MPTION.

To do all that one undertakes to commendation these days of broken promises. The application is apt in the case of proprietary medicines. In three great South American Remedian however, are found specifics that square in to every claim and promise. however, are found specially up to every claim and promise.

The wife of Edward Purr, of Surry, was taken bad last As-Gentre, B.C., was taken bad last angust with nervous prostration, which later developed into paralysis of one side.

Her husband writes: "She tried many remedies, that only in vain. South Ame. remedies, ont only in vain. South Ame-igan Nervine, was recommended, and I am glad to say the result, after taking three bottles, was astonishing to myself and family. We believe it worked a wonder for Mrs. Purr, and we cannot speak too highly of the remedy." As an aftermath from an attack of typhoid fever w. w. Brownell, of Avon-more, Oh?, became a victim of most-painful recumatism and neuralgia. He called in the best medical aid, but got no relief. His words are: "I thought I must die and many nights thought I must did and many nights thought I could not live till niorning, the pain was so severe. The doctors said I must go to the springs, but I secured a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. E. H. Brown, drugglst, of Comwall. The first dose gave me relief and a liter taking two and a half bottles the

pain all left me and now I am as There is no experiment in the use of There is no experiment in the use or south American-Klainey Cure. It is not pill nor powder, but a liquid, that immediately dissolves the hard storic-like mentately dissalves the hard storie-like substances, that constitute kidney disease, and doing this it becomes an absolute tears, D. J. Locke, of exherencoke, Quesays he spent \$100 in freatment for a complicated case of kidney disease, but received my permanent core until, to use this own words; VI began to nee Section. his own words; "I began to use South American Kidney Care, when four bot-tles competely cured me." M . Slowe on Authorship.

Mr. stowe on Authorship.

Mr. stowe was preven afflicted with a personal consciousness of her reputation.

Like in life she was accosted, in the garden of her country retreat, by an old re-

den of her country retreat, by an old retired saggraphin.

"When I was younger," said he, respectfully, "I read with a great deal of
satisfaction and instruction 'Unole Tom's
Cabin,' The story impressed me very
nouch, and I am happy to shake hands
with you, Mrs. Stowe, who waste hands
with you, Mrs. Stowe, who waste hands
did not brite It, answered the whitehaired lady, gently. "You didn'ti he
ejaculated in annagement," Why, who
did then "God write it," she replied
simply. I merely did his dictation."
"Anoen," said the captain, reverently,
as he walked thoughtfully away.

. A Pibre Chamols Ad.

Men as a rule care more for comfort than for style, still no man is averse to than for style, still no man is averse to a neat, well hanging cost that keeps its shape through all kinds of knocking around. This is one of the extras that Fibre Chamols furnishes when used as the interlining its men's clothing. It not only makes garments thoroughly weatherproof, providing a healthful widness which coal; but its flexible spring and, stiffness, make the coast of serial widness in the string and stiffness, make the coast of serial it would not know its that it is so light you wouldn't know you'f were carrying anything extra you were carrying anything extra

Bight and Wrong. Young Dumley writes poetry, I be-The man with the return ticket looked wrongs it, I should say," he replied wrongs it, is the term I would employ." Then they both looked out at the flying landscape and shook their heads gravely. But the man on the front seat

Kill two birds with one stone. Spend a pleasant summer holiday at Oakville and get rid of the liquor 'or morphine habit one; and for all at the same time. It will cost you a little more than if you go to an ordinary summer resort, but probably not half as much as you would send on higher in half the time. "Lake Birst with its line house, shady grounds, water front and excellent teard is preferable to most hotels, and loard is preferable to most hotels, and volt can feave your liquor curse behind you forever when your holiday is over. Lakeburst Institute, Oakville, Onk

Hatold, dear, why wore you you so ery notsy this morning? You waked me with shouting. I don't like to be roused it is to sleep until I wake natur-

wake up when you hear a noise?" whiversal panacea, in one remody, for nature of many curatives being such that were the germs of other and differently scaled diseases rooted in the system of scated diseases routed in the system of the patient what, would relieve one ill, in the would aggravate the other. We have however, in Quintie Wine, when obtainable in a sound unadulerated state, a remedy for many and grievous ills. By its graitful and judiclous use, the fealest systems are left into convalence and strength, by the influence which Quintie exerts on Nature's own restoratives. It relieves the drooping spirits of those with whom a chronic spirits of these with whom a chronic state of morbid despindency and lack of interest in life is a disease, and, by tranquilizing the nerves, alsonses to sound and refreshing sleep—imparts vigor to the action of the blood, which, being stimulated, courses throughout the veins strengthening the healthy animal function of the veins strengthening the healthy animal functions of the system, thereby making actions a necessary result, strengthening the competant giving life to the digesirgans, which naturally domand iner as t substance—result, improved appear Northrop & Lyman of Toronto, have en to the public their superior Quinte. Wine at the usual rate, and, gauges of the opinion of scientists, this Quint any in the market. All drugglets sell is

The terrible disaster to the Drummond Castle has been followed by a large number of stees to the London Times in the discharge provided on ocean steamers. All the bodies that were recovered from the sex after the wreck of the Drummond tastle were equipped with lifebelts, and life-belts of the most modern type. One of the survivors of the catastrophe relates that when he was struggling in the water he saw spots of light is the set all around him. He could be a their unit stand, it, but soon remains bered that the life-belts were of a special kind, which, as soon as they special kind, which, as soon as the touched the water, emitted a light. An tionched the water emitted a light. And yet only them near survived the wrock. The grestion unit ruly arises, Of what us are the life-belts if they do not save lifef An investigation is to be made, and it is insisted that if modern life-belts are useless, they should at once be superseded by a more serficeable appliance. Child Wiser Amu the Man.

