NERVOUS PROSTRATION HE FREQUENT CAUSE OF TURE MISERY AND SUFFERING

or's county, is one of ons diseasor At the age during the subs er hours at a time. This

V. Thams' Pink Pill .if . dozon boxes and by the time one bo ... Watson was, to wards, a different person the necessary. Miss Watson 22 v. D. Strilar, a friend of ... I'mk Pills create new from the system. In hunthey have cured after all

ine . have faile I, thus estu genuine l'ink l'ills are sold " Jearing the full tend n 15 11.1 1 1 19 for litete t yourself, from the telasing any pill that then FROM THE ASHES

FEARGER LIFE

PRICELE S RECORDS IN DANGER; UT ALL SAVED. Coss of Dodd's Kidney PHI

> riers-Orders From Ocean to Dates Kidney Pills, at darvis streets with its con-

the on the afternoon of the roke out in an adjoining bit, spread so rapidly that n minutes the employer Medicine Company, from y, the advertising and the alives - all these persons with labels, wrappers

ditertising room agenumilations of years. consistin thiusands of testu trom the inception o These rec the supre of transph, these proofs of the most precious of all treatment tiple, as they, fortunately ? On the quarters, located at Nos. emptly og ned. Here a rapid estation ri of many, busy hands rush ing the tal Adayls of completion of m all points in Canada, 'the

and other parts of the of which your reporter got output of Dodd's Kidney ost, beyond the conone can easily amderstand sent alone can create such ar mand, sile of the energy and enterthe tire, the manager of the probable extenstill fairning orders and goods from New

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ats were speeding to-the reproduction of that no order milled. - From Toronto

early lafter cutting up to the potato, cut it in the them before washing can hever be happy beand are forever tracking

iere never yet mide satan Ler Stone.

RA ROAD GLEANINGS.

The railways of the world carry over 40,000,000 passengers weekly. The first freet railway was laid in New York in 182, between the city hall and ourteenth street. The fire American railroad was laid in le was three miles long, from the granite quarries of Quincy river, Mass., to Neponsel river. When the siberian railway is completed the journey around the world will occupy not more than 40 days, and the cost of transportation will not exceed \$400.

Handsome Gown A gown lestined for a young and blue foularl, patterned blue foularl, patterned hieroglyphics in white, and had a bolero of eeru batiste applique with lace, and cut short energites splingue with lace, and cut short energites show off to the full-est beauth reseally ceinture of like leaf green, and which tied at the left side; and fell in leng sash ende far down the skirt. turquoise the, the pure white and the exquisitely tender green—was simily perfect, and stamped the dress as the masterpiece of a gardine The a genius.

sword, by the combined strength of all neaven's principalities and powers and dominions, by the twenty thousand charlots of the Lord Almighty, I am going to see him through." Bold handwriting It is the boldest thing ever written to write my name there and your name there. He knows our weaknesses and bad head in a building shaped like that proposed, came in much anxiety to this
city, and consulted with Prof. Joseph
Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution,
about the law of acquistics, He said: "Go
ahead and build your church in the
shape ropused, and I think will be all
right. I have studied the laws of sound shape fropused, and I think (b) will be all right. I have studied the laws of sound perhaps more than any man of ray time, and I have come so far as this: Two auditor may may seem to be exactly alke, and in one the accustics may be good and in the other bad." In this unsatisfactory stage is chirography, although many declare that they have reduced lifto, a selence. There are those who say they can read character by handwriting. It is said that the way one writes the letter. "Ily decides his egotism, or modesty, and the way one writes the letter. "Ily decides his egotism, or modesty, and the way one writes the latter." Ily decides his egotism, or modesty, and the way one writes the latter. "O' decides the holght and their and increase a cramped mature, and an easy. flowing han't a facility and increase a cramped mature, and an easy. flowing han't a facility and increase and thought present their botted and spattered page, and some of the roughest put before us an immaculate chirography. Not our charactery in the copyllate, set before us in our set hollow days, decides the goneral content of the roughest perhaps and Lord Byron, and Rufus Chainers, and Dean Stanley, and Lord Byron, and Rufus Chainers, and Lord Byron, and Rufus Chainers, and Lord Byron, and Rufus Chainers, and Lord Byron, and Rufus Chainers. through faith unto complete salvation."

Again if according to the promise of the text you are permitted to look into the volumes of eternity and shall see your name there, you will find it written in lines, in words, in letters, unmistakable. Some people have comejto consider indistinct and almost' unreadable penmanship a mark of genius, and so they caffect it. Because every paragraph that Thomas Chainers, and Dean Stanley, and Lord Byron, and Rufus Choate, and other potent men wrote was a nuzzle. actes in the copyllate set before us in our set bothey days, decides the general style of our handwriting. So also there is a faction in penmanship, and for one decade the letters are exaggerated, and in the next hindled; now erect and now aslant, now heavy and now fine. An autog: physical set is always a surprise, and you find, the penmanship contradies the character of the writers. But while the chirography of the earth is uncertein, our blessed Lord. In our text present the chirography calestial. When addressing the seventy disciples standing before him, he said: "Rejoice because your in mes are written in heaven."

of the writing of this world is indecipher-able. We have seen piles of inexplicable chirography, and twe ourselves have present the chirography celestial. When address up the seventy disciples standing before thin, he said: "Rejoice because yourn mes are written in heaven."

