FATE'S INSTRUMENTS.

CHAPTER V.

Under pressure of circumstances men very often do what they have declared they cannot possibly do; it happens with private individuals no less than with political parties. George declared he could not possibly go to Peckton before Saturday; but he was so disgustedwith his position that he threw all other engagements to the winds, and started early on Thursday morning, determined not to face his friends again without attempting to prove his words. Old Dawkins was dead, but the clerk was, and the policeman might be alive; and, on his return to town, he could see Jennings, the clerk's son, who had settled down to conveyancing in Lincoln's Inn, and try to refresh his memory with materials gathered on the spot. For George had already seen Mr. Jennings, and Mr. Jenningsremembered nothing about it—it was not his first brief,—but was willing to try and recall the matter if George would get him the details and let him see a picture of the person wanted—a request George did not wish to comply with at the moment.

So he went to Peckton, and found out perhaps as much as he could reasonably expect to find out, as shall in due course appear. And during his absence several things happened. In the first place, the Bull's-eye was published, containing what became known as the "First Paragraph." The "First Paragraph" was headed "Strange Charge against a Lady—Rumoured Proceedings," and indicated the Neston family, Neaera Witt, and George, in such a manner as to enable their friends to identify them. This paragraph was inserted with the object of giving Neaera, or George, or both of them, as the case might be, or anybody else who could be "drawn," an opportunity of contradicting it. The second event was that the Neston's friends did identify them, and proceeded to open the minds of everybody who did not.

Then Mr. Blodwell read the Bull's-eye, as his custom was, and thoughtfully ejaculated "Peckton!" and Lord Tottlebury, being at the club, was shown the Bull's-eye by a friend, who really could not do less, and went home distracted; and Tommy Myles read it, and, conscience-stricken, fled to Brighton for three days' fresh air; and Isabel read it, and confessed to her mother, and was scolded and cried; and Gerald read it, and made up his mind to kick everybody concerned, except, of course, Neaera; and, finally, Neaera read it, and was rather frightened and rather excited, and girt on her armour for battle.

Gerald, however, was conscious that the process he had in his mind, satisfying as it would be to his own feelings, would not prove in all respects a solution of the difficulty, and, with the selfishness which a crisis in a man's own affairs engenders, he made no scruple about taking up a full hour of Mr. Blodwell's time, and expounding his views at great length, under the guise of taking counsel. Mr. Blodwell listened to his narrative of facts with interest, but cut short his stream of indignant comment.

"The mischief is that it's got into the papers," he said. "But for that, I don't see that it matters much."

"Not matter much?" grasped Gerald.

"I suppose you don't care whether it's true or not?"

"It's life or death to me," answered Gerald.

"Bosh! She won't steal any more shoes now she's a rich woman."

"You speak, sir, as if you thought—"

"Haven't any opinion on the subject, and it wouldn't be of any importance if I had. The question is shortly this: Supposing it be true, would you marry her?"

Gerald flung himself into a chair,and bit his finger nails.

"Eight years is a long while ago; and poverty's a hard thing; and she's a pretty girl."

"It's an absurd hypothesis," said Gerald. "But a thief's a thief."

"True. So are a good many other people.

"I should have to consder my father and—and the family."

"Should you? I should see the family damned. However, it comes to this—if it were true, you wouldn't marry her."

"How could I?" groaned Gerald, "We should be cut."

Mr. Blodwell smiled.

"Well, my ardent lover," he said, "that being so, you'd better do nothing till you see whether it's true."

"Not at all. I only took the hypothesis; but I haven't the least doubt that it's a lie."

"A mistake—yes. But it's in the Bull's-eye, and a mistake in the newspapers needs to be reckoned with."

"What shall I do?"

"Wait till George comes back. Meanwhile, hold your tongue."

"I shall contradict that lie."

"Much better not. Don't write to them, or see them, or let anybody else till George comes back. And Gerald, if I were you, I shouldn't quarrel with George."

"He shall withdraw it, or prove it."

