CHAPTER XXVI. (CONTINUED).

"She may have been instigated," sug- there," said I. gested the detective. "It's wonderful what things women will do for their lovers, and | round it, stretched his arm out, and again she had a lover-not of the best possible | raised his face to mine, this time however character."

Mr. Rayner gave a quick glance at me, and I felt guilty, for it was indeed | child !" said he. "There is nothing I who had given this piece of informa-

"Do you know his name?" asked Mr. Rayner.

"I am not in a position to state it yet; but we have our suspicions," said the man

cautiously. Mr. Rayner gave no sign of incredulity; but I knew his face well enough now to be | tainly. able to tell that he did not believe him.

find out how they came into her possession. confess everything."

gravely, "and then judge for yourself whether she is in a state to answer quesher now. Miss Christie, would you mind | ing. going up with me and watching in her place while Mrs. Saunders comes out to speak to

word; and I sent out the nurse to him and stood watching in her place. Sarah, lookbandage round her head and against her one could catch seemed to refer to the pain she was in. Then the door opened, the nurse re-entered, and the detective, with Mr. Rayner behind him, peeped in. A glance at the hollow face and dry lips of the sick woman might have satisfied him that her illness was no sham; but he watched her and listened to her mutterings for some minutes before he retired. I left the room as quickly as I could—the sight of the ghastly figure of the guily woman sickened me.

"You see," Mr. Rayner was saying as I got outside, "she is quite unable at present | the first time !" said I piteously. to speak for herself. I hope, and indeed believe, that, when she can do so, she will | ner. be able to clear herself of anything worse than perhaps the innocent passing of the stolen goods from one regue to another, without herself having the least idea of the srime she was being made to participate in. I will do all in my power to assist the course of justice. The doctor will be here in the morning, and he will tell you when she is likely to be able to give an account of herself. In the meantime you shall spend the night here. Miss Christic; will you kindly tell Mrs. Jennings to prepare the room next to mine and Mrs. Rayners's."

The name "Mrs. Jennings" for the moment puzzled me; then I remembered it was that of the cook, and I wondered why he had not said Jane. His room and Mrs. Rayner's! Did Mr. Rayner then sleep in the house since his wife's change of apartment !

The cook grumbled a good deal when I gave her the order. What was the house being turned topsy-turvy for? Wby had Mr. Rayner just sent Jane off to Wright's Farm to pay the corn-bill, to-day of all days, when there was a visitor and more to do? Telling her she might stop the night | acter. too, if the fog came on, as it was doing, when he might have known she wouldn't want telling twice when that hulking Peter Wright was about the farm! She knew what it was; Jane would not be back till late to morrrow afternoon, if she was then, and-

And so the cook went on, until Mr. Rayner appeared upon the scene, and she broke | her doing wicked things now."

off in her complaints, startled.

giving Jane permission to spend the nightat just asked Mrs. Saunders to take her upstairs duties till Jane comes back, in return for which you will be kind enough to watch by Sarah during her unavoidable absences."

This silenced the cook at once. It was a just punishment for her grumbling, for there was no duty she would not rather have undertaken than that of watching by the unconscious Sarah even in her quiet moments, She said to me afterwards that the nurse was very good; directly Sarah began to talk or grow excited, Mrs. Saunders always managed to hear, and came in to relieve her from the unpleasant task of listening to the sick woman's ravings.

I left Mr. Rayner talking to the cook, and went back to Haidee in the dining-When tea-time came, Mr. Rayner entered with the detective, whom he now addressed as "Mr. Maynard," and treated as a distinguished guest. Mr. Maynard, talked rather interestingly when his host drew him out, and was elaborately courteous to Mrs. Rayner, whose cold manner rather overawed him, and to me. He went to his gone to hers, I remained in the drawingroom putting the music in order, as Mr. Ravner had told me to do.

than you can imagine, child," said he, passing his hand through his bair wearily. "That vixen Sarah has always seemed honest-and yet I don't know what to be lieve."

"And, you know, the portmanteau I found in the cellar," I whispered tim-

idly. Mr. Rayner started.

