# THETHREADOFLIF

AND SHADE. SUNSHINE

CHAPTER XV .- THE PLAN EXTENDS ITSELF.

For three or four days, Elsie lay at the Relfs' lodgings at Lowestofe, seriously ill, but slowly improving; and all the time, Mrs Rolf and Edie watched over her tenderly with unceasing solicitude, as though she had been their own daughter and sister. Elsie's heart was torn every moment by a devouring desire to know what Hugh had done, what Hugh was doing, what they had said and thought about her at Whitestrand. She never said so directly to the Relfs, of course; she couldn't bring herself yet to speak of it to anybody; but Edie perceived it intuitively from her silence and her words; and after a time, she mentioned the matter in sisterly confidence to her brother Warren. They had both looked in the local papers for some account-if accident it were-and saw, to their surprise, that no note was taken This was curious, not to say ominous; for evening, especially flinging herself bodily into the sea-as Warren Relf did not doubt for a second Elsie had done in the momentary desperation of a terrible awakening-withcut exciting some sort of local curiosity as to where she has gone or what has become of the body. We cannot emulate the calm social atmosphere of the Bagdad of the Califs where a mysterious disappearance on an enchanted carpet aroused but the faintest and most languid passing interest in the breasts commonplace and unromantic myrmidons, with my daughter Winifred." the county constabulary. This strange absence of any allusion in the Whitestrand from the Squire's hand in speechless as onquickened all Warren Relf's profoundest suspicions as to Hugh's procedure. At Whidestrand, all they could possibly know was that Miss Challoner was missing-perhaps even that Miss Challoner had drowned herself. Why should it all be so unaccountably burked, so strangely hashed up in the local newspapers? Why should no report slowly. It was all a lie-a hideous, hateful be divulged anywhere? Why should nobody even hint in the Lowestoft Times or the Ipsevich Chronicle that a young lady of | Winifred to cover the truth, and, incredible considerable personal attractions, was unaccountably missing from a family of a wellknown Suffolk laudowner?

Already on the very day after his return would be unable to carry out his long-standon, and no news came from Massinger, heartlessness and levity; he had never sus-Warren Relf's suspicions deepened daily. in her convalescence from suspense and uncertainty. She couldn't make up her mind the topic of the hour in the little village.

suddenly against Mr. Wyville Meysey. The more astonished when he found that the always something. subject which lay uppermost in Mr. Mey-

choice into our own hands : but what I say got into any serious mischief."

iently, after the Squire had dealt from many in the matter." points of view-all equally prosy-with Hugh Massinger's position, character, and mystery; but after all, it favoured his chuckle. prospects-"is she still with you? I'm theory-and besides, the matter was to him greatly interested in her. She made an im- a relatively unimportant one. It didn't plied with an emphatic expletive. "Wen a

remote one; as we learn now, an extremely Almundham Station. remote one. We've asked the servants to

from a clear sky. She left a letter for Winifred, saying she was leaving for parts unknown, without grounds stated. She slipped away, like a thief in the night, as the proverb says, taking just a small handbag with her, one dark evening; and the only other communication we've since received is a telegram from London-sent to Hugh Massinger-asking us, in the most mysterious, romantic school-girlish style, to forward her juggage and belongings to an address given.

"A telegram from London!" Warren Relf cried in blank surprise. "Do you think Miss Challoner's in London, then? That's very remarkable. -A telegram to Massinger! asking you to send her luggage on to London !-You're quite sure it came from London, are you?"