Mr. Blodwell shrugged his shoulders and became ostentatiously busy with the case of Pigg v. the Local Board of Slushton-under-Mudd. "A very queer point this," he remarked. "The drainage system of Slushton is——" And he stopped with a chuckle at the sight of Gerald's vanishing back. He called after him—

"Are you going to Mrs. Witt's this afternoon?"

"No," answered Gerald. "This evening."

Mr. Blodwell set at work for ten minutes more. Then he rang the bell.

"Mr. Neston gone, Timms?"

"Yes sir."

"Then get a four-wheeler." And he added to himself, "I should like to see her again, under this new light, I wonder if she'll let me in."

Neaera did let him in. In fact, she seemed very glad to see him, and accepted with meekness her share of his general censure on the "babbling" that had gone on.

"You see," she said, handing him a cup of tea, "it scarcely seemed a serious matter to me, I was angry, of course, but almost more amused than angry."

"Naturally," answered Mr. Blodwell. "But, my dear young lady, everything which is public is serious. And this thing is now public, for no doubt tomorrow's Bull's-eye will give all your names and addresses."

"I don't care," said Neaera.

Mr. Blodwell shook his head. "You must consider Gerald and his people."

"Gerald doesn't doubt me. If he did——" Neaera left her recreant lover's fate to the imagination.

"But Lord Tottlebury and the world at large? The world at large always doubts one."

"I suppose so," said Neaera, sadly. "Fortunately, I have conclusive proofs."

"My dear Mrs. Witt, why didn't you say so before?"

"Before there was anything to meet? Is that your way, Mr. Blodwell?"

"George may bring back something to meet."

Neaera rose and went to her writing-table. "I don't know why I shouldn't show it to you," she said. "I was just going to send it to Lord Tottlebury. It will be a pleasant surprise for Mr. Geo. Neston when he comes back from Peckton with his proofs!" She handed Mr. Blodwell a sheet of notepaper.

He took it, throwing one quick glance at Neaera. "You wish me to read this?"

"It's letting you into the secrets of my early days," she said. "You see, I wasn't always as well off as I am now."

Mr. Blodwell adjusted his eye-glass and perused the document, which set forth that Miss N. Gale entered the service of Mrs. Philip Horne, of Balmoral Villa, Bournemouth, as companion to that lady, in March, 1883, and remained in such service until the month of July, 1883; that during the whole of such period, she conducted herself with propriety; that she read aloud with skill, ordered a household with discretion, and humoured a fussy old lady with tact (this is a paraphrase of the words of the writer); finally, that she left, by her own desire, to the regret of the above-mentioned Susan Horne.

Neaera watched Mr. Blodwell as he read.

"Eighteen eighty-three?" said he; "that's the year in question?"

"Yes, and April is the month in question—the month I am supposed to have spent in prison!"

"You didn't show this to George?"

"No. Why should I? Besides, I didn't know then when he dated my crime."

Mr. Blodwell thought it a little queer that she had not asked him. "He should certainly see it at once. Have you seen anything of Mrs. Horne lately?"

"Oh, no; I should be afraid she must be dead. She was an old lady and very feeble."

"It is—it may be—very lucky—your having this."

"Yes, isn't it? I should never have remembered the exact time I went to Mrs. Horne's."

Mr. Blodwell took his departure in a state of mind that he felt was unreasonable. Neaera had been, he told himself, most frank, most charming, most satisfactory. Yet he was possessed with an toverpowering desire to cross-examine Neaera.

"Perhaps it's only habit," he said to himself. "A protestation of innocence raises all my fighting instincts."

The next day witnessed the publication of the "Second Paragraph," and the second paragraph made it plain to everybody that somebody must vindicate his or her character. The public did not care who did it, but it felt itself entitled to an action, wherein the whole matter should be threshed out for the furtherance of public justice and entertainment. The Bull's-eye itself took this view. It implored Neaera, or George, or somebody to sue it, if they would not sue one another. It had given names, addresses, dates and details. Could the most exacting plaintiff ask more? If no action were brought, it was clear that Neaera had stolen the shoes, and that George had slandered her, and that the Nestons in general shrunk from investigation into the family history; all this was still clearer, if they pursued their extraordinary conduct in not forwarding personal narratives for the information of the public and the accommodation of the Bull's-eye.

