THE WEDDING BELLS;

TELLING HER FORTUNE.

By the Author of " PROVED OR NOT PROVED," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII .- (CONTINUED) "Would you have gone away without telling me?" she said, gently. "That would have been very cruel, Grant."
"Would it, Clara? Would it my darling?"
her now. It seemed as if a sudden harden.

her now. It seemed as if a sudden barrier had sprung up between them, ending all caresses forever.

"How was it, Grant?" she said, present-

"It was her sister who died," he answered, in hoarse, broken tones. "And she, to serve her own ends, chose that I should think it otherwise. My darling, if I could have kept this trouble from you! Would have kept this trouble from you! to Heaven you had never seen me !"

"Ah!" do not say that!" she said quick.
"We did not love to be happier—but better, and I shall always be happier, hav ing loved you, than if we had never met."

There was a silence, a silence painful and oppressive—lasting some minutes; then Clara spoke:

"What did you mean to do, Grant?"

"To go away—to go back to the old life," he answered, brokenly.

"To Australia! Ah, no! You must not! Go to Charneck with mother and ——"
"Clara, I cannot be your friend," he said, turning away. "I should be eating my heart out. Darling—believe me, it is better for all our roles that I should to." ter for all our sakes that I should ge."
"And mother?" she said, pitifully.
"She will have her daughter still."

"But you ! O, Grant, you will be so lone

"How could I be anything but lenely, having lost you, C ara?" he said, huckily Oh, my darling ! how can I live without

Her lip quivered, and the sweet eyes sought him with a wishful intreaty.
Grant, you will try to be happy. Oh, think, my dearest, what it will be to me if

I can think of you as doing well with your life. It would break my hears to know that —"

Her voice failed, and she broke down.

"And you, Clara?"

"I will do my best to be happy," she said, tremulously. "And by and by, perhaps, you will be able to come and see us, -mother and me-and-

Again the sweet, broken voice falled, and Grant looked over at the fair young face, with its expression of high and lofty re solve, with comething approaching venera

tion on his weary, miserable face.
Poor mother 1' she said, pitifully, then. O. Grant, let me go—let me go away for a time! I can go abroad and travel, and you will learn to forget; and when I come back we can be friends—Grant, shall it not be

"Darling-no. Believe me, it is better I should go.

She urged him no more; she saw that in his passionate misery and despair he was wife, even if Grant had been willing to give in no fit state to judge—be could only suffer; and she felt that, keen as her own pain Ellison's will left Charnock and its revenues was, it was rothing to his.

She rose wearily then, and went to his elde.

"It must be good-by, then," she said piteeusly. "But life at its iongest is not very long, Grant; and perhaps in that ether the stall have been the stall beautiful for the stall for th

life we shall have halp ness t gather."
"In that other life! he repeated, bitterly. "Ah, Clara, I had hope i for happiness in this!" "It may come yet," she whispered "At least, we shall have memory!"

"A doubtful blessing," he replied, with a hearse laugh. "A doubtful blessing. Clara, do you think it will make me any happier in the future to remember your

sweetness, and parity, and truth, and to "Then you must strive to forget," she

replied, with the saddest attempt at gavety. "Forget!"

"Ciara," he said, huzkily, "you are so young. You have all your life yet to live. My child, if in the future some other man wins the leve which has made me so happy, I shall not repine—ah, love, no !—I shall be glad when you write to tell me that he is making you happy, as I once hoped to make you—I shall be glad."
"Grant—you bleak my heart."

"It seems impossible now, childie. It will not seem so always. Heaven forbid that my wretchedness should cast a shadow

on your fate !" As if I could be happy while you and the assumed composure gave way for Clara burst into a passion of tears upon his

He held her closely, tenderly, until the sobs ceased; then his arms dropped from around her, and he moved back a little.

"Let us part now, Clara," he said, in a strained, husky voice, like a hoarse whisper, and the words seemed to strike her with a new dread and terror, for she sank wearily back in a chair, shivering and pale, "Clara!"

"()h, Grant- Grant!"

She threw herself into his arms with a low, faint cry of misery, which smote on his heart. He strained her to his breast new sionately; he showered mad, despairing kisses on the chestnut hair, on the white brow, on the seft throat, while she clung to him feebly, and mouned over the deathbod of their love and happiness. Then suddenly, the little hands lossed their clasp; the sweet eyes, so full of pain and misery, closed: the beautiful head fell backward in a merciful unconsciousness, which blotted out all suffering for a time!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WINTER.

