WITHOUT A STAI 1.

TOLD BY DEBORAH CAREY.

(CONTINUED.)

It is June—leafy, bright, musical June. Instead of firelight we have sunbeams; instead of elternate heat and cold, a warm even temperature. I have a catilke leve of warmth; I am never so content as when I sun myself under the trees at the bottem of the garden. Judith Napine and I are frience. She has left Napine to dwell with her grandfather; and very bravely she has tried 'e stem her grief for her grandmother. But, though she may deceive herself she can deceive no one clae; the dark lines under hereyes, the weariness stamped on her brow, declare plainly that the tears she restrains during the day are let fall at

Lady Napine's will surprises every one Napine is not entailed; it was here to do with as she pleased. She left it to her son Martin Napine, Judith's father; failing him to Squire Ellersile. A letter was found with the will, in which she stated that she had long age received information of her boy's death; consequently Squire Ellerslie has inherited that to which he has not the faintest shadow of claim. Of course he will only held it for Judith; but I have oudgelled my brains vainly to discover why it was not left directly to her. Judith does net vex herself about the matter; she is satisfied that her grandmother acted for the best. Mrs. Austry grumbles to me; she is not pleased, for Judith is new entirely de-penuent on her grandfather. She would have liked it to be otherwise; but, as we cannot alter Ludy Napine's last will and testament, we are ebliged to reconcile our-selves to it. Judith has net yet mentioned her ergagement to me. I de net think she realises it; serrow has numbed her faculties,

Judith is sitting on the stump of an eld tree, while I am lying on the grass fanning myself and watching her. She is very beautiful, but leeks delicate, Semetimes I think she is not strong. But, since she never complains of allment or pain. I decide that her delicacy is more apparent than real. We have been silent for same time; but I am lenging to talk, my fermer life net having fitted me for meditation.

"Judith!" I commenced, "how much mere shadowy will you be able to get and still be flesh and blood?"

"Deborah"—" what do you think of Mr. Thernton ?"

I start and mumble stupidly-

"I de net know." She looked at me repreachfully.

''You must know, Deb; you have seen him

several times."
It is true, Mr. Thernton and I are toler ably familiar; but familiarity in my case did not bring liking. I do not however see how I can explain to his wife that is to be that I dielike and distrust him. She shakes her head, expresses by a pretty gesture her doubt of my candeur, and then says slow-

Ty"De you know I am to marry him?"

She smiled.

The monesyllable is safe; I cannot trust myself te speak fully. It is menstreus that this sensitive gentle girl should be mated to Silas Thornton. Will not his actions, his habits, jar on her perpetually? She comes to my side and gezas at me steadily.
"My grandmether leved me." she said

musingly—"leved me passionately. She was very annieus about my future. I fancy, Deberah"—whispering — "she was afraid that ne man would ally himself with me because of my tarnished name," "Judith !

"It would only be natural, dear. Every bedy believes my father guilty of murder."
"Den't yeu?" I ory, surprised."
She clasped her hands behind her—a fa

verite habit of hers.

'No; I am sure he was innecent-my

darling father! Deberah, granny and I used to talk a great deal about him. She told me all about his childhoed, his youth, He was neble, chivalrous, lion hearted, net one who would act meanly, not a man assuredly who could slay his father. It may be his memory will never be cleared; but I can wait patiently."

"He is dead?"

"Yes, eh, yes! I had dreams once et his returning to Napine, of his being pro-claimed stainless, of my making up to him a little for my mether; but he was killed. Granny had a letter frem a clergyman in Australia, telling her that he had been killed by a fall from his horse."
"He ecoaped abread? Did he retain his

ewn name?

No, it was in this way. He was known as Mr. Martin; but, after he was dead, his desk was examined, and enly a bundle of letters frem granny was found. They were forwarded to her. She was told ene Jehn Martin had died, and that, as hers was the enly address found, to which to write, they could write but to her. Granny guessed Jehn Mertin was her sen Martin, Hew else sheuld letters she had written to her bey when he was at school be in his pesses-

I streke the silky hair fondly. How musical her veice is! Is she right or wreng Is hers a heritage of shame or not?

