avenue. Presently he queried:

"Ever read Sherlock Holmes?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man with the package.

"Great hand to deduce and conclude, wasn't he?"

"Yes."

"But no greater than I am. For instance, you have a tea-kettle in that paper. It follows that you are a married man. Being a married man, it follows that your wife has been asking you about four times a week for the last year to buy that tea-kettle. Having been a year in buying it, the inference is that you are absent-minded in a general way and have little concern for things about the house. The chances are that you will leave the tea-kettle on the car when you get off and forget that you ever bought it. Am I correct?"

"You are an ass!" was the blunt reply.

"My dear sir, I have every reason to believe that——"

"You have lots of gall to talk to me as you have!" interrupted the tea-kettle man.

"I was simply trying to prove to you that Sherlock Holmes only——"

"What do I care about Sherlock Homes? Who are you, sir, that you presume to be so familiar?"

"My name is Horntackle, and I like to deduce and conclude. Being an irascible man, it naturally follows that your poor wife has——"

"If I had you on the sidewalk I'd punch your head sir! You have said quite enough! I'll remember your mug and if I catch you on the ground I'll teach you manners!"

With that he got off. He not only got off but left the tea-kettle. The little man held it up to him and waved it on high and yelled at him, and the conductor stopped the car, but the man would not return for it. After having been told that he would leave that tea-kettle behind and after having left it, he would not have claimed it for a million dollars.

At Last.

The stout party with the eyeglasses gazed with rapture at the rolling, dark-blue waves.

"At last," he said, "The dream of my life is realized! I have the glories of the mighty deep before my eyes, the moisture of the salt breeze for the first time on my cheek!"

Here he wept.

The careless loungers of the sandy shore recognizing the celebrated writer of sea stories, respected his emotion, and stood silent, nor jarred upon his joy with their idle babble.

He Withdrew.

The house had been picked up by a tremendous cyclone and hurled and whirled and crashed through tree tops and over fields until at last it fell in an old buffalo wallow, and was riven to kindling wood. There was a slight commotion among the débris and at last the Kansas man crawled out, stunned and bleeding.

He looked around with a dazed air at the new surroundings, two counties away from home, but suddenly brightening up, he cried:

"Mr. President and gentlemen of the convention, I withdraw my name."

Good Time to Buy Furs.

This is a capital time to buy furs. It sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? when the sun is blazing away in the heavens and muslins are the only wear, but it is true. I realized it myself yesterday, when a charming girl confided to me that she had hovered between getting her life insured and purchasing a sealskin coat. She had finally decided on the former, but to my notion a good sealskin often insures one's safety, and, therefore, one's life, in a much pleasanter way than does a mere policy. At this season there is a great reduction in the price of furs, and it is easy to leave an order and save money when cold weather comes and the garment is needed. As for the fashions in fur, believe me, they are pretty well settled by this time. Broadly speaking, sealskin capes will be waist-length, jackets are moderately short, and sleeves slightly more reasonable than they were last year. Velvet, trimmed heavily with fur, will continue to be worn, but for more definite information a trip to any first-class furrier's will suffice. I am only suggesting the economic possibility of the season, and do not venture to outline the fashions so far ahead.

Very Important Epochs.

"There are only two important epochs in a woman's life," said the observant bachelor.

"Name them," replied Miss Giddey.

"Before she is married and after."

A STRANGE CRY.

It is Always Revived When a Cowper is Running for Office.

Apropos of Lord Cowper, who by the by, bears the Austrian title of "prince," an honor which is shared by the Duke of Marlborough, I may mention that whenever any member of his family is elected to parliament the inquiry is always made by the rougher portion of the crowd around the hustings and polling booths as to "Who killed Sarah Stout?" The origin of this peculiar cry destined to annoy the noble house of Cowper, which dated back to the reign of King Edward IV., is to be found in the following story: One of the recent Earls Cowper had a brother named Spencer, who was a practising barrister. During the Hertford assizes he usually lodged at the house of a Quaker named Stout, whose daughter fell passionately in love with him. One day both disappeared, and on the following morning the body of Miss Stout was found floating in the milldam hard by. Spencer Cowper was indicted for murder and was tried and acquitted at the following assizes at Hertford. The Quaker society was sorely scandalized at the idea of one of their sect committing suicide, and collected a perfect phalanx of doctors to prove that as there was no water in the body, which must have been the case had she been drowned, she must have been killed before being thrown into the milldam. Cowper defended himself very skilfully and managed to lead the jury to believe that he had repelled her advances, and that thereupon she had rushed out of the house and drowned herself. The English Quakers never accepted this solution of the case, and have ever since manifested violent antagonism to the house of Cowper, it being due to them probably that this cry of "Who killed Sarah Stout?" is still alive. Notwithstanding the suspicion that rested upon Spencer Cowper, he was subsequently raised to the bench as a baron of the court of exchequer.