Professor Glesler, of Gottingen, has twenty four children. He saw a child orying) in the street and asked:"What is the matter, little boy?"

"Don't you know me, papa?" said the boy.

He was one of the twenty-four chilLIFTED BY LOVE Or. How the Wharf Waif

Became a Princess.

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT (CONTINUED) auprise for line, and I suppose my coming is for your I thought I might steal a few hours to satisfy my anxiety."

It was Kavanagh. His voice had It was Kavanagh. His voice had dropped from a tone of cheerful astonishment to uneasy perplexity, and he anything happened?"

"Has anything happened?"
"Come on," muttered Gordon, catching my hand in his, "we'll show the villain what has happened." And he shook that fine new stick of his.

Thenril, Taras speaking in a terrible tone as we harried out, but I could not that the whole. Then we came up and tone as we intriced out. Dut I could not catch his words. Then we came up and stood before Kavanagh, near enough for him to distinguish our faces in the pale, starlight!

I understand now," he said, with forfed composure. You have come

tude of defence.

With a cry of terror Judith attempted

move nor utter a sound. The long, cular, thin sword was scarcely visible in the dim light. I heard that Kavanagh was agh, 1 an expert swordsman. It was impossi-ble for Gordon to face him with a stick, and it wis impossible that he should close with his adversary without expos-ing himself to the thrust of that almost

CHAPTER L.

HE END OF KAVANAGH. out a moment's hesitation Gor Without a moment's hesitation Gordon threw himself upon his antagonist,
striking at his sword arm. The blow
fell and was followed by a howl of pain
from Kayanagh. I thought Gordon had
escaped injury by some happy accident,
but the lext moment, as he stepped
back, I say the rapier hanging down
from his side ander the left arm. Shift ing his stick for an instant, he drew the bent weapon out and flung it aside. In that brief space Kavanagh turned and took to his heels, but Gordon, pursued and overtook him before he had gone a dozen yards, and a struggle ensued, Ka vanagh gruppling close to give Gordon's stick less play. But he was no match for Gordon at wrestling, and presently he went over Gordon's shoulder, falling in the road with a thud. He would have been content to lie there, but Gorpon dragged him on to his feet, and running him along at arm's length, thrashed him without mercy until the miserable wretch threw himself down in the

Gordon declared he was unhurt, spoke cornfully of Kavanagh's rapier and wondered how an old dand could rely on a two beamny balfpenny sword stick for defense. But when we returned to the house he helped himself to a liberal dose of whisky and shid he thought he would "just go up stairs and put himself straight a bit." He was in his room

T've helped myself to a suit of yours I heard him say to Taras. That heart I heard him say to Taras. That beastly spit pricked me under the arm and made my togs it a let of a mess. I couldn't ow it was I felt wet a.l down

"Would? Hang it—its only a scratch, man! I restuch a lump of wadding out of your dress coat on the place—the muscle under the arm, don't you know -- and I shall be as right as rain after

Supper. About the same time the gardener, who had been sent to look after Kavan-agh, returned and informed us that the nt" was getting on pretty nicely-ned a little upsetlike—kind of knock seemed a little upsetting—Rinko-Rinko Rinko ed up, in a manner of speaking, but he had found his hat and could manage to himp along pretty lively, if we under-stood what he meant.

What happened to Kavanagh after this was witnessed by William Wright, one of the kiln hands at the pottery at Lambeth.

At five o'clock on that Friday the office was closed as usual. Old Mr. Bell was the last to leave. Before going he went through the works and stopped to chat with William Wright, who was coaling up the brown ware kiln; talked about the quantity of fuel used and ask, ed-Wright whether he didn't think a cheaper coal would answer the same purpose as that they were burning, and so son. Afways on the lookout for means of economizing, Mr. Bell. Never, theless legare Wright twopence for a pint of alse when he bade him "Good night" in his friendly way. Wonderfully nice old gentleman. At 6 o'clock the bell rang, and all hands went away from the pottery except Wright, whose fice was closed as usual. Old Mr. Bell was the last to leave. Before going he

the bell rang, and all hands went away from the pottery, except Wright, whose turn it was to keep the fires up till Stevens caule at 2 to relieve him.