"Good Heaven, I had forgotten that! Or rather I had dismissed it from my mind as a fancy brought about by the excitement of Sarah's accident, and hastily connected in your mind with your view of old Tom | detective is here, and get him caught?" I | dee's, but your own. For Heaven's sake, Parkes carrying a box across the lawn. said breathlessly. Where are the store-room keys, child?" asked he excitedly. "We must go at once | fully. to the cellar, and -- Heaven help us if what I took for your fancy should prove to Woodfall is the man I mean, he will never Yet her voice had never once risen above a be the truth !"

I tremblingly produced the keys, which I carried about with me; and, much against my will. I accompanied Mr. Rayner into the left wing. He took the keys from me ; but he was so very excited that he could not find the right one to fit into the door, and I room. There lay the black bag on one side floor. I put my finger through this and | day.

Rayner went down hastily, while I held the condle for him to see by.

"No, my child, I see nothing," said he, as he peered about.

Mr. Rayner looked through it, then looked with a look of unutterable relief. "Thank Heaven, it was your fancy,

" Not a deal table?" I gasped. "No-nothing but water."

"Perhaps the water has risen higher and covered it?"

"Come down yourself and see. Or are you afraid to come down again?" "No, I am not afraid," said I, uncer-

He came up and took the candle from me, "The main point now is, having traced | while I descended. The water, I knew by the jewels to the woman Sarah Gooch, to | the number of steps which were dry above it, was at the same level as before. I look-I must ask you to let me see the woman and | ed through the ladder and round it. Table question her. Taken by surprise, she may and portmanteau had utterly disappeared, on it by the flickering candle, seemed to me to wear a mocking smile which made the tions. I will ask the nurse if you can see handsome features hideous and alarm

"Let me come up," said I sharply. He held out his hand, and, when I, trembling and tottering, reached the top of the We went up together, scarcely speaking a ladder, he flung his arm around me to support me. But I was so sick with the horror ! of finding my story-my true story-dising more hideous than ever with the white | proved, and with the fancy I had had on looking up at Mr. Rayner's face, that leather-colored face and black hair, was | slid from his arm, ran out of the store-room, along the passage and through the swinging and muttering feebly. The only words | door, and feaned against the hall table to recover myself. Mr. Bayner was at my side in a few minutes' and, almost unconsciously, I let him lead me back into the drawing- the left wing, where the large store-room room. He brought me some brandy and | was - having failed to make any discovery, water and made me drink it, and bathed | wished to return to town that afternoon; my forehead, and told me gently not to be | but Mr. Rayner pressed him to stay, saying frightened, for I should soon be out of this dreary place and among beautiful scenes where I should forget the gloom of this sepulchral, dead-alive house, which was turning my poor little brain.

"Yes, dear child, I know," said Mr. Ray-

But I saw he did not believe me; and the tears began to roll down my cheeks. "You must not cry, you must not cry! You will spoil your pretty face if you cry,' said Mr. Rayner almost angrily.

I knew he hated the sight of anything ugly or distressing-it was part of an ari tist's nature, he said ; so I forced back my tears as fast as I could, and tried to smile.

"There is my lovely girl again!" said he; stopping in front of me-he had walked up and down the room while I wept. "We will never mention Sarah's name again when once we are away from her, little one," said he. "But until we go, or until our respected friend Mr. Maynard goes, I am afraid she must still occupy a good deal of our thoughts. She will certainly not submit to any cross-examination on his part to-morrow, or for a long time to come-if she ever is," said he gravely. "And in the meantime he will try to trump up a story and to criminate as many persons as he can, just to show his superiors that he has not wasted his time here. And certainly he will leave our poor Sarah without a rag of char-

"But, do you know, Mr. Rayner, I don't think Sarah has always been as nice a woman as you suppose, said I timidly. "From what I have heard her say, I think, when she was young, she must have had some horrid friends, who made her do all sorts of wrong things; and that is why I cannot be as much surprised as you are at | by the fire, with Haidee on her lap.

"Did you tell Mr. Maynard that?" "I am afraid I have entailed a good deal | "No, I only answered his questions. He of trouble upon you, cook; by thoughtlessly | said he was her brother-and of course I did not want him to doubt his own sister. But, the farm if the fog grew thick; so I have Mr. Rayner, I want to ask you something. Have you ever heard of a James Woodfall ?"