It was midwinter in London, snow lying thick on the ground-snow whose parity lasts but so short a time in that great city where the contrasts are so marked, where wealth and poverty jostle each other; and while in one portion wealth, which would buy bread for thousands of starving human beings, is thrown away on an entertainment, a jewel, a caprice—in another, within a walk perhaps, many an outcast, half-nak-ed, starving, frozen, dies of cold and fam-

Eight weeks have passed since that gray Nevember night when Sir Grant Ellison and Clara Frith had parted in that bitter separation which had been the deathbed of their love and hopes—parted through the trezchery of an avaricious, worthless we-man, whose baseness had worked such bitter wrong to the man who had loved her with a passionate love.

Sir Grant Ellison and his mother are at Charnock, for Lady Ellison's passionate grief had made her son alter all his plans and remain with her; while Clara went abroad with Ted and his young wife, who were going to make a Continental tour be-fore Ted returned to settle down to his duties as country gentleman and embryo

M. P. at Fetherstone Hall,
"If you go it will kill her," Ciara had
said, when she saw Grant en the day following that parting which had wrung the life out of her young heart, for he had not been able to carry out his original intention

of leaving early the following morning
"She could not let you go now, Grant, and for her sake—for your mother's sake—you must stay. I told you once, when I did not know who you were, that Grant Ellison was his mother's life. Much as she lovus me, I can nover be to her what you are. Grant, if you look thus, you will breek my heart. You must stay and I will go. It is much better. The change will do me good, and I shall not be more unhappy there then here."

At first Clara, in her unselfishness, had not wished to join the Fetherstone's ; but Ted and Gracie had both insisted that she should not go to strangers. Instead of her presence damping their pleasure, Gracie declared that it would enhance it, and that neither she nor Ted would allow her to be low spirited; so with reluctance, and yet with real relief, Clara yielded, and one gray December morning they had driven away; and Grant and his mother returned to Charnock, the young paronet's last recollection of his darling being a gampeo of her pale face framed in the carriege window, her lip-quivering as the tried to force a smile, her eyes full of a mute anguish which haunted him for days after.

The breaking off of their engagement had made no small sensation in their circle, and many were the conjectures made by those who knew them, for Sir Grant had been extremely anxious that Miss Chester's identity with his wife should not be discovered; so that the real truth was known only to the Fethorstones. Miss Chester herself was equally desirous that the fact of her marriage should not oeze out, for though her story, if known, might have added to her notoriety for a time, she was by no means anxious to relinquish the adulation and homage, and still more substantial benefits her supposed spinsterhood gave her, for the empty title and position of a poor baronet's wife, even if Grant had been willing to give to his son, her course of conduct would have been materially altered; but, under the been materially altered; but, under the chromateaces, was infinitely more agreeable to be Miss Chaster—rich, envied, beautiful, admired, and sought after, a very queen in Bohemia—than to be Laly Ellison, cast off by her husband, and necessarily deserted by her admirers. Besides, Prince Schwaroff must be kept deceived at any cost, and as yet she had not given up the hope that eventually Sir Grant would accede to her proposel and leave her free to become to her proposed and leave her free to become Princers Schwaroff.

The Russian prince, who was so completely entangled in the toils of the beautiful siren, was a young man of vast wealth, which he used lavishly. He was passionately enamored of the English actress, and her coy refusals of his repeated offers of marriage were given in a manner which merely made him more and more anxious to obtain her for his wife. Sir Grant's refusal to accede He tarned away with a bitter smile; to her wish had enraged her terribiy; she then he came back to her side, and took her could have found it in her heart to have hands in his. would have prayed that he might die. She hated him with an intensity which was terrible; but for him-but for his return-she might have possessed wealth, title, homage, adulation. Once she regretted that she had adulation. sent Clara that box at the Variety Theatre, but the regret was but momentary. She knew that, sooner or later, while he was in town. Sir Grant must make the discovery which she had hastened a little perhaps, but which she could not have avoided. would have been impossible seeing that her photograps, in half a dozen different costumes and attitudes, was exhibited in hundreds of shop windows; that her face appeared in a dezin illustrated papers; that every one who had any pretention to pesi-tion or not thronged to the Variety to see

her act. But deep as her dislike, intense as her hatred was to the man who had loved and trusted her in his youth, and whom she had so hasely betrayed, even her animosity might have been gratified at the misery Grant Ellison endured at that time His mother, watching him as he wandered about the grounds of Charnock in the dreary winter days, shed many a bitter tear in secret at his evident depression, which he vainly endeavored to conceal from her; and though, in her frequent letters to Clara, she tried to hide it from her and to write cheer fully, the young girl was quick to see that

both were unhappy.