"Quite sure !- Why, I've got it in my pocket this very moment, my dear sir," the Squire replied somewhat testily. When an elder man says "My dear sir" to a very anywhere of Elsie's sudden disappearance. | much younger one, you may take it for granted he always means to mark his strong in most English country villages a young disapprobation of the particular turn the lady cannot vanish into space on a summer talk has taken.) "Here it is-look: 'To Hugh Massinger, Fisherman's Rest, Whitestrand, Suffolk.—Ask Winnifred to send the rest of my luggage and property to 27 Holmbury Place, Duke Street, St. James's. Explanations by post hereafter. - ELSIE CHALLONER.'-And here's the letter she wrote to Winitred: a very disappointing, disheartening letter. I'd like you to read it, as you seem interested in the girl. It's an immense mistake ever to be interested in anybody anywhere! A very bad lot, after of the bystanders. With us the enchanted all, I'm afraid; though she's clever of course, carpet explanation has fallen out of date, undeniably clever. - We had ner with the and mysterious disappearances, how ever best credentials, too, from Girton. We're remarkable, form a subject rather of prosaic only too thankful now to think she should and prying inquiry on the part of those have associated for so very short a time

Warren Relf took the letter and telegram news to what must needs have formed a ishment. This was evidently a plot-a dark nine days' wonder in the quiet little village, and extraordinary plot of Massinger's. Just it first he could hardly unravel its curious intricacies. He knew the address in Holmbury Place well; it was where the club porter of the Cheyne Row lived. But he read the letter with utter bewilderment. Then the whole truth dawned piecemeal upon his astonished mind as he read it over and over lie. Hugh Massinger believed that Elsie ed name of Charles Dickens. was drowned. He had forged the letter to as it seemed to a straight-forward, honest nature like Warren Relf's, he had managed to get nhe telegram sent from London by London accent, tinged with the peculiar some other person, in Elsie's name, and to have | Wapping dialect; "I read that there book, to Lowestoft, Warren Relf had hastily tele- Elsie's belongings forwarded direct to the Our Mutual Friend, I think 'e calls it. A graphed to Hugh Massinger at Whitestrand | club porter's, as if at her own request, by that he was detained in the Broads, and Miss Meysey. Warren Relf stood aghast with horror at this unexpected revelation of ing engagement to take him round in the Massinger's utter baseness and extraordinary "'e've been a takin' of you off: 'e've show ain't drowned at all, the young lady as is Mud-Turtle to London. But as time went cunning. He had suspected the man of pected him of anything like so profound a It was clear that Elsie, too, was lingering capacity for serious crime-for forgery and theft and concealment of evidence.

His fingers trembled as he held and exto write either to Hugh or Winifred, and amined the two documents. At all hazards, yet she couldn't bear the long state of doubt he must show them to Miss Challoner. It which silence entailed upon her. So at was right she should herself know for exactlast, to set to rest their joint fears, and to ly what manner of man she had thrown hermake sure what was really being said and self away. He hesitated a moment, then she've 'ad a eddication, my missus 'av : an' gal already, wot with loss of time an' travdone and thought at Whitestrand, Warren he said boldly: "These papers are very it's a pack o' rot, that's wot I calls it. ellin' expenses an' that. Next time I Relf determined to run over quietly for an important to me, as casting light on the There ain't no kind o' sense in it, to my catches a body unbeknown knockin' about afternoon's inquiry, and to hear with his whole matter. I'm an acquaintance of thinkin'." own ears how people were talking about | Massinger's, and I'm deeply interested in ham Station, to his great surprise, he ran some reason to suspect where she is at could recognise you." present, I want to ask a favour of you "Recognize me! Well, recognisin' ain't 'ead about it. Make a liveli'ood out of it, freely at once about all that had since hap- your having seen me or spoken to me here 'ouse Reach, a searchin' for bodies." pened in the family. But Relf was even this morning?" To gain time at least was

sey's mind just then was not Elsie Challon first by this unexpected request; but War- for? er's mysterious disappearance at all, but his ren Relf looked so honest and true as he daughter Winifred's recent engagement to asked it, that, after a few words of hesita-Hugh Massinger. The painter was still tion and explanation, the Squire, convinced lihood, says I, wen my missus reads that some years too young to have mastered the of his friendly intentions, acceded to both profound anthropological truth that even with his propositions at once. It flashed across gar make out o' bodies? says I. 'Tain't as the best of us, man is always a self-centred his mind as a possible solution that the though a body was worth anything nowpainter had been pestering Elsie with too adays, viewed as a body, says I, argumenta-"Well, yes," the Squire said, after a few pressing attentions, and that Elsie, with tive-like. A man as knowed anything about commonplaces of conversation had been in hysterical girlish haste, had run away from the riverside wouldn't never 'a gone writin' terchanged between them. "You haven't him to escape them-or perhaps only to such rubbish as that, an' in a printed book, heard, then, from your friend Massinger make him follow her. Anyhow, there would too, as 'ad ought to be wrote careful an' aclately, haven't you? I'm surprised at that. be no great harm in his tracking her down. kerate. It's my opinion, says I, as this 'ere He had something out of the common to "If the girl's in trouble, and you think you Dickens is an over-rated man. A body now-

