ASTBURY'S BARGAIN.

CHAPTER I, Continued.

As she made this declaration there was something strangely, almost startlingly beautiful in the fair face with the halo of impregnable, undoubting love upon it. To win such a love as that what would not any man give?—to be worthy of it, what would not any man sacrifice? So thought Gilbert as he carefully tore into fragments the paper he had taken from the packet, whilst he moved towards the fireplace.

"Do not go yet—stay only a minute. I am going, and you are not likely to see me again." He was dropping the fragments of paper into the fire as he spoke, and they made a merry blaze which seemed to mock at his misery. When the last bit had turned into a black film and a draught from the partly opened door had whisked it up the chimney, he replaced the packet in his bag. "There is no more to say. Good-bye." He was at the door, holding out his hand; but she drew back, startled by his abrupt manner, and he misunderstood the movement for one of refusal to take his hand. "Good-bye," he repeated hastily. "God bless you; and may you never have cause to be sorry for the answer you have given me to-day."

The outer door had closed behind him before the dazed girl could recover from the bewilderment caused by his words and conduct. The burning of that paper with so much care and deliberation had perplexed her sorely; and rousing herself, she darted to the fireplace to see if any scrap remained on which might be found some legible words to give a clue to the meaning of his action. But the work of destruction had been too thoroughly accomplished to leave the faintest trace of what the paper had been, or what had been written on it.

Then the girl sat down and cried. Angry as she had been with her visitor, she was sorry for him, because she liked him. He had been a trusted friend and companion; and he had introduced Henry Dacon to her. Naturally, too, she had a kindly regard for the man who had wished to marry her, and who, until quite recently had borne his rejection patiently. But she could not help his disappointment when he discovered that she liked Dacon so much as to prefer him before all others as the man to whom she was ready to entrust her future. It was not her fault that she should prefer him. Love was not a fault, and could not be got up to order. Can love be regulated in its growth to suit convenience, prudence, circumstances, and climate? All history and fable answer—"No."

But Gilbert had been a dear friend, and he was now under a very dark cloud. She would have liked to show her sympathy for him—would have been glad to speak any comforting words of hope at her command; but his conduct in attempting to shield himself from blame, as she fancied, by accusing his friend had closed her mouth, and suppressed the sympathy she would willingly have given him. And now, when he had vexed and worried her almost beyond endurance, she could not help feeling sorry for him—he looked so very ill when he said: "God bless you; and may you never have cause to be sorry for the answer you have given me to-day."

The words, the burning of the letter, and his manner, bewildered and distressed her exceedingly. So she could only find relief in tears, and wish that Henry would come soon to help to explain Gilbert's mysterious behaviour. Of course, whilst speaking to him and in her rage it had been all plain enough; a rejected lover was simply doing his best and worst to oust his rival from the first place in her regard. But now that he was gone and she could remember the many traits of a brave, upright, generous nature displayed by Gilbert during years of friendly intercourse, in which, if there had been evil in his character, some sign of it must have been manifested—now, when she remembered this and could think over it, she could only feel bewildered and sorry for him.

The source of all the trouble lay in the recent discovery that a series of gigantic frauds had been perpetrated on the firm of Ellicott & Co., the extensive ship-brokers and ship-owners. No one had been yet directly accused of the crime; but investigations were in progress and suspicion pointed to one of two persons, because they alone seemed to have it in their power to perpetrate the frauds, Henry Dacon, nephew of Mr. Ellicott, the head of the firm, and a junior partner, and Gilbert Astbury, the confidential clerk, were the only persons in England who had the right of access to the documents and information, the possession of which rendered the frauds possible.

The position of the first named seemed to place him beyond suspicion; and little doubt was entertained as to who the real culprit must be. But John Ellicott, in his seventieth year, was still a clear-headed, strong-willed man, and sternly just. He would pronounce no opinion; he would accuse no one until the proofs of guilt had been fully collected. Therefore the investigation proceeded without any arrest being made and the two suspected persons were presumed to be giving their utmost aid in its prosecution. The assistance of the police had not yet been called for, as Mr. Ellicott desired to avoid fuss and scandal until he could say: "There is the forger—arrest him." He was the more strongly moved to this course as there was a bare possibility that a third person might be involved in the crime, and that person was the most important and most trusted of the foreign agents of the house. The possibility was so very remote, however, that this name was not mentioned.