About 7, Wright having coaled, up, went to the side door in Ferry street to get a breath of fresh air. While he was standing there smoking half a pipe an odd looding little fellow came up to him and passed the time of day. He had a fucer, nionkeyish sort of face, with a short, brighty red beard, and he were a far cap

away this afternoon and won't he back an you tell me where I might find that's devond Woking—to find him."
"Woking, that's a long way. 'Are you

"Woking that's a long way. 'Are you sure he is there?"
"Cerh,iin cause I had to post the letters to him there as they came in by the last post!"
"This is very awkward. I'm a potter, and I donnted on getting a bit of work."
"You're a Russian, ain't-your"
"Ye. How do you know?"
"Because you talk like the parties who coule to ask after Mr. Taras."
"You work late here?" said the little man after a pause.

then he led him up to the throwing floor, where the foreigner was interested in the potter's wheels and the boards of clay jars set round the body of the kiln to dry: thence Wright took him up the steps on to the salting floor, which is level with the dome of the kilns. The huge kiln here begins to taper into a funnel passing up through the roof. In one side is an opening about the height of a man and 3 or 4 feet wide, and through this one sees, on a level with the floor, the dome covering that part of the kiln in which the pottery is exposed to the flames. In the middle of the dome is an opening through which the flame rises in a compact body. William Wright took his visitor to the opening in the side of the kiln and pointed out the holes through which the salt is poured to glaze the earthenware, but not content with this the little foreigner went uside, right on the dome of the kiln and looked down into the inside. Wright says he looked like a demon in a pantomine as he stood almost within singeing distance of the flame, grinning down into the flery pit below.

"Here, come on, mate, von've seen down into the flery pit below.

starch his words. Then we came up and stood before Kavanagh, near enough for him to distinguish our faces in the pale starlight. The perstand now, he said, with forked compount. You have come back."

Yes, come back to call you to account," thundered Gordon. "What have you to say for yourself, you confounted villain?"

Nothing, if you take that tone," Kavanagh replied, tapping the palm of his left hand lightly with the cane he held in his right. When you can listen to uson, I shall be able to justify every act that may seem inscrutable to you now.

You'll have plenty of scope for your ingenuity in that way when you are in the dock; the lawyers will fight you there, here you have to settle matters with me.

There was no mistaking what he meant as he threw off his Inverness.

Take this warning," said Kayanagh,

Nothing occurred until inst about.

Singeing distance of the flame, grinning down into the fiery pit below. "Here, counse on, mate, you've seen enough, said Wright, who by this time beau to suspect that he had not done well to infringe the rules.

At this remark the foreigner followed Wright to be ground floor, and there again the spirit of inquisty was strong upon him. He would go round to look at the fire holes again, and Wright following, with stilky slowness, no doubt, lost sight of him on the other side of the coals. Couldn't make out where he'd got to, looked for him high and low, lit anner and went right out into the yard behind Mr. Taras' house. Wasn't anywhere, Finally he concluded that being a foreigner (and consequently menn) the little man had sneaked out into Ferry street and gone off in that unceremonious fashion in order to avoid standing a drop of beer for the trouble wright to him.

Nothing description.

CHAPTER III.

I BECOME A PRINCESS.

will naturally put in a claim upon the

passionate terror as no took no morms arms. "You must be hit wife?"

We were married quietly nefore Gordon and his wife returned from there honogenoon, and thus Thats have me a second many—more than that index for those who like this sound of this call me the Primass Regenerate.

THE END

of "franking," which was one so widely abused in England, as we know from the delightful correspondence of Cowper and of many others in our great age of

'Congreso de los Deputulos.''
Bloycle Costumes.

call me the Princess Borgensay.

There was no mistaking what he ment as he threw off his Inverness.

"Take this warning," said Kavanagh, closing he left hand tightly on his cane and stepping back a pace. "If you attempt to offer violence, the result may be fatal—to you. I am not unprepared to protect myself."

As he sloke he gave the head of his cane a twist, whipped out the rapier to which it was a handle, and throwing as he the stick placed himself in an attitude of defence.

With a bry of terror Judith attempted

Wright had taken to explain things nicely to him.

Nothing occurred until just about of Ferry street. Mr. Kavanngh came of Ferry street from the front office. He was limping: his coat was torn, his hat broken, his hand thrust into the breast of his frock coat. Never saw him look anything like it before, William Wright hadn't spoken.

With a bry of terror Judith attempted

With a cry of terror Judith attempted to throw herself, between Gordon and Kavanagh, but Taras, who had caught the sound of steel, forcibly restrained her.

For my own part, I could neither more nor utter a sound. The long "Cursed old idiot!" growled Kavan agh, passing him. "Bring a light. I must go down through the ware-

agh, passing him. 'Bring a light.' I must go, down through the ware house.'

Wright lit a lantern and lighted the way through the throwing room, the warehouse and the passage leading to the shop and office. There Kavanagh tried to open the front door with the key but found that something fouled the wards of the lock and prevented the key turning. He swore again at Mr. Bell for a muddling, meddling old fool, and giving up the attempt said to Wright:

"You can go. Leave the lantern there. I will come back by the ware house."

Wright wontering how the governor, always so spick and span, had fallen into that battered condition, and what on earth he had come to the office for at that hour. Whatever did he want there?

He had just banked up the last fire hole when he thought he heard a voice calling faintly in the distance, "Wright!" Ite stood quite still to listen, and heard beyond doubt the or repeated—"Wright!" Wright!" Ite stood quite still. To listen, and heard beyond doubt the or repeated—"Wright! Wright!" Ite stood quite still. To listen, and heard beyond doubt the or repeated—"Wright! Wright!" Ite stood quite still. To listen, and heard beyond doubt the or repeated—"Wright! Wright!" Ite stood quite still. To listen, and heard beyond doubt the or repeated—"Wright! Wright!" Ite stood quite still. To listen, and heard beyond doubt the or repeated—"Wright! Wright!" Ite stood quite still. To listen, and heard beyond doubt the or repeated—"Wright! Wright!" Ite stood quite still. To listen, and heard beyond doubt the or repeated—"Wright! Wright! The stood quite still. To listen, and heard beyond doubt the or repeated—"Wright! Wright! The stood quite still. To listen, and heard beyond and tran up stairs.

