

# EDGAR BARTON'S FATE

(CONCLUDED.)

"Well, well; perhaps I'm wrong," he ejaculated; "then perhaps, too, it was folly—sheer folly to dream of Lucy's becoming—There, I must endeavour to forget—to forget. What! abandon literature, for my peace of mind's sake? Why, you simple young man, you, I've a three vol. novel all but finished. I don't mind telling you that it's not all my own invention, notwithstanding that however, it is likely to prove a success. Still sceptical? Never mind; I pardon your short-sightedness. Sit down there and I'll tell you a plan I've formed."

He forced me into a chair, rolled up a paper cigar, and resumed:

"Thornton," he went on, "you've done me not a few friendly terms; you've well earned the confidence which I now repose in you. I've discovered how to make perpetual motion, and intend to make it supercede steam in railway engines. I do! More, I've found out how I can transmute lead into gold. A fact; I give you my honor. I've something else, too, that will astonish them; I've a scheme by which I can produce at least a thousand pounds' worth of diamonds daily. I have! From a saturated solution of carbon in carbonic acid, coupled with black lead mixed with another contrivance, I can manufacture diamonds—aye, and diamonds of the first water, too! You shall be my partner—we will share our gains to the uttermost farthing. But you must aid me in my plan—which is this; I've planned, and I wish very much to tear the flesh from Mr. Bickers's throat."

"Barton, I entreat you to calm yourself," I interposed. "Your eyes are getting blood-shot; could you see your face. Its awful expression would appeal you. Mr. Bickers is a kindly, manly fellow."

"I tell you he is a very demon," returned Edgar Barton. "He wishes to crush my future happiness; hasn't he offered to procure me a berth as a scientific drudge? Why has he done this? For my good. Pish! He has contrived it so as to keep me out of literature. Hark to me," he went on, grasping the sides of his chair, while his eyes seemed starting from their sockets, "Charles Thornton, hark to me, for fame, money, and troops of friends are before you. Aid me, and they are yours. Help me to avenge the insults which that man Bickers has heaped upon me." Here his hand clutched my wrist, as bending forward he whispered in my ear; "Help me to remove him."

Aghast and horror-stricken, I grasped the back of my chair and held it tight; then I stifled my terror and contempt, and answered:

"What do your words bode? Do you mean remove him by murdering him?"

"Yes," he said, "I do."

"Only you might have used a prettier word," I said. "Remove him!"

He chuckled.

Doubtless he believed that I was willing to aid him—that I was dazzled by his vague promise of "fame, money, and troops of friends."

"You wish to know my plan of operation? Good. You see," he continued, "that acid bubbling there? Good again. Well, that is fluoric acid. Ah, I see you don't know what that means. Hear, then and exult. Fluoric acid will utterly disorganise and destroy human flesh. With a full day and tact at our command that acid could be made to consume a human body, destroying every trace, so devouring is its nature. These are my plans: Herr Guttman and—Lucy, Miss Guttman, will be away from home to-morrow night, probably to a late hour; they are going, as you know, to a supper-party, and dancing will abound. You decoy Bickers here. I've concocted a scheme by which I can get rid of the servant; I've written her a letter supposed to have come from her mother's doctor, in which character I've begged her to use all speed in seeking her parent's bedside, as said parent is dangerously ill. What think you of that for a bait, eh? Oh, it'll work beautifully."

What could I say? What could I think? It is true I thought very little; but the idea constantly presenting itself to my mind was this: Was the man mad?

Presently, after Barton had examined his boots very attentively, he turned his blood-shot eyes to me again.

"You won't betray me," he said. "Perhaps, though, you are willing to aid me. Will you aid me?"

"No!" I shouted—nay, screamed; for I felt that I possessed the courage of a little woman, and the strength of a lion, just then.

Neither courage nor strength, however, were required, for Barton buried his head in his arms, seemingly lost in painful thought.

Soon a footfall was heard on the stairs, and Tom Garth, his animal spirits in the ascendant, entered the room.

"Barton, old boy; Thornton, old brick; Sharpgad's accepted my burlesque. What dost think of that, eh? Sulky, are you? Pah! Likewise, bosh! Also fudge! Come downstairs, old fellow."

I was the "old fellow," and also the individual who was asked to go below stairs. I went with Tom Garth and thus escaped Barton's importunities.