'O, Grant!' his mother said, gently, once, coming into the library and finding him looking intently into the fire with haggard, miserable eyes, "I would have borne my blindness until the end of my life rather than you should have lost Clara.

He lifted her hand to his lipe, forcing a

smile. "I am bearing it badly, am I not, mother?" he said, gently. "But she was so much to me, and now my love is an insult to her! Never mind," he added, ris-

But the fighting it out was a difficult matter, and Lady Ellison saw, as days went by, that her son was struggling with a miserable sense of restlessness and unhappiness, which made him morbid, irritable, and aitogether unlike himself, which his anxiety about Clara was almost unendur-

"If I could only know she was well and happy!" he would say to bimself sometimes, as he paced up and down his room in the long night watches when sleep would not come, and the fever of his mind would not let him rest. "Only to be sure she was well and happy! I could bear the rest.

He loved her with au intensity of which

Clara did not dream, deep as she knew his affection to be. Since that wild, mad, boyish pass on which had been fierce as it was evanement, no woman had touched his heart; and in the midnight watches by the Australian camp fires he had had dreams of a true and pure woman, fair to look upon, whose beauty cover da far higher, nobier loveliness, who would be his wife and friend, his darling and comfort, and that ideal Clara had realized. His heart had gone out to her in a passionate adoration and love which would endure to his life's end; and he had never attempted to stop the growth of that great passion—perhaps an attempt would have been useless—but he had given himself unresistingly to its beauty, to its sweetness-to a beauty and to a sweetness which he had lost for ever.

The world seemed very weary to him now it seemed as if men lived only to suffer and to die; while the keenest pang of all his misery was that he—he who loved her with that great passion, that wild, adoring love—had brought her unhappiness and

misery.
But Clara was a true weman; she would far rather have suffered through her leve for him than have known neither the suffering nor the love; she was happier away from him, knowing that her love was returned, that he loved her with a love equaling her own, than she could have been under any circumstances if he had not loved her. Still, the suffering was telling upon her, and Gracie, in a letter to Sylvia, said that Clara was looking pale and frigile, and far from strong.

It is midwinter in Paris also, and there the coutrasts already spoken of between brilliant gayety and intense misery are yet more evident than they are in London, it is then that the gay French city holds high carnival, and gayety, and mirth, and revelry roign supreme. There, within a stone's throw of the misery which exists in every large city, the denizens of the gay world, wrapped in their costly furs, skim over the tee on the lake in the Beis de Bouders. legne. There the brilliantly illuminated theatres are nightly filled with appreciative spectators—there the boulevards are filled with daintly-attired women and fashionably dressed men, and the brilliant cases are daily thronged. There, too, in poorer quarters, the crying children wall in vain for bread; there the poor suffer from the icy, pitiless cold—there, as elsewhere, winter brings with it many a misery which in smiling, sunshing summer is unknown.

It is a bitter night; the wind is rushing down the boulevards and through the gas Its streets with bitter vehemerce, whirling the snow with it in blinding showers. The gas lamps are burning brightly, and from the cases come the sound of gay voices and laughter and mirth, while carriages are dashing swiftly through the snow toward the Opera House, where the first masked ball is at its height.

Driving slowly over the frezen street, a gentleman leans out of his fiacre, and looks with weary, meditative gaze on the hurrying throng.

In the streets leading to the Opera House the locomation is more difficult, for the throng is great, and as he looks out the wheel of his cab is locked for a moment in that of a carriage, with servants in gay liveries of blue and orange, which is passing him. There is only a moment's pause, for the experienced drivers have saved the collision which was imminent; but in that moment the gray-blue eyes have rested on a woman's face—a face of matchless loveliness, gay, triumphant, bewitching, framed by the satin and lace of her domino, and he has recognized it. She does not see him; the lustrous dark eyes are intent on the fastening of a bracelet which has fallen from her wrist, and the carriage drives on to the Opera House.

"She! Here!" Sir Grant Ellison mutters, as he sinks back in the facre which is taking him from the station to the hotel. "Has Clara seen her? I hope not -I hope not,

The thought is a painful one, and Sir Grant's face is very moody as his cab draw. up at Meurice's; and just as the bowing waiter comes forward to receive the new arrival, a gentleman, wrapped in a fur-lined overcoat, who is standing lighting his eigar on the steps of the hotel, utters an exclamatien of mingled surprise and pleasure. Grant, old fellow, is it indeed you?"