At Cedar Cottage the terrible cloud which hung over them had been talked about in confidence by Dacon and Gilbert. Naturally, it produced the greatest anxiety and excitement in the breasts of the three ladies who had so far carefully preserved the secret from their most intimate friends. There were, however mysterious rumors in the City and mysterious paragraphs in the money articles of the leading daily papers which at length so clearly indicated the house of Ellicott & Co. that the crisis was at hand when the whole transaction must become public and pass into the hands of the police.

It was at this juncture that Gilbert paid his hasty visit to the Cottage, and left it with that look of absolute despair which only appears when a man knows that his doom is sealed, and that no earthly power can save him from utter ruin and disgrace.

He did not observe Daisy put down the watering-can and advance to meet him as he was walking blindly towards the gate. She was frightened by his expression and clasped his arm with her soft hand. "You are very ill, Gilbert," she exclaimed, "What has happened?"

He smiled faintly as he took her hand, pressing it gratefully; for there was no mistaking the depth of the girl's solicitude on his account. "Little more has happened than I expected, Daisy; and yet that little makes all the difference in the world to me. You will not see me again—or if you do, it will only be to shun me and feel ashamed that you ever called me your friend."

"I shall never feel that," she responded quietly; "and you ought to know it. Whatever misfortune may happen to you it cannot alter my regard for you."

"I believe you think so now," he said with a melancholy movement of the head; "but you do not know—you cannot guess what you will soon hear about me. All the same I wish I could thank you as I would like to do for the comfort your words give me."

"I won't believe anything I hear about you if it is bad," was her decisive comment, and with shrewd instinct she went straight to the point: "You have persuaded Hetty to see you, and she has been unkind to you. So you are in the dumps, and fancy that all the world is against you. You have been bothered and worried about this nasty business in the City. You have got ill over it, and consequently you are looking at everything through a false glass which distorts the appearance and meaning of all that you see."

He smiled again faintly. She was so much in earnest in her endeavor to cheer him that she helped him more than she could have imagined to bear the heavy burden he had resolved to take upon himself. They were standing under the shadow of the cedar tree, and his voice was full of subdued emotion.

"Thank you again, Daisy, for what you have said. I shall remember the words all my life—they will always be the most precious memories of this bitter day. Good-bye."

Although he uttered the last word in the manner of one who is taking leave of a dear friend for a long time, Daisy refused to accept it in that sense. So, with affected confidence, she inquired: "When are we to see you again?"

"I do not know—maybe you will never see me again."

"Are you going away anywhere?"

"Yes I start this afternoon on what will probably be a very long journey. I do not yet know what my destination is to be."

"But you will write and tell—aunt?"

"There will be no letters," he answered gloomily.

"I think you are trying to frighten me, Gilbert," she ejaculated with a shade of impatience, as they parted at the gate.

She watched him hurrying down the green lane, and fancied that his steps were somewhat unsteady, as if from exhaustion. At the old graveyard he halted, looked back, and seeing Daisy, waved his hand. Then he turned the corner and was out of sight.

CHAPTER II.

The latest editions of the evening papers contained a brief paragraph under big headlines: "Great Frauds in the City!"—"Flight of the Suspected Criminal!"—and so forth. The information given under these startling lines was somewhat meagre. Messrs. Ellicott & Co., the well-known ship-owners and ship-brokers of Fenchurch Street, had recently discovered that a series of ingenious forgeries had been perpetrated by some one in their employment. The sums obtained by these forgeries, so far as could be at present estimated, amounted to the enormous total of ninety thousand pounds. A rigid investigation into the affair was in progress, and in the meanwhile it was discovered that the confidential clerk of the firm, named Gilbert Astbury, had absconded. He had been aware for several days that he was under suspicion, and his sudden flight seemed to justify it. The police were on his track, and no doubt of his speedy arrest was entertained.