Into this turmoil George was plunged on his return from Peckton. He had been detained there two days, and did not reach his rooms till late on Friday evening. He was greeted with two numbers of the Bull's-eye, neatly displayed on his table; by a fiery epistle from Gerald, demanding blood or apologies; by two penitential dirges from Isabel Bourne, and Tommy Myles; and, lastly, by a frigid note from Lord Tottlebury, enclosing the testimony of Mrs. Philip Horne to the character and accomplishments of Miss N. Gale. In Lord Tottlebury's opinion only one course was, under the circumstances, open to a gentleman.

Philanthropists often remark, apropos of other philanthropists, that it is easier to do harm than good, even when you are, as it were, an expert in doing good. George began to think that his amateur effort at preserving the family reputation and punishing a wrongdoer looked like vindicating the truth of this general principle. Here was a hornets'-nest about his ears! And would what he brought back with him make the buzzing less furious or the stings less active? He thought not.

"Can a girl be in two places at once," he asked,—"in one of Her Majesty's prisons, and also at—where is it?—Balmoral Villa, Bournemouth?" And he laid side by side Mrs. Horne's letter and a certain photograph which was among the spoils of his expedition.

George had not the least doubt that it was a photograph of Neaera Witt, for all that it was distinctly inscribed, "Nelly Game." Beyond all question it was a photograph of the girl who stole the shoes, thoughtfully taken and preserved with a view of protecting society against future depredations at her hands. It was Crown property, George supposed, and probably he had no business with it, but a man can get many things he has no business with for half a sovereign, the sum George had paid for the loan of it. It must be carefully remembered that Peckton is exceptional, not typical, in the laxity of its administration, and a long reign of solitary despotism had sapped the morality of the fat policeman.

The art of photography has made much progress in recent years. It is less an engine for the reduction of self-conceit than it used to be, and less a means of revealing how ill-looking a given person can appear under favourable circumstances. But Peckton was behind the time, here as everywhere. Nelly Game's portrait did faint justice to Neaera Witt, and eight years' wear had left it blurred and faded almost to the point of indistinctness. It was all very well for George to recognise it. In candour he was bound to admit that he doubted if it would convince the unwilling. Besides, a great change comes between seventeen and five-and twenty, even when Seventeen is not half-starved and clad in rags. Five-and-twenty living in luxury, and decked in the glories of millinery.

"It won't do alone," he said, "but it will help. Let's have a look at this—document." When he had read it he whistled gently "Oh, ho! an alibi. Now I've got her!" he exclaimed.

But had he? He carefully re-read the letter. It was a plausible enough letter, and conclusive, unless he was prepared to charge Mrs. Witt with deeper schemes and more dangerous accomplishments than he had yet thought of doing.

Men are mistaken sometimes, said a voice within him; but he would not listen.

"I'll look at that again to-morrow," he said, "and find out who "Susan Horne' is."

Then he read his letters, and cursed his luck, and went to bed a miserable man.

The presentment of truth, not the inculcation of morality, being the end of art, it is worth while to remark that he went to bed a miserable man simply and solely because hehad tried to do his duty.

CHAPTER VI.

The general opinion was that Gerald Neston was foolish in allowing himself to be interviewed by the Bull's-eye. Indeed, it is rather odd, when we consider the almost universal disapproval of the practice of interviewing, to see how frequent interviews are. Damnantur et crescunt; and mankind agrees to excuse its own weakness by postulating irresistible ingenuity and audacity in the interview. So Gerald was publicly blamed and privately blessed for telling the Bull's-eye that an atrocious accusation had been brought against the lady referred to, and brought by one who should have been the last to bring it, and would, he hoped, be the first to withdraw it. The accusation did seriously concern the lady's character, and nothing but the fullest apology could be accepted. He preferred not to go into details at present; indeed, he hoped it would never be necessary to do so.