"Peor granny, she had heped and heped until then! When hope was taken from her she prepared for death. Mr. Carey comforted her by telling her she would find

him in Heaven. I glance at Judith. She utters Will's name very demurely and gravely, as if it was sacred to her. Dees she ever compare Silas Thernton with Will? Surely not; a bad comparison will it be if she ever does,

I rise hastily as I hear the gate click; it is my brother—yes, Will and a stranger. They advance deliberately towards us. I am conscious that my dress is disordered, and my ourls are adorned with grass, weeds and flowers. Judith is as trim as a snow drep, as sweet as a white rose; my cheeks glew, and her lip trembles a little,

"My sister Deberah. Deborah—Mr.Ord."

"My sister Deberah. Deborah—Mr. Ord."
"Rebin's ceusin!" I exclaim gladly.
We shake hands heartily. Dale Ord cannot be ether than a friend te me. Rebin has gessiped so much about him, that his name has been verily a household word with us. Laughingly I inform him of this. He pretends to be herrified, but then chats readily of Letty and Rebin. We stroll along leleurely, Will and Judith behind. I turn occasionally. Hew well they leek teturn occasionally. Hew well they look to-gether, he se tall, she se fairylike! Her violet eyes are raised to his; it is evident she has implicit faith in all he tells her. He

is se serene and unmoved. We pause at the narrow feetpath that leads to the front of the house. Mr. Ord cannot stay, and Judith says she must go. I suggest that Will and I shall walk with them as far as Elloraile. Will agreeing we all start for the high road, going forward in a body. At

the corner of Ivy Lane Judith remarks—
"The tenant of Ivy Cottage has arrived."
"Has he? What is he like? Who is he?" She smiles at my eagerness—a smile, too,

tinged with sadness to please me.
"I have not seen him; my maid told me the servants had been there a week. Mr.

Thorald came yesterday.'

"Is he married—sid or young?"
"He is not married, and he is elderly.
Grandpapa says that if he is not a recluse he will be a goodly addition to our society, for he has been a great traveller.

"He has taken Ivy Cottage for a long term," Will asserts. "We may ρresume therefore he intends to be one of us."

We cease taiking and are all quiet as we pass the cortage. It is a pretty medern building, standing inits own grounds, its windews opening on to the lawn. It walls are gay with 10393; it would be decidedly more appropriate to call it Rese cettage than Ivy Cottage. Roses of every kind bud, blessom, and figurish about it. A man-servant near the hedge is conversing with a gentleman, evidently his master. I steal a glance at the latter, and hastily conclude that I have seen him elsewhere. I auneunce this to my companion as seen as we are out of sight and hearing of the stranger. Will is

not astonished,
"It is semeone you have met at home,"

he says carelessly.

I de net think so. I rack my memory in vain. Where have I seen him? At last gave up the attempt to discover with a

sigh.
"I would not trouble," Mr. Ord advises. "Though you do not recollect where you have seen Mr. Thorald, I am sure Mc. Therald will recollect minutely all circumstances cennected with his meeting yeu."

I blush feelishly, and am angry with my

self for doing so, but Judith banished my disturbance. We are at Ellerslie now and we wish her adieu. The sun is at its highest. Will thinks it unadvisable for me to ge farther. Mr Ord preceeds, but Will and I ge slowly homeward. We are neither in-clined to talk. My thoughts are a medley. Mr. Ord is quite as delightful as Rebin. must let Letty know that I de not consider she flattered him in describing him to me. I wonder whether Ord Court is as fine s homestead as he imagines it—wender idly about Mr. and Mrs. Ord. glance at Will, and am utterly indifferent to the cleud on his brew and the sembre light in his eyes. In my own happiness I am heedless of his misery. Heigh, am I selfish?

