

A DUEL IN A DRAWING ROOM.

Commanding His Sweetheart to give the Word.

Rosie Andrigo is the beautiful sixteen-year-old daughter of a wealthy Northumberland coal operator. Mr. Andrigo owns a Polish estate about twenty-two years ago. He was a poor man at that time, but by his industry and skill he amassed great wealth. Some five years ago he built a superb residence on the outskirts of Mount Carmel, and supplied his beloved daughter with everything that wealth could provide. Miss Rosie, whose social position was much better than that of the daughters of other Polish families in this neighborhood, grew up a spoiled beauty. Naturally a great many young men in Mount Carmel sought her hand, but she treated their offers of love with the greatest indifference. Two months ago Count Ludwig Armopuski paid a visit to Mount Carmel. He is the son of a Russian nobleman, and came to this country as a traveler. He brought letters of introduction to Mr. Andrigo, who invited him to spend some time at his residence in Mount Carmel. Count Ludwig at once fell desperately in love with his host's daughter, and apparently his affection was returned; at least it was reported that Miss Rosie was engaged to the young Russian.

Among the girl's admirers is Frank Rudman, a bookkeeper at a colliery. He became very jealous of the titled Russian, and on several occasions insulted him grossly before others. Count Ludwig refused to take any notice of these insults, intimating that, being a nobleman's son, he could not engage in any dispute with a bookkeeper. On Sunday last Rudman met Miss Rosie as she was returning from the Catholic chapel. He told her that he had information that Count Ludwig was going to Chicago, and that he had boasted that he had only won the girl's love in sport, and intended to throw her over. The girl refused to believe at first that her lover was false, but on Rudman affirming that he had positive evidence of his fickleness she declared that she would refuse to speak to him during the few days he would be her father's guest.

Of course Count Ludwig noticed the sudden change in her manner toward him, and

asked for an explanation. This she at first refused to give, but as he persisted, she told all that Frank Rudman had said to her. The Count at once sent a challenge to Rudman by Mr. William Butler, an American living here, and the challenge was eagerly accepted. Arrangements were made for the duel to be fought on Wednesday, in a retired spot three miles from Mount Carmel.

Rudman whose courage is greater than his discretion, drank heavily, and spoke of the contemplated duel to several of his friends. They persuaded him to go to Mr. Andrigo's residence and shoot the young Russian without risking a face to face meeting. At night while Miss Rosie and Count Ludwig were sitting in the Andrigo drawing room, Rudman burst in upon them with a revolver in each hand.

"I have come to kill you," he cried out to the Russian at the same time firing.

The bullet took effect in a Sevres vase, shattering it to pieces. Count Ludwig hastened up stairs to his bedroom, and took a revolver from a dressing case. He was back again in the parlor almost before Rosie knew what had happened. Leveling the revolver at Rudman's head, he called upon him to place himself at the opposite end of the apartment.

"Count three!" the Russian shrieked to the trembling girl, as Rudman took his place by the balcony window.

Terrified, and not knowing what she did, Rosie obeyed the order, and as the word "Three" fell from her lips the reports of two revolvers rang out simultaneously. The ball from Count Ludwig's weapon penetrated Rudman's shoulder. The latter fell to the floor as the bullet from his pistol whizzed over the young Russian's head. Mr. Andrigo's servants rushed into the room, a hasty explanation followed, and Rudman was carried to a bedchamber, where Miss Rosie is attending to him.

A belated husband, hunting in the dark for a match, and audibly expressing his disappointment, was rendered insane in an instant by his wife suggesting in a sleepy voice that he had better light one and look for them, and not go stumbling around in the dark breaking things.

Cancer.

Any disease which is acknowledged by all to be full of danger, is sure to be associated with quackery. Unprincipled men take the advantage of the popular ignorance of medical remedies to make money. In respect to no disease is this more true than in the case of cancer. And the success of imposition is made easier from the fact that the name is constantly applied to tumors of various kinds, which have nothing of a serious character, which will disappear of themselves if they are only left alone. If, however, the name of cancer has been suggested, and then either a "cancer doctor" has been called, or without any such addition some one of the boasted remedies has been employed, when the tumor gradually diminishes and eventually disappears, the case is heralded as a "cancer cure," and the delusion is greatly strengthened thereby. For instance, the common red clover has a great reputation in some parts of the country for curing cancer, and to attempt to convince the believers in its efficacy that they are under a mistake is perfectly useless. The case of this one and of that is quoted in proof, whereas no one of them doubtless had ever the least reason for fear or the slightest sign of cancer.