The news of Gilbert's disappearance was the cause of much excitement to the inmates of Cedar Cottage; but the views taken of it by each of the three women differed. Hetty regarded it as an unquestionable proof of the innocence of Henry Dacon; and whilst she lamented the position of his and her former friend, she was glad that her lover was thus exonerated from all possibility of doubt as to his complicity in the fraud. Mrs. Silverton was painfully conscious of the injury which her acknowledged relationship with the criminal—she had at once accepted the theory that he was guilty, since he had fled from the investigation—would entail upon her and hers. To Daisy the views taken by her aunt and cousin were incomprehensible. She could partly understand Hetty; but she could not understand her aunt.

"If it is true that Gilbert has gone away," she said with quiet confidence, "it is not to save himself, but to shield some one else."

"What nonsense you talk, child!" exclaimed Mrs. Silverton, putting on her gold-mounted pincenez to examine the girl attentively, as if to discover whether or not the defence was made seriously. "Gilbert is not a fool, and must have been perfectly aware of what his disappearance at this moment meant to him. An innocent man never runs away when such a dreadful charge as this is hanging over him. Poor fellow—it is terrible and most incomprehensible. He had such a chance in life as few young men without fortune ever obtain."

"That is just it, aunt," persisted Daisy in her low voice, but without lifting her eyes to meet the glittering glasses which were fixed upon her: "He had the chance, and he was worthy of it. Therefore his conduct is, as you say, incomprehensible, and that is why I think he is innocent."

"Daisy!—My dear, I said that an innocent man does not run away." There was a degree of amazement in the tone of the exclamation, and a degree of reproach in the mild reminder of Mrs. Silverton's infallibility, which indicated that she was a lady quite unaccustomed to contradiction anywhere, and certainly not in her own immediate family circle.

Daisy was silenced. As a rule, she submitted without a sign of rebellion to her aunt's verdict; but this time there was a slight flush on the pale cheeks and a compression of the lips suggestive of irritation at the widow's self-sufficiency. Hetty was too well pleased to find that every possible suspicion was cleared away from Henry to pay much heed to the trifling passage between her mother and cousin.

Mrs. Silverton was more astounded by the audacity of her niece than by the assumed guilt of the fugitive, although that was most offensive and, as she fancied, derogatory to her; for she had been his friend and sponsor. She had—when he seemed to be prospering—even admitted that there was a distant family relationship between them; and the remembrance of that admission rankled in her mind now. Instead of experiencing any sense of pity for Gilbert, she was angry with him, for his defalcation was a direct personal injury. She would have been relieved if there had been any way in which she could save her own reputation for perspicacity by hinting that she had always had a misgiving about the young man. But such consolation was denied her. His success had been so rapid; the favorable impression he made upon every one to whom he had been presented so marked, that she had not been able to resist the delight of playing the patron to the favorite of the hour. Thus she had committed herself too definitely as voucher for his respectability to dare to shirk it now. She could only exclaim that she was horrified—that she had never been so deceived in all her life, and that it almost shattered her faith in the honesty of the whole human race. She had done so much for him—on account of his poor dear mother, who had been mercifully spared by Providence the spectacle of his disgrace—that she could never forgive him, or forget her own weakness in being led so far astray by misplaced confidence.

Her imagination so far exaggerated the benefits she had conferred on the ungrateful creature, that it misled her into the delusion that she had introduced him to Henry Dacon. The fact was that Gilbert had brought his friend to Cedar Cottage, thereby earning the special approbation of the widow, who saw in the nephew of John Ellicott, of Overton Park a most desirable match for her dowerless daughter. She had thought of Gilbert as a possibly acceptable suitor; but she repudiated the bare idea of it as soon as Dacon frankly declared his intentions and was accepted by Hetty. She pretended to herself that she had never thought of such an alliance, and was angry with Gilbert for having been so ambitious as to fancy she would ever have sanctioned it.