As he was crassing the throwing room Kavanagh rushed out, of the darkness

He answered and ran up stairs.
As he was crossing the throwing room
Kavanagh rushed out, of the darkness
from the warchouse and came to his
side panting for breath. He had a stone
jur in his hand which he had caught upfor defense, and he looked back into the
dackness and round him with wild terrof, his face white as a sheet of paper.
"Do you see him?" he gasped.
"Who, siv?" asked Wright.
"A man with a red beard and a bald
head."

"No, sir."

"Lay hold of that jar. If you see him, brain him. Le's a madman. Wright armed himself with a jar from an instinct of self defense, but not being we lived in the old days! You see I am is strong man he determined to bolt if he found himself in danger and got the fully, in time I shall fall in with the

fully, 'in time I shall fall in with the ways of other people and like their inco. I must like all that you I must like in anything more than I could give you—nothing more than a share in the joys of a man like me?"

"There is no other man like you. If I share all that befalls you—joys and griefs—and he always your companion, your little friend"—

"You must be more to me than that," he said, stopping and spending with passionate fervor as he took he into his arms. "You must be my wife!" "You must have passed him in that said.

"Wo can't afford to let you trifle with yourself, said Taras. If the wound is was you prying about. When, I went you went. I thought it was you prying about. When, I went over soon after you went. I thought it was you prying about. When I went up and turned round. I found him just behind to. He knocked the lantern out of my hands. I don't know where he went. He was behind me one-moment—in front of playing next, What's that? he exclaimed, spuddenly dropping the jar and catching Wright's arm.

Then, gaping with fear, he shrank back, nodding and glaring at the hopper through which Wright had come up.

Wright looked that way, too, but saw nothing. He thought the governor must be "gone off," or seized with "the jumps," or something. It made him feel shaky and queer to see a man usually so self composed so completely unierve tand panic stricken.
"Sio down and look if he's there."
white-med Kayanagh, laying his hand
on the rail of the upper stairs, fromly to

and of many others in, our great age of letter-writing. Hitherto a member of the Spanish Cortes had simply to get his letters stamped by the Secretary of the Chamber, which procured the planes age through the posts. Honceforward every legislator will laye to put a postage stamp upon his letters but the stamps are to be obtained gratuitously by the Deputies from the same official. The new stamp is red, has the Spanish arms in the center, around which runs a circular frame inscribed with the words. but a piece of coal reflecting a flichering ray from the kilh, but it looked like a pair of fiendish eyes, and that was enough for Wright. He ran back to the covernor.

"He's down there," said he, only less apprehensive than the shaking wretch "Where?"

"At the back of the kil', 'twixt the fucer, illonkeyish sort of face, with a short, brightly red beard, and he wore a fur cap least of the works?" he asked.

"No," lanswered Wright. "He went away, this afternoon and won't he back. foreigner who had gone over the works earlier in the night, only now he wore

neither boots nor hat, and his head was hall and shining. Wright stood there breathless, at a him? We do go to Betterford—that's ayond Woking—to find him.

We do in grants a long way. 'Are you sure in is there?'

"Cert. in 'cause I had to post the lettors to him there as they came in by the sate sate of the stronger of the stronge

"Mercy! mercy!" cried Kavanagh. "I AS THE TREE FALLS. in pointing the Rindoos to heaven, and Dr. Abed, who spent his life in syangelizing China, and that Judson, who senor's throat as he tried to avail again.

NO MATTER IN WHAT DIRECTION. Spent his life in presching the goopel to genor's throat as he tried to avail again. and there, was only a rattle in the governor's threat as he tried to speak again.
They struggled furiously in the light that streamed through the archway, but Kayanagh could inske but poor re

text that such an expectation is chimerical "If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falloth, there it shall be." There are those who say that if the impenitent and unforgiven man enters the next world and sees the disaster, as a result of that disaster he will turn, the distress the cause of his reformation; but we have the thousand instances all around about us of people who have done wrong and disaster suddenly came upon them—did the disaster heal them? No, they went on There is a man flung of dissipations. The doctor says to him "Now, my friend, if you don't stop this fast life you'are living, you will die" The patient thanks the lumin the College Inferno, where a man When Mr. Pelham brought the news of Cavanagh's death to us, he exclaimed in accents of horror:
"What a shocking event! What an "What a shocking event! What an awful tragedy!" And he added with still greater pathos, "What a beautiful case we have lost!"
"There is plenty left for you to do," said Gordon. "Affairs at Lambeth must be in a very complicated condition."
"Terribly complicated, I should say, sir. The heirs of the late Mr. Kavanagh will naturally put in a claim mon the The patient thanks the estate."
"You will settle what is due to them, and if they claim more fight 'em." or he begins to sit up, begins to walk ter he begins to sit up, begins to walk around the room, begins to go to business and takes the same round of grog and on up, from sophomore to juntor, shops where he got his morning dram and the drams between. Down again. Same doctor. Same physical anguish. Same medical warning. But now the sickness is more profused, the liver more obstinate, the professional demoniacs attest the fact that the candidate has been a sufficient stomach more irritable, the digestive or gans more rebellious. But still, under "Fight them, sir?—yes, with pleasure. Then there's Mr. Bell's claim as part ner."
"Well. I beg you to do the very best you can for him."
"Certainly, but there's your own solicitor. He may raise objections in your behalf." behalf."
"So much the better for you. You can fight him. Make a good job of it, you know. Don't hurry it."
"You can depend upon that. I allude, of course, to making a good job of it."
The next great event was the marriage of George Gordon and Judith Bell. That