themselves -let the young people settle any sort," Warren Relf answered slowly set upon the body. 'Is friends is glad to row for the loss of the one woman he them between them. It's they who've got and seriously. "You are evidently labour- get the corpse back, an' ave it buried reg'lar to live with one another, after all, not we; ing under a complete misapprehension, Mr. in the family churchyard. A reward's offerand they're a great deal more interested in Meysey, as to her reasons for leaving you. ed free enough for a nob, I don't deny it. it at bottom, when one comes to think of it, I have no doubt that misapprehension will But 'ow many nobs goes an' drowns theirthan the whole of the rest of us put to- be cleared up in time. Miss Challoner's selves in a season, d' you suppose; an' 'oo motives, I can assure you, were perfectly as knowed anything about the river would And Miss Challoner?" Warren asked, right and proper; only the action of another go a lookin' for nobs in Lime'ouse Reach or as soon as he could edge in a word conven- person has led you to mistake her conduct way down Bermondsey way?"

mense impression on me that day in the concern his own private interest. He merely suspected Warren Relf of having got him-The Squire's face fell somewhat. "Miss self mixed up in some foolish love-affair Challoner?" he echoed. "Ah, yes: our with Elsie Challoner, his daughter's governgoverness. Well, to tell you the truth-if ess, and he vaguely conceived that one or like that takin' a 'bus into the City, as you you ask me point-blank-Miss Challoner's other of them had taken a very remarkable may say, out o' pure foolishness. 'E just g ne off a little suddenly.—We've been dis- and romantic way of wriggling out of it. claps 'is 'at on 'is 'ead an' strolls down to Winifred. appointed in that girl, if you will have it. Moreover, at that precise moment his train Wes'minster Bridge, as it maybe 'ere, or to We don't want it talked over in the neigh- came in ; and since time and train wait for Charin' Cross or Waterloo—a lot of 'em goes bourhood more than we can help, on Hugh no man, the Squire, with a hasty farewell to over Waterloo, perlice or no perlice; an' 'e Massinger's account, more than anything the young painter, installed himself forthwith jumps in close an' 'andy by 'is own door, in else, because, after all, she was a sort of cou- on the comfortable cushions of a first class the manner o' speakin', an' is done with it sin of his—a sort of cousin, though a very carriage, and steamed unconcernedly out of immejately.—But wot's the use o' lookin'

manner. It fell upon us like a thunderbolt away for a whole fortnight; his absence the tide, as you may say, upward, on the also \$60,000 invested in funds.

plan of action, and to devise means for pro- So there am't no liveli'ood to be made anytecting Elsie. For to Warren Relf that was 'ow by picking up bodies down about Limenow the one great problem in the case-how to hush the whole matter up, without exposing Elsie's wounded heart to daws and much overrated person." jays - without making her the matter of unnecessary suspicion, or the subject of answered. "If 'e said that, there can't be common gossip and censorious chatter. At no doubt at all about it." all costs, it must never be said that Miss Challoner had tried to drown herself in own room, these strange scraps of an alien spite and jealousy at Whitestrand poplar, | conversation had just then a ghastly and horbecause Hugh Massinger had ventured to rible fascination. These men were accuspropose to Winitred Meysey.

put it, after their odious kind, over five the ways of bodies like regular experts. He gists. o'clock tea, in their demure drawing-rooms. listened, spellbound, to catch their next think of doing in these difficult circumstances, Warren Relf did not in the least breathed-each took a long pull at the pewknow. As yet, he was only very imperfectly informed as to the real state of the case again. "You'd oughter know," he murin all its minor details. But he knew this mured musingly, "for I s'pose there ain't much—that he must screen Elsie at all any man on the river anywheres as 'as 'ad to on here, is the great one so many people hazards from the slanderous tongues of five do with as many bodies as you 'ave. o'clock tea-tables, and that the story must

himself, his mother, and his sister. stoft, to consult at leisure on these new domestic counsellors.

