

NELLO.

THE STORY OF MY LOVE.

CHAPTER VII.

Until long after midnight aunt Annette, Mr. Benson, and I sat discussing this—to me—non-omnibus matter. One thing was certain—there was no deception, no flaw in the evidence, no informality in the marriage; everything was perfectly straightforward and strictly legal. Aunt Annette wanted me to dispute the claim—possessed in nine points of the law, she contended. But Mr. Benson declared that it would be absolutely useless—nay, he added gravely that it would be wrong to contest a claim so fully established. There was not the least doubt about any of the facts, and the case as strong as it well could be. Indeed Mr. Benson, who was an upright man as well as a clever lawyer, pointed out that, even if there should be a slight flaw in any of the evidence, that would not alter the fact that Paul's son was entitled to succeed him. Womanlike I was most curious to know why he did not like Lady Jesmond; but to this question he would give me no satisfactory answer. She was beautiful, graceful, well-bred.

"She gives me the idea of one who has been brought up in France," he said. "And, *entre nous*, Miss Gordon, I do not like French training."

Then came the question, what was to be done with me? What course ought I to pursue with regard to my future? Aunt Annette, who was vexed and angry at this untoward appearance of a claimant for my throne, declared that I should go back with her to the little house we had left but a few months before. But that had been left just as it stood, therefore we could not return to it for a time at least. Mr. Benson counselled us to wait.

"Wait until you see her, Miss Gordon, until you know what she intends to do. You have many underlings on hand; she may desire to go on with some of them, and ask your co-operation. Be patient and wait."

When I retired to rest that night, sleep came not to my weary eyes, for my mind was full of the romance of this beautiful young widow who was coming to Jesmond Dene to rig in my stead. As a matter of course, I felt most bitterly and keenly the loss of this my princely inheritance. It was as much lost to me on that first evening when I heard the news as afterwards when others reigned there supreme. Crushing and keen was the ever-recurring thought that I was no longer "queen and mother" of my people; they were no longer my loyal and affectionate subjects. I thought of the half built almshouses, of the hospitals and schools, of the thousand and one plans I had conceived for the benefit of those living around me, and my heart ached at the thought that my dreams would not be realized. Still, if the goodness of her heart were in accord with her personal charms, the probabilities were that Lady Jesmond would be pleased with the work I had begun, and carry it on. What a dream of wealth and luxury, benevolence and happiness it had been to me! And now I must go back to the dreary seclusion that had been mine before.

But now that love had dawned in my soul, the dreariness of my past life could never recur. I knew by instinct that Lady Saxon would love me none the less for my loss of fortune—that she would be superior to such selfishness as to allow her feelings towards me to change because I was no longer mistress of Jesmond Dene. And I was equally certain that Lord Saxon, to whom a more generous hearted man never lived, would love me as hitherto. My heart found perfect rest in these pleasant thoughts.

Early on the following morning my aunt Annette fell ill, and Lady Saxon came over to see me. I looked full and straight into my old friend's kindly face while I told my story. If I had detected the slightest coldness towards me, the slightest shade of disapproval, I should have shrunk from her. But there was nothing but the most loving sympathy and motherly affection depicted on her countenance. She listened for some time in silent amazement; and then she spoke.

"Felicity," she said, "you shall share my home and my purse; you shall be my dear adopted daughter, and I will make you so happy that you shall not miss Jesmond Dene. I love you the better now that I see how bravely and how well you can bear such a disastrous stroke of ill fortune. I wonder what this Lady Jesmond is like?" "Beautiful as a dream, I am told," I answered.

"A worshippable beauty, a dreamer of dreams." The words returned to me with vivid force. They were Lady Saxon's description of her son.

How kind and good she was to me at this trying period of my life! I ought even to have been grateful for the misfortune which brought to me such disinterested love. She would have been pleased and proud to carry me off there and then. But I was destined to remain for many a long day at Jesmond Dene. I knew little of the world, my experience being limited to the few acquaintances of my aunt and Lady Saxon; but I knew enough to be sure that it was a marvellous thing to find one perfectly disinterested friend.