Sir Grant turns and the two hands meet in a close, cordial hand-clasp.
"We did not expect you," Ted goes on in

a moment, his face saddening a little as he notes the alteration in his friend-the deep lines on his brow, the weary sadness of the gray-blue eyes, the gravity of the mouth which tries to mile at him.

"No, I did not intend that you should know I was in Paris," Grant Ellison answered, as they enter the hall together, "But I know that I can trust you, Ted. The fact is "—be lifts his hat and pushes his hair back from his to enend with a stiffed -"I was anxious about Clara, and I felt that I must see her with my ownjeyes, unsees mycelf. Sounds romantic, does it not, old fellow?" he continues, with a slight laugh; "but your wife said the child was looking ill, and I could not rest."

"She does not complain," Ted answers, standing in his old attitude, with his hand on Grant's shoulder. "But she looks pale. You yourself don't look much to boast of,

Grant. "Ted, she is here," Ellison says, wearily, "Yes, I have seen her," Ted replies,
"She was in the Beis."
"Did Clara see her?" Sir Grant asks.

" No, she has not been out. I meant to

take her away as soon as possible. How long do you stay, Grant?"
"Oaly a few hours. Don't let the child know I am here, Ted, and tell me how I am to see her.

"It will be better not to let her know. Ted says, meditatively. "It would only bring back all the old pain, Grant."
"I know—I know! Sir Grant answers,

huskily. "It is hard for you, old friend," Ted Fetheratone remarks, sympathetically; then, after a moment's thought, he turns to the waiter.

"The sitting-room next to ours is not oc-

cupled, I think?' he says.
"No, monsieur."
"Then it will suit this gentleman, my to the dump.

friend," Ted replies. quickly; then slip-ping his hand in Sir Grant's arm, they follow the garcon up to a sitting-room on the first floor, where, having lighted the wax candles and received orders for supper, the

waiter leaves them.

Sir Grant throws himself wearily into a chair, and leans his head on his hands. His friend goes to the window and opens it, admitting a keen blast of wind and a shower of heavily falling snow. The window opens en to a balcony which runs slong that side of the house, and after a short reconnaisance

Ted returns.
"It is all right," he says, smiling. "Your curiosity can be gratified, Grant. The next windows are ours; I will manage so that one is left uncurtained while Gracie and I are away for an hour. I am going to take her for half an hour to the Bal de l' Opera," he added. "Don't be shocked, old fellow. She insists on going, and when a woman insists, you know"—he shougs his shoulders with a slight smile.

"A man is forced to give in," Sir Grant says, fercing a smile. "Very well, old fellow; you can go in all confidence—I will not say he was a trust the sill." not—ah! you can trust the child to me, can you not?"

"I know it," Ted answers, esgenly.
"You do not think I doubt you for a moment, Grant? And now I must go, or Gracie will suspect semething. I will come to you again when I come back."

Hardly had the door closed after him when Sir Grant rises and goes out on to the balcony; but the heavy velvet curtains are drawn across the windows, and only a little

line of light escapes at the top.

With a little impatient sigh Sir Grant re turns to his sitting room, and waits as patiently as he can until he hears the door of the adjoining room open and Gracie's voice makes some gay remark about her domino and mask. Some one—Sir Grant guesses who—answers in a soft voice which renders the words inaudible to thim; then the rustle of little Mrs. Fetherstone's silk dress is heard along the passage. The door is closed, and there is silence.

Once more Sir Grant Ellison steps out on to the balcony. The snow has ceased during the interval, and from the uncurtained window a flood of light a mams out, flashing back upon the snow. He steps quietly

up to the window and looks into the coon.

The room is a square, lofty sitting-room, lighted by a chandeller suspended from the centre of the celling. The walls are painted in panels, and the celling also is decorated with groups of painted flowers. The furniture is of walnut-wood, upholstered in green velvet. There are gilt consoles and micrors reflecting the light from every side, a plano in one corner, and in a deep armchair the figure of a young girl, who sits with one hand supporting her head, the other—sleeder, white, ringless—hangs listlessly over the side of the chair.