I am winding cotton industriously, while Dale Ord is talking to me. He has called te see Will, and, Will being out, has been graciously pleased to stay to entertain me. He is trying to persuade me to visit Ord Court, for his mother cannot visit me, as she is an invalid. I have seen Mr. Ord, who is an old-fashioned country gentleman, and I like him. If he is blunt he is sincere; if he is hasty, he is fergiving. I think Dile Ord will be just such a man as his father when he has passed middle age. I glance at him. He is straight and strong, with keen kindly grey eyes, humorous mouth, bread brow, and a geed coler. What makes me contrast him with Silas Thernton! I de so, and shiver. Will and Mr. Thorald come in. I am quite used to my role, quite used to playing vicar's lady, and enjoy the duty immensely. A fertnight since I was introduced to Mr. Thoreld; and, sad and grave though he is, he has won an inveluntary esteem from me. He perplexes me yet. I am net uncenscieus that he observes Will warily. Why should the tenant of Ivy Cattage study him intently? Has he a better living than this to dispose of, and does he think Will will suit him? No, no; had he livings to bestew, he would not be residing among us.

How does it happen that we speak of Judith? Our conversation is semewhat zig zag in its course. One word leads to another. We branch on most and roads. Who can fellow a beaten track, and We branch eff into many byavoid tempting by paths? Mr. Thorald seems to possess a sensitive, timoreus spirit. dangerous te trust in. Dale Ord Instances
Judith as such a one. He has known her
from her childheed. She feels pain acutely, he avers, and, because she shrinks from it naturally, forces herself to endure it without

blanching.
"Those who told her of her father's sin did net understand her," Dale Ord says,
"Her father's sin?" Mr. Therald echees

interrogatively. "Oh, yes, I have heard some stery! He was a frightful scamp, was he not?" "Ne." Mr. Ord dissents. "If he was

what he was said to be, he was worse. Raport has it he murdered his father." "Murdered his father! Was he hanged?"

"He escaped. Have you not heard the tale" heedlessly? And Dale relates it in brief. Will, in the arm-chair, lifts his hand, delicate as a weman's, to his forehead and utters net a word. Mr. Thorald's disgust is not veiled. I interpose and say-"He may net have been guilty."

"I think he was, Deborah," Dale says gently; but I have always imagined the deed was unpremeditated. Sr Percival may have provoked him. There is little doubt that he had lived a blameless life with his wife."

Are you not regarding him leniently?" Mr. Thorald cries, "I de net fancy your view of his crime is cerrect. Had he killed his father in the heat of passion, would he have run away? And then too the meney disappearing gives the affair an ugly look. Depend upon it, you are wrong, and public opinion is right. He was a villain!"

"Whether he was er was not does not affect Miss Napine," Will mutters, trying te clear his theat.
"It should not; but the custom of visiting the sins of the fathers on the children is

not obselete, Mr. Carey. Will dees not reply. Mr. Therald con-

"I hear the young lady is to be married shertly. Are you to be a bridesmaid?"—smiling at me,

"The date is not fixed," I say a triffe vexed. I am sorry for Will, as this gossip must annoy him. I try to divert the talk into a new channel. "Mr. Therald, you said your mignenette was the finest about. Come and see mine."

We step out of the window. I show my

hides his leve for her well; none beholding flowers proudly, and we lotter in the him now could guess its existence; his face is so serone and unmoved. We pause at sent. Just as I resolve to re-enter the house he savs

"Is Miss Naplne attached to Mr Thornten ?"

I am indignant—theroughly, stormily angry. Sarely this stranger is nothing better than a busybody! What concern is it of his whom Judith cares for? An uneasy anxiety seizes me. Can he have discovered Will's secret? If he has I will delude him. I answer with (quanimity, though my cheeks are aflame-

" Yes." "And he is worthy of her?" It is abominable! Whe has made this man is quisiter-general? "Yes," I repeat stubbornly.

He signs.

"Perhaps it is as well," he murmurs. His tone causes a pang. Have I done wrong in misteading him? And have I misted him? Is Silas Thornton worthy or unworthy? To myself I say unworthy?" Mr. Thorald's reverle is eutspoken.

"She bears a stained name. It is not every man who would wed a weman thus sullied; he knows her whole history?"

"Of ocurse," I declare, marvelling much. He stares at me as though he saw me not. He is evidently far away in imagination. am very quiet, afraid to disturb him-afraid

I fail to comprehend why.
Suddenly he grasps my hand.
"Be good to her." he whispers; "be goed to der always!"