Mrs. Silverton was a plump, fair lively, lady, still on the hither side of fifty. She had a great deal of vanity, but it was carefully held in hand by a large measure of common-sense. She was good-natured to this extent—she would help anybody, if the help required did not tax her pocket, whilst it redounded to her credit. She was blessed with unlimited faith in herself, in her own wisdom, foresight, charitableness, and all the other noblest qualities of humanity; and she had admirers enough of both sexes—sincere and sycophantic—to sustain her in the creed which makes life most agreeable.

It was only this faith which enabled her to bear with equanimity the open rebellion of Daisy in regard to Gilbert. As she had forgotten the circumstance that it was he who had brought her into contact with the desirable son-in-law, so she had been long oblivious to the quarterly payment regularly received from the late Mr. Forester's executors which defrayed all Daisy's expenses, and was pleased to think of herself as the generous benefactor of the orphan niece. Moreover, but excusably, she ignored the item that the girl was quietly making a way for herself in authorship which might have permitted her—even without the settled provision made for her—to adopt an independent position.

Such a thought, however, never crossed Daisy's mind. She had grown up under the influence of her aunt, who naturally held the position of a parent to her, and looked upon Cedar Cottage as her only home. She accepted so implicity the theory that her aunt's protection was a necessity for which the submission of a daughter was due, that she had never dreamed of asserting independence.

The advent of Gilbert Astbury had altered her views of everything. At first, it had brought new light and joy into her life; new strength, new hope inspired her vision of the future. He was poor, she knew; he was clever, she was sure; he was ambitious, she could easily divine. Might not she, somehow, help him to win the goal of his ambition? Then for the first time she had begun to consider her position. She found out what means were at her disposal; and with the sanguine ideas which the first cheque from a publisher inspires in the budding author, she imagined that with hard work and an average continuance of the success her early efforts promised, she might be able to do wonderful things in helping forward the man she loved. The castles in the air thus built were very beautiful; and the dreams of bliss with which she filled them were very sweet. Then the castles and the dreams were all blown into thin air by one soft breath of the man for whose sake they had been all created.

Gilbert, attracted by her quiet, thoughtful, and gentle nature, had easily accepted her as his friend, and he soon made her his confidant. When the rapid success he was making—and she was so proud of!—was confirmed by the statements of his friend Harry Dacon as well as by his own cheerful humour, Gilbert gave her the bit of confidence which for the time turned day into night. He loved Hetty. He worked and lived only for her.

Daisy was silent, stunned by the disastrous mistake she had made, and the utter darkness into which the sudden discovery thrust her. The golden fancies which had made the world so beautiful to her were all gone; and it was the more misery to her to know that he, too, must presently step into the same dark region, unpenetrated by any ray of hope to save him from despair. She shrank from telling him that she knew he must undergo the same pangs he had unconsciously and innocently inflicted upon her. She loved him so much that he was at once exonerated from all blame in her mind; and she felt pity for him as keen as for herself. Hetty had told her that she was engaged to Henry Dacon. Gilbert must find that out for himself. The bitter knowledge would come upon him soon enough, and, judging by her own sensations, he would be glad that she had left him a few days—or, it might be, even a few hours—to revel in the paradise of hope.

He did learn the truth soon; and then had followed much unhappiness for the two men and for Hetty, whilst Daisy looked on with her own sorrow hidden and unsuspected. She tried patiently and tenderly to help the others without one of them guessing that she herself stood in so much need of sympathy.

The discovery of the forgeries in which the names of the accepted and the rejected lover were involved had caused a diversion of the anxieties of the five people most interested in the result of the investigations which had been instituted. But Daisy had not the faintest doubt that whatever the upshot might be, Gilbert would come forth scathless. She had no thought that it would be so soon necessary for her to assert this faith against the commonplace inferences which directed her aunt's judgment of his conduct; and she was considerably surprised that Hetty did not attempt to speak one good word for him. She was satisfied, however, that this silence was not due to callousness, but to Hetty's anxiety for Dacon's appearance. She too, began to wish for his arrival, so that some more light might be thrown on the state of affairs. She had no doubt that he would come, from the way in which Hetty listened to the sound of passing wheels and her frequent visits to the window.