True, I thought the man mad; but had he not better be placed under lock and key? He was in good sooth dangerous. I was certain he was dangerous. What had best be done?

Whilst revolving this matter in my mind, I heard the street-door opened, and presently was shaking hands with Walter Bickers.

Should I tell him of Barton's terrible words? Really, I hadn't the chance, for Bickers stopped not in the house two minutes.

However, on the following day we heard that Barton had packed up his traps, and left the house for good. Three weeks afterwards we heard of him as confined in a lunatic asylum. I regretted that so clever a mind—for he was clever—had been overthrown. Very sad was I for some days; but something had happened which was eminently calculated to make me glad.

Lucy had consented to become my wife. And it was at our happy wedding, while solacing ourselves with the good things of a marriage-feast, when Tom Garth's genial humour and quaint suggestions compelled us to hold our sides, that we heard of Barton's breaking loose from the asylum, and, consequent on that, his death. His housekeeper, who brought the terrible tidings, also brought Edgar Barton's confession, wet and pulpy, and a note addressed to myself. The letter was a curious, though sad combination of defiance and sorrow, and the confession was couched in the following terms:

## MY CONFESSION.

On this my last day upon earth—the day of my Irrepressible Resolve, denied the power of sleep, unable to eat, tortured by a terribly keen conscience, heartily sick at soul, weary of life, eager for death, I, Edgar Barton, make a full confession of my treachery, my baseness, my crime!

Talent?—Pah! I possessed, and still possess, a certain amount of talent. And what has accrued from the possession? Misery; a hell-fire brain; and a wasted life. I had written a novel—well, perhaps, "compiled a novel" would be a better term; it certainly possesses more of truth. What came of it? Nothing came of it; nothing at all but chagrin and disappointment.

On the day following the evening on which I left Herr Guttman, I sought and obtained a lodging at Fulham. I now set about completing and revising my novel, previously to submitting it to a decent publisher. Certainly, I thought I should awake one morning and find myself famous, and without find a heavy cheque awaiting me at my publishers. Dreams!—nothing but dreams! It was not to be.

I wrote to an eminent publisher about my novel; and received for reply that he would take upon himself the publication, providing his readers thought well of it. He further informed me, by way of crushing my hopes, that I must advance thirty or forty guineas for advertisements, etc.

Thirty guineas! why, thirty pence just then was a sum almost beyond my means. But, then, my work was certain to meet with success; could I borrow the sum from anyone. No. That thought was stifled as soon as born. My sister was the only wealthy friend that I possessed, and we had quarrelled in the times gone by; so that, there was not the slightest hope in that quarter. However, I determined on having the money by fair means or foul—probably foul.

I sat me down to think. At length, after much thought, I resolved that I would see my sister, come what might.

Soon I found myself in the street and walking at a quick pace, bound for Clerkenwell, where my sister resided and carried on the business of a gold and silver refiner. The lateness of the hour (it was seven o'clock) I regarded as favorable to my plan; her assistant would have gone home long before I arrived, I reasoned, and I should have my sister all to myself.

I found her in the back shop; a five-inch meltingpot full almost to the brim with broken trinkets and gold watchcases, was in the furnace nearest to the door, in front of which (the furnace) my sister stood; ramming down the coke and "banking up" the crucible.

"I am scarcely glad to see you, Edgar," she said coldly; and then added: "I suppose it's a trait that brings you to me. You swore terrible oaths that you would never look on me again. Have you a retentive memory? You used to have, or have you forgotten your resolve? Ah, well!" she continued, seeing my contrite look and downcast eyes: "I suppose you're 'hard up' or low down, poor stupid boy; I won't rake up the past. Shake hands with me, Edgar." I gave her my hand; she grasped it warmly. "Go into the front shop," she resumed; "you'll find the *Times* there. I'll come and hear what you have to say when I've taken this crucible out, in half an hour, or thereabouts, that'll be."

Seated in the front shop, with the *Times* spread open before me, surrounded by that which I most did lack—money—my thoughts flew back to the time when ambition (literary and scientific) was foreign to my nature, when passion—I was ever passionate to a terrible extent—allowed no room for anything but moroseness, and uncharitable feelings to all.

"Edgar, will you give me a hand here?" came forth from the back shop and roused me from my reverie.

I conjectured that my sister wanted me to close the furnace door while she poured the boiling metal into the skillet; or that, taking advantage of my presence, she'd request me to remove the crucible myself.