Ece I can regain my calmness-for his words startle me—he is gone. When I get back to the parleur he is deep in discussion entirely beyond me. I look at him wender-Did these words, still ringing in my ears, really issue from his lips?

The daintiest of dainty rooms: walls and furniture a pale-spring green; filmy lace curtains; quaint jars; rare flowers; gems of pictures. I wander about as though in or pictures. I wander about as though in fairyland, and Judith watches me with pleasure. I am staying at Ellerslie for two days. Will has spared me willingly. I needed little ceaxing to leave him. I am getting wise and observant. Would he not prefer me to forsake him for a while than to forget ludich. get Judith?

Ay, he would! She is looking wan and worn. My raptures reuse her frem her weariness, and she laughs at my epsnly-avewed admiration, She dees not perceive what this luxurious life is to me-does not perceive the difference in our position. I am one of several and mamma's income has limits, while Judith is the petted heiress of vast wealth. True, there are two sides to the picture. I have seme joys that she has not. When I tell her what a lucky girl she is, she closes my mouth with a loving caress; but I would not exchange with Judith.

After a long ramble in the grounds it is time for dinner. We are not to dine in state, Judith says: Squire Ederslie is confined to his own apartments, and there will be only four of us, Mrs. Santon, Mr. Thernton, Judith, and I, we shall have dinner in the bay-parler. I am agreeable, and when I sit down I am sure it is a capital arrangement. Mrs. Santen, Judith's old geverness and new her chaperon, is a little woman, whe must ence have had censiderable claims to beauty; she talks without any pretensien, but with great address. Mr. Thernton is evidently glad to see me. I have a good appetite, and enjoy the meal. Judith eats very little, but Mr. Thornton pays ne heed to her. I cannot avoid noticing that he treats me with far more attention than he does his fancee We leave him to his wine. Judith tells me that her grandfather would like to give me a welcome. We go to his sanctum. Very withered and shrunken is the hand inte which I put mine. The Squire looks at me attentively.

" Not much like your brother, he says "but a nice face - a nice face, eh, Mr. Brenten ?'

The room is so dark that I have not perceived any one in it but the Squire. At the question a man of some fifty years comes

"Yes," he answers, "Miss Carey?" Jadith makes us knewn to one another. He leans against the wall, and I sit down. Judith hevers about her grandfather, and tears well up to my eves as I not loving and affectionate she is. She bends over him, and he presses her hand fondly; I hear him say—

" My pretty deve-my bonnie girl !" She is bonnie; her leveliness is ever dressed in fresh garb. The tenderest of pink is now coloring her cheeks; her eyes, like vielets wet with merning dew, are smiling; her mouth is curved in seft lines. Pretected and pretecting she is happy. I cannot look at her long with undimmed sight. My gaze strays around, finally rest-ing on Mr. Brenton. He too is studying Judith, but with feelings very different from mine if I read his face aright.

Looking at him, I conceive a violent prejudice to him. His thin hatchet face, lean and yellew, is not prepessessing; his eyes are uneasy and dull; his ungainly hands have a hawk-like greediness about them; and an almost malevelent expression—pertainly an expression of hate and dislikeplays en his features as he scans her furtively. Who is he? Is Judith obnexious to him? I will find out as speedily as I can, Squire Ellerslie asks after my friends, chats a little, and then lies back fatigued; he appreciates our presence, but he is not well enough to sustain conversation. Mr. Breten savs in an elly tene-

"Your grandfather is very tired, Miss Napine.

It is a hint for us to depart, and we take it. Jadith kisses her grandfather fondly, promises to come in by and by, and we find ourselves in the passage.
"Who is Mr. Brenton?" I inquire, as I

put my arm round Judith's waist, and we saunter to the fir greve, having denned hats

" He was grandpapa Napine's secretary; he lived at Napine until lately. He knews mere about Napine than any one, and it was for this reason the Squire asked him te ceme here to put matters ship-shape."
"I de not like him."

"He is a good man of business. Listen to that bird," I listen for a moment, and then recom

"Mrs. Austey teld me something of him though she did not mention his name. She said your grandmamma's secretary and steward—he was both, was he not?"— treated the peer scandalously, eppressing

them in every way."
"Yes, Deberah"—with a sharp gasp—

"there are times when I wish grandmamma had left Napine to me.