A sudden passionate gleam lights up Sir Grant Ellicon's eyes as he sees that graceful, dreoping figure, and strains his eyes through the darkness to gaze on the interior, which lies before him like a picture. As they rost upon the fair, pale face—so sail, so grave now, which he remembers so bright and laughing—a heart-sick misery seems to fall upon him. He loved her so passionate-ly, and he has brought through his love such a darkening shadow over her whole life. It had been better for her a thousand times if they had never met!

The mingled pain and pleasure, sweetness and bitterness of that hour, cannot be described-pleasure, for the sight of her cannet fail to give him pleasure; wain, 'coa use of the sadness and sorrow on the fair young face; a weetness, to know that she loves him so dearly and faithfully still; bitterness, to remember that her love has brought her

such cop psin.

It is misery, almost torture, to stand there within a few feet of her; to know that less than the space of a minute would bring him to her side, and yet to be as far as if the seas rolled between them; as if to reach her impassable mountains must be crossed. Hot tears come thickly into his eyes as he

watches her—shutting out for a moment the lighted room, the glittering mirrors and gliding—the fair, still, drooping figure in the arm-chair; and in a moment of irrepressible grief he covers his face with his hands, and the great salt drops fall upon his fin-

Clara has risen. She is crossing the room slowly, her seft velvet draperies trailing over the carpet, the light gleaming on the broad silver collar she wears round her throat, on the sliver bracelets which are round her wrists. She looks most levely for all her languor and pellor. She is less brilliant certainly, less be utiful perhaps; but to the eyes of anyone who leved her-to the eyes of the man who cared for her above all else on earth-she is lovelier than ever, for on her face one cannot read the impress of suffering which has made her sweeter, gentler, more womanly; and the brown eyes, sluays so sweet and lustrous, are lovelier still now from the soul which woked out of them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bears in Westmoreland, N. B.

The other afternoon, while M. Henry Oulton, of Bale Verte road, was in the woods logging, his attention, as well as some others in his employ, was attracted by the loud and incresant barking of his dog. On going to where the dog was, he found a bear's den under an old windfall. Not baving any firearms he immediately sent for Mr. Athur Wood, who soon arrived armed with a double barrelled rifle, which he made good use of by firing and putting the con-tents of both barrels into the head of what turned out to be a large she bear killing her instantly. On dragging the body out, three young bruins about three days old were found in the den. Mr. Oulton's son purposes raising the cubs if possible.

The Cascade Tunnel.

Work has already commerced on the big tunnel in stempede pass. Fifty men are at wo.k at the mouth of the tunnel. Two hundred men will be required to build the approaches and cut through the rocks at the east portal When bering is commenced only about 700 men can be utilized at each end, and they will work on eight hour shifts. The boring machinery, housed at Airsworth, which was used in building the Bezoman and Mullan tunnels, will be used. Trucks will be laid into the tunnel, over which small engines will haul refuse rocks

The Cause of Consumption.

Scrofula, manifesting itself in blotches, pimples, eruptions, salt rheum, and other blemishes of the skin, is but too apt by and by to infect the delicate tissues of the lungs also, and result in ulceration thus ending in consumption. Dr. Piorce's Golden Medi-cal Discovery" will meet and vanquish the enemy in its stronghold of the blood and cast it out of the system. All druggists.

Doing nothing for others is the undoing of one's self. We must be purposely kind and generous or we miss the best part of existence. The heart that goes out of isse'f gets large and full of joy. This is the great secret of the inner life. We do ourselves the most good doing something for others. - Horace Mann.

Every man must patiently bide his time. He nest wait—not in Februs idleness—but in constant, steady, cheerful endeavers, always willing, and fulfilling and accomplishing his task, that, when the occasion comes, he may be equal to the occasion. Longfellow.

"Little, but Oh My."

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Pargative Pollete" are sourcely larger than mustard seeds, but they have no equal as a cathartic. In all disorders of the liver, stomach and bowels they act like a charm. Parely vegetable, sugar coated, and inclosed in glass vials. Pleasant, safe and sure. By craggists.

They also serve who only stand and wait. -[M.lton.

Oatarrhal Headache, hawking and spitting up pnlegm, etc., at once relieved and cured by the use of Dr. Carson's Catarrh Cure No reason why you should suffer another day. Many cases of catarrh o long standing have been cured by a single bottle o Dr Carson's Catarrh Cure. All Druggists \$1.00 per bottle

True glory consists in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living.

Imperial Cough Drops will give Positive and Instant Relief to those suffering from Colds, Hourseness, Sore Threat, otc., and are invaluable to orators and vocalists. For sale by druggists and confectioners, R. R. & T. WATSON, Manufacturers,

Life is a quarry, out of which we are to mold and chis i and completes character.