My latter guess proved correct.

Well, I removed the crucible, and the skillet—one which held twenty ounces—was speedily filled. My sister half drew back the furnace door.

"Well, Edgar, why have you sought me?" she asked.

I told her—that is, I asked her to loan me a sum of money.

Useless—quite useless! She was obdurate. Hot words ensued. She called me a shallow-brained boy; she stigmatised me a ne'er-do-well, and that set my brain on fire.

I was standing by a barrel of "flux" (a compound of pearlash and salt), and I seized a handful and threw it full in her face. It must have all but blinded her. I then gripped her by the back of the neck, and dragged her to the furnace, and held her over the glowing coke.

She neither screamed, nor spoke, nor struggled. From the moment when, blinded with rage and passion, I had dashed the pearlash and salt in her eyes, she had seemed paralysed. Seemed paralysed! Great Heaven! she was dead now, dead!

I laid her down before the furnace, and wiped the sweat from off my face, and bathed my forehead with water. This done, I looked about me. My senses were terribly acute then. I was a murderer; I felt myself a murderer—knew that I was for ever branded with the mark of Cain. Oh, the terrible force of that feeling!

And 'twas then I felt how sweet life was—felt, too, that with a little strategy I could save my neck and fill my pockets with money at the same time.

Besides, what if my sister had made her will in my favour? If made at all, I felt convinced that she had.

Pah! my life was far above wealth.

(I thought life sweet, and clung to it; but, ah me, if I had only lain myself a corpse beside my sister then!)

What should I do with her?—how remove the traces of my crime? Quick! for as my thoughts rushed through my brain I longed and yearned to fly the place—to get away from my horrible work. A bootless wish! Conscience had begun to prick and sting me; my own punishment was being wrought by my own conscience.

Never before that day, in a life of terrible vicissitude, of much suffering, of many dangers, had I felt the power of feeling which then possessed me.

I stood aghast at what I had done. I experienced a yearning to press that ominously still form to my breast, to smother that horribly charred face with kisses. I felt I loved my sister then. Say what you will, I felt affection for her. I felt, I tell you, that which I'd never felt before—a desire to act, literally, a brother's part—a desire which now can only equal my longing for death.

All had happened so suddenly; I could scarcely realize my act. I lived my whole life in that little span of time. For a moment I tried to deceive myself. Only for a moment, for a smell of something burning made me start round. The clothing of the corpse was on fire. Nerving myself, I seized a can of water from the sink, drew my sister's dead body away from the furnace, and saturated the upper part of her dress. Then I drew four bars of the furnace, pressed the coke down, and dragged the door off, and threw a gallon of water on the red-hot coke—and ran. Why this act? Well, you see, I naturally wished it to appear that my sister's death had been caused by the water coming in contact with the glowing coke; and the ruse succeeded! Such is the short-sightedness of a coroner's jury.

I placed my sister's body in a line with the furnace, so as to suggest that she had fallen dead from the catastrophe, which would suggest itself pretty forcibly, I thought. Subsequently I fixed a small tin-pail (used for 'washing' gold lace) in a position to infer that its upsetting had caused the disaster; and then I left the body lying there.

I sought the room on the second floor, where I knew the contents of the till were kept; my object being, of course, to enrich myself somewhat. Luckily, I found the key in the safe. I took of gold and foreign gold and silver coin, in all, about twenty pounds' worth. Leaving the safe as I had found it—lighter by twenty sovereigns, of course—with the key in the lock, I turned on my heel and prepared to leave the house.

As I reached the door of the room, I shuddered and trembled, and my teeth began to chatter. Turning about, I clutched at the banisters, and went unsteadily down the stairs, and quickly sought the street.

My staggering hurry increased at each stride. I, as it were, struggled through the groups I met on the pavement, like one followed by a demon. I felt mad; my brain reeled; live things seemed running about inside my brain.

On the evening of the next day the papers were full of the "Terrible Catastrophe in Street, Clerkenwell." And the jury's verdict proved to be the one that I'd contrived for; they agreed that my sister had met her death by means of an accident.

Her money and possessions were willed to me fast enough; and I became a rich man. And, ah me, at what a cost. I furnished me a house, and published my novel; and lost eight guineas sterling by its publication.

They tried to prove me mad. They did at length. But I escaped them, yes, I escaped them. Hurrah! All glory to the power of brain. Stay! What did I say? Brain? Why, cunning and scheming have been my ruin—my curse!