"She enght to have dene so." She pays no attention to me, but goes on

narvensly--"I would have tried to remedy some of the neglect. Your brother says little, but am sure there is much that wants doing. Grandmamma was ill so many months; she was eld with trouble. She did not recognize what lay outside her gates. Deborah"-twisting her flagers in great emetion-"my father and mother's one false step has been very fruitful of cvil! It has made my grandfather Efferalie as indifferent to the welfare of his people as my grandmother was to the welfare of herswith a tearless sob.

I cannot comfort her. I have learned what responsibility means since I have been at Napine. I understand why Will works so hard and so profitlessly. Who can teach Christianity to men and women housed like animals? Judith catches held of me, her words coming quickly,
"Will Mr. Taeraton de any better-be

a considerate master? Deberah, must I

marry him? "Yeu are pledged," I say slowly. She

trembles like a wild flower. "Yes, I cannot refuse; and he will keep me to my premise, because I shall ene day own this inheritance. On, if I could only rid myself of my wealth !" she ories. I could leve whom I will without let or hindrance !

I wish a thousand impossibilities. Without thought I utter his name. Judith, Judith, henceforth I cannot pretend to hope

that you will be content.
wife. You love Will.
"I did not expect to find you out of"" he says. "Miss Napine, I have

She bows her head; she could not reply, vere it ever so needful she should; there is a piteous, frightened look in her eyes that scares me, and her lips are white and drawn. "I am obliged to ge to Lendon; will you keep Deberah until my return?"

He is a little surprised at the solitary

word. He betrays this.
"Not if it is in any way inconvenient to you," he stammers. She interrupts. "How can you misunderstand me? Dabe rah knews hew glad I shall be to keep her -nay," as he is about to apelogise,
was my fault, but I am not quite well."

Her face is drawn, the blue veins in her orehead are clearly visible. I speak to hinder him frem questioning her.

"When do you go!"
"To merrow, early. I shall have com pany. Mr. Therald goes also. I shall be home on Saturday, when he will quit the big city I am unaware."
"You will come in and see Grandpapa?"

Judith says. "Ay. She takes him direct to Squire Ellerslie. I slip into the drawing-room. Mrs. Santon

begs for a song, and I comply readily.

Time files. Will appears to say farewell.

"Where is Jadith?" I cry.

"She left me," he answers, avoiding my glanos.

"She complained of headache. I have said good-bye to her."

"Said good-bye to her!" Ab, little did

he dream that it was his last good bye to

Judith Napine! (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Portuguese Men-of-War.

The Pertuguese man-ef-war is ene of the most beautiful of all the se-called pelagic animals, and is a veritable fairy ship, with sail that can be clevated or loweread, that can threw out a dredge or haul it in; in short, one of the mest attractive of all marine animals, and at the same time one of the most dangerous.

This little animal has been called a "Posm in Satin," yet it conceals under its attractive exterior an armament that is capable of overpowering a foe of a thousand times its size. In fact, the physalia stands in the same relation to many other marine animals of its size as a well-fitted submarine terpode-boat would to an old line-of-battle ship of the Constitution class.

If we but touch the purple tentacles, s realizing sense of this power is at ence ex-perienced. The finger stings as if needles had been thrust into it, and when the tentacles are placed upon a portion where the firsh is delicate, the pain can only be com-pared to that produced by melted lead or hat oil, and I am competent to speak an the subject, as I once nearly lest my life in an engagement with the little craft.

I had a habit of swimming upon my side,

an unfortunate one, as the view to the right was concealed; and in this way one day I swam over the tentacles of a large man-efwar. I was in about seven feet of water, and the centact immediately gave me such shock that I almost lest the power of metion and sank.

As I struck the bettem with my feet I pushed up, and partially recovered myselfsufficiently, at least, to call fer help. Seme laborers at work near by sprang into the water and carried me ashore, and by this time I could breathe with extreme difficulty, this being the mest serious symptom. The purple mass was scraped from the skin with knives and razors, but it seemed to have sunk into the flesh. Fer six or seven menths afterward I could very readily have passed fer a tatteeed man, the entire middle and lower portion of the body being covered with the most fanciful tracings imaginable.

Alexander Coming to America. We do not see that Prince Alexander, the

deposed Bulgarian monarch, is going to have very much difficulty in keeping the welf away from the door. In addition to the in-come from a \$2,000,000 legacy, he has a number of profitable investments in America which he can realize upon at any time. He ewns considerable real estate in Chicage, Kansas City, Denver and Omaha, and he is a part owner of one of the largest sheep ranches in New Mexice. His American property is held in the name of Alexander Marie Wilhelm Ludwig Maraschkeff, and his interests in this country are looked after by Cel. J. S. Norton, the well known atterney in Chicago. Cel. Norton tells us that he would not be surprised if Prince Alex ander were to come to the United States to live. In a letter to Col. Norton last June the Prince said: "If ever it is the divine pleasure to release us frem the harassing responsibilities which new rest upon us, it will be our choice to find a home in that great country beyond the Atlantic, where, removed frem the intrigues of court and state, we may enjoy that quiet employment and peaceful meattation for which we have always yearned,"

The Man Who Has a Hobby.

We like him. He is not an ideal character, nor, indeed, for that matter, is the non-hobbyist. But the hebbyist knews semething. He knows something special, and he knows it well. If you get him started on his theme, that is your look out -not his. Usually he is not hard to start, though eccasionally it is difficult to stop him. Ualike many people who talk, his mind is clear. He does not say "I guess," or "Maybe that is the way," but with keen eye fixed on his auditor, with out-and-dried phrase, and with sledge nammer intention be explains how things are As you listen, you are convinced that the habbylat has been doing some thinking. You ply him with a few simple questions. He answers them simply and fully. You then gather all your force of mind, and ask him a question that had puzzled your father, the minister, and the sphoolmaster. He commences his answer in a leisurely and roundabout way, which leads you to half-suspect that he is not sure of his ground, or has not fully comprehended your meaning. him alone. He first clears away the rubbish of conventional ideas that have gathered round the subject, then he states familiar truths that are often forgetten, and then, if we may be allowed the expression, he "humps" himself for the eccasion. The hobby-rider may only be talking to an insignificant college graduate, but he goes over the ground as carefully as if the listener knew a thing or two. O'd fables and old truthes having received attention, he new preceeds to unfeld the theme proper. Watch him. He does not repeat, he eften enlarges. But with his own inner sense fixed on a certain point, he leads you along with words of rugged truth, and in sentences, semetimes ungrammatical but never unmeaning, and proves the whole thing to you as clear as day. The specialist answers the perplexing question in all its details, and you wish your father, the min-ister, and the schoolmaster could just hear him. And we really believe it would do them good to hear him.

Young man, you have lets of energy, and perhaps a listle talent, but you spread too much. You shehld tackle a hoboy. Get a congenial one if you can, but get one at all hazarda, even if you have to import one. An imported hobby, being interpreted, means, one that is not congenial, and one for the riding of which your brain is not by nature unduly adapted. Young man, we adjure you by all the legic at our command—invest in a hobby. It will prove of more value than a bicycle, a wheelbarrow, or a mustang.

"Blood Will Tell."

Yes, the eld adage is right, but if the liver is disordered and the blood becomes thereby corrupted, the bad "blood will tell" in diseases of the skin and throat, in tumors and ulcers, and in tubercles in the lungs (first stages of consumption) even although the subject be descended in a straight line from Richard Cour de Lion, or the noblest Reman of them all. For setting the liver in order no other medicine in the world equals Dr. Pierce's "Gelden Medics ! Discovery." Try it, and your "blood will tell" the stery of its wonderful efficacy. A man breathes about 1200 times an heur.

Perfection is attained in Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy,

The average weight of the brain of a man is three and one-half pounds; of a weman two pounds and eleven ounces.

" Men must work and women weep

But they need not weep so much if they use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription, which cures all the painful maladies peou-liar to women. Sold by druggists.

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In fact so determined were they that they

stead of the genuine Electric Oil.

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"Can you tell me what a smile is?" asked a gentleman of a little girl, sir; it is the whisper of a laugh."

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