> do not recognize that her out schoolmatts do not recognize her on the street, and that his sons are going out in life under the taunt of as father's drunkenness, and that his daughters are going out in and that his daughters are going out in the demolition of the human race. There are not who are now kept on the limits of sin by their foar. The fear that if we are bad and unforgiven here it will not propose acting rassing, carrefying during the deficience that keeps desirated in the deficience of the latest of the deficience of the latest of the deficience of the latest iff-under the scarl catlon of a disceput of an estry. His nerves are all a jungle, are bad and junforgiven here it will not come crown of head to sole of foot he is one aching rasping, equesfying, danning to wall with us in the next existence, is one aching rasping, equesfying, danning to the chief influence that keeps civilization earth. Does it stop him? Ah! no. After awhile delicium tremens pours out upon his pillow a whole jungle of hissing back into midnight savagery, and keeps midnight savagery from marching back into extinction. Now, the man is kept on the limits of sin. But this idea complication of the comfort of his familiar in the limits of sin. But this idea complication of the comfort of his familiar and all supports the second of another that is the chief influence that keeps civilization and keeps semi-barbarism from rushing back into midnight savagery and keeps into extinction. Now, the man is kept on the limits of sin. But this idea complication is a support of an interval of the support of the

belt surrounded by cultivisted girls and led eventless lives, to listen to the ready at all subout dress and trifles and to feel that I also was free from care and anxiety. I shared their pleasures to the anxiety. I shared their pleasures to the full and joined with excitement in all their anuscements. I was light hearted and happy through the whole found of an other prospects for the life to come. Pale and their anuscements, I was light hearted and happy through the whole found of an other prospects for the life to come. Pale and their anuscements, I was all over an attack of this kind and happy through the whole found of an other prospects for the life to come. Pale and their anuscements, I was all over an attack of this kind and happy through the whole found of an other prospects for the life to come. Pale and their anuscements, I was all over an attack of this kind and happy through the whole found of the life to come. Pale and all consultations, and was applied to have a plain talk with you. If you were have an attack of this kind and his wife went away.

Taras scemed to regret the absence of his friends more than I. He was an usually grave the morning after Gordon and his wife went away.

"You miss the hum of voices?" I said to was again; but this time meditions as we were walking in the Gardon. I show again; but this time meditions of host the his the scene. That process of inciral way is a short of the propose of his come in heaven a little more fortunate than those does not tuch his case. Consultations of host of the propose voil had a hone of the propose voil had a court, and all the intensity of the propose voil had a hone of the propo

innocence of infancy. In the other case starting in the other world, he starts with the accumulated bud habits of a lifetime. Is it not to beexpected that you could halld a better ship out of new timber than out of an old hulk that has been ground up in the breakers? If start-Our philatelist collectors should be on the lookout for the new postage stamp issued by the Spanish Government. A Spanish M.P. still enjoys the privilege

ing with comparative innoceday the man does not become godly, is it possible that starting with sin a scraph can be evouted? Is there not more prospect that culptor will make a finer statue out of a block of pure, white Parlan murble than out of a black rock that has been cracked and twisted and split and scarred with the storms of a half conand testiminate, or write a deed, or write an important document on a pure white sheet of paper easier than you could write it upon a sheet scribbled all over with infamy and blotted, and torn from top to bottom? And yet there are those who are so uncommon-sensical as to be-lieve that though a man starts in this world with infancy and its innecence and turns out badly, in the next world he can start with a dead failure and turn out well. "But," say some people, "we ought to have another chance in the Bloyeling is more of a craze than over, and it is a great question what shall be worn. Shirt waists, priferably plat ma-dras, crash skirts and plaid stockings next world because our life here is so very brief; we scarcely have room to turn around between the cradle and the grave, the wood of the one almost strik ing against the marble of the other. We ought to have another chance because of the brevity of this life." My friends, do

drus, crash skirts and plant stockings with how shoes, comprise the most popular costume, but an exceedingly protty one is of blue mohalr; worn with blue silk stockings of exactly the same shade. A white madras shirt waist with high collar; narrow black leather belt, black band made a most becoming outsile. Leadings have been utterly disaying fit. Loggings have been utterly discarded, and it is said some women intend before the summer is over to appear in plaid socks and bare legs. This fashion has prevailed in Paris for some time, but it is extremely doubtful if it will be attempted in this country, even at the summer reserts.

In pointing the Hindoos to heaven, and Dr. Abedi, who spent his life in awange litting (hina, and that Judson, who had great litting (hina, and that Judson, who had scepters of power. The latter replies: "I had great power on earth. I will be sent down from some celestial must admit; and I mastered languages will be sent down who wasted their earthly existence?