CHAPTER XVI .- FROM INFORMATION RE-CEIVED.

eager, as he had always been since that terabout some matter of their own over a pint wick or Aldeburgh, or maybe Whitestrand : self in the concluding verses of his Death of was a young lady a missin' over 'ere at Alaric-anything for an escape from this Whitestrand-a young lady from the 'Allsentiments; stillangry with himself, at last | make all proper inquiries.' for his own unproductiveness, he leant back | Hugh Massinger's heart gave a terrible in his chair with profound annoyance and | bound. O heavens ! that things should have litsened listlessly to the strange disjointed come to this pass. That wretch had found ment is not to expect too much. Despair echoes of gossip that came to him in fragments through the half-open door from the adjoining taproom. To his immense suronce through a haze of words the unexpect-

pany made him prick up his ears. He endless complications, and rousing suspistrained his hearing to catch the context. | cions of fatal import against his own charac-"Yes," the voice drawled out in a low ter. pal o' mine, 'e said to me right out at the | ingly. time, "Bill," says 'e "that there Dickens 'ave took a leaf out o' your book," says 'e; Bill answered in an impatient tone. "She ed you up in print, 'e 'ave, under the halias missing at the 'All. They've 'ad letters an' of Rogue Rider'ood," says 'e; "an' you'd telegrams from 'er, dated later nor the day oughter read it, if it was for nothin' on I found 'er. I've 'anded over the body to earth but for the sake o' the likeness."- the county perlice; it's in the mortuary at "Is that so?" says I, never thinkin' 'e the Low Light; an' I shan't 'ave no more meant it, as the sayin' is. "It is," says 'e; nor arf a crown from the parish after all for "an' you've got to look into it."-Well I all my trouble. Suffolk and Essex is halfgot a 'old o' the book, an' I read it right a crown counties; Surrey's more liberal; through on 'is recommendation: leastways, it goes to five bob on 'em. Wy, I'm more'n my missus she read it out loud to me: eight shillin's out o' pocket by that there

"The cap don't fit you, then, says you," the young lady. It's highly desirable she the other voice retorted with a gurgle of He never got there, however. At Almund- should be traced and looked after. I have tobacco. "E ain't drawn you so as a man may whistle for it theirselves, that's wot

Squire recognised him at a glance as the now. Will you lend me these documents, in it, d'ye see. Wot 't say is just a lot o' young man who had taken them in his yawl for three days only, and will you kindly rubbish. This 'ere Rogue Rider ood, acordto the sandhills, and began to talk to him mention to nobody at present the fact of in to the story, 'e'd used to row about Lime-

"Well, that's just where it is, don't you see? 'E done it for a livelihood. A livepart out to me ; wot livelihood could a begwy, then, o' course there's sometimes as

"Stands to reason they wouldn't, Bill," This was mysterious, and the squire hated the other voice answered with a quiet

"O' course it stands to reason," Bill renob drowns hisself, 'e don't go an' throw hisself off London Bridge; no, nor off Blackfriars neither, you warrant you. 'E don't go an' put hisself out aforehand for nothin'

would give them time to concert a connected | mud at Millbank, or by Lambeth Stangate. ouse; an' it's always been my opinion ever since then that that there Dickens is a very

"There ain't no doubt about it," the other

To Hugh Massinger, sitting apart in his That was how the daws and jays would were connoisseurs in drowning. They knew What E sie herself would, say to it all, or sentences. There was a short pause, during which—as he judged by the way they ter mug, and then the last speaker began

te kept as quiet as possible, safeguarded by emphatically. "Thirty year I've served curable disease, and that there is no hope the Trinity 'ouse, rain or shine, an' you don't for one suffering from it. This terrible mal-So he took the next train back to Lowe- provision light-ships that long without ady, that yearly fills so many graves, can learnin' a thing or two on the way about be surely cured, if not too long neglected. proofs of Hugh Massinger's guilt with his bodies. The current carries 'em all one way Be wise in time, if you are afflicted with it, round. A body as starts on its journey at and arrest the undermining influence that is Wes'minster, as it may be 'ere, goes ashore sapping your life blood, and hurrying you at Millbank. A body as begins at London to an untimely grave, by using Dr. Pierce's Bridge, comes out, as reg'lar as clockwork, Golden Medical Discovery, a remedy that on the furrer end o' the Isle o' Dogs .- It's At Whitestrand itself, that same after- just the same along this 'ere east coast 'ere. noon, Hugh Massinger sat in his own little I picked up that gal I've come about to-day parlor at the village inn, fevrish and on the north side o' the Ordfordness Light, by the back o' the Trinity groyne or thererible night when "Elsie was drowned," as he abouts. A body as comes up on the north firmly believed without doubt or question; side of Orfordness 'as always drifted down and in the bar across the passage, a couple from the nor'-west'ard. So it stands to of new comers, rough waterside characters, reason this 'ere gal I've got lying up there were talking loudly in the seafaring tongue must a' come with the ebb from Walbersof beer and a pipe of tobacco. Hugh tried | there ain't no other way out of it any'ow. | gnawing remorse-but his Hippocrene was a lady o' property seeming-and as there dry, his Pegasus refused to budge a feather: might be money on it, or again there he could find no rhymes and grind out no mightn't wy I come up 'ere o' course to

Elsie's body !

In what a tangled maze of impossibilities | hardest to the ground that have been nearest had he enmeshed himself for ever by that | the sky. prise, the talk was not now of topsails or of one false step of the forged letter. This spinnakers: conversation seemed to have wretch had found Elsie's body-the body taken a literary turn; he caught more than | that he loved with all his soul-and he could neither claim it himself nor look upon it, bury it nor show the faintest interest in it, The oddity of its occurrence in such com- without involving his case still further in

> He waited breathless for the next sentence. The second speaker went on once more. "And it don't fit?" he suggested, inquir-

> "No; it don't fit, drat it," the man called promiscuous on a lee-shore, with the tide runnin', an' the breakers poundin' they may do; I ain't agoin' to trouble my

was a very much overrated person."

Hugh Massinger rose slowly, like one "A-searchin' for bodies!" the second man stunned, walked across the room, as in a WESTERN WACHINEK repeated with an incredulous whiff. "Wy, dream, to the door, closed it noiselessly, for The Squire was somewhat taken aback at wot the dooce did 'e want to go an' do that he could contain himself no longer, and then, burying his face silently in his arms, cried to himself a long and bitter cry, the tears following one another hot and fast down his burning cheeks, while his throat was choked by a rising ball that seemed to check his breath and impede the utterance of his stifled sobs. Elsie was dead, dead for him as if he had actually seen her drowned body cast up, unknown, as the man so hideously and graphically described it in his callous brutality, upon the long spit of the Orfordness lighthouse. He didn't for one moment doubt that it was she indeed whom British Columbia, California, Kansas, Illinois, and the fellow had found and placed in the communicate. I should have thought he'd can help her," he said good naturedly, "I adays, wether its a drownded body or a mortuary. His own lie reacted fatally in attendance. Write for Descriptive Circulars. have been anxious to let you know at once don't mind giving you what assistance I can nat'ral body, ain't worth nothing not the against himself. He had put others on that he and my girl Winifred had hit in this matter. You can have the papers. clothes it stands up in, viewed as a body. a false track, and now the false track things off amicably together. -O, yes, it's Send them back next week or the week Times was wen a body was always acshally a misled his own spirit. From that day forth, announced, definitely announced: Society is after. I'm going to Scotland for a fort. body, an' worth savin' for itself, afore the Elsie was indeed dead, dead, dead for a ware of it. Mrs. Meysey made it known to night's shooting now—at Farquharson's of the county, so to speak, at Sir Theodore Inventored a speak at Sir Theodored a speak at Sir Theod the county, so to speak, at Sir Theodore Invertanar and I shan't be back till the Wy, 'arf a crown for landin' it, paid by save him, she was dead for him as though Sheepshanks's on Wednesday evening. 10th or 11th. But I'm glad somebody has the parish, if it's landed in Essex, or five he had seen her buried. And yet, most Your friend Massinger is not perhaps quite some idea where the girl is. As it seems to bob if you tow it over Surrey side o' the terrible irony of all, he must still prethe precise man we might have selected be confidential, I'll ask no questions at pre- river. Not but wot I grant you there's tend before all the world strenuously and Shadow," "Mother, Home and Heaven," etc. Popu ourselves for Winifred, if we'd taken the sent about her; but I do hope she hasn't bodies an' bodies. If a nob drowns hisself, ceaselessly to believe her living. He must is, let the young people settle these things "She has got into no mischief at all of much as fifty pounds, or might be a undred, his grief and remorse for the past; his sornever in a single forgetful moment display had really loved - and basely betrayed; his profound affection for her now she was gone and lost to him for ever. He dare not even enquire-for the present at leastwhere she would be laid, or what would be CEEAP, done with her poor dishonored and neglected corpse. It must be buried, unheeded, in a pauper's nameless grave, by creatures as base and cruel as the one who had discovered it tossing on the shore, and regarded it only as a lucky find to make half-a-crown out of. Hugh's inmost soul revolted at the thought. And yet ---- And yet, even so, he was not man enough to go boldly down mediate, \$30; Round trip tickets, \$60, Steerage, \$20, to Orfordness and claim and rescue that Round trip tickets, \$40. For further particulars and to Orfordness and claim and rescue that sacred corpse, as he truly and firmly believed it to be, of Elsie Challoner's. He meant | Local Agents in the different Twons and Cities. still in his craven soul to stand well with the world, and to crown his perfidy by marrying

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## A Rich Jockey.

Wood, the crack English jockey, testified under oath the other day that his income for 'im after that, below bridge, away down was from \$25,000 to \$30,000 a year. His It was useless for Warren Relf now to go at Lime'ouse? Anybody as knows the river regular fees for riding bring him in \$9,500 hush it all up as much as they can, to pre- on to Whitestrand. To show himself there knows well as a body startin' from Waterloo, a year, and his retainers and refreshers, vent gossip; for my daughter's sake we'd would be merely to display his hand openly or may be from Westminster, don't go down his presents from gentlemen who win, and ike to avoid gossip; but I don't mind tell before Hugh Massinger. The caprice of to Lime'ouse, ebb or flow, nor nothin' like his bets swell the total to the figures above ing you, in strict confidence, as you're a circumstances had settled everything for it. It gets into the whirlpool off Saunders's given. He owns two stables, five hotels and friend of Massinger's, that Miss Challoner him exactly as he would have wished it. It Wharf, an' ketches the back-current, an' inus, and a lot of cottages; he has a \$20,000 in full course Full faculties in Literature, Lander College left us, we all think, in a most ungrateful was lucky indeed that the Squire would be turns round till it's throwed up by interest in a cooperage business, and he has Building in Dominion. Open Sept 5,1888 Address

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'Tis more to say, "I will not go," and yet to go, than to say, "I go, sir," and yet not to go; but say and do is best of all.

### The Mistakes of Moses

and Ingersoll, are common topics of conversation, but the mistake we wish to comment labor under that consumption (which is "That's so !" the first person assented really only Scrofula of the Lungs) is an innever fails in its life giving mission, if taken in time. All druggists.

> The years write their record on human hearts, as they do on trees, in hidden, inner circles of growth which no eye can see.

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