(To be Continued.)

IT IS A PRISON OF SCIENCE

THE WAY IN WHICH PORTUGAL TREATS ITS PRISONERS.

Most Miserable Men on Earth—Must Serve Eight Years in Dungeons, Then Transported to Criminal Colonies in Africa—Very Few Live Through the Eight Years.

One need not waste any more ink and rhetoric on the cruelty of the Sultan of Turkey. In the way of diabolical torture Abdul Hamid Khan has nothing in his entire territory that compares with a prison maintained by a so-called civilized country of Europe.

Entombed in a grim castle, on the outskirts of Lisbon, hoping for death to release them, are the most miserable men on earth. They are the inmates of a prison of perpetual silence; their prison garb is a shroud; their coffins face them in their cells; they know that everything is being done to deprive them of reason, and they wait, from day to day, wondering if their release will come by death or insanity.

The unfortunates have been sentenced to penal servitude in the Portuguese criminal colonies of Africa. But before they are allowed to go they are forced to serve eight years in the Lisbon fortress. It is doubtful if one of these prisoners has ever lived through the alloted eight years. Two, or at most three, is the limit. At the end of that time they go mad and disappear.

The deportation at the end of eight years is therefore a joke—a grim little pleasantry on the part of the judge. The construction of the fortress, which is built in the form of a wheel; the unbroken silence of the prison life; the stealthy tread of the attendants, who creep about in felt slippers, all work together to deprive the unfortunate of his reason.

A GRUESOME PARADE.

The ingenuity of man in the torture of his fellow-creature has reached its limit in the construction of this building. The corridors, piled tier on tier, five stories high, extend out from the centre like the spokes of a wheel. Within the cells, like sentry-boxes, stands a coffin for each prisoner. There is always an average of five hundred prisoners in the fortress. Once a day, at a certain hour, the cell doors are unlocked and the half thousand hopeless wretches in different degrees of madness march out. They are clad in shrouds, once white, but now begrimed with prison dirt. Their faces are concealed by masks, for it is part of the hideous punishment that they may not look upon the faces of their fellow-prisoners. Once they are outside their cells an attendant closes the doors with a resounding click. This daily clicking of the locks is the only sound that intrudes upon their lives of unbroken silence.

They may not exchange one glance of sympathy at their daily meeting. All that the convict sees is a throng of shrouded creatures, like himself horribly grotesque, noiselessly making their way over the prison stones. The click of door after door is the only sound. The tread of their naked feet along the corridors gives back no sound as they make their way to the "exercise triangles," which are a unique feature of this prison. They take the place of a prison yard, as a convict here never draws a breath of pure air. Clad in shrouds and masks, the lonely men are marched out under the escort of guards to the "triangles," six or seven prisoners at a time, and left to pace up and down them for one hour. This march must continue uninterrupted till the hour is up, no halts being permitted. Should two of these miserable ones draw near each other they would be warned apart by the sharp crack of a bullet, perilously near their ears.

The Sultan of Turkey, the Shah of Persia, the Ameer of Afghanistan and all the other Oriental potentates who beguile their leisure hours in devising tortures for political offenders cannot boast of reducing their enemies to such pitiable human wrecks as King Carlos of Portugal does. How most of them look the world will never know, but the few who have, by special favor been allowed to take off their masks before travellers were ghastly wrecks of men, pallid and shrunken, hollow-eyed and twisted of mouth.

About a year ago King Charles visited the principal countries of Europe with a view to bringing a few modern ideas into his little dilapidated 368 by 100 mile kingdom. This prison of silence has been holding its average of five hundred unfortunates ever since. So much of the Imperial and Royal kissing that punctuated Dom Carlos's visits to his brother sovereigns failed in its ennobling effects.

It is probable that Portugal is ranked with the civilized countries of the world, despite the fact that she still retains a mediaeval prison, has a crown worth $8,000,000, and no highways.