Of curse the Blille, for the most part, when seaking of the heavenly world, speaks lgurntively while talking about brooks and about grouped and about orchards with twelve erops of fruit—one crop each month-and about the white horses of heaven's cavairs; but we do well to follow out these inspired metaphors and pertain and consolation and victory. We should the inthe heavenly library there is a Blokk of Life. Perhaps there are many volumes in it. When we say a book, we mean all written by the author on that subject. I cannot tell how is go these heavenly volumes are, nor the splendior of their pages, nor whether they are pletoglailised with some exciting seenes of this world. I only know that the words have not been impressed by type, bit written out. by some hand, and that all those who, like the seventy discipled to be adequated and turning over the feaves containing the names of the request of the impressed by type, bit written out. by some hand, and that all those who, like the seventy discipled to the for redeemed, say, "Read it for yourseif. That is my name, written out. by remember of the feaves containing the names of the redeemed, say, "Read it for yourseif. That is my name, written out. by remember of the feaves containing the names of the redeemed, say, "Read it for yourseif. That is my name, written out. by remember of the redeemed, say, "Read it for yourseif. That is my name, written out. by remember of the redeemed, say, "Read it for yourseif. That is my name, written the words the total process of this world. I only know that the words have not been impressed by the second of the redeemed, say, "Read it for yourseif. That is my name, written the process of the redeemed, say, "Read it for yourseif. That is my name, written the process of the redeemed, say, "Read it for yourseif. That is my name, written the care of the redeemed, say, "Read it fo seenes of this world. I only know that the words have not been "impressed by type but written out by some hand, and that all those who, like the seventy names of the redeemed, say, 'Read it for yourself. That is my name, written out in full, and do you not recognize the disciples to whom the text was spoken, repent and trust the Lord for their eterhand writing? No young scribe of fleavon entered that; No anonymous writer pit it there. Do you not see the tremer in the lines? Do you not also see the boldwritten in heavon. It may not be the names written in heavon. It may not be the name it will be the name by which heaven will know us; and we will have it announced to us as we pass in, and we will know us; and we have to be called twice, by the at heavy in the control of the ess of the letters? Is it not as plain as andwriting unmistakable? The crucified not he to be called twice by it, as in the light times the Lord called some people twice by hane, "Saul! Saul!" "Samud! Samuel!" "Martha! Martha!" Lord wrote it there the day I reported and turned. Hear it! Hear it! My name

reason ite died so soon upon the cross.

Many victims of quellixion lived day, after day upon the cross; but Christ was in the court room at 12 o'clock of noon and I had expired at 3 o'clock in the afterness of the same day. Subtracting from the three hours between 12 and 8 o'clock, the time taken to travel-from the court from the place of execution.

is written there! There!"

I have sometimes been tempted to think that there will be so many of us in the crowd. No, each one of us will be as discrete. Whel you come up and look, for your name to the mighty tomes of aternity and you are so, happy as to find it there, you will notice that the penmanship is Christ; and that the letters were written with altrepibling hand. Not trembine in old one of the state of the tinctly picked out and recognized as was Abel when he entered from earth, the the with altrophiling hand. Not trombling with old age, for he had only passed three decades when He expired. It was some after the thirtiest anniversary of this bir helps. Look over all the business are much shat your kept or the letters you write at 30 years of age, and if you were more approximately the content of the condemned at the proper hour, and he said to the man "Well Jim, it's about time to be moverned at 30 years of age, and if you were one get fairly settled there. After you and I get fairly settled there. In our neaventy, home, we do not want our title proved defective. We do not want to be ejected from the heavenly premises. We do not want some one to ordinar ly strong and well, then there was no tremor in the chirography. Why the tremor in the hand that wrote your promises. We do not want some one t name is heaven? Oh, it was a compres son of more troubles than ever smot of many mansions, and you have on an attire that you ought, not to have taken from the heavenly wardrobe, and that is anyone else, and all of them assumed for others. Christ was prematurely old. for others. Christ was prematurely old. He had been exposed to all the weathers of Pale time. Heldind slept out of doors, now in the night dew and now in the tempes. He had been soaked in the surf of Lak Galileo. Pillows for others, but the had not where to lay His head. Hungry, He could not even get a fig on which to hreakfast or have you missed the paties of that verso: "In the morning, as the returned into the city, He had not whom he saw a fig free in the vay, He came to it and found nothin; therepon." Oh, He was a hungry Christ, and nothing makes the hand trembly werse than hunger, for it pulls not really your name on the books; If, you had more carefully examined the writing in the register at the gate you would have found that the name was not yeurs at all, but mine. Now move out, while I move in. "Oh, what wretchedness, after once worshipping in heavenly temples, to be compo joined the society of the blessed, to be forced to quit it forever, and after having clasped our long-lost kindred in heaven's embrace, to have another separtremble worse than hunger, for it pulls upon the stomach, and the stomach pulls upon the brain, and the brain pulls upon oh pulls such a good-by to heaven! Glory be to such a good-by to heaven! (clory be to God on High that our names will be so plainly written in those volumes, that neither saint, nor cherub, nor scraph, nor acchangel shall doubt it for one moment, for five hundred eternities, if there were room for so many. The oldest inhibitant of heaven can read it, and the child that left its mother's lap last night for heaven can read it. You will not just look at your name, and, close the book, the nerves and the acitated herves make the nerves and tile agitated herves make the hard quake. On the top of all this exaggi atton came, shuse. What sober man ever wanted to be called a drunk-nath her. Christ was called one. What respective of the Lord's day, wants to be called a Sabhath breaker? but he was called one. What man, careful of the compairs he keeps, wants to be called the assiciate of profligates? but he was so calle! What loyal man wants to be charge, with treason? for heaven can read it. You will have just look at your hame and close the book, but you will stand, and sollloquize, and say, 'Is it not wonderful that my name is there at all? How much it cost my Lord to get it there? Unworthy am I to lave it in the same book with the sons and diughters of mariyedem, and with the choice spirits of all time! But there charges with tropson? but he was charges with it. What man of dovout but he was so termed. What man of softree set wants to be struck in the mouth but that is where they struck han. O to be the victim of vilest expectional to the victim of vilest expectional of victim of vilest expections of victim of vilest expections.