Mold and once I and cover suffering and londer from Ostarch, Bronchilde, etc., when you can get a remedy guaranteed to care, and which is particulty sefe. Dr Ostron arch Cure is a pleasant and effectual remedy. As your Dragglet about it.

It makes the mind very free when we give up wishing, and only think of bearing what is laid upon us and doing what is given us to do .- George Eliot,

The entries for the great Colonial and Indian Exhibition still come in from all quarters of the Dominion, and corporations, societies, and institutions of all sorts, are contributing to make the limitay of the most varied character. One of the novel features in the Dominion display will be a journal printed in the building. This paper will be a lited and published by Canadians, printed from Canadian typn, on a Canadian press, and from Canadia, made paper. It will be published by a syndicate of gentlemen, unfor the name of the "Trades Publishing Co.," with offices in Toronto and

A. P. 270.

33,500, 600 Acre Farm —\$2,000 136 Acre
Farm =100,000 aching plays, 15 cents;
100,000 5 cent music; lustru nents half-price. BUTLAND, Toronto.

LAND, Toronto.

WANGED—10,000 Millmen and others interested in ran hinery to send name and address for a copy of my No 12 illuserated Catalogue, send free. H. W. PETRIE, Machinist and General Machine Dealer, Brantford, Ont.

BHG OFFER.—To introduce anem, we will dive away 1,000 Soft-operating Westing Machines. It you want one sond us your name, P. O. and express office of one. THE NATIONAL CO., 23 Dey St., N.Y.

DENGINEST SHARFHAND AND BUSINESS Localized, Toronto, is the oldest, largest, chospelled with offic help on the sharkes possible nation, President, C. ff. Brooks, Sechutzon.

DLANER KNIVES, STAVE CUTCER, STAVE joinest, chi as box, veneer, leather spilloing, hookbinders, nonation, 25 despite of the middle, for the nation, and other medium, knives of best quality, magnitable and by PRICE HAY. Call Macking the page of for when

knives of best quality. magnitude of by PRIKE HAY, Galt Magaine K afe Work 1, 6 st, Oat.; cond for price

MEDICAL Treatment FREE

TE, When he uncovers his face he sees that Address, J. D. NALBSON, 3913 Richtd St., London, Ont.

MORTHAND THOROUGHLY TAUGHT BY Mail; or Students attending our Academy will be thoroughly prepared by highest masters in Shorthand, Tipowriting, Bookscepin; and Business Training. Advanced students beloed to situations, immediately address, The Union Storthander's Commercia Academy, Areade, Torento.

Mercia Acadomy, Arcado, Toronto.

SUODESI AG 41-ST ALL PREJUDICE!

Williams' Now Water has proved itself a success by all who have used it according to directions, if their oges were curable, as will be seen by the undersigned certificates. It curad me, 8 viays billed, occulles fieled, O. Fordin; it has cured me, occulation would not try me, Alexandr Wand; 6 years clind. Chas Amints; 4 years Ere Diffur; 33 years bind and new teen, John Learnis. Ask your drugglet for it. Wooltsale—Limica Son, & Oo, 381 St. Pau' St., Montreal. TAMES FARK & SON

Pork Packers, Toronto.

L. C. Blacer, Novled Spice Bacen, O. C. Bacen, Glasgov Real Flama, Sugar Cored Ham, Delad Engl. Sreakfast Sacon, Smoked Torgues, Mers Pork, Picki-ed Tongues, Chara, Family or Navy Fork, Land in Tally and Polls. The Best Brands of Singlish Stat Delay Salt in Stock.

That man only is tightly educated who knows how to use himself, who possesses anch practical knowledge and agent measual skill as will enable him to compete successfully with his follows in the business of life. To impart such cancalon, to propare such mea is the design and purpose of whis Incitation. For terms. &c., call at the College or address, M. MacCORMICK, Principal.

WATER STAR AUGUR Has no superior! 20 f et per hour; hand or horse power; combined boring and rock drilling machine; grand success; first prizes and diplomas. Send for

Catalogue. 68 Mary St., Ham Iton, Canada. BRANTFORD

OLD WATER RICE STARC NEVER FAILS.

The Billing dut and Packing for Nurserymen and Pealers a pectarty.

Leading hardy kinds, in large quantities, grown on cur own promises, in lat. 43°.

H. H. Hurd & Son,
Halton Nursery,
Burlington, - Ont.