The simple fact is that cancer is not at all a local disease. It affects the entire system; the change of tissues which constitutes what is recognized as the "cancer" is only the local manifestation. Hence the well known truth that removal of the ulcerated part, the tumor is constantly only a temporary relief; the disease returns to its power, and commonly is soon fatal. Hence the universal dread of "the knife," and hence the readiness to flee to those who give the comforting promise that they will "draw out the cancer by the roots;" and beyond question such men will be encouraged in this imposture by continued application for the use of their skill. If they treated only cases where true cancer exists there would be comparatively small evil done, for there is too much reason to believe that the disease is of its very nature fatal, and that its progress to a painful death is sure and steady despite the utmost human skill; but harmless tumors are constantly submitted to their care. Everything with them is invariably a "cancer," and it must be drawn out. The applications which are made destroy the tissues, for how can they draw the cancer out without it? That which was harmless becomes a source of suffering and even of danger, and if the patient recovers after the "doctor" has taken all the money available, it is paraded as a cure, whereas no cure was needed.

The domestic remedies, such as the clover above noted, are commonly harmless, and while they do no good they serve to pacify the patient. If cancer is there, it goes on its evil way unchecked; if a simple, non-malignant tumor is involved, it either disappears or remains stationary in progress, and presently clover or perhaps cancer root (*Comopholis Americana*) is in greater repute than ever.

A Remarkable Buffalo Hunt.

People living near Glendive, Montana, were surprised the other day by hearing a loud tramping, and through the clouds of dust kicked up they discovered a herd of buffalo making at a mad pace for the river. The animals appeared to be well-nigh run-down, but many of them were furious. As they came to the bank of the Yellowstone they plunged in pell mell, one on top of the other, and for a time it looked as though many of them would be killed, but nearly all got out uninjured. They had hardly reached the other side when a yelling, swearing crowd of white men and Indians came up on foam-covered horses. They paused here long enough to get refreshment, and then resumed the chase.

There were four or five hundred buffalo in the herd, and they were making for British America as fast as their legs would carry them. From the hunters it was learned that the hunt began down in Dakota, on the Cannon Ball River, where not less than 5,000 of the animals were found grazing. A few of the men had followed them the entire distance, but although the party that passed here numbered only thirty, its members estimated that from first to last three or four hundred men had taken part in the slaughter. Some of the men who had started out with the original party had remained behind at various points to secure the hides, and others, who only joined in for the sport, had dropped out after satisfying themselves with the chase. The rapidity with which these magnificent animals are slaughtered is shown by the fact that the hunters passing through here said they would have the hides of the remnant of the herd before reaching the boundary line.

Probably this is one of the last big buffalo hunts that will ever occur in this country. The Indian, now that he is assured of enough to eat at the agencies, is as reckless in his slaughter of the bison as the white man. He seems to consider the game as nearly extinct, and he goes in recklessly with the idea of having all the sport he can before the end is reached. The wanton destruction of this herd has caused great indignation throughout the entire section traversed, but as it seems to be the policy to exterminate the bison nothing will be done about it.

France is not prosperous. Allowing for the million and a half taken away by Germany, the population has made no progress at all since 1860. Its numbers are smaller now than they were fifteen years ago, while the load of taxation has almost doubled. Equally stationary has been the export trade. The average of recent years has indeed been lower than for the years immediately succeeding the war. Imports have, on the other hand augmented much, but not because the country has been internally prosperous. The increase is the consequence of bad harvests, and indicate a further denudation of the wealth of the people.

The Stranglers of Paris.

Strangling appears to be becoming as common a means of assault in Paris as the use of the knife is in some parts of Italy. Hardly a week passes without some fresh case of the kind being reported, and it too frequently happens that the aggressors escape detection. Cab-drivers have lately been selected as victims by the gangs of ruffians who prowl about the suburbs of the city after nightfall, and omnibus-drivers or conductors also come in for their share of attention. A short time ago, for instance, a tramway car plying between La Chapelle and the Square Monge was the scene of a very daring attack. It was approaching the former terminus a little after 11 o'clock, carrying but four men as passengers. The conductor, or nearing La Chapelle, got inside the car to check his way-bill; but he had no sooner sat down than he was set upon by the thieves, grasped by the throat, and held until a rope was slipped round his neck. The odds were against him, the driver did not hear his cries for help, and had the victim not been a powerful man he would probably have lost his life. He succeeded, however, in preventing his assailants from drawing the noose tight, and on approaching the terminus they decamped, taking with them the leather pouch containing a portion of the day's receipts. If murderous assaults of this nature go on increasing omnibus-conductors and cab-drivers will have to carry arms about them.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

We rate ability in men by what they finish, not by what they attempt.