"I think," said Mr. Benson, "that it would be as well to send a carriage to Honton station to meet Lady Jesmond. I do not know the hour at which she will arrive, but she said she should come to day."

"She will doubtless feel nervous," I remarked, "and slightly uncomfortable. It is not a very pleasant position for her."

Mr. Benson looked at me with his eyes opened to their widest extent.

"I saw no sign of nervousness in her," he observed. "She seemed perfectly self possessed and mistress of the situation."

The words jarred upon me.

"You must feel the position a painful one," he added kindly.

"But she is said to be as good as she is beautiful," I cried; "and good women are sensitive."

"Not all," he rejoined. "Many women have the most matter of fact natures; they are sensitive neither for themselves nor for others; yet they are good women."

"I think sensitiveness a noble virtue," I remarked.

"It is hardly that," he replied. "It is rather a quality that directs many others. Lady Jesmond is not sensitive, I am sure," Mr. Benson went on. "She did not seem to think how this change would affect any one

but herself. You will send the carriage for her, bye the-bye?"

I did send it, with orders that it was to remain at the railway station and await all the London trains. I sent also for the doctor from Honton to see my aunt Annette. On his arrival he spoke rather gravely of her condition. I told him that she desired to go away from Jesmond Dene at once; but he said she would imperil her life if she were so rash. So perforce, whether we liked it or not, we must remain as guests within the walls of what had for a brief period been our own home.

"Forgive me, Miss Gordon," the doctor said before leaving; "but as I came along I heard a rumor which I venture most earnestly to hope is not true?"

I knew at once that the story in some way or other had leaked out.

"You mean," I said slowly, "that we have had news from India, and that my cousin Paul has left both a widow and a son?"

"That is what I heard. Is it true, Miss Gordon?" asked Doctor Bland.

"It is perfectly true," I replied. We expect the young widow, Lady Jesmond, and her son here to day."

"True? I did not believe it. There will be a revolution among the people, for you are greatly beloved here, Miss Gordon."

"Right is right," I answered; "and my cousin's little son is the heir to Jesmond Dene."

He said no more, but when he was gone I sought Mr. Benson and told him what had occurred, and that I thought it would be preferable to call all the servants together and tell them what had happened rather than that they should be left to hear it piecemeal from strangers. He quite agreed with me, and the whole household was gathered together in the servants' hall, where Mr. Benson told them the story of Paul's marriage and death, and announced that the widow Lady Jesmond, with her little son Sir Guy, was coming that day to take possession. Mr. Benson told me, with tears in his eyes that when he had finished his narration there was but one cry among the servants, and that was for Miss Gordon. They all loved Miss Gordon; they did not want to lose Miss Gordon.

"They are devotedly attached to you," he said; and my heart was comforted by the knowledge that I retained the affection of those about me.

Noon came, but still there was no sound of carriage wheels. Then followed a long sultry afternoon, during which Mr. Benson, who was miserably anxious and nervous, dropped off to sleep.

That afternoon many callers came, for the news had spread throughout the district. I ought to have been, and I was, consoled by the many expressions of kindness and sympathy. No one seemed to think it strange that Paul had married, or that his widow should come home to claim his heritage. The general impression seemed to be that it was a thousand pities Sir William and his son had not been on better terms, when Captain Jesmond would have had no reason to conceal his marriage, and the unfortunate mistake would never have been made.

The long afternoon had passed, my visitors had all departed, and Mr. Benson had awaked from his slumbers; still there was no sound of carriage wheels to herald the approach of Lady Jesmond.

"I cannot stand much more of this kind of thing," said the lawyer. "I do not think I ever knew what suspense meant before."

"I have ordered dinner for seven," I said. And just as I uttered the words we heard the sound, so long and anxiously awaited, of carriage wheels. "They are here!" I cried.