the choice spirits of an trinor and so plain it is, and so plain the letters!"

Again, it you are so happy as to find your mane in the volumes of eternity, you will find it written indelibly. Old Time is represented as carrying a soythe, with which the outs down the generations: but he carries also chemicals, with which he cats out whole paragraphs from important documents. We talk about in-delible ink, but there is no such thing as ind lible ink. It is only a question of time, the complete objection of all increment of the subre day. Subtracting from its three hours between 12 and 8 of clock, the [time taken to travel-gom to the place of excounting at link tills in the travel to the constroom to the place of excounting at link tills in the travel to the travel tr

WR TTEN IN HEAVEN

STRI-ING CHARACTERISTICS OF

Title DIVINE CHIROGRAPHY.

The Pennianahip is Chipit's and the Leftters Are Written in a Trembling Xet

Bold and Indelible Hand-One of Talmage's Most Unique Sermons.

Wasi ington, Oct. 11.—We send out
this, or e of the most unique sermons
Dr. Trimage ever preached. It is as
moved as wide-spreading and practical.

His surject is, "Divine Chirography,"
the text being: Luke x, 20: "Rojoko

The graphy, or the art of handwritsing lift the science of acoustics, is in a
very installactory state. While constructurg a church, and told by some
archite to that the volce would not be
heard it as building shaped like that proposed, came in much anxiety to this
city and consuled with Prof. Joseph

Toposed, came in much anxiety to this
city and consuled with Prof. Joseph

Toposed, came in much anxiety to this
city and consuled with Prof. Joseph

Toposed, came in much anxiety to this
city and consuled with Prof. Joseph

Toposed, came in much anxiety to this
city and consuled and proving and consuled a There is not on earth an autograph letter or signatum of Ohrist. The only time he wrote out a word on earth, though he know so well how to write, he wrote with reference to having it shuffled out by a humba foot, the line that he stooped down and with his finger wrote on the ground the hyperisy of the Pharisees. But when he write your name in the heavenly archives, as I believe he has or hope he may, it is to stay there from age to age, from eyels to cycle, from aoon to acon. And so for all you Christian people I down for the heavenly and the control of the plant of the people of the people of the plant of the people of the plant of the people of the people of the people of the plant of the people of th oyole, from acon to acon. And so for all you Christian people I do what hope G Whittier, the dying port, said he wanted done in his home. Lovely man he was! I sat with him in a hay mow a whole summer afternoon, and heard him tell the story of his illis. He had for many years been troubled with insomnia, and was a very poor sleeper, and he always had the window curtain of his room up

nad the window current of his room upso as to see the first intimution of surrise. When he was breathing his last, in
the morning hour, he has home in the
Massachusatts village, the nurse thought
that the light of the rising, sun was too
strong for him, and so pulled the window,
current down. The last thing the great ourtain down. The last thing the great Quaker poet did was to wave his hard to have the carrier up. He wanted to depart in the full guess of the morning. And I thought it night be helpful and And I thought it night be helpful and inspiring to all Christian sonis, to have more light about the future, and so I pulled up the curtain, in the glorious sunrise of my tox and say, "Rejoice that your names are written in heaven," Bring on your desclosies! Wave your pulms! Shout your desclosies! Pull up all the curtains of bright expectations! Yet? hoist the window itself, and let the per-fume of the "morning glories" of the noist the window itself, and let the per-fume of the "morning glories" of the King's garden come in and the music of hujes all a-troubled with symphonies, and the sound of the curf of sens dashing to the foot of the throng of God and the