There should be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subject to change.

In every relation of life we must bear and forbear; we must not expect perfection, and

each party should carry the cloak of charity for the other.

A rich dress is not worth a straw to one who has a poor mind.

The best and most important part of a man's education is that which he gives himself.

The power of applying an attention, steady and undivided, to a single object, is the sure mark of a superior mind.

Mankind differ in their notions of supreme happiness; but in my opinion he truly possesses it who lives in the conscious anticipation of honest fame and the glorious figure he shall make in the eyes of posterity.

So long as thou art ignorant, be not ashamed to learn. Ignorance is the greatest of all infirmities; and when justified, the chiefest of all follies.

You may take the greatest trouble, and by turning it around find joys on the other side.

The greatest events of the age are its best thoughts; it is the nature of thought to find its way into action.

A Business Dodge.

In one of the largest and most fashionable of luncheon rooms, where hurried eaters grab at the edibles most tempting within reach, the consumption of roast beef was insignificant; and this was particularly displeasing to the proprietor because he had an advantageous contract for beef. The wreck of a portly, middle-aged Englishman floated in to beg for something to eat. The restaurant keeper hired him for a few dollars a week, dressed him well, shaved his face, combed his hair, and made him look like a well-fed Briton of a prosperous sort. Then he brought his biggest roasts of beef right out in sight, posed him as a carver behind them, and was soon selling 500 pounds a day. The English aspect of the man who wielded the knife and fork had the expected effect. Fellows who had never thought of ordering so substantial a viand as roast beef for luncheon now crowded to the counter behind which the Englishman sliced it off so spectacularly.

EATON'S Dry-Goods and Millinery Store!

Millinery and Mantle Show Rooms Open.

The styles in ladies' Hats this season are extremely pretty. The shapes being something the same as last season; to be had in all colors in felt at 75c, 90c, \$1 up, and in straw and Milan at 45c, 55c, 65c. The trimmings, are exceedingly choice, being for the most part composed of velvets, plushes, etc. It is worth the attention of every Toronto lady to see Eaton's millinery department. Note this fact, millinery sold at Eaton's at same small profits of general dry-goods, an unusual thing in the millinery business.

Millinery Show Rooms Open

CARPETS.

The Exhibition Carpets advertised last week are still on sale. Without doubt these are the finest goods ever produced in Canada, and are now being sold in unions at 30c, 35c, 45c, and 50c per yard. In all wools at 75c, 80c, 90c, and \$1. The best quality made, are being sold at \$1, ordinary price of these goods is \$1.25. Eaton's price \$1. The 45 cent union goods are the best value we ever offered. The regular price being 60c. Eaton's price 45c. Take the elevator up to carpet room, and ask to see the 45c union carpets.

EATON'S Millinery Showrooms Open

The fashion in cloths for mantles is hard to decide, but the most popular this season is the Jersey cloth or stocking knit goods, and the Ottoman cloth. To be had in Black, Seal, Navy, Grenat, Bronze and Grey, 54 inches wide. Superior stock of 6-4 Ulsterings in Checks, 75, 90c, \$1, \$1.10, \$1.25, \$1.75. We are showing a very fine and medium heavy cloth, in plain colours, Grenat, Seal, Navy and Grey, \$1.50 per yard. Ordinary price of these scarce goods is \$2. Mantles cut, fit, and made to order.

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HOSIERY.

Ladies' all wool seamless hose 20 to 22c. pair.

Ladies' fancy Canadian lamb's wool hose, 25c. pair.

Children's plain and fancy wool hose, 15c. pair up.

Children's black and colored cashmere hose, ribbed and plain, 25c. pair, up.

Special line of ladies' black cashmere hose, full fashioned, 30c. pair.

Ladies' extra fine lamb's wool hose, 40, 45, 50 and 60c. pair, all the new colors.

Ladies' cashmere hose, black and fancy colors, 35, 40, 50, and 60c. per pair up.

Ladies' Shetland lamb's wool underwear, \$1, \$1.10, and \$1.25.

Children's wool shirts and drawers, 35, 40, 45 and 50c. up.

Children's combination suits, all sizes, from \$1.25.

Ladies' cardinal lamb's wool vests, all sizes, \$1.50.

Ladies' merino underwear, 60 and 65c, extra value.

Children's polkas and ulsters, 85c, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, and \$1.65, all new styles.

A beautiful assortment of children's wool caps, hats, hoods etc., very cheap.

Ladies' jerseys, special line in black, all sizes, \$1.25.

Ladies' black brocaded jerseys with basque, all sizes.

Ladies' black and coloured cashmere jerseys \$2, and \$2.25.

A splendid line of fine wool clouds, all sizes and colours from 25c up.

GLOVES.

Ladies' 2 B Josephine Kid gloves in all the newest shades, 50c pair worth \$1.

Ladies' 2 B double stitched Josephine kid gloves \$1 every pair warranted.

Ladies' 4 B kid gloves, in black colours opera shades and white, 50c pair.

Ladies' 4 B kid gloves in black and dark colours 65c pair.

Men's 4 B kid gloves in all the newest colours \$1 pair.

Men's 6 B length mousquetaire kids in black, dark colours, tans, drabs, opera shades, etc., \$1, \$1.25 and \$1.50 pair.

Men's 8 B length undressed mousquetaire kid gloves, 75c pair, worth \$1.25.

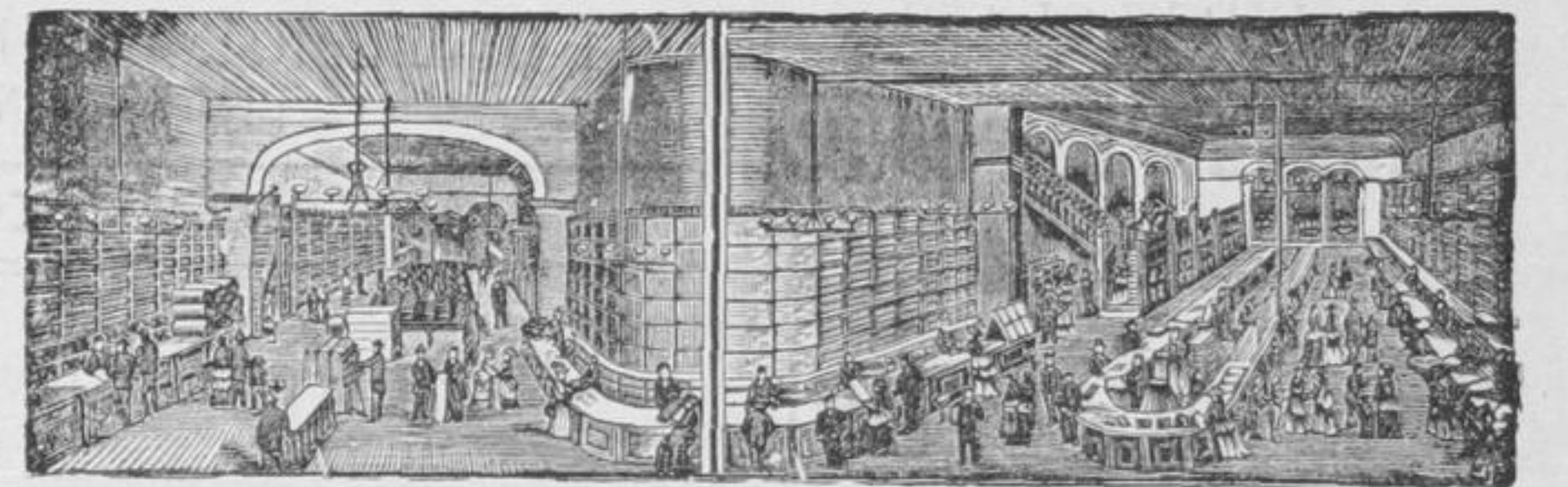
Men's 6 B mousquetaire castor kid kid gloves, all the newest shades \$1 pair.

Gentlemen's Dent kids, all fashionable colours, 50c, 75c and \$1 pair.

Gent's lamb gloves, stitched backs, 75c pair.

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