Queen Amelia prides herself on being a high priestess of new womanhood. She studied medicine to make professions the thing among the ladies of the court circle at Lisbon. She took X-ray photographs of the ladies-in-waiting to show them the errors of tight-lacing. And she took King Carlos's corpulance in hand and undertook to establish his waist-line, a thing that all the King's doctors and all the King's tailors had failed to do.

Yet the grim, gray fortress on the outskirts of the capital has never appealed to her passion for reform.

Look upon the bright side of your condition; then your discontents will disperse. Pore not upon your losses, but recount your mercies.

Sash and Door Factory.

Having Completed our New Factory we are now prepared to FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

We keep in Stock a large quantity of Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Flooring and the different Kinds of Dressed Lumber for outside sheeting.

Our Stock of DRY LUMRE is very Large so that all orders can be filled.

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☞ CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY!

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$1000 IN GOLD FOR A CASE WE CANNOT CURE OF SELF-ABUSE, EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, CONCEALED DRAINS, STRICTURE GLEET, SYPHILIS, STUNTED PARTS, LOST MANHOOD, IMPOTENCY, NERVOUS DEBILITY, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, ETC.

The New Method Treatment is the Greatest Discovery of the Age FOR CURING THESE DISEASES

Thousands of young and middle aged men are annually swept to a premature grave through EARLY INDISCRETIONS, EXCESSES, AND BLOOD DISEASES. If you have any of the following symptoms consult us before it is too late. Are you nervous and weak, despondent and gloomy, specks before the eyes with dark circles under them, weak back, kidneys irritable, palpitation of the heart, bashful, dreams and losses, sediment in urine, pimples on the face, eyes sunken, hollow cheeks, careworn expression, poor memory, lifeless, distrustful, lack energy and strength, tired mornings, restless nights, changeable moods, weak manhood, stunted organs and premature decay, bone pains, hair loose, sore throat etc.

YOU HAVE SEMINAL WEAKNESS!

OUR NEW METHOD THEATMENT alone can cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear; the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and sexual systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and manly. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all the afflicted to consult us confidentially and free of charge. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard earned dollars. *We will cure you or so pay.*

HEREDITARY BLOOD DISEASE.

HAS YOUR BLOOD BEEN DISEASED?

SYPHILIS is the most prevalent and most serious BLOOD disease. It saps the very life blood of the victim and unless entirely eradicated from the system will affect the offspring. Beware of Mercury. It only suppresses the symptoms—our NEW METHOD positively cures it for ever.

YOUNG OR MIDDLE-AGED MAN—You've led a gay life, or indulged in the follies of youth. Self-abuse or later excesses have broken down your system. You feel the symptoms stealing over you. Mentally, physically and sexually you are not the man you used to be or should be. Lustful practices reap rich harvests. Will you heed the danger signals.

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. Consultation Free. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. Books Free—"The Golden Monitor" (Illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Inclose postage, 2 cents. Sealed. Book on "Diseases of Women" Free.

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HE "BEAT" HIS WAY.

The Strange Passenger Brought Into Montreal by the C. P. R.

There was an interesting squirrel hunt in the train shed of the Windsor station, Montreal, the other day. One of the incoming passenger trains had through some peculiar accident brought along with it a big brown squirrel. The animal had not been expressed, and was, so to speak, beating its way. It is supposed that while passing through wooded land the squirrel had dropped on a passing coach from an overhanging bough. Be that as it may, the trainmen, after the coaches had been shunted into the shed, saw Mr. Squirrel jump from a car and scurry along the platform. Everything was forgotten in the excitement of the chase, and it fell to the lot of one of the red caps, a boy named Macdonald, to capture the little deadhead. In the capture the squirrel bit his captor's hand quite severely, but the boy bore him no malice, and, depositing him in a box, took him home with him to make a household pet.

ELECTRIC LAUNCHES.

Business Will Boom When Recharging Is Made Easy.

The proposed new departure in the propulsion of tugs by electricity on the River Spree