I have no money now. My last fourpence which I got for a pair of shears I stole from the asylum, purchased me the paper whereon I write, and a pint of coffee which I am now drinking in a filthy coffee-house in Rotherhithe.

Ah, well! it is all over now. And I don't know who's got my money. Nor do I care. I hate it; every coin had a demon's face, each one glared at me; they drove me wild. Before another hour or two I shall be away from the sight of human faces. They all seem to glare at me; they all seem to reproach me—every one. I cannot run away from my tortured brain; hence my resolve to cast my body in the river.

(Signed) EDGAR BARTON.

He effectually carried out his resolve. For, three days subsequent to the date of his confession, his body was found among the windings of the River Thames, far below bridge. The coroner was apprised of his duty, the jurors were summoned, and the verdict of "suicide whilst in a state of unsound mind" was given; and thus the matter ended, as far as the requirements of law were concerned.

Mr. Bickers paid the expenses of the funeral; but not a soul could be persuaded to follow the remains of Edgar Barton to the grave. Had the above confession, taken wet and pulpy from the breast pocket of the deceased, never been deciphered, he would have had a very different burial.

Was he mad? That question had been frequently repeated, but never yet has a satisfactory reply been given. If this manuscript is published, perhaps the reader may determine. This I decided long ago: that Edgar Barton's Fate points the lesson that even in this world there is no such thing as unpunished crime, for that crime is its own punishment.

## The American Inter-State Commerce Bill.

Speaking of the effects of this bill a writer says:—Every day brings developments that show how difficult a matter it is to establish any arbitrary rules governing interstate commerce, which while working satisfactorily in one direction will prove disastrous in another. This is illustrated in the new schedule on wool; by this the freight is raised from 62½ cents to \$4.56 per hundred from California, which places the wool merchants of that State in a quandary. The wool crop of that State last year was about 40,000,000 pounds, of which about 34,000,000 pounds were shipped east. The crop this spring is 25,000,000 pounds, and the dealers have fears that they will have the entire stock on their hands.

Similar effects are produced in other directions. The object of our Inter-State Commerce bill should be to prevent unreasonable exactions from one class more than another; for the protection of the rights of a small shipper in competition with a large one. This was probably the intention of the bill, but in its operations it found to be quite oppressive. Productive labor should be encouraged, but it is poor encouragement, when national legislation is such as to wholly preclude the idea of shipment. If commodities are cut off from exchange by exorbitant freight rates, then industries are to a great extent crippled.

## The Opinion of All

Who have tried Polson's Nerviline, the great pain remedy, is, that it is never-failing in pain of every description. Neuralgia, toothache, cramps, pain in the stomach, and kindred complaints are banished as if by magic. Rapid and certain in operation, pleasant to take, Nerviline stands at the very front rank of remedies of this class. A trial bottle may be purchased for 10 cents, a very small amount in any case; but the best expenditure you can make, if a sufferer from any kind of pain, is a 10 or 25 cent bottle of Nerviline at druggists and country dealers.

Pasteur has been made a Baron by the Emperor of Austria.

If a crazy man is called a maniac why shouldn't a crazy girl be called a girliac?

## SOME CURIOUS WAGERS.

A wager was made early in the last century by a banker named Bulliot. He was a firm believer in the superstition that if rain falls on St. Swithin's day (July 15) it will also fall, more or less, for forty days after. St. Swithin's day in the year 1725 was very wet, and so Bulliot offered to bet any one who chose to put down his money that the next forty days would be rainy. So many persons showed a desire to take up this wager that its terms were reduced to writing as follows:—If, dating from St. Swithin's day, it rains more or little for forty days successively, Bulliot will be considered to have gained; but if it ceases to rain for only one day during that time, Bulliot has lost." On these terms Bulliot betted against all who presented themselves. He was so confident of success that he placed money against articles of value of every description. People brought gold-headed canes, snuff-boxes, jewels, even clothes; and Bulliot wagered as much money against them as he considered they were worth. When his stock of cash came to an end he issued notes and bills of exchange to such an extent that it was said he had paper money to the value of 100,000 crowns. All this naturally excited a great deal of public curiosity, and the rash man found himself quite fashionable for the time being. Verses were made in his honour, a play was produced which had him for its hero; in a word, he attracted as much attention as if he had been a monarch or a famous statesman. But unfortunately for Bulliot, St. Swithin was not true to his character. For the first twenty-one days of the stipulated time more or less rain fell. The twenty-second day, however, was bright and cloudless, and night came on without there being the slightest sign of rain. Bulliot was ruined, and ruined so completely that he was unable to meet the notes and bills that bore his name. The holders of these tried to enforce payment; but the ancient law did not recognize debts of this kind any more than does the law of modern days. They were accordingly non-suited, and their debts declared irrecoverable.