and Lord Byron, and Rufus Choate, and
other potent men wrote was a puzzle,
imitators make their penmanship a puzzle. Alexander Dumas says that plain
penmanship is the brevet of incapacity.
Then there are some who, through too
much demand upon their energies and
through lack of time, lose the capacity
of making the pen intelligible, and much
of the writing of the would a ladest here But there is only one word on all this subject of Divine chiragraphy in heaven that confuses me, and that is the small advery which St. John adds when he quotes the text in Revelution and speaks of some "whose names are not written in the Book of Life of the Lamb slain."
Oh, that awful adverb "not!" By full submission to Christ the Lord, have the way, all cleared leave on you and the way, all cleared lotwen you and the sublime registration of your mame this moment. Why not look up and see that they are all ready to put your mame among the blissful immortals? There is he mighty volume: It is wide open. There is the pen: it is from the wing of the "Angel of the New Covenant." There is the like it is red ink from Calvarean sacrifice. And there is the Divine Sorble: the glorious Lord who wroteyour father's name there, and your mether's father's name there, and your mother's name there, and your child's mane there, and your child's mane there, and who is ready to write your name there. Will you consent that He do it? Before I say "Amen" to this service, ask Him to do it I wait a moment for the tremendous action of your will. Here someone says, "Lord" Jeaus, with pen plucked from angelle wing, and dipned in the red ink of Golgotha, write there either that which is now, my carthly, name or that which is now, my carthly, name or that which is now, my carthly name." I pause a scend longer that all may consent. The pen of the Divine Scribe is in the fingers and is lifted and is lowered, and it tauches the shining page, and the world is traced, and in tembling and bold and unmistakable letters, He has put it down in the right place. father's name there, and your mother's

I am my Lord's, and He is mine.

He had been tried for murder and sentenced to be hung and the day named and as I happened to be in town on that day the sheriff invited me to witness the execution. Half a dozen of us accompaned him to the cell of the condemned at the proper hour, and

"Folks all ready outside?" asked Jim. "Yes all ready. Thar's a big crowd see yo'go, and I hope yo' won't make 10 fuss. "Say, Bill." said the condemned

after a moment's thought, "I've concluded not to be hung." "Shoo! Why, yo' was reg'larly son-"Yes, I know. but I'm goin' to kick again it. I don't liev no fa'r show." "It was fa'r ascould be. Jim, and

only visterday you agreed not to make any fussin! 'Pears like yo' don't want to do the right thing by me." "Yes I do, but this yere hangin' don't do a man no good. Mebba I'll hang heaven's ombrace, to have another sopar, next week, but durn my hide if I do it atlon! What an agony would there be in to-day! Jest go and tell the folks that

"Shoe! shoo!" grumbled the sheriff,
"The law says yo' ar' to be hung be-tween the hours of 10 and 12 delick: 'Don't be contrary, Jim. Jest got ready and cum out and by hung like a man Hain't I used yo'all right?"

"Yes, reckon so."
"Gin yo' plenty to cat and a good bed?"

"Then why go back on me? If don' hang yo' what's the Governor gwine to say bout it? What's the Judge gwine to do? I ain't askin' yo' to hang 'eausbyo' killed yo'r ole wom-an, but to obleed me."
"Is that it? Would it be a favor to vo' Bill?"

"It would, I'm—a big favor: Yo'
couldn't do nuthin' to obleege me mo'."
"An' yo'll remember it of me?"
"I'will and if I kin ever do yo' a good turn yo' kin count on me."
"Wall, then," said Jim as he jose up.
"I reckon yo' kin go ahead with the hangin'. I don't keer fur the Gover

THE DESERT. Manti's colite riountal

Where Mant's collie mountains and an army falls.

With never falling for nile.

Piced myriads of rills.

With the Wahnatch wasting water that the springs of the white Lausie.

With their creeks in the creaty canyon and the brooks in the danksome dell And the strong in the danksome del Algae, where the dreary desert, Swetze away on either side. And the saids before, behind me, Make a world so wild and wide. The winds from the mountain passes like by my horse and me, As I gains through my glimmering glas O'er the wastes of a waveless sea.

AT CROSS PURPOSES

"It's all nonsense," she said, with an air of decision, industriously digging the end of her umbrella into the gleaming white

"Perhaps," he assented, sitting down on the hillock beside her and lazily looking at the miniature hills and valleys fashioned by the sunshade. "Why, of course it is," she asserted, with "Why, of course it is," sne asserted, with rather more carnestness than the subject being discussed seemed to warrant. "It does not exist outside the covers of a novel. Now, I believe in a true [riendship—that friendship which lasts through a lifetime and weathers all storms—but this lowdthat that whether allow is no nhout, talk about, is

prompted to do so by that love to which all men prate and for which all men sigh? Certainly not; it's an infattation, that's all. It can't last long. By and by it will settle downinto a calm regard similar to that which. It imagine, exists between John Simpkins and his wife Betty."