Such might be Gerald's hope. It was not the hope of the Bull's-eye, nor indeed, of society in general. What could be more ill-advised than to hint dreadful things and refuse full information? Such a course simply left the imagination to wander, fancy free, through the Newgate Calendar, attributing to Mrs. Witt—the name of the slandered lady was by this time public property—all or any of the actions therein recorded.

"It's like a blank bill," said Charters, the commercial lawyer, to Mr. Blodwell; "you fill it up for as much as the stamp will cover."

"The more gossiping fool you," replied Mr. Blodwell, very rudely, and quite unjustifiably, for the poor man merely meant to indicate a natural tendency, not to declare his own idea of what was proper. But Mr. Blodwell was cross; everybody had made fools of themselves, he thought, and he was hanged—at least hanged—if he saw his way out of it.

George's name had not as yet been actually mentioned, but everybody knew who it was,—that relative of Lord Tottlebury, whose legal experience, if nothing else, should have kept him from bringing ungrounded accusations;" and George's position was far from pleasant. He began to see, or fancy he saw, men looking askance at him; his entrance was the occasion of a sudden pause in conversation; his relations with his family were, it need hardly be said, intolerable to the last degree; and, finally, Isabel Bourne had openly gone over to the enemy, had made her mother invite Neaera Witt to dinner, and had passed George in the park with the merest mockery of a bow. He was anxious to bring matters to an issue one way or another, and with this end he wrote to Lord Tottlebury, asking him to arrange a meeting with Mrs. Witt.

"As you are aware," he said, "I have been to Peckton. I have already told you what I found there, so far as it bore on the fact of 'Nelly Game's' conviction. I now desire to give certain persons who were acquainted with 'Nelly Game' an opportunity of seeing Mrs. Witt. No doubt she will raise no objections. Blodwell is willing to put his chambers at our disposal; and I think this would be the best place, as it will avoid the gossip and curiosity of the servants. Will Mrs. Witt name a day and time? I and my companions will make a point of suiting her convenience."

(To Be Continued.)

NEW CABLE SYSTEM.

England Anxious to Have All-British Cables —The Line to Australia.

A despatch from London says:—Sir John Pender's death will give an impetus to the movement for a new system of cables for the Empire entirely under British control. Sir John, with Scotch shrewdness, built up a huge cable monopoly in India, Australia, South, East, and West Africa, and the West Indies. Sometimes marriage alliances helped him, sometimes political influence, sometimes courtesies which fill Madeira and other salubrious cable stations with sprigs of English nobility. Heavy pressure from Canada and Australia, with Mr. Chamberlain's sympathy, is loosening this cable ring's tight grip upon the Empire. A Pacific conference is now sitting in private at the Colonial Office, Earl Selborne, the Under-Secretary, presiding. It has been agreed an all-British cable shall be laid forthwith from Vancouver, British Columbia, to Australia, via the Fanning islands, Honolulu being tapped by a line. The conierence has only now to arrange minor details. It has decided that the cable shall be laid, and shall be managed, not by a subsidized private company, but by a cable trust formed by the British, Canadian, and Australian Governments raising a capital of £1,800,000 on joint guarantee. This new link with Australia proving a strategic and commercial success, extensions will be made to South Africa and India, thus creating a trunk line of Imperial cables.

The Colonial Office also is on the point of issuing a decision respecting a West Indian cable to avoid its present dependence upon the United States and Cuban lines which are allies of the Pender system. Two tenders are before the Government—the West India and Panama Company propose an extension from Jamaica to Bermuda, to meet the Halifax-Bermuda cable, and then to England. The Halifax-Bermuda Company propose an extension south to Jamaica, and ultimately to Trinidad and British Guiana. The West Indian Government urged the Colonial Office to accept the Halifax-Bermuda tender, which it probably will do.

Employment is nature's physician.—Galen.

DIRTIEST CITY IN THE WORLD.

Amoy, China, Has Graveyards on Nearly Every Street.

Amoy, in China, bears the uneviable reputation of being the dirtiest and most unhealthful city in the world. What is a more unpleasant fact is the promise of the present tendency of affairs to a lower and worse condition. The reasons are obvious to a newcomer at a glance.