> He was sitting by me on the sofa, with his head turned away. He did not answer my question at once. The he said very quietly-

"Did Mr. Maynard ask you that?" He turned slowly as he said so, until his

eyes met mine. "Oh, no! I heard Sarah say the name

when she was delirious-the first night-Friday night," I whispered. "Oh! Was hea friend of hers?"

"Oh, yes! I think she must have been in love with him when she was young, and he must have been a very bad man who made her do anything he liked, and the most curious part of it is that she-she mixes his name up with the people she knows now," said I, lowering my voice still more.

"How?" asked Mr. Rayner. "Whose name does she mix his up with?" "Why, with-with mine, Mr. Rayner I" said I, blushing uncomfortably at the very thought. "She kept saying in her

ravings that this wicked forger-for she said room early, and, when Mrs. Rayner had he was a forger-James Woodfall was in love with me and wanted to marry me, and that he wanted her to help to marry this "This day's events have upset me more to have to listen to that?" whispered I ex-"Did she say James Woodfall was a com-

mon thief?" "No, I gathered that from what she

said. Did you ever hear of him Mr. Ray-

"Yes, I have heard of him, and I believe he is alive now," he said. "Then I believe that she is in love with him still, and that he is at the bottom of

this dreadful robbery!" cried I, much excited. "Oh, Mr. Rayner, couldn't you find out from Sarah where he is now, while the

Mr. Rayner shook his head thought-"I'm afraid not, my dear child. If James

be taken alive," said he.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

Mr. Rayner slep that night in the dressing-room leading out of the large front room which his wife now occupied. I met opened it for him. We crossed the stere him coming out of it as I went down-stairs to breakfast next morning. I spent the of the trap door, where I had put it down | hours until dinner-time in my own room, on catching sight of the little ring in the | packing and preparing for the journey next |

naturally be overflowing with excitement | words as -no, I could not think them idle : about such a great event. I had written a long letter to her on Monday, and put it into the post-bag, with no misgivings as to its "Look through the ladder; it is behind | safety now that my enemy Sarah was ill. It was a very pleasant thing to think that I should soon be with my mother again, and that in a few days I should see Laurence; but there was a less bright view to be taken of the expedition, and from time to time, in the midst of my happy anticipation, it trou-

bled me. It seemed an unkind thing, in spite of her obstinate refusal to quit the Alders, to leave delicate Mrs. Rayner alone in this dreary go to my uncle's house in search of her. Smith, to be there tried for introducing and place, the gloom and damp of which had evidently had much to do with the morbid state of mind she was in, with no companions, and no other inmates of the house, except a weird child who was not fond of her, | me? two servants, a sick-nurse, and a delerious invalid. I had noticed faint signs of nervous agitation in her manner lately when the coming journey was alluded to, and I had caught her eyes fixed upon mine sometimes as if she had something to say to me which she could not bring herself to the As I looked up suddenly, Mr. Rayner's point of uttering; and the strange perver-"You shall see her," said Mr. Rayner | face, distorted by the weird light thrown | sity of the poor lady, who seemed now mad, now sane, puzzled me more and more.

The Doctor, for whose verdict Mr. Maypard was waiting, did not come that day until just before dinner; and then his renot think it probable that Sarah would ever recover her reason, and the only change she was likely to get from her sick-room was to the county lunatic asylum. On hearing this, the detective, who had spent the morning in making inquiries, in searching Sarah's boxes, and even her room, at Mr. corner of the housekeeper's room in which she generally sat, and of the store-cupboard under the stairs, which was also under her charge-but I do not think he went into that he would drive him over to Denham Court that afternoon, and, in the character of a friend of his, come down from town for 'a few days, he could examine the scene of it. the robbery and make inquiries without any "But indeed I did see the portmanteau one's suspecting who he was, and perhaps pick up some scraps of information which would save him from the reproach of having made a journey in vain.