She paused, waiting for a reply, and he answered laconically, "Perhaps you are right."

His calmness exasperated her.

"I should like to see you fall in love," she exclauned impetuously—"hopelessly, irretrievably in love."

From the south plazza Colonel Marshall and his wife and Arthur Wyatt watched them coming. "She's a queer girl, that Helen of mine," the colonel said, with a

Helen of mine," the colonel said, with a sigh, "I can't understand her. I don't know who she takes her odd ways after. Not inother nor me surely. Has she answered you yet, my boy?"

"Not more definitely than she has been doing for the last six years. She doesn't want to marry yet. She will answer me soon, but not pow, not how. That is always her reply. It is a long time waiting."

"You had better. heists upon an understanding," the colonel advised, betraying his anxiety on the subject. "You can never tell what that girl will do next. Now, while I really have no idea that there is a while I'really have no idea that there is a while I really have no idea that there is a possibility of an entanglement with Horace Lynn, I must admit that there is a suspicious veering of the wind in that quarter. Look at them now. A fine couple, to be sure. Take my advice, Arthur. Tell her you must have an answer!"

"Don't be foolish, father," Mrs. Marshall there were.

interposed. "Horaco Lynn is not a marry-ing man."
"So much the worse," retorted the colonel. "Of all despicable objects on the face of the earth a male flirt is the meanest."

of the earth a male flirt is the meanest."

The younger man made no comment, and presently the girl and her companion reached the steps below.

"Come down, Arthur," she called out gayly. "I have work for you to do."

There was a tone of command in the voice that impelled him to instant obedience, an a moment later he had joined them.

"It is that trailing rosebush again," she said, laughing. "This morning's wind has worked said ravages among its tendrils. It worked and ravages among its tendrils. It must be refastened to the trellis. Will you

help me?"

Horace Lynh declined the invitation to accompany them and took Arthur's place on the plazza; "When they are married," the colonel said, looking sharply at his companion,"my happiness will be complete."
"Married? Who?" the other questione betraying a momentary interest for which he evidently upbraided himself immedi-

"Linve discovered that all thoso opinions were erroneous."

"Helen and Arthur Wyatt," was the response. "They have been lovers, as it were, ever since they were babies. They would have been married two or three years ago, but Helen is, willful and seemed to be adverse to an early marriage. In justice to us all she must lay aside all caprice and consents soon!"

It was a very refractory rosebush that had become loosened from its support, and the day was well high spectrum, and I fancy that ere legg he will find that she is truly his better half. You never were. Believe me, they will be married within six months after we are."

securing it to the framework was completed. A happy smile lighted Arthur's façe when they again joined theltrio on the plazza.

"Congratulate us;" he said joyously. "She has yielded at last, the day is set, and I am the most blessed mortal in exist-

"Don't be silly, Arthur, dear," Helen said, with a smile of reproof. "You are always so extravagant in your conversation. I did not want you to reveal our little section. cret just yet, especially in the presence of our abstere friend, Mr. Lynn.!

our anstere friend, Mr. Lyan,?"
"My knowledge of it need cause you no uneasiness, Miss Mayshall. I am glad of your happiness. My best wishes shall always attend you."
"There simany a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." You have her promise, but you are not sure of her till you have her. Girls are as slippery as cels," [Colonel Marshall interposed sententiously, but as he spoke her tested his durelter's golden but in a interposed sementioning, one as no spore in the stroked his daughter's golden hair in a manner that belied his assertion and gave abundant evidence of his faith in her once by prejudices, favors or sympathies, re-

her word was given.

In July Helen's consin came to assist in the preparations for the wedding, which was tales selemnized in the autumn. It was to be solemnized in the autumn. It was not with a high degree of pleasure that Arthur Wyatt hailed the arrival of Amy Randall. There had been a time, several years before, when the dainty, coaxing little hady had aroused in his heart an emotion that had sever been called into existence by the rather proud and imperious Helen.

"He did not fear a repetition of what might have been termed a summer firta-tion, for was not Helen the one woman in the world for him—the one who had been the world for him—the one who had been the object of a lifelong adoration and the only one he could ever care to marry? Still he almost wished she would stay away.

Helen welcomed the addition to the little circle with delight. Amy would be a companion for Horace Lynn, with whom she still came in contact as frequently as ever, for the formal aurouverment of the care. for the formal announcement of the engagement had caused no alteration in the
home life. 'She sometimes wondered if she
were not treading quicksands in which
there was danger of being engulfed at any
moment, and she regarded Amy as her preserver from such a fate.

Horace Lynn was as intensely calm as

ever in those days, and his own will be-came subservent to that of the others to a-degree that exasperated Helen almost be-yond the bounds of endurance. He walked with Any, taked with her, rode with her, sailed with her, became, indeed, the devot-ed attendant that Helen had planned and defined by the law to the three laws to redesired him to be, but it galled her so.
"Why doesn't he sometimes demur?"
she said to Arthur once. "Why doesn't he express a wish or an opinion of his own He has degenerated into a mere automa to has degenerated into a mere automa-ton. It is unlike his real self. Ho, was born to command. Why is he so extreme

ly docile?"
"Why should be not be?" Arthur asked.
"What has he to complain of? Isn't Amy
all he could desire for a companion? Neither
can I understand why you should work can I understand why you should work
yourself up into such a fever over him. I
wish you would not display such a deep interest in him, dear."
She did not reply at once. "Don't you
think, Arthur," ahe said at length, "that
you have made a mistake? Aren't you
afraid, that you will always be unhappy
with ne? I am a bundle of idiosyncrasies
—at least, that is what I have always been
told—and I am afraid I will make you misemble far life. "Don't you think you had
better reconsider the matter before it is soo

better reconsider the matter before as a later Amy or some one with a similar disposition would make you a splendid disposition would make you a splendid wife, I have always thought there ought to be a tender feeling between you two. Are you not tired of me, Arthur?

He repeated the oft told story, and that ended the discussion, and for a time they drifted on as before.

One morning, a few weeks before the wedding, Helen fully realized that Amy's presence, instead of drawing her back from the treacherous sands, was only precipitating her into the depths scorer than also would perhaps otherwise have sunken. It was only a fragment of conversation between her cousin and Horace Lynn, which she by chance overheard; only othermence, indeed, that he uttered, for she was too wretched to head the reply, but that told her that the one thing which she had no right to dread, had come to pass.

which she had no right to be to pass.

She did not try to deceive herself, longer. There came a remembrance of her oft expressed disbelief in any sentiment stronger than friendship, and she smiled at the mockery of it all. She knew then that even when giving utterance to such thoughts her heart had been filled with dormant passion which had been aroused into activity by the knowledge that there were insurmountable bearings when the tide was out, obeying

surmountable barriers between them.
That day when the tide was out, obeying the impulse to do something, anything, to conquer that longing, terrible feeling in her heart, she removed her shoes and stockings and waded out to Gunther's island, a feat which she had not attempted for years. being discussed seemed to warrant. "It does not exist outside the overs of a novel. Now, I believe in a true friendship—that friendship which lasts through a lifetime and weathers all storms—but this love that they write about, sing about, talk about, is nothing but a delusion. "It's a preposterous idea, to say the least. Do you suppose that the ardent swain that wears out numberless pairs of boots in walking beneath his lady's window, only to catch a glimpse of the light emanating from the room wherein she reposes, is prompted to do so by that love to which all men prate and for which all men sigh? Cer-

she was recalled by the touch of cold waves on her bare feet.

She started up then and looked around her in alarm. Quite well she realized her danger. The tide was coming in, and soon Gunther's 'Island, which at high tide was completely submerged, would be lost to view. Higher and higher the water came. She took her position in the center of the island, but steadily the waves pursued her.

It was such a short distance to the shore, but how impossible to cross over to it! but how impossible to cross over to it! but how impossible to cross over to it!

Horace Lypn strolled down to the seashore that evening and looked anxiously toward Gunther's island. Unknown to herself, he had seen Helen wade across the shallow channel that afternoon, but soon after he had returned to the hotel to keep an appointment with a friend and had put the incident from his mind for a time, but a disengaged again he wondered how she had staid there and if she had

away safely.
When he neared the edge of the water, one glance was sufficient for him to grasp the wholestruction. The beach was deserted, there was no boat at hand, and the only way to reach her was by swimming. She saw him coming, and a prayer of thanksgiving burst from her lips.
"Do not fear, but do as I bid you," he said when they started shoreward.
"I am not afraid anywhere with you,"

she answered trustingly.

Arthur Wyatt was not surprised when she told him next day that she could not "I have known for weeks," hosaid, "that

"I have known for weeks," hesaid, "that you do not love me, and I shall not urge you to fulfill your promise."

y Horace Lynn heard of the broken engagement through Colonel Marshall.

"May I speak to her now myself?" he asked, and the colonel, who was too sadly bewildered by recent events to reply in the negative, bade him godspeed.

He found her or that force the time. down by the shore.
"You know what, I would say, Helen,"

he told her abruptly. "What is your answer?"
"Yes, I know," she said. "But what

"Yes, I know," she said. "But what about Amy?"

"Am I Amy?s keeper?"

"I don't know. I heard you tell her one day in the rose arbor that you loved her, and that made me so miserable that I waded over to Gunther's island to"—

"To drown your misery," he interrupted, "and very nearly drowned yourself instead. I remember the day, We were talking over the love of this way. Tremember the day. We were talking over the love affair of scousin of mine and one of her friends. When you heard us talk-ing, I was simply telling her what I myself had heard him say to the young lady in question several months ago. We have been playing at cross purposes, Helen. I have loved you, I think, ever since I met

you."
"And I you," she answered, blushing:
"Yet you do not believe in such things.
"Yet you do not believe in such things. The idea is preposterous, to say the least,"
"I have discovered that all those opinion

And they were.-Chicago News. WOMEN DETECTIVES.

They are Fallures for Most Clusses, o

"Women are not good detectives, says an experienced New York official To begin with, there are many places to which a woman cannot go without exciting suspicion, and this defeats he object at the outset; but beyond this woman is unfitted by nature for de-

tective work.

"In the first place, she jumps at a conclusion and acts on it in opposition to all human probabilities; possibilities; to all human probabilities; possibilities." and reason. As a rule, a woman do ot leason. She looks on a thing as ale gardless of facts. As a detective, sh atelyt She at once decides that he or or she is guilty or innocent, and works

on that theory.

'A woman enjoys the mysterious and she is so elated at her position a detective that she is unable to conesa her identity or the secret investigati

of a case.
"Women are even failures in runthe man criminal handsome-well, man is better for detective work."

Aside from the important and control-ling influences of inheritance, of diet and of temperate habits the points to be learned from the few statistical data attainable from the few statistical data attainable are that longevity is promoted by a quiet, peakeful life in a retired and rural community, where there is freedom from nervous strain and worrying and excessively laborious toil. The business man, with increasing cares and responsibilities, the mill operative toiling hard to keep together the souls and bodfes of himself and his family, the politician, the hardworking professional. the politician, the hardworking professional men, are not the chief contributors to the centenurian ranks.—Medical Journal

The Scorcher in Couft. "Guilty or not guilty?" asked said the Judge. Judge.
"My client pleads guilty, and begs

some immunity on account of his yeara."
"I shall give him the full extent of
the law," said the Judge sternly. "The prisoner is conteneed to ride for sixty days behind beginners."

With a shrick of maniscal laughter the prisoner threw up his hands and fell to the floor senseless. He never smiled again.

Heartless.

Mother (at a ball)—Are you enjoying yourself, dear?
Daughter—No, I'm not.
"What is the matter?"
"I've refused George six daness running, and he doesn't seem miserable a

WHY THEY DO NOT PASS.

If you have inquired into the matter you will be surprised at the number of your friends who find themselves rejected as applicants for life insurance, because of the control of the cont friends who find themselves rejected as applicants for life insurance, because of kiducy trouble. They think themselves healthy until they undergo the medical test, and they fail in this one point. South the medical test, and they fail in this one point. South a merican Kidney Cure will remove not alone the early symptoms, but all forms the kidney disease, by dissolving the urle fail and hardening substances that find alone is the sweet at 1 Norther Charplace in the system. J. D. Locke of Sher-brooke, Que., suffered for three years from a complicated case of kidney disease, and spent over \$100 for treatment. He got no relief until he, used South American Kidney Cure and he says over his own signature that four bottles cure

Could Not Escape It. Giblets—I hear Growler threw up his id job because he got the rheumatism.

Joblets—Yes. Afraid of getting a stiff "Well, he's got one, any way."
"One what?"
"Stiff joint."
"How's that?"

'He's superintendent of the morgue.' COULD NOT LIE DOWN FOR EIGHTEEN MONTHS.

The Sufferings of a Toronto Junction Resident from Heart Disease. Not an exceptional case of heart disease but very distrissing was that if Mr. L. W. Law, of Torrato Junction, Ont., who was obliged to be propped up in bed with pillows for eighteen months, because of smothering spells that would come over him whenever he attempted to lie down. No treatment had done any good until he tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and here one dose gave complete relief, and one bottle cured him, and to day he onjoys the pleasures of good health as other people do. Heart disease will kill if not cured.

One Kind.
"Moral courage," said the teacher, "is
the courage that makes a boy, do what he
thinks is right, regardless, of the jeers of his companions. I "Then," said Willie, "If a boy has sweets and cats 'em all hisself, and ain't afraid of the other boys callin' him stingy, is

that moral courage?" Catarrhand Colds Relloved in 10 to 60

One short puff of the breath through the Blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's flatarrhal Powder diffuses this powder over the surface of the masal pussages, and delightful to use, it relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Head-ache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness, All Druggists.

Harbarous Warfare in 2,000.
"Its disgraceful," said the generaless indigmently. "There ought to be some Nort of restriction to prevent such a thing "What do you mean?"

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Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one day, and cures tetter, 'salt Theum, piles scald head, egyma, barber's itch, ulcers blotches and all cruptions of the skin. I is soothing and quieting and acts like magic in the cure of all baby humors; cents.

Lunautes and Criminals

Should undoubtedly be placed under proper restraint, but the man, with whom the liquor habt; has become a disease, ought not to be classed with either. He is a proper subject for medical treatment. The treatment of drunkenness; as a disease, ought now to our grandparents ease, was unknown to our grandparents ease, was unknown to our grandparents of also were electric cars and telephones. They would have laughed at the idea of any or either of them becoming working possibilities. That drunkenness can be cured by science, is now an established fact, and that the best; up-to-date, spien the treatment may be obtained at Onk ville (is proved by the hundreds who have been cured there. For interesting pamphilet, and full particulars, address. The Manager Lakehurst Institute, Oakville Ont:

Selvage.