In the early part of the present century sporting men were fond of betting on the duration of the lives of celebrities. Napoleon I. was especially the subject of these wagers. It is related that, at a dinner party in 1809, Sir Mark Skyes offered to pay any one who would give him a hundred guineas down a guinea a day so long as Napoleon lived. The offer was taken by a clergyman present; and for three years Sir Mark paid him 365 guineas per annum. He then thought that he had thrown away enough money, and disputed further payment. The recipient, who was not at all disposed to lose his comfortable annuity, brought on action, which, after lengthy litigation, was decided in favor of the baronet.

A foreign prince staying in Paris made a heavy bet with a member of the Imperial Club that he—the prince—would in the course of the next two hours, be arrested by the police without committing any offence or provoking the authorities in any fashion. The way he won his wager was by dressing himself in a tattered old blouse, a pair of mouldy boots full of holes, and a disreputable burlesque of a hat. Thus attired he walked up to one of the most aristocratic cafes in Paris, and seating himself at a table called for a cup of chocolate. The waiter, as was only natural, did not care about serving so suspicious looking a customer before he was assured the payment would be forthcoming, so he told the prince that he must pay in advance. Upon this his highness pulled a bundle of bank-notes out of his pocket, and picking out one of considerable value, told him to take the price of the coffee out of it and bring back the change. The man immediately went in search of the proprietor of the cafe, who, when he had heard the facts of the case, ordered the coffee to be served, and at the same time sent to the nearest police station for a *sergent de ville*. The prince was, of course arrested, and taken before a commissary of police. He announced his rank, and told his reasons for assuming such an unprincely costume. The authorities were obdurate at first, but they finally consented to send the prince under escort to the Imperial Club, where the gentleman with whom the bet had been made proved his identity, and paid his highness the money he had fairly won.

Vieuxtemps, the well-known violinist, used to tell a strange story of a wager which he averred he had really witnessed whilst on a visit to London. It was to the effect that one day, as he was walking across London bridge, a poor wretch jumped up on to the parapet and leaped down into the river. There was at once a rush of eager spectators, and a voice shouted: "I'll bet he drowns!" "Two to one he'll swim ashore!" "Done!" Meanwhile, Vieuxtemps had hastened to get a boat, and was rowing with a waterman to the rescue of the unhappy creature, who was floundering about and just managing to keep afloat. As they reached him and were prepared to pull him into the boat, there was a roar from the bridge: "Leave him alone, there is a bet on!" The waterman immediately lay on his oars, refusing to make any further attempt to save the drowning man, and Vieuxtemps saw him sink before his very eyes.

A wager was made in 1806 in the Castle Yard, York, between Thomas Hodgson and Samuel Whitehead as to which should succeed in assuming the most singular character. Umpires were selected, whose duty it was to decide upon the comparative absurdity of the costumes in which the two men appeared. On the appointed day Hodgson came before the umpires decorated with bank notes of various value on his coat and waistcoat, a row of five-guinea notes and a long netted purse of gold around his hat, whilst a piece of paper bearing the words "John Bull" was attached to his back. Whitehead was dressed like a woman on one side, one-half of his face was painted and he wore a silk stocking and slipper on one leg. The other half of his face was blacked, to resemble that of a negro; on the corresponding side of his body he wore a gaudy, long-tailed linen coat and his leg was cased in half a pair of leather breeches with a boot and spur. One would have fancied that Whitehead must have presented by far the most singular appearance. The umpires thought different, however, and awarded the stakes to Hodgson.

A somewhat similar bet was one made in relation to the master of the revels to George II., named Heidegger, whose ugliness it was declared impossible to surpass. One of the courtiers wagered that he should produce some one who should be pronounced uglier than Heidegger. He was allowed a few days

in which to unearth his champion, and it is said that he employed them in personally ransacking the worst slums in London. Somewhere in St. Giles he found an old woman whom he thought sufficiently plain to confront Heidegger. When the two were put face to face, the judges said it was impossible to decide which of them was entitled to bear the proud title of "ugliest being in London." A courtier, however, suggested that Heidegger should put on the old woman's bonnet. This he did, and the additional ugliness it gave him was such that he was unanimously declared the winner.