"Do you know enough about railways to pass for an engineer, or inspector, or anything of that sort?" asked Mr. Rayner. "You know, of course, that suspicion has fallen upon a gang of navvies who are at work upon the line near there; but, although there have been detectives among them since, not one has been sharp enough

to discover anything yet." The man seemed a little shy at first of interfering in a branch of the work of watch. ing which had been put into other hands, But he was rather put upon his mettle by the allusion to the fact that his journey had been so far a failure. And Mr. Rayner whispered to me in the hall, with his eyes twinkling, when the detective was already seated in the dog-cart at the door, that he had put that fellow up to discovering something-it did not matter what, wrong or right. He said they should be back early, as the fog was rising already, and, in order to repay Mr. Maynard for detaining him, there was to be dinner at half-past six, instead of the usual tea at half-past five, And, in the very highest spirits, Mr. Rayner patted my shoulder, told me to savemyself up for the next day, and that he had a present to give me on the journey, and jumped into the dog-cart.

I went back into the dining-room, where the cook was clearing away the luncheon, Jane, as she had predicted, not having come back yet. Mrs. Rayner was sitting

"Are you unhappy at the thought of losing her so soon?" said I softly, leaving my seat and kneeling by her side, as soon as the cook had left the room.

Mrs. Rayner looked at me earnestly, and then whispered-

"No, I am not unhappy about her, but about you." "About me, Mrs. Rayner!" I exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Hush!" she whispered softly. She took her arms from her child's neck, and told her to go and play; and Haidee obediently | trembling with terror. Then the boy exclaimwalked to the window, where her doll was lying on the floor.

"It is as much as my wretched life is worth to warn you," whispered she, taking the hand I had laid on her lap, and claiping and unclasping her own about it nervously. "You are kind-hearted, and innocent as a child-I see that now," she contimued, her eyes wandering restlessly about

I began to be afraid of a fit of hysterics, or worse; and I begged her not to talk if it fatigued her, and asked her if I should fetch some eau-de-Cologne. She shook her

"I am not hysterical-don't be afraid of that," said she, turning her great eyes upon me, as if in reproach. "I only want to tell you this-when you arrive in London tomorrow, if your mother is not waiting at the atation, insist upon going to her house before you go farther. Do not on common thief to me. Wasn't it dreadful any account enter another train without her. Call the guard-make a disturbance at the station-do anything rather."

"But how can I?" said I gently. "I cannot insist against Mr. Rayner. He would not listen. You know that, when he tells one to do a thing, there is such a strong authority about him, one must do it."

"Try, try!" said she earnestly. "I believe you have the power, if you have the courage. You have thwarted his wishes as nobody else has has ever dared to do-in sending for Doctor Lowe, in taking Haidee up stairs. Try once more. It is not Sarah's safety that is concerned this time, nor Hai-

She lay back in the chair, her face, neck, and hands all wet with the violence of her feeling and her unaccustomed vehemence. whisper that could not have been heard at the other end of the room. She raised her head again, and read with unexpected penetration the look on my face.

"I am not mad, Miss Christie," she said very quietly. "Think me mad if you like -if your mother meets you at Liverpool Street Station. But, if not, remember my warning; it may have cost me my life."

She shook off my hand and lay back again, as if wishing for rest. And I remained on the remembrance of my last visit, and Mr. | heard again from my mother, who would | I should follow her advice or dismiss her | dinner-party.

that she herself dad been in terrible earnest as she uttered them I could not doubt, Inhuman Sufferings and Savage Courage What then? She wanted to make me distrust her husband. She had not spoken like a jealous woman; she was too cold, too indifferent for jealousy. What strange fancy for us, which was very likely, as she was seldom punctual, I should still have Haidee ing for her; but, if she did not come soon, of his poor, sickly, fanciful wife trouble

And yet the impression her words had made upon me was so strong that I determined, if my mother should not arrive at the station shortly after us-that she would be there already was too much to expect of her-that I would ask Mr. Rayner to let me take a cab to my uncle's house and fetch her myself.

Mrs. Rayner scarcely spoke for the rest of the afternoon; that unusual burst of vehemence seemed to have exhausted her.

The fog which had been banging about us for days, grew so thick as the afternoon port was as gloomy as possible. He did | wore on that we had to have the lamps lighted much earlier than usual, and it was The rats gnawed off his toes, devoured part quite dark when, at about half-past four, of his left foot, and bit him in other places. there was a ring at the front-door bell. The He could keep his tormenters off as far as cook came in to say that a boy from the village wanted to speak to Miss Christie; and I went into the hall and found a little fellow of about ten whom I did not know, Rayner's suggestion, in examining every | who told me that Mrs. Manners, who was at the school-house, had sent to ask me to come to her at once, as she wished to speak to me about the dole. This was a yearly distribution of clothing and money among eat and drink. In this deplorable condition the very poor people of the parish, which he was found by a deputy marshal, and retook place in November. It was rather strange that Mrs. Manners should want to speak to me about it, I thought at first, as I was not a district visitor. However, of course I must go; and I went back into the dining-room and told Mrs. Rayner about

"Don't go, Miss Christie," said she at once. "It is some trap, some trick; Mrs. Manners never sends messages but by her own boys. Don't go."

"I don't like not to go," said I hesitatingly. "It may be something of importance, and Mrs. Manners has been so kind to me. Please let me go, Mrs. Rayner." She shrank into herself, and leaned back

again as the cook reappeared at the door, saying the boy said Mrs. Manners's message was-would I make haste?"

"Of course you can go, Miss Christie," said Mrs. Rayner listlessly.

I ran up-stairs and was down again ready for my walk in a few minutes. The boy was evidently prepared to accompany me; it will blow the ashes from you instead of and the fog was so thick that I was g'ad of over you." it, for he was more used to the turns of the road than I; and even he had to go very slowly and to keep close to the hedge. He kept urging me to make haste however, and both. I followed him as fast as I could, while he turned every other minute to see that I was still behind him.

The school was about half a mile from the Alders, among the first houses of the village. When I stumbled against a milestone which was, I knew, not far from our destination, the boy said-

"Here, mies, take care! This way." And, taking a corner of my cloak, he led me round into a path which branched off

to the left. is straight on, I know-not up here. This is the way to Dunning's Farm, half a

mile off." "It's all right, miss," said he. "I'm afraid of our being run over along the highroad now we're so near the village. Come on,

miss; it's all right." He was very impatient; and I followed him, not without some misgivings. We had

groped our way up this lane for what seemed to me a very long time when the boy stopped and whistled. "What are you doing that for?" said

sharply. But the boy, who, by making but a few steps forward, was lost to my sight in the

ed angrily-"Why, he ain't here!" "He! Who?" I cried in alarm; and at

that moment I heard a crackling of branches, and saw dimly through the fog, a few yards in front of me, the figure of a man crashing through the hedge, and leaping down from the field into the

Smothering a cry, I turned, and ran l knew not whither. It was Tom Parkes or Gordon, who had decoyed me out here to punish me for my discoveries, which Sarah must have told them about.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Trophy from Tokar.

Lieut. Wilford Lloyd, of the I battery of Aldershot on a recent morning for Windsor at any drug store. Buy one and test it. Large bottles of Nerviline only 25 cents, at all drugard, captured by the British troops at the relief of Tokar, to the queen. Lieut. Wilford Lloyd, who is a relative of Mr. Clifford Lloyd, received permission to accompany the army in the Soudan, and on his return | both parties are better suited, call at the office home, toward the expiration of his leave, of, or write to was commissioned by Gen. Graham to convey the trophy to her majesty. The gallant officer, who has already seen considerable active service, left Trinkitat on March 5, travelling via Cairo and Alexandria to Venice (where he was detained in quarantine by the most fastidious. Manufactured only by five days), and thence to London, where he THE CROMPTON CORSET CO. arrived on Sunday. Lieut. Lloyd, wearing the blue and gold uniform of his corps, ar rived at Windsor about noon, and immediately proceeded with the flag to the palace. The standard, which is about two and a half yards long and two yards wide, is composed of red and yellow silk. On one side is an Covers, Whiting, Fire Bricks, Plaster of Paris, Fire Clay, Arabic inscription to the effect that it was Borax, Roman Cement, China Clay. presented by the medhi to the governor of Bessemer Steel Sois, Chair & Bed Springs. Tokar, and on the other a text from the koran-"There is no god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet. Everyone professes the knowledge of God." The queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, received Lieut. Lloyd in the corridor after luncheon. The gallant officer who was introduced by treal, and New York Gen. Sir H. F. Ponsonby, presented the flag, on behalf of Gen. Graham, to her majmy knees beside her, not knowing what to ty, who was greatly interested in the trophy. of Trade. raised it again, not without a shudder at It was curious, I thought, that I had not think, whether she was mad or same, whether Lieut, Lloyd was included in the queen's -IN GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.-

AN OUTLAW AT BAY.

of John Wooliver.

A prisoner died in the jail at Fort Smith, Ark., recently, after suffering agonies which demonstrated extraordinary human powers was this of hers about the journey? If my of endurance, John Wooliver, after killing mother should not be at the station waiting his last man in Texas three years ago, found it necessary to flee. Indian Territory offered him a refuge, and there he lived under with me. I should naturally suggest wait- the name of John Robinson until the early part of March. when he was taken by a probably Mr. Rayner himself would send or United States deputy marshal to Fort What had I to fear with Mr. Rayner, my selling whiskey among the Indians. When best and kindest friend, next to Laurence, found by the marshal, Wooliver presented a in the world? Why should a morbid fancy horrible appearance. He had been shot in the thigh in a drunken row last December, The femur was shivered and he lay on a rude bed in an old shanty near where he fell, received such attention as a cattleman who was butchering near by could give him. He had no medical treatment, and his wounds were never dressed.

Some humane neighbors made up a purse and paid a man to take care of him; he was placed in an old outhouse, but no other attention was given him thad to feed and water him. Here he lay for over six weeks without ever being washed or having his wounds dressed. He was perfectly helpless, being unable to turn over, and his legs were so swellen that he could not move them. his arms would reach, but was unable to scare them from his feet and had to suffer the agonies of being eaten alive.

He was at last removed from this place in a pitiable condition. Running abscesses had broken out on his legs and body, emitting a stench so offensive that none dared go near him, except to give him something to moved to Fort Smith, where medical aid could be administered. The bedding upon which the man lay had rotted under him, and bed-sores had formed which exposed his bones to view.

In this condition he endured a trip of 225 miles in a waggon over a rough road, and scarcely uttered a groan.

He was placed under medical treatment, and everything possible done for him, but abscesses had formed on his lungs, blood poisoning had set in, and death terminated his sufferings.

## The Variable Wind.

One blowing day last week, when the sidewalks were as slippery as glass, a woman stood in front of a door on Clifford street, and strewed some ashes from a pan she held on the icy walk. As she did so, the wind blew the coal dust rather freely over her, and a man going past said :

"If you will turn your back to the wind

The woman thanked him with her eyes, but did not move. Indeed, she could not without losing her balance and the ashes

"Let me show you," said the man, kindly, as he removed a fur glove and grasped with a determined grip the well-filled ashpan. "You can throw them over the walk in this way, and not be hable to put your eyes out. It's as easy as rolling off a log," and he braced his back against the wind and gave a generous flop to the ash-pan.

The woman went into the house to get the ashes out of her bair and eyes and recoverer her health. When the police had dusted the man off and identified him they "But you are going wrong," I said. "It took him home. The only remark he made

"You can't always tell from what quarter the wind will blow when you attempt to give advice about emp'ying an ash-pan.

Which it is so.

The weather prophet looks for spring this month The wise man looks for a blood purifier that will not injure his system: he can find what he wants in Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the greatest of all blood-purifiers. In large to tles at 50 cents.

A bucking horse is frequently the power behind the throne.

A QUESTION. How can we raise more corn to the acher? Why, of course by using Putnam's Corn Extractor. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has given universal satisfaction, for it is sure, safe, and painless, Like every article fog, whistled again. I stood for a moment of real merit it has a host of imitators, and we would specially warn the public to guard against those dangerous substitutes offered for the genuine Putnam's Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

"A happy medium"-one who makes money in the c'airvoyant business.

If your white plug hat is stained or bruised on the side, dou't cast it aside and buy a new one. Have a mourning band put on it. If your clothes are faded or dingy, make them good as new with the popular Triangle Dyes, 32 colors, at your druggist's. Wilson's Chemical Co, Kingston Unt:, and Syracuse, N. Y.

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high-crowned, felt hat. GLAD TIDINGS, To the victim of pains and sches no tidings can give greater pleasure than the means of relief. Polson's NERVILINE exactly fills the bill. Nervicine cures rheumatism. Nerviline cures cramps. Nerviline cures headache. Nerviline is sure in lumbago. Nerviline, the great cure for internal or external pains.

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