Rice word "clyage" means "selfedge"

Lunautes and Criminals stored they are wellings a single that they are easily at the man, with whom they are easily at the harpy pair to ing tracen on the snow and so brittle that they break unless they are very change can be deaded at the deem of them becoming working to say, but crainly instead of grains and the independent britise masks scorned at least, they have been cured there. For interesting pamphilet, and that the best; up-to-date, spien the related to the strain of the North and that the best; up-to-date, spien the provided that the best; up-to-date, spien the provided the rest and the independent britise masks scorned at least, they have been cured there. For interesting pamphilet, and that the best; up-to-date, spien the provided the second provided the strain of the North and that the best; up-to-date, spien the provided the strain of the North and the theory are the provided the strain of the North and the theory are the provided the strain of the North and the provided the strain of the North and the theory are the policy at the provided the strain of the North and the theory are the policy at the provided the strain of the North and the theory ar Lunwies and Criminals
Should undoubtedly be placed under proper restraint, but the mail, with whom the liquor hable has become a disease, ought not to be classed with either. He

The word "civage" means "selfedge" or that which is an edge of itself without being hemmed 'elvage" means "selfedg

PILL-AGE

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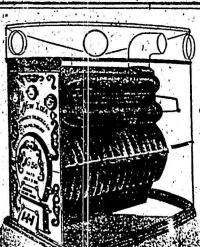
Publishers and Booksellers, Toronto, Ontario.

How to Hang Picture.

Do you remember the time when every well-regulated parlor wall showed pictures arranged in solemn tries, a large one in the center of each group, flanked by two smaller ones? How the good people who hung their works of ort in that style a generation ago would stare at the medicy arrangement of modern pictures! High art in picture hanging requires an arrangement which at first seems as purposeless as that of the picces in a crazy quilt, but which study, shows to be scientifically proper. Size and symmetry of fraining are no longer the sole tests of the fitness of pictures to be hung together. Newadays each photograph. together. Nowadays each photograph, engraving, or whatever it is, is placed where the light will fall upon it in the way best calculated to bring out the lights in the picture. There is one hall know where the wall above the wain I know where the wall above the wall-scotting is literally covered with etchings arranged with very little regard for size or subject, but producing a charming effect because of the happy way in which

Pictures should not be hung so high that the neok of the observer will be of necessity oraned into stiffness in order to view them. Large pictures, with well-defined figures or scenes, may be hung ligher than small ones, which require olose scrutiny to define them.

Pictures should not be hung so high that the neok of the observer will be of necessity oraned into stiffness in order to view them. Large pictures, with well-defined figures or scenes, may be hung ligher than small ones, which require olose scrutiny to define them.



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Is the age of womanly independence coming to an end? Some people, perhaps, will see in the reviving fashion of grooms men at weddings a sign that this liese, but whether or not they are sight

Night Ventilation.

Sight Venthetton.

It is a mistake to suspece that hight sir in towns is unhealthy. In most cases it is purer between 10 at might and 6 in the morning handary other rast of the 24 hours. It is generally to sleep with the window open four registers, from the top, and the four tightly cheed;

Cannot Be Beat.—Mr. D. See Speculator—Is there any in Speculator—Is there any in

Cannot Be Beat.—Mr D. Sec. Zurich, writes 171 leave used Dr Thomas Kelegrar O.Ha my fausity terminates of years, and I can safety say that it cannot be beat for the care of croup, fresh cuts and spiclus. My little by has had attacks of croup several those, and one dose of Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil was nad attacks of crojup several and attacks of crojup several one dose of Dr. Tionnas. Eclectric Oil was one dose of Dr. Tionnas. Eclectric Oil was sufficient for a perfect cure, . I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my louse."

Once a Pavor Whist:

Queen, and many years' practice has ren-dered her an expert in this pastime. No book on whist is published that the Queen loes not read carefully, and her op toon a

does not read carefully, and her 0, thou as to its nerity is of value, in her judyment of experts who know the game.

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At a Photographyr's. Lady -I want to have my photograph Lady -I want to have my photograph taken and I want to have this little intaken with me.

Photographer - We make an extracharge, madden, when two photographer taken at once.

Lady -Oh/hut I'll keep the boy it. y lap.—Fliegende Blactter.

man and the missing woman. Therefore the necessity for a Beautiful Skin and : Clear C inplexion. There are but two classes of winen: those who have go men: those who have go men: those who have good complexions and those who wish to have them.

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W. H. I consider the m of very budly treated. See how running there are do, lamous doe The Parient Oh, doctor: flook at ou

hoxes, which are smaller and more dainty than anything in the line eyer ontejeweler was asked. To which ques-tion he answered: Yes, indeed. The

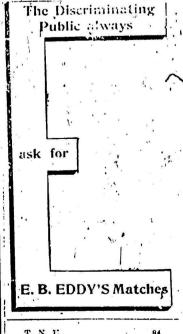
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