The city is built on the edge of a mountainous island, and is exceedingly old. Inscriptions on ancient tombs run back so far as the beginning of the Christian era, and coins found in accidentally discovered graves date to dynasties from 1,000 to 500 B. C. During all this period the hillsides of the city have been used as burying grounds. As the population increased the houses encroached upon the cemetery land, until the two became hopelessly mixed.

The United States Consulate is regarded as a very superior locality, but it is surrounded by over a hundred tombs. A score of the large blocks of granite used in and about it are odd tombstones. On the hill, immediately behind the residence of F. Malcampo, the graves touch one another at every point, and form a solid wide surface of rock, brick, porcelain and cement, covering more than 100,000 square feet.

Near the Lampaw-do joss house 30,000 bodies are said to have been buried vertically to save space. They lie, or stand, on a plot of ground of as many square feet. Amoy proper and its suburbs have a living population of about 1,000,000 and a dead one of four and a half times as many. The wells are shallow, and are sunk on the edges of the graveyards, and even among the tombs themselves. I have not seen one whose water is not muddy and discoloured by the perpetual turning up of the soil.

The city is a relic of the past. It is walled still as it was in the time of Confucius. The streets vary from two to six feet in width; no wheeled vehicle can use them. An equestrian would experience great difficulty in turning a corner. Here and there is an open space or plaza dug out so as to be a huge receptacle into which the streets discharge their refuse.

FOR BABY'S COMFORT.

There are some mothers who ruin the health of baby in their excessive care for its clean clothes.

The poor little thing never gets to creep over the floor after the dancing sunbeams; or to kick its dimpled legs in the air in a vain endeavor to catch its ten pink toes. Not a bit of it. It is fed at a certain hour, which is all right, but afterward it is placed in its crib, where its long dresses, starched till they crack, are straightened out as smooth as pillow-slips, and there it lies with its legs pinioned down by heavy skirts, its muscles growing flabby from inaction and its blood sluggish. If perchance it is permitted to sit up it is tied in a highchair, and its long skirts drag down on its poor little toes.

The thing to do with a healthy baby is to have it clean twice a day—when it goes to bed at night and when it dresses fresh about the middle of the day. The healthiest babies in the world get dressed in the morning for all day. Just as soon as the child begins to kick and wants to get at its feet, it ought to be put in short clothes and set on the floor to work out its own salvation. Its muscles were given it to use, and it will put them to the test if you will only give it a chance.

Piles Cured in 3 to 6 Nights.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of Itching Piles in from 3 to 6 nights. One application brings comfort. For Blind and Bleeding Piles it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch, and all eruptions of the skin. 35 cts.

An ingenious man in Cobham, England, invented a little engine, run by kerosene oil, which propelled his bicycle. He was fined fifteen shillings for running a "locomotive" without a license.

10 cts. Cures Constipation and Liver Ills.—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the most perfect made, and cure like magic. Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion and all Liver Ills. 10 cents a vial—40 doses.

Those there are whose hearts have a look southward, and are open to the whole noon of nature.—Bailey.

Relief in Six Hours.— Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or feamle. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces.

Hoax—I stood on one foot all the way home in a crowded car last night. Joax—What wast he matter with your other foot?? Hoax—Another man was standing on that.

Husband—"I expect some friends of mine this evening, and I must go out and buy some cigars." Wife—"Why, I thought you bought some for them." "I did, but I forgot to get any for myself."

Hay Fever and Catarrh Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.—One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly, and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness.

If a dish of cold water is kept in a cake box it will keep the cake fresh and moist. The water should be renewed every twenty-four hours.

Rheumatism Cured in a Day.— South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents.

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ARE YOU? Nervous and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams and night losses; restless; haggard looking; weak back; bone pains; hair loose; ulcers; sore throat; varicocele; deposit in urine and drains at stool; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strength—*WE CAN CURE YOU!*

RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DRS. K. & K.

JOHN A. MANLIN. JOHN A. MANLIN. CHAS. POWERS. CHAS. POWERS.

BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT. BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT.

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VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS AND IMPOTENCY CURED.