Rev. Dr. Talmage Process As Earnest those who wasted their earthly existence? No. We are told distinctly that all missionary and evangelistic influences will and power: hat a power a power and little power and little power and hat a power and whose voice was silvery, and who had scepters of power on earth hat a power and whose voice was silvery, and who had scepters of power on earth hat they who had scepters of power on earth hat they who had scepters of power on earth hat they who had scepters of power on earth hat they who had scepters of power on earth hat they who had scepters of power on earth hat they who had scepters of power on earth hat they will be sent down and whose voice was silvery, and who had scepters of power on earth hat they who had scepters of power on earth hat they will be sent down and whose voice was silvery, and who had scepters of power on earth hat They struggled furiously in the light that streamed through the archway, but Kayanamed through the archway, but Kayanamed through the archway. But Kayanamed through the archway was the state of the power of of the po

If a man in this world was surrounded with temptation, in the next world, all the righteous having passed up into the beatific state, the association will be more deteriorating, depreciating, and down. You would not send to a cholera or a yellow fever, hospital a man for his health, and the great lazarette of the future, in which are gathered the diseased and the plague-struck, will be a poor place for moral recovery. The Count of Chateaubriand, in order to make his child courageous, made his sleep in the sunshine. I wonder what is the curriou-lum in the College Inferno, wherea man

having been prepared by enough stu, onters and goes up from freshman of iniquity to sophomore of abomination, and on up, from sophomore to junior, and from junior to sould, and day of graduation comes, and the diploma is signed by Satting the president, and all the president, and all the president, and all

protracted, the liver more obstinate, the stomach more irritable, the digestive organs more rebellious. But still, under medical skill, he gots better, goes forth, colimits the same sacrilege against his physical health. Sometimes he wakes up to see what he is doing, and he realizes he lis destroying his family and that his life is a perpetual perjury against his that another chance in another world means the rulin of this. Now, suppose a woman is so different from the roscate wife he married that her old schoolmates do not recognize her on the street, and

Furthermore, my friends-for I

the platform be a little higher than the pow, it is only for convenience, and the

there will be opportunity for purgatorial regeneration. Take up the printed reports of the prisons of the United States and find that the vast impority of the riminals were there before, some for two times, three times, four times, six times. Punished again and again, but they go right on. Millions of incidents and instances working the other was, and yet mon think that in the next world punishment will work out for them salvable effects: Why you and I cannot imagine any worse torture from another world than we have seen men in in this world and without any salutary consequence.

Furthermore, the prespect of reformation in another world is more improbable than here. Do you not realize the fact that nian starts in this world with the innocence of infancy. In the other case starting in the other world, he starts relief from the discomforts of this crude mode of work has at last come through the avenue which brings relief from all physical allments—that "of medicine. physical allments—that "of medicine. The thermocautery, a surgical instrument invented for cauterizing, has been adapted to the use of the artist, so that he can work with comparative freedom. Formerly the fire-etcher employed opport tools, not unlike soldering-irons, set into wooden or other non-conducting handles. These tools cooled rapidly, and

handles. These tools cooled rapidly, and had to be, constantly shifted, while the oxidation of the copper necessitated constant cleaning. What with feeding his fire and blowing it up with hand-belows, it is a wonder that the wood burnbr-produced enything at all artistic. To-day the hollow burning-point is of platinum, a metal which does not oxidize. Once heated, a never-failing current of 'naphtha gas, burning within, enables the ortist to kyork for hours, wholly, independand gldlessness. Another chance in an other world means the demolition of this world. tist to work for hours, wholly, independent of the forge, the bellows, and other paraphernalia. The electrode, another surgleal cautery; is likewise used in burnt-wood work, and electricity will in preaching to myself as well as to you we are on the same level, and thoug time supersede all other means of heat-ing the hurning-point. With these facilities at hand, the firepow, it is only for convenience, and that we may the botter speak to the propriction and is an atlasting to my soul while I talk to yours—my friends, why another chand ir another world when we have decline so many chances in this? Suppose yet spread a banquet and you invite a vast number of friends and among other you and an invitation to a man when etcher must still endounter difficulties not found in practising the kindred arts. Clouds of smoke constantly rise in his face, while the incessant flashing of the flery point is always, trying to the eyo. He must have a deep rooted love of his art and the patience of Job.—"Burnt Wood in Decoration," by J. William you send an invitation to a man who disregards it, or treats it in an obnoxious way. During twenty years you give Fosdick, in the August Century.

Salmon by the Ton. twenty banquets, a banquet a year; and you invite your friends, and every time you invite this man, who disregaris your invitation or sends back some indignity. After a while you move into

"If the present run of salmon contin-ues, the packers will get all the fish they can handle for three eputs a pound," said the foroman of a large cannery to said the foroman of a large canner today. Never has there been a better run of fish. Every cannery in this city is swamped, and several have limited their men to 1,000 pounds cach. At one large establishment 100 tons, comprising 10,000 salmon, had been received up to 5.0 clock. This cannery will run night and day, and even then will have more fish than can be handled. The night boat, so far as had reported canner in this morning with 4,800 pounds of salmon, morning with 4,800 pounds of salmon, the result of a night's work. The had brought \$216. This morning a fisherman who had worked all through the strike arrived down from the Kalanja. He said he had carned about \$3.900, which he onsidered enough for one season. He r ceived 414 cents for his fish.—San Fran cisco Examiner. Excellent Angler's Story.

An excellent Angler's story.

An excellent angler's tale is told by a contemporary. Ho kept a point the fish in which were so tame that they would feed out of his daughter's hand. One day a fish presented litself which was suffering—in the literal sense—from swelled head. The roung lady operated successfully upon the pattent, who reappeared next day completely restored to health, and with a splendid appetite. A few days later, when the daughter of the house went down to the pond, a scene of unusual commotion was observable. A small shoal of fishes were seen advancing to the shore, pushing along one of their small shoul of fishes were seen advancing to the shore, pushing along one of their number with a broken fin. The young lady procured a needle and thread, stitched up the wound, and again effected a conjplete cure—Great excitement is reported to prevail in Georgia, the center of the snakestery industry, at this infringement of their monopoly.

Massey's Magazine

FICTION NUMBER-AUGUST. 1896 Contains an article by Major-General Gascoigne, "TI E BRITISH ARMY OF TO DAY," illustrated by A. H. Hider and F. H.

CUBA IN WAR TIME," by Frank L. Pollock, illustrated with THE CAMPS OF THE AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIA-

TION," By D'Arcy Scott, illustrated, with photographs. Stories by the following well-known authors: Dun an Campbell 'Scott, C. fford Smith, Byren H. Basinia, Edward F. Slack, · Esther Talbot Kingsmill, and other matter of general interest. One Dollar per year; ten cents per copy.

THE MASSEY PRESS, 927 King Street West, Toronto.

The correct thing in France , just no The correct thing in France, just now is to be as English as possible. A young Frenchman complained to a friend the other day, that his greatest bero was "5 of clocking," in other words, toa-drinking. Whenever he shent an evening at home, which was not often, he was obliged to make tea, a process so to-dipus, involving such minutae! "But thin is not all," he added. "What bores the most is that when the tea is made I am compelled to drink, it!" On being asked for an explanation, the young min of fashion and the world, confessed, that says: "If the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be!" And then I hear something jur with a great squad. It is the closing of the Book of Judgmont. The Judge asgends the stairs benind the throne. The hall of the last a motive that has left to self-immolat squize is cleared and squiz. The High Court of Eternity adjourned forever.

Why He Way Not at School.

stictches out both hands, one toward the throng on each side the racuum, and says: "If the tree fall toward the south,

Why He Was Not at School, Teacher—William you were not chool yesterday. Have you any ex-o offer?" William -1 was sirk, ma'am,"

"When you are sick your parents ally send an excuse." "Parents didn't know it, ma'am. "How is that?" "Wasn't taken sick until after I

me."
"And why didn't you return he "Was afraid to, ma'am."
"What was the matter with your "Clgarettes, ma'am." SPURIOUS TEA.

A person in good health, with fair play, ousily resists cold, but when the health flags a little and liberties are taken with the stomech or with the nervous system, a chill is easily taken, and according to the weak spot of the individual, assumes the form of a cold or pueuronia, or it may be jaundice. Of all dauses of "cold" probably fatigue is one of the most efficient. A juded man, coming home at night from a long day's work, a growing youth losing two hours sleep over evening parties two or three times a week, or a young lady heavily doing the season," young children overted and with short allowance of sleep free common instances of the victims of A Large Consignment Rejected in York-A Possibility That IC Ma Brought and Commun. re common instances of the victims of cold."
Luxury is favorable to chill-taking; Lixury is favorable to chill-taking; yery hot rooms, featherbeds, soft chairs, dreate a senitiveness, that leads to catarhs. It is not, after all, the "cold" that is so much to be feared as the angoedent conditions that give the attack a chance of doing harm. Some of the worst "colds" happen to those who do not leave the house or even their beds, and those who are most invulnerable are often those who are most invulnerable are often those who are most exposed to changes of temperature, and who by good sleep, cold bathing and regular habits preserve the tone of their nervous system and circulation.

Probably many chills are contracted of night or at the fag dad of the day, when and circulation.

Probably many chills are contracted of night or at the fag dad of the day, when the collection of their nervous system and beads. This is especially the case with elderly people. In sitch cases the misohile is not always done instantaneously, or in a single night. It often takes place An item appears in one of the York papers to the effect that a quantity of spurious tea from Chin of callation disturbed by either overnous attring proons or underheated bedrooms and beds. This is especially the case with elderly people. In sitch cases the misohiof is not always done instantaneously, or in a single night. It often takes place insidiously, extending over days or even weeks.—London Lancot.

The Hierele Jump,

The Hi

"Great thing! I never took so much cond exercise before in my life."
"Why, I didn't know that you were thanks of the natives while in Ceylor and hands of the natives while in Ceylor and hands of the natives while in Ceylor and

"Why, I didn't know that you were riding."

"I'm not, but I have to cross the streets once in a while."

DIFFICULTIES OF BURNT WORK.

Drawings Made by Hot Iron on a Surface of Wood.

Many years ago the manual labor of the artist in color was reduced to a minimum he no longer grinds his colors, or makes his canyas and brushes. But up to the present day the artist in burnt wood has tolled on, with his rude forgo and burning-irons, with the devotion of an old-time alchemist. Singularly enough a noid-time alchemist. Singularly enough a noid-time alchemist. Singularly enough an old-time alchemist. Singularly enough a noid-time alchemist. Singularly enough a noid-time alchemist. Singularly enough and old-time alchemist. Singularly enough an old-time alchemist. Singularly enough and output on the sole agents for Salada. in America, and so tion won by this ten that 'they ar very busy supplying the trade. Only hast saids per do-week they shipped to Buffalo over [6] duced to the large cases, and the demand from other side is increasing every mont

Canada Salada has become a horword. Becare of Cintments for Cataurh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the score of smell and completely declarge the whole existed when entering it through the mure us surface. Such artifects through the mure us surface. Such artifects include a containing the many and except, on prescriptions from regularling physicians, say the familiary through the proof of the containing they will do be to fold to the good will campose shy deplay then the fold to the good will campose shy deplay then the fold to the good will be compared to be a facility of the containing the surface of the system. In the fold of an informative acting directive upon the blood and minimum surfaces of the system. In the fold of Scargett time be superior get the genuine. It is taken in traility, and made in Two do, thus, by F. J. Schey & Co. Tistinguish tree.

25 Sold by Drugglest, price for per bottle.

The wind howlet and the shivering pedestrians tolled painfully through the drep snow. But the weather prophet was happy. "This," he said, gleefully, "is the big sterm I predicted two months are and it is only seven weeks late at that I knew it would get here before, the end of the winter."

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Dissolve the su mi cream of tatar and in the water, and the extract, and bottle in a yarm place for five (s) from home tells to be, the place on ice, when it will spirkfling, cool and debreous.

The til ger Beer (an be obtained in all grocery stores in 10 cc., t bottles to two gallons.

Nearly one-third (15,000 out of 5), of the men who wanted to enter Benish army list Year were rejected perount of detective eyesight, ba PPIS. All dis stopped free and per-cured. No dis after dist day's use Rime's Great Nerve Restorer. Frail both sent though Consider A Address Dr. Kijne, on Arch St. Phila-phia.

Teacher—Thomas, I saw you just now. What were you laughing Tommy—I was thinking about hing. "You have no business thinking

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WHEN AND WHAT TO READ

If you are getting lazy, read James. If you are a policy man, feat Daniel. If your faith is below par, read Paul of there is no song in your heart, If you are getting sordid, If you are getting weak kneed, look at Elljah

ook at Elljah . If you are just a little strong headed go and see Moses If you are impatient, sit down questi and have a talk with Job A Scare to India.

A search India.

A curious search india, recently, which interest Assau, in India, recently, which at It took the officials some time to under stand. The story was that Queen Victoria wanted five children's heads from each village. The Bengall cooless went frante making for any and facilities and for the cooless and frante making for any and facilities. each village. The Bougall cooles went frantic, toking for axes and knives to defend their families, factories were for tifled, watch being kept all night, and in some villages all the inhabitants his themselvies. The heads, they believed, were wanted to put under the founda-tions of a great bridge being built. It is the tradition among these people that their ancestors placed but

A north avor. Peasant to Conductor I haven't quite enough money to go home on the flyer, couldn't you go a Ertle slower and take ordingry ticket

Totally Deaf .- Mr. S., E. Port Perry, writes "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my tric Oil. I warmed the Oil and little of it into my ear, and completely restored. 4 have heard other cases of deafness, being cured the use of this medicine."

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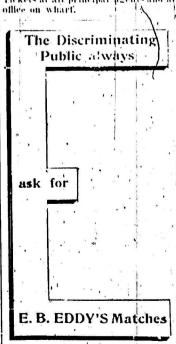
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a larger house and amid more luxurisht surroundings, and you invite 'your friends, but you do not invite that man to whom twenty times you sent an invitation to the smaller house. Are you to blane? You would only make yourself absurd before God and man to send that and another invitation. For twenty years he has been declining your offers and sending insult for your kindness and courtesy, and can he blame you? 'Can he ought to have another chance because of the brevity of this life." My friends, do you know what made the ancient deluge of necessity? It was the longovity of the antedituvians. They were worse in the second century than in the first, and worse when they got three hundred years old, and worse at four a hundred, and worse at five hundred, and worse at five hundred, and worse at five hundred, and worse at light hundred; in the wild had to be washed and southed and sorthed and southed and the world had to be washed and sounded and scrubbed and scaked and sunk and anchored a whole month under water before it was fit for decent people to live in. I have seen many pictures of old Time with his scythe to out, but I never saw any picture of Time with a chest of modicines to heal. Seneca said that in the first few years of his public life Nero was set. up as an example of elemency and kindness, but he got worse and worse, the path descending, until at sixty-eight years of age he was the suicide. If eight hundred years of life time could not cure the antediluvians of their iniquity, I undertake to say that all ages of eternity would be "only prolongation of depravity. "But," says some one, "in the next life the evil surroundings will be withdrawin and good influences will be substituted, and hence, expurgation, sublimation, glorification." But you must remember that the righteous, all their sins forgiven, pass right up into a, beatific state, and then having passed up into the beatific state, not needing any other chauce, that will leave all those who have 'never been forgiven, and who were impenitent, aloneiand where sire the salvable influences to come from? Can it be expected, that IP Duff, who gpent his whole life other chance." "What are you waiting for another chance," "Strange, Why, I never heard the gospel call but once in all my life, and I accepted it, and I don's want another chance." "What are you waiting for another chance." "What are you waiting for another chance." "Strange, and I never heard the gospel call but once in all my life, and I accepted it, and I don's want another chance." "What are you waiting to the come of the come

And He Laughed Again.

Teacher—Thomas, I saw you laugh just now. What were you laughing about Tommy—I was thinking about some thing. "You have no business thinking dur

Write to us.

JAMES L. ROGERS. MAT