The Help Question.

The Cultivator says that, in New England at least, the greatest difficulty in amateur farming is to provide profitable employment at all times for farm help. This requires not only a large degree of executive ability but some practical experience, so as to plan intelligently from knowledge of what a fair day's work ought to be. Much is said about rotation of crops, but the larger part of the benefit from this rotation must come from arranging crops that will provide a succession of work through the entire season. Men can be hired by the month at considerably lower wages than they must demand if they are employed only by the day. But what gain will this be to a farmer whose crop rotation only provides work for the short time while wages are the dearest? Work enough may be always made at any time on every farm in permanent improvement. But the great majority of farmers cannot afford to put a large amount of money into these things that will pay after a term of years. What they must secure is some method of using labor that will return it during the same season, or in time to pay for it. This can only be done by judicious cropping. Those who lack experience in farming to not know how to diversify their crops so as to employ their hired help at all seasons. If they have large capital they can keep men working at permanent improvements which will perhaps pay the interest on the money invested. This for the capitalist, is well enough, but it does not meet the need of those who have to pay hired help and buy supplies for the family each year out of the product of their harvests. For such a diversity of cropsthat will provide work at all times in as nearly an equal amount as possible is what is required.

The multiplication of farm machinery, which enables the farmer to secure his grain crops with much less help than before, has tended to increase this difficulty. So few days work are now required in harvest that this is on most farms where grain is grown not a specially hurrying time, nor are the wages of labor so high in money as they were in the days when harvesting extended through several weeks and required the most severe labor. This has had much to do with reducing the number and efficiency of farm help. The farmer who harvested his grain crop with a cradle was obliged to hire help by the month and generally through the working season. When the complete harvester was perfected he discarded most of the help by the month, and relied on hiring a few men by the day to secure his grain crops. But the most efficient working men could not afford to hold themselves idle for the most of the year for the sake of a few days work in harvest. Now that grain crops are generally in the East made subordinate, there should be more hiring of help by the month. This will require a good deal of calculation in planning crops so that the work shall not interfere. All the hoed crops require work at the same time. With fruits it is different. Their harvest time, beginning with the strawberry, extends through the growing season and even beyond. Both before and after harvest there is always something to be done to the crop. In places where a large variety of fruit has been grown for several years the locality soon fills up with families dependent on daily labor, who are quite as ready to live in the country as in the city, if they know that they can secure continuous employment through the year. Reliable farm help is badly wanted in many neighborhoods. If farmers will begin to plan so as to give it continuous employment at living wages through the year, there will be no trouble in securing it. On most farms, even in New England, work may be made in winter by thinning out the wood-growth and sending it to market. It was such continuous work through the year that made old-time farmers successful, and a return of something like it is needed at the present time.

A LESSON FROM NATURE.

Reverend ... grand lesson presents itself. "As the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined."

Boy.—"Not on yer tintype."

A Business View.

Business Man—"By George, it's going to rain. Here, you! I like an umbrella. You'll sell me one of those cheap won't you?"

Honest Umbrella-mender—"Dese umbrel not mide?"

A Knowing One.

"I don't gamble," said the cannibal, as he took the lid off the sailor soup, "but I guess I'll open this jack pot."

PRINCESS GOWNS.

Quaint Materials and Quainter Cut Characterize Our Gowns.

Nothing preserves the trim lines of the figure as well as a princess gown, and we learn with joy that it will be a favorite during the coming season.

The gown shown is one of the new models. The neck decoration is a variation of the Marie Antoinette fichu, a happy adaptation since it conceals that portion of a princess gown which is usually unpicturesque—the few inches just above the waist line.

The gown proper is of green, while the yoke and sleeves are of flowered silk in reddish tint. The cascade on the bodice is formed of a plaiting of the green silk covered with applique lace. A stock collar of green has a large bow in the back, with streamers falling to the foot of the skirt—a veritable "follow-me-lads."

The sleeves are exceedingly quaint. The silk suggests that they might have been taken from the dress of a colonial

ADOPTED FROM YE OLDEN TIME.

dame, and the cut of the sleeves accentuates this idea. The very large puffs are plaited in at the elbow and end abruptly with a perky ruche.

MOURNING DRESSES.

The Duration of Mourning as Decreed by Fashion—Mourning Apparel Described.

All dresses for deep mourning are in black lainage and English crape during the first period, and black silk fabric and lace for the second; silk of violet, pansy, lilac, mauve, gray, black and white color for half mourning during the third period. Widows' mourning should be worn for a year and six weeks. Some even prolong the period to eighteen months. In the first case, lainage is worn during the first six months with crape; during the next six months silk and lace, and during the last six months half mourning materials. In the second case deep mourning, woolen fabrics and crape are worn for a year, silk and lace for three months, and half mourning for three months.

At the beginning of mourning, a long dress should be worn in the house with head-dress of crape. The English widow's cap, with a small, white diadem, is in favor just now. Trimmings of white batiste are also worn on the sleeves and at the neck. They are pleasanter wear than black crape trimmings.

Mourning for a father or a mother, father-in-law or mother-in-law, should be worn 12 months—six months wool and crape, three months silk, and three months half mourning. Mourning for a grandfather, grandmother, brother or sister, brother-in-law or sister-in-law, is worn six months; the first three months lainage, not too dead, and without English crape, but with black lace and jet passementerie and feathers for trimming. Half mourning during the last three months. Slight mourning is for an uncle or an aunt, and is worn three months. Black silk for six weeks and half mourning for the remainder of the time. All other mourning is optional, and is not worn longer than three weeks.

As for mourning for children, it was not worn at all formerly. For some years past it has become the custom to wear it, but only for one's own children. It is worn for six or twelve months, according to the age of the child which has died.

With regard to mourning worn by children, it should be white up to six years of age. Children above six years should be dressed in black, gray, or black-and-white, but less severely than grown up persons. It is the proper thing when attending funerals to wear black, although unconnected by relationship with the mourners. The foregoing are the latest styles for mourning dresses, according to the European edition of the New York Herald.

Fashion Notes.

For bathing suits the same serviceable serges, alpacas and flannels are used.

As to sea colors, blue serge is most serviceable, but black serge, with gay colored collar and kerchief, is much worn.

Long, pointed ovals are seen in sleeve buttons.

Belt buckles are a conspicuous feature in the present mode of dress.

A loose, well-cut corset with flexible bones adds to the attractiveness of the bathing suit.

A whim of fashion, which amounts to a craze is the large collar of lawn, batiste, lace, chiffon, and embroidery which is displayed in such a diversity of styles in the shops, and worn over every imaginable sort of gown in the street.

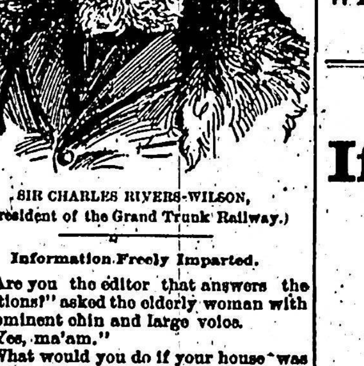
Alpine hats of soft felt, in shade of brown and black and trimmed with a bow of silk ribbon and stiff quill or cock feathers, are worn for travelling and use in the mountains.

A change in the cut of our gowns which seems imminent, and originated in Paris, is the long shoulder seam.

Scotch winsey gowns have suddenly jumped into fashionable favor in England. The long-neglected material is now made in many shades, and is washable and unshrinkable.

Spanish lace shawls are among the fashionable evening wraps of the season, white predominating. It is surmised that not all of them were imported from Madrid.

What are called the wags' umbrellas are something now. They are made of black silk, with natural wood sticks and a silver plate on the handle is engraved "I want to go home."



SIR CHARLES RIVERS-WILSON,
(President of the Grand Trunk Railway.)

Information Freely Imparted.

"Are you the editor that answers the questions?" asked the elderly woman with a prominent chin and large voice.

"Yes, ma'am."

"What would you do if your house was overrun with cockroaches and all other kind of bugs?"

"Madam," replied the faithful man at the desk, "I would marry one of my daughters to an entomologist."

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SINFUL HABITS IN YOUTH

LATER EXCESSES IN MANHOOD

MAKE NERVOUS, DISEASED MEN

THE RESULT of ignorance and folly in youth, overexertion of mind and body induced by lust and exposure are constantly wrecking the lives and future happiness of thousands of promising young men. Some fade and wither at an early age, at the blossom of manhood, while others are forced to drag out a weary, fruitless and melancholy existence. Others reach matrimony but find no solace or comfort there. The victims are found in all stations of life:—The farm, the office, the workshop, the pulpit, the trades and the professions.

RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DRS. K. & K.

WM. A. WALKER. WM. A. WALKER. MRS. CHAS. FERRY. CHAS. FERRY.

BEFORE TREATMENT AFTER TREATMENT Divorced but united again

NO NAMES OR TESTIMONIALS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

SYPHILIS EMISSIONS STRICTURE CURED

Wm. A. Walker of 16th Street says:—"I have suffered untold agonies for my "gay life." I was indiscreet when young and ignorant. As "One of the Boys" I contracted Syphilis and other Private diseases. I had ulcers in the mouth and throat, bone pains, hair loose, pimples on face, finger nails came off, emissions, became thin and despondent. Seven doctors treated me with Mercury, Potash, etc. They helped me but could not cure me. Finally a friend induced me to try Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. Their New Method Treatment cured me in a few weeks. Their treatment is wonderful. You feel yourself gaining every day. I have never heard of their failing to cure in a single case."

CURES GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED

Capt. Chas. Ferry says:—"I owe my life to Drs. K. & K. At 14 I learned a bad habit. At 21 I had all the symptoms of Seminal Weakness and Spermatorrhœa, Emissions were draining and weakening my vitality. I married at 24 under advice of my family doctor, but it was a sad experience. In eighteen months we were divorced. I then consulted Drs. K. & K., who restored me to manhood by their New Method Treatment. I felt a new life thrill through my nerves. We were united again and are happy. This was six years ago. Drs. K. & K. are scientific specialists and I heartily recommend them."

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

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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.

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A BOON TO ALL SICK ONES

Cures When Other Medicines and Doctors Have Failed

RESTORES THE SICK TO HEALTH.

"I Can Attribute My Restoration to Health Solely to South American Nervine." Says C. J. Curtis, of Windsor.

C. J. CURTIS, WINDSOR, ONT.

When one has climbed a high mountain it is not easy to mount the ordinary hill. A medicine that will cure when the case is desperate one, may be safely taken as a good all round medicine in ordinary cases, and it is not alone the very sick who need medicine.

The statement is borne out by a multitude of facts, thousands of testimonials from reputable citizens, that South American Nervine cures, after what are considered the best medicines in the country have failed, and where the skill of the ablest physicians has come to naught.

The acknowledged scientific principle of disease is weakness and disorganization at the nerve centers. These nerve center are the mainspring of the whole system. When the stomach is out of order the cert. injury of is to set the nerve centers in right ... and so with every other trouble. Thus it is that it may be liver complaint, nervousness, indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, loss of appetite, impoverished blood, consumption of the lungs, catarrh of the stomach, sick or nervous headache, sleeplessness, pains in the kidneys, or other ailments from which a person is suffering South American Nervine will cure, and cure quickly, and best of all cure effectively and lastingly in every such case.

Much as we were disposed to laugh at La Grippe as a trifling complaint when it first made itself known in this country, later developments have proved that it is a serious malady. The after effects are such that very thorough measures need to be taken to ensure perfect restoration to health. South American Nervine has proven wonderfully efficacious in giving back health to the victims of La Grippe. Mr. C. J. Curtis, a wealthy and well known farmer near Windsor, Ont., suffered from a severe attack of this malady, leaving him exceedingly weak and with no appetite. No medicine seemed to do him any good, until he was influenced to try South American Nervine and his testimony is this: "After taking one bottle I found very great benefit from it, my appetite improved wonderfully, and I felt my strength returning very fast." Mr. Curtis then purchased five bottles, but after taking only three out of the five, to use his own words: "I am feeling as nearly well to day as I ever did, and I can attribute my restoration to health and strength solely to South American Nervine."

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