John A. Manlin says:—"I was one of the countless victims of early ignorance commenced at 15 years of age. I tried seven medical firms and spent $900 without avail. I gave up in despair. The drains on my system were weakening my intellect as well as my sexual and physical life. My brother advised me as a last resort to consult Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. I commenced their New Method Treatment and in a few weeks was a new man, with new life and ambition. This was four years ago, and now I am married and happy. I recommend these reliable specialists to all my afflicted fellowmen."

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY.—CONFIDENTAL.

"The vices of early boyhood laid the foundation of my ruin. Later on a "gay life" and exposure to blood diseases completed the wreck. I had all the symptoms of Nervous Debility—sunken eyes, emissions, drain in urine, nervousness, weak back, etc. Syphilis caused my hair to fall out, bone pains, ulcers in mouth and on tongue, blotches on body, etc. I thank God I tried Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. They restored me to health, vigor and happiness." CHAS. POWERS.

Syphilis, Emissions Varicocele, Cured.

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HOW TO WEAR THE HAIR.

It is a matter of wonderment to many rich people that women who have very small incomes often look better than those who spend double the amount of money on their personal adornment. The clever woman who always looks as though she were dressed in the very latest fashion has some one point about her costume that is new. It may only be the ribbon about her neck that is tied in some new style. The trimming on her hat is put on a chic way that has just only made its appearance, or she arranges her hair with taste.

The present style of hairdressing is somewhat startling, and it will not do to follow it in the extreme mode which some women have adopted.

The fiat has gone forth that "bangs are out," but no law has been issued that the hair should be so tightly dragged off the face that it almost interferes with shutting the mouth. Age shows first of all on the temples, where the hair grows thin, and the pulling back of scanty locks would be trying to the Venus of Milo. To attain the very full Pompadour roll which some people effect requires a "rat" under the hair, but there is no necessity for an exaggerated effect and small combs put under the side locks will give all the fulness that is required or that is becoming.

These combs—side combs, as they are called—are now worn inside as well as outside; when used for the former purpose they are quite plain; for the latter, are ornamented.

To put the side combs under the hair, a parting must be made directly in the centre of the head, and the hair again divided from the crown to the ear. The combs then are put in as far forward as possible, and the hair turned sharply back over them. Even the straight-set locks assume a wave that is extremely pretty when turned back in this fashion. Then, after the front roll is satisfactorily arranged, the side locks must be pulled out to give also a full effect—not loose and flying, but kept down with little fancy combs. Pulling the hair out to look full and soft makes it becoming to any woman's face and it is even permissible to have a thin curl or two stray over the forehead. At the back the hair is arranged in a round knot; but there is an evident tendency to arrange the hair in the chatelaine braids fashionable years ago. A broad flat effect must be given at all events.

With evening gowns the hair always looks best arranged high on the head, as the lines are more artistically carried out by so doing; but for street wear the hair arranged low, as described, is for the present the correct fashion. The summer fashion in hats accommodates themselves to the styles in hairdressing better than the winter ones did, and life is not now a burden with arranging the hair every time one has to put on one's hat.

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Manufactured by The Cook Co., Windsor, Ont., and Detroit, Mich., is the only known safe, reliable monthly medicine on which ladies can depend in *"the hour and time of need."* Every lady who reads this is requested to inclose two postage stamps, with her address, for

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and full particulars, which we will send by return mail in plain, sealed envelope.

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☞ Cook's Cotton Root Compound is sold by all responsible wholesale and retail druggists in the Dominion of Canada and United States for One Dollar per box.

THEORY AND PRACTICE.

Mrs. Highup (to foreign visitor)—Oh, no, it's a very great mistake to suppose that social lines in this country are bound by wealth. The basis of our highest society is simply education, refinement and moral excellence.

Miss Highup (rushing in)—Oh, mamma! the most awful blunder has been made! Cards to our reception have been sent to the De Culture girls, whose father failed last week.

THE PROPER METHOD.

Brown—Have you read this article upon "How to tell a bad egg?"

Jones—No, but if you have anything to tell a bad egg, my advice is to break it gently

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO