A LUCKY OUTCOME.

Mr Marchmont sat alone in his city office, gloomily realizing the fact that he was a ruined man, and, worse still, that he had involved others in his own financial disasters without either their knowledge or their consent. It was the old, old tale. Ill fortune in business, rash speculative investments to meet extravagant expenditure, then misappropriation of trust funds to repair past losses and enable him to continue his gambling ventures with the wild hope that previous misfortunes could be retrieved. Now all was gone, the fortune of his orphan clients as well as his own, and in another month or so, When Harold Williams would be 24, and the "trust" would, by the terms of his old friends will, have to be rendered up, discovery of the real condition of affairs must ensue.

"If you will consent to become their trustee, Marchmont," the dying man had said, "I shall appoint no one to act with you. I can trust you fully and shall leave everything in your hands until Harold is 24. I know you will do your best for him and Ellie, and keep the money where it is —in good. safe, nonspeculative investments."

Mr Marchmont, then a prosperons merchant, had readily undertaken the charge laid upon him, and fulfilled it it honestly enough until within a year or so before the time our story commences, but there had been a time of great financial depression and Mr Marchmonts firm had suffered like the rest of the world and then in a fatal hour he had been attempted to gamble on the stock exchange. Had won and lost again grown reckless and now that £30,000 which should be handed over to Harold and his sister in another six weeks was as nonexistent as was Mr Marchmonts own private fortune. Business was much depressed still and Jenkins the other partner had begun to advocate boldly facing the real condition of things and winding up the firms affairs, but Jenkins was, of course, ignorant of his partners embezzlement of trust funds.

It is one thing for a business man whose affairs have become involved through unexpected misfortunes to call a meeting of creditors and lay the facts plainly before them and another to have a confession that a trustee has —to put it bluntly—made away with money which does not belong to him. It was no small addition to the torturing anxiety of the stiutation that Jenkins was so perpetually advocating a "voluntary winding up" of the firm and a candid statement of their affairs. Of course the crash and the discovery were bound to come shortly, Even already Mr Marchmont fancied that some suspicions were arising in young Williams mind, for the youth had become rather pressing regarding the fixture of a date on which to go into all the trust accounts and have the investments duly transferred. Alas, all these "investments" had been nonexistent for some time. It had often been a desparate struggle to pay the interest on the vanished capital, and the delays which had occasionally ensued had perhaps aroused some suspicion of the truth in Harold Williams mind. On one pretense or another Marchmont had hitherto contrived to put off the evil day of reckoning, but had been obliged to fix a date for it at last. In another six weeks the truth must be revealed. Mr Marchmont must stand before the world as a convicted thief, a betrayer of the trust of a dear friend, and Harold and his sister must learn that owing to his embezzlement they were reduced from comparative affluence to absolute beggary. Small wonder that, as the wretched man sat alone in his private room, his face looked gray and lined, or that he glanced often at a certain locked drawer, in which some weeks previously he had placed a tiny phial.

"There is always that means of escape. I can never face the lad and his sister and tell them I have ruined them," thought Marchmont, who, to do him justice, was even more concerned to think of the calamity which he had brought upon his young friend than of the probable consequences to himself of his rash acts. "If I'd only drunk the contents of that bottle three years ago, before all this took place," thought the merchant bitterly.

Heavily the days dragged on, Jenkins growing more inconsistent that they should "put up the shutters."

It is not our fault, but simply our misfortune, Marchmont, that we are in such straits," the junior partner would often say. "It was those unexpected failures abroad that dragged us down, but we are quite clear, thank heaven, from any imputation of "reckless trading," and need have no objection to face our creditors fairly and let them go over our books for themselves. As business men they will be reasonable in the matter, and we are only carrying on now at a loss, and getting worse every day."

True, the accounts of the firm were clear and clean enough. It was in his private capacity that Mr Marchmont had gambled and embezzled, but to "wind up" his business would precipitate the discovery of his private malpractices, and with the natural desire of putting off the evil day as far as possible, Mr Marchmont still clung to delay. Six weeks yet remained to him, and then—at the worst—there were the contents of the vial.

"Truth is stranger than fiction" is a trite remark, and the "singular accidents" which novelists are often ridiculed for adapting into their tales not infrequently take place in real life, One morning Mr Marchmont, who was usually the last to arrive at the office, found Jenkins, usually so cool and quiet, in a state of extreme, though suppressed excitement.

"Come in here," said this gentle man, dragging his partner by the arm into their private sanctum and carefully shutting the door, "I don't want the clerks to get an inkling of what I have to say. You remember those farms at the Cape which we took over —as the only asset we could lay hands on—when that South African firm failed and let us in so heavily?"

"Yes, and valueless enough they proved," said Marchmont indifferently.

"Have they?" cried Jenkins exultantly. "Just wait and see. I have received private information—from a source I am not at liberty to disclose —that gold has been discovered in some part of this land, and that if we wait and play our cards well we may make a fortune yet out of the sale of that 'valuable estate.'"

And such, in fact, proved to be the case. Jenkins, a shrewd and cautious man of business, successfully negotiated the matter, Marchmont indeed being too dazed by this sudden change in the situation to intermeddle much in the affair.

There were delays and many discussions and much correspondence, but the matter ended—thanks to Mr Jenkins good management—in these erstwhile despised "African farms" proving a veritable "gold mine" to the original owners, who sold them for a sum which entirely recouped Mr. Marchmont for his private losses and enabled Mr Jenkins to retire from the firm—as he promptly announced his intention of doing—with a comfortable competence.

"I have made my money and I don't mean to risk it in any business again," remarked this gentlemn.

Thanks to this unexpected stroke of luck, Mr Marchmont was able to look forward to the dreaded trust audit with more composure. It was necessary, of course, to prepare a very elaborate and fictitious series of accounts to conceal the real facts, but at least the money was there to be handed over, and recipients are usually satisfied to receive their own without indulging in too close scrutiny as to how it has been dealt with before it arrives in their hands. Mr Marchmont winced, however, as he saw that Harold Williams, when he kept the long deferred appointment at the merchant's office to "go into the accounts," had brought his solicitor with him, a shrewd, keen eyed, middle aged man of well known ability in the profession. Nothing, however; could be more courteous than this gentlemans demeanor as he explained that "his young client, being somewhat ignorant of business," had suggested that he should accompany him and check over the trust accounts. At last the money was forthcoming, as Marchmont thought with an infinite sense of relief, but as the quiet lawyer examined the accounts in silence the miserable trustee felt well aware that the shrewd solicitor had accurately guaged the real condition of affairs and could penetrate all the ingenious devices whereby figures had been manipulated to conceal facts.

Indeed as Mr Vivian, the lawyer, turned over the accounts he was saying to himself: "Exactly as I expected. These trust funds have been made away with and replaced. Well, it's no business of mine to point this out, and anyhow my client has got back his own in the end."

But there was a decided coldness in the tones in which Mr Vivian thanked Mr Marchmont for the opportunity he had given them for inspecting his trust accounts, which were all in due order.

"And now we have only to arrange for the formal transference of the property to Mr Williams and his sister," remarked the lawyer as he laid down the last paper.

"No," exclaimed Harold, who, like Mr Marchmont, had noted the coldness of his lawyer's manner to the trustee. "No. I've something else to do first."

Both the other men looked at the speaker in some surprise.

"I have to ask your forgiveness, sir," said the youth ingenuously, advancing toward Mr Marchmont and holding out his hand. "I am utterly ashamed to confess that for some time I have wronged you, my father's oldest friend and the kind and faithful guardian of my own and my sister's interests, by wicked and unjust suspicions. Circumstances—not worth recalling now—had led me to fancy that—well, I'm fairly ashamed to say the words—that—our money was not quite safe in your keeping. I see now how mistaken—how wrong I was"—here Mr Vivian mentally ejaculated "Was he!"—"and I ask your pardon for the wrong I did you in my thoughts. I feel it only due to you, sir, to make this confession, ashamed as I am to have to do it, but you will forgive me, will you not!"

There was a pause. Mr Marchmont did not take the offered hand, but sat still, with a strange, fixed look upon his face.

"I was so anxious about Ellie, my little sister," went on the young man. "We are all alone in the world, as you know, but if I cruelly misjudged you, sir, I am at least ready to acknowledge myself utterly in the wrong and to ask your forgiveness. Were my dear father here," added the young man, with some emotion, "I am sure he would fully appreciate your kindness to his orphan children and thank you as sincerely as I do for your noble and conscientious fulfilment of the trust he reposed in you."

Mr Marchmont slowly staggered to his feet, an awful greyness overspreading his face.

"It is—very—touching—and—gratifying," he began in a strangely altered voice.

Then he suddenly collapsed and fell on the floor—dead.

"The fellow has some conscience, after all," thought Mr Vivian to himself, whenever he looked back on the awful occurrence, but, lawyerlike, kept his own counsel.

"Failure of the heart's action," was the medical verdict, with the addendum that Mr Marchmont had long been in a critical state of health.

Harold Williams often reproached himself for having by a little additional excitement possibly accelerated the fatal catastrophe, but yet, as the young man once remarked to Mr Vivian:

"I cannot understand how my merely thanking poor Mr Marchmont should have affected him so much. It was not as if anything had been wrong with his accounts."

Mr Vivian only coughed in reply, and to the end of their lives Harold and his sister believed their trustee to have been a model of honesty and rectitude. Yet perhaps, as the lawyer had surmised, it was Marchmont's "conscience" that had killed him, after all.

Poor Blood

is starved blood. It shows itself in pale cheeks, white lips, weak digestion, no appetite, exhaustion, lack of nerve force, soft muscles, and, chief of all, weak muscles. Your doctor calls it Anaemia. He will tell you that the weakening weather of summer often brings it on.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites, will make poor blood rich. It is a food for over-taxed and weak digestion, so prepared that it can easily be taken in summer when Cod-liver Oil or even ordinary foods might repel.

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An Orchard "If."

If there were only a larger proportion of sweet in summer apples, they would be much the best for making into vinegar, as the warm weather at this time of the year causes violent formation is rapid because of the temperature the vinegar resulting therefrom is thin and poor, There is a decided advantage in making, in adding some sugar after the cider has passed the alcholic stage of fermentation. It will increase the sourness of the vinegar, while there will be still the same apple aroma and flavor which makes apple cider vinegar the best that can be produced from anything. The fall apples, even those called "sour." have more sweetness in them than have the sweet summer apples. The russet apple makes a very rich cider, but it does not ripen until all the warm weather has passed so it keeps in the alcholic stage all winter, and is very apt during that time to be drunk by cider-thirsty people. The advantage of making cider from summer apples is that hot weather brings it so soon to the vinegar stage that comparatively little of it will be drunk as cider.

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Mrs. Kniver—For mercy's sake, Mary, what are the children quarreling about?

Mary—It's only in fun, mem. They be playing they're married.

Teacher—How many bones are there in the human body?

Pupil—I don't know. I haven't learned to ride a wheel yet.

Flush—Sorrow is drowned in the wine cup.

Lush—Not a bit of it. That's where it is born.

Wife—John, don't you think you had better give up trying to shave yourself and go back to the barber?

Husband—Why, of course not. See how much I save every month.

Wife—Yes, I know that, but then Willie is always around when you shave and he is learning too many bad words.

Doctor—"I told you plainly that you should rub the brandy that I ordered for you about your stomach, and now you have drunk it."

Patient—"Yes, but you see, doctor, I have never in my life cared much for externals.

Saved Her Drunken Husband.

She Finally Administered a Remedy, Without his Knowledge, and Cured Him.

A correspondent writes: I had such a happy home and a noble, big-hearted husband till he took to drinking, first through sociability, then because the fiendish desire would come over him, crazing him for drink.

"I was heart-broken. My happy home was fast becoming one of misery till a friend told me to try a liquor cure called Anti Booze. I was willing to try any thing, so I sent $1.00, as she suggested, to the Oriental Chemical Co., 20 St Alexis St., Montreal, and by return mail I received in a plain wrapper a little box of pills. I put one of these in his coffee every night and morning without him knowing it, (as they dissolve immediately), and in less than a week, to my delight, he stopped drinking entirely.

"Anti-Booze has changed my drunken husband into a sober, industrious, happy man, and I feel it my duty to tell others about it. They will send full information without charge to any who will write them.

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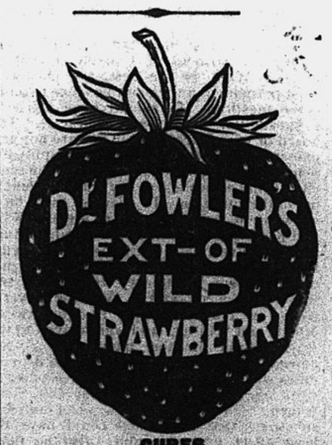

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The Carlists expect that Don Carlos will be the head of his forces in Spain before the end of Feb next.

One Honest Man.

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☞ All changes for yearly advertisements must be brought in not later than Tuesday morning.

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Sittings Of The Division Courts.

COUNTY OF ONTARIO 1896.

WHITBY—D. C. Macdonell, Whitby, Clerk Jan. 3; Feb. 3; March 3; April 2; May 2; June 2; July 7 Sep. 2; Oct. 2; Nov. 3; Dec. 2.

OSHAWA—D. C. Macdonell, Whitby, Clerk; Jan. 4; Feb. 4; March 4; April 3; May 4; June 3; July 6; Sep. 3; Oct. 3; Nov. 4; Dec. 3.

BROUGHAM — M. Gleeson, Greenwood, Clerk.—Jan 6; March 5; May 5; July 9; Sep. 4; Nov. 5.

PORT PERRY — J. W. Burnham, Port Perry, Clerk—Jan. 29; March 9; May 15; July 20; Sep. 28; Nov. 18.

UXBRIDGE—Joseph E. Gould, Uxbridge, Clerk—Jan. 30; March 24; May 19th; July 14; Oct 14; Dec. 16.

CANNINGTON—George Smith, Cannington, Jan. 31; March 25; May 20; July 15; Oct. 15; Dec. 17.

BEAVERTON—Geo. F. Bruce, Beaverton, Clerk—March 26; May 21; July 16; Oct. 16; Dec, 18.

UPTERGROVE—Thos. P. Hart, Uptergrove Clerk,—March 27; May 22; July 17; Oct. 17 Dec 19.

By order,

J. E. FAREWELL, Clerk of the Peace.

October 7th 1895.

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