A notorious gambler of the last century finally ruined himself by a very extraordinary bet. He had been playing with Lord Lorn; their stakes had been very high and luck had gone steadily against him. Exasperated at his losses, he jumped up from the card-table and, seizing a large punch-bowl, said: "For once I'll have a bet where I have an equal chance of winning! Odd or even for fifteen thousand guineas?" "Odd," replied the peer calmly. The bowl was dashed against the wall, and on the pieces being counted there proved to be an odd one. The rash gambler paid up his fifteen thousand guineas, but, if tradition be correct, it was only by selling the last of his estates that he was enabled to do so.

Some years ago a gentleman made a heavy bet that he would stand for a day on London bridge with a tray full of sovereigns fresh from the mint which he would dispose of at a penny apiece. A nursemaid bought one to quiet a crying child, but no more were disposed of.

No, "Anxious Mother," Patti has no babies. The family have decided that they can't afford it. When they realized that it would cost the youngster five hundred dollars every time he wanted his mother to sing him to sleep, cash up to the door or no concert, they decided that no baby could stand it without mortgaging the nursery and fittings.

## Happiness.

The foundation of all happiness is health. A man with an imperfect digestion may be a millionaire, may be the husband of an angel and the father of half a dozen cherubs, and yet be miserable if he be troubled with dyspepsia, or any of the disorders arising from imperfect digestion or a sluggish liver. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are the safest and surest remedy for these morbid conditions. Being purely vegetable, they are perfectly harmless.

Adelina Patti has been engaged to sing for Mapleson at £917 per night, twice a week for six months, each night paid in advance.

"Then let the moon usurp the sun of day, And winking tapers show the rule his way; For what my senses can perceive, I need no revelation to believe."

Ladies suffering from any of the weaknesses or ailments peculiar to their sex, and who will use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription according to directions, will experience a genuine *revelation* in the benefit they will receive. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhoea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppression, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

Lord Salisbury is the only member of the British Cabinet who has grown fatter. He has gained four pounds.

Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

The contribution box recently passed around a large and fashionable congregation at Canterbury Cathedral contained fourteen shillings.

Free! Free!! Free!!!

A Book of Instruction and Price List on Dyeing and Cleaning, to be had gratis by calling at any of our offices, or by post by sending your address to R. Parker & Co., Dyers and Cleaners, 759 to 763 Yonge St., Toronto. Branch Offices: 4 John St. N., Hamilton; 100 Colborne St., Brantford.

Paul Du Chaillu has gone to St. Petersburg to study some bronze ornaments lately found on the Baltic, supposed to belong to the Vikings, about whom M. Du Chaillu is an authority.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

Mrs. John W. Mackay is having a cloak made from the breasts of birds of paradise. These cost 30 shillings each, and about 500 birds will be necessary.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine, All Druggists, 50 cents.

The Princess of Wales has a large number of fine diamonds for putting in the centres of flowers after the latter have been fashioned to her dress. The effect is very brilliant.

YOUNG MEN suffering from the effects of early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted; also MIDDLE-AGED and OLD MEN who are broken down from the effects of abuse or over-work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, send for and read M. V. LUBON'S Treatise on Diseases of Men. The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 3c. stamps. Address M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E. Toronto Ont.

On Sunday last Monsignor Persico, the Papal envoy to Ireland, preached in the Kilkenny cathedral. When he reached Ireland in the beginning of the summer he could not speak a word of English.

## The Sporting Record.

In Book form, contains a correct record of the FASTEST TIME and best performances in all DEPARTMENTS of SPORT, Aquatic and Athletic performances, Billiard, Racing and Trotting records, Baseball, Cricket, Lacrosse, etc. Price 6c. Stamps taken. Address all orders to THE RECORD, 50 Front St. East, Toronto, Canada, Room No. 15.

While Sir Salaar Jung, who is a Mussulman, was visiting Droitwich, for the baths, he celebrated the Mohammedan festival of Zoha. The ceremony was mainly the slaughter of a goat by his own hands. The flesh was distributed among the English poor.

## Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 305 King Street West Toronto, Canada.