But no warning came to me of what was to follow in the wake of the home coming of Lady Jesmond.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Shall you go to meet Lady Jesmond?" asked Mr. Benson.

"Yes," I replied; "she shall have a kindly welcome home."

I went out into the entrance hall, and there I saw three figures. One was that of a tiny child crying with fatigue; the second was a tall elderly woman dressed in deep mourning, who seemed to be a nurse; and the third a tall graceful lady dressed in deep black crape. This was the young widow, Lady Jesmond. I went to her with outstretched hands—for was she not Paul's widow?—but she did not or would not see them; for she merely gave me a cool little nod, and said—

"Are you Felicia Gordon?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Mr. Benson told me about you," she said. "Is he here? I am Lady Jesmond."

"Mr. Benson is here," I replied, "and has been anxiously expecting you."

"I hope," she said, "that we will be in time for dinner; I am very hungry. It has been a tiresome journey."

I had had some faint idea of falling on her neck and bidding her welcome to the home that I was about to relinquish to her—some faint idea of telling her how I bade her welcome for Paul's sake; but the manner in which she met my advances checked my ardor. It was evident the lady felt no emotion on reaching the home of her husband's boyhood. She was hungry!

"Dinner is at seven," I answered; and she must have noticed the change in my voice, for she looked at me.

"Seven!" she repeated. "Why, it is only just six now!"

Then I turned from her, and Heaven knows, although he had deprived me of my inheritance, tears of honest affection filled my eyes when I saw Paul's little son. I should have known the child was Paul's, no matter where I had seen him, his face was so like his father's. He had the same dark laughing eyes, with a golden light in their depths, the same brows, the same dark curls.

"Why," I cried, "this child is the living image of dear Paul!"

Lady Jesmond turned to me quickly, and there was a strange inflection in her voice.

"Did you know Paul?" she asked.

"I knew him well when he was a boy," I answered. "I knew him here at Jesmond Dene. I was his cousin."

"Yes, I know that—Mr. Benson told me; but I was not aware that you knew him," she remarked. Then her voice softened a little as she said, "I shall like to talk to you about him."

When she uttered these words, the bright handsome face of my dead cousin rose before me, and seemed to ask pleadingly for kindness to his wife. She should receive it from me for the sake of the olden days. I took the bonny little fellow into my

arms and creased him fondly. He ceased crying, and looked with piteous eyes into my face.

"Mamma," he cried, "mamma!"

"I am here, Guy," replied Lady Jesmond quickly. "Be a good boy, dear."

"He is tired," I said. Shall I take him to the nursery we have prepared for him? It is the same his father had."

I saw her make a quick gesture to the woman who stood near. She came forward instantly.

"I am the child's nurse," she said, and prepared to take him from me; but the little fellow resisted all her efforts and clasped his baby arms tightly round my neck.

"Never mind, nurse," interposed Lady Jesmond. "If Miss Gordon likes to trouble herself with a tiresome child; let her; I am sure it is very kind of her. Guy must be good," she added, turning to the little fellow who still clung eagerly to me.

The sound of her voice sweet and musical as it was, did not seem to appease the child. Again in a piteous voice he cried—

"Mamma!"

"I am here," Lady Jesmond repeated. "You had better take him, nurse; he seems inclined to be cross. I have but little patience with crying children," she continued. Then, turning to me, she asked, "Have you?"

"Unfortunately for me, I have been but little with children," I said; "but I do not think my patience would fail."

"Shall I take Sir Guy now, and give him his bath, my lady?" asked the nurse. "Then I can come and help your ladyship to dress."

"See that you have all you want yourself: nurse. Ring for wine or tea, and see that you have every comfort," said Lady Jesmond, much to my astonishment.

I thought that speech showed decided consideration for others, and it pleased me.

The child continued to cry, as he was carried off to the nursery, and the sound was strange in that old house, where children had not lived for so many years.

"He is very cross to-night," said Lady Jesmond. "I wish I could break him of that absurd habit he has of always crying for me."

"It is natural enough," I answered. "Children generally cry for their mothers."

"Things that are most natural are not always most pleasant," said Lady Jesmond decidedly.

And then I wondered whether she had any heart, whether she felt any emotion on coming to this her husband's home—the place where his boyish days had been spent.

"It must have been a trial," I said to her, "for you to come home without Paul."

"Yes—a great trial," she replied; but there was no note of regret or pain in the calm sweet voice. "I think, Miss Gordon, I will go to my room now. I have brought no maid with me; perhaps I can have a little assistance from yours?"

"With pleasure," I replied. During all this time she had stood with her travelling cloak, which was slightly edged with fur, even though it was summer-drawn tightly around her and her face close, ly veiled.

"I am afraid," I said, "that you feel cold."

"Cold!" she repeated in a voice of wonder.

"Most people suffer much from cold when they first come from India," I remarked.

"Yes; I suffered greatly the first few days after my arrival in England. I did not attempt to leave the house for a fortnight, but postponed my visit to Mr. Benson until I felt a little seasoned. Now I will go to my room."

I did not ask her where she had been staying, or with whom. She was not the kind of person with whom I felt I could take such a liberty, however kind the intention might be.

My maid was summoned, and showed her ladyship to her room. I was left with conflicting sensations, and I seemed quite unable to form any idea of the character of my newly found cousin. If any one had asked me whether I liked her, I could not have answered the question.

I hastened to give aunt Annette, who was anxiously awaiting me, an account of the interview. I could not tell her what I thought of Lady Jesmond, for I had no definitely formed opinion upon the point. I told her all about the pretty child with his father's face, and the elderly nurse, and of Lady Jesmond's solicitude for her.

"That speaks well for her," said aunt Annette. "Good women are always thoughtful for their servants."

Why did those words haunt me—"good as she is beautiful?"

I did not go down stairs until the dinner bell rang; when I did so, I found Mr. Benson alone in the dining-room. Her ladyship had not yet come down.

"Well!" he cried eagerly, and waited for me to speak.

The next moment the rustling of silk and crape told us that Lady Jesmond was near.

I cannot describe what I felt when I beheld her ladyship's marvellous loveliness. I have never seen anything like it; it was perfect, surpassing loveliness; and with it was that subtle irresistible charm which men call fascination. As I gazed at her, Lady Saxon's words came back to me—"A worshippable beauty, a dreamer of dreams."

Tall and slender, her figure was the very perfection of grace. She had such shapely shoulders as are rarely seen; and, lightly veiled by thin black crape, they shone white as alabaster through their gauzy covering. Her hands were delicate and white, and were adorned with many valuable rings; her arms were as though they had been sculptured. She was a blonde of the purest type; even the hot sun of India had not marred the faultless delicacy of her complexion. Her eyes were blue, large, bright, and clear, full of fire, with a gleam of passion—eyes that could smile and flash, that could woo with all sweetness "and scorn with all fire"—eyes that startled by their unusual brightness and their depth of expression. The brows were dark and straight. Her mouth was perfect, with the most alluring of dimples; yet there was in the short upper lip something that told of pride and scorn. From her crown of golden hair to her dainty little feet, she was simply a masterpiece of nature's handiwork, without one blemish in her fair loveliness.

Even Mr. Benson's calm face flushed as he hastened to greet her with a low bow and extended hand.

"I am glad to see you looking so well, Lady Jesmond," he said.

She looked at him with a world of mischief in her eyes.

"You do not say 'Welcome to Jesmond!'" she remarked playfully. "That is because Miss Gordon is here, and you think it would hardly be in good taste. You are right, but Miss Gordon and I are already very good friends."

Mr. Benson was quite at a loss how to reply to these candid utterances. It seemed to me that her beauty had robbed him of all power of speech. She then turned to me with an amused smile, and I could see that she was gratified by my look of admiration.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MISERS AND THEIR HOARDS.

Famous Grubbers of Gold and the Wealth they Hid.

There is every reason to believe that the hoards of money and valuables one often reads of as having been discovered by workmen while engaged in pulling down old houses have been secreted by misers; the result is that, in many cases, property thus found is taken possession of by persons whom the misers never intended to benefit—namely—their heirs-at-law and next of kin.

It is pretty certain that misers of both sexes existed years ago, as they do in our own day, and the following notes concerning some notable examples of this class of monomaniacs may not be uninteresting. Of those who made it a rule of their lives to "gather gear by every wile," the case of M. Osterwald, who died at Paris in 1791, is remarkable, as showing that the richest man in a city may also be the most miserably one. He was the son of a poor minister, and began life as a clerk in a banking-house at Hamburg, where he acquired a small sum, which he augmented by his speculations in business and his economical mode of living; he afterwards came to Paris, where he accumulated his enormous fortune. He was a bachelor—the expenses of a wife and children being incompatible with his frugal mode of living. He had for a servant a poor wretch, whom he never permitted to enter his apartment; he had always promised that at his death he should be handsomely recompensed, and accordingly he left him a pittance of six months' wages and a suit of clothes, but, as he expressly stated, "not the most new." A few days before his death some of his acquaintances, who saw that he was reduced to the last extremity by want of nourishment, proposed to him to have some soup. "Yes, yes," he replied, "it is easy to talk of soup—but what is to become of the meat?" Thus died one who was reported to be the richest man in Paris, more from want of care and proper nourishment than disease. He is stated to have left to his relations, whom he had probably never seen, the sum of £3,000,000. Under his bolster was found 800,000 in paper money.

The neighborhood where Mary Luchome died seems to be still famous for its misers. In 1877 there died at Woolwich, England, a Mr. John Clarke, aged 86. He is described as being a man of education, but a very singular character; although reputed as immensely wealthy, he was very miserly in his habits, and lived to the last in a squalid level in the poorest part of Woolwich; the greater portion of his life was spent in the accumulation of books, of which he left a large store. It was reported that the front shutters of his house had not been open for over thirty years; he never took a regular meal, nor did he know the tastes of wines or spirits. Yet, notwithstanding that he lived in such a den and suffered such privations, he reached an octogenarian age, and died worth \$200,000 or thereabouts.

An instance of miserly habits in the great and noble is to be found in the case of that renowned captain, the Duke of Marlborough of whom it is chronicled that, when in the last stage of life and very infirm, he would walk from the public room in Bath, to his lodgings on a cold, dark night, to save sixpence in chair hire. He died worth \$7,500,000.

It is recorded of Sir James Lowther that, after changing a piece of silver in George's coffee house, and paying twopence for his dish of coffee, he was helped into his chariot (he was then very lame and infirm), and went home. Some time after he returned to the same coffee house on purpose to acquaint the woman who kept it that she had given him a bad half penny, and demanded another in exchange for it. Sir James is stated to have then had about \$200,000 per annum coming in, and was at a loss whom to appoint his heir.

Sir Thomas Colby, an official high in office, shortened his existence by his passion for this world's goods, as appears by the following anecdote: "He rose in the middle of the night, when he was in a very profuse perspiration, and walked down stairs to look for the key of the cellar, which he had inadvertently left on a table in the parlor; he was apprehensive that his servants might seize the key and rob him of a bottle of port wine, instead of which he himself was seized with a chill and died intestate, leaving over \$1,000,000 in the funds, which was shared by five or six day laborers, who were his next of kin." Marvellous good luck for his poor relations!

At Northfield, England, there died in 1772 a Mr. Page, dealer in limestones and gundiffs, by which occupation, and by a most penurious way of living, he had accumulated a fortune of some \$60,000. He lived alone in a large house for several years, no one coming near him but an old woman in the village who once a day went to make his bed. His death was occasioned by his running a knife into the palm of his hand while opening an oyster.

Some years since a chifonnier (or rag and refuse gatherer) died intestate in France, having literally "scrapped" together 400,000 francs, the whole of which went to the heir-at-law.

A New Jersey Porcupine.

A most remarkable conquest was made by four hunters at Millbrook, N. J., recently. James and Frank Kimble, Amos Van Gorden, and Abe Warner went on the mountain hunting raccoons. Their dogs, late in the evening, barked up a tree. Hastening to the tree they saw on a limb about 40 feet from the ground, what they supposed to be a "coon." Mr. Warner climbed the tree and shook the animal out. When it fell to the ground the dogs attacked it, but it succeeded in running into the rocks and was followed by the dogs. Here they managed, after a sharp and severe struggle, to kill it. The men then took sticks and succeeded in getting it out, when to their great surprise, it proved to be a large porcupine, which would have weighed at least 25 pounds.

How People Enter a Car.

Have you ever noticed how different people enter a car? It is a study. The experienced traveler drops into the first vacant seat; if there are more than one, he takes the one on the shady side. Here are two ladies; they pass two or three seats; they are all alike, but neither seems just the thing. They pass down the aisle, pass more seats, walk back again to where they came in, then carry their luggage back to the seats they first looked at, and drop down exhausted. Now comes a party just from the farm. They don't ride much; the old man leads the party, and carries the baby; the madam drags two small boys, and the four take the side seat just by the door, look around with a satisfied air, seem to think they are in luck to get inside. But it was a well western passenger whose entrance was peculiar. He had been accustomed to riding in stage coaches; the door of a stage is on the side, and is about the size of a car window. The passenger knew of no reason why a car should have a door in the end, so when his first train rolled up to the platform he saw the window, it was open, and it was big enough, so he got in—fact.

"I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,"

The reason why, I cannot tell."

It has often been wondered at, the bad odor this oft-quoted doctor was in. 'Twas probably because he, being one of the old-school doctors, made up pills as large as bullets, which nothing but an ostrich could bolt without nausea. Hence the dialike. Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated, and no larger than bird-shot, and are quick to do their work. For all derangements of the liver, bowels and stomach they are specific.

"Lucifer" is the name of a Kansas paper. Who dares make light of it?

French Grape Brandy, distilled Extract of Water Pepper or Smart-Weed Jamaica Ginger and Camphor Water, as combined in Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, is the best possible remedy for colic, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery or bloody-flux; also to break up colds, fevers, and inflammatory attacks. 50 cts. Keep it on hand. Good for man or beast.

The "palmy" days evidently refer to childhood.

* * * * Rupture, pile tumors, fistula, and all diseases of lower bowel (except cancer), radically cured. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y., and enclose two (3ct.) stamp for book.

The "sire and yellow leaf" is not the holiday of life.

Corn Raising.

It may surprise the good people of Canada to learn that the Corn Crop has been immensely increased in Canada. No doubt the N. P. people will claim this as a product of protection, but PUTNAM'S PAINLESS CORN EXTRACTOR alone is entitled to all the credit. It raises more corn to the acre, than anything else the world can supply. Safe, sure and painless. Take no substitute. Only 25 cents. Try your hand. A good crop guaranteed. Beware of flesh-eating substitutes. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

Sewer pipes are sometimes laid, but we never heard of any being hatched.

Don't do it. Do!not Wait

If suffering from pain, but go at once to the nearest drug store and buy a sample bottle of Polson's NERVINE, the great pain cure. Never fails to give immediate relief. Nervine is endorsed by medical men everywhere. Don't wait a single hour without trying Nervine. The best medicine in the world to keep in the house in an emergency. Ten and 25 cents a bottle.

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Young Men!—Read This.

The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

The song of the mill is always hoppers-tune.

Important.

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"One glass sometimes makes a tumbler," remarked the chap who found that a single drink of applejack twisted his legs in a bow knot.

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—*Montreal Star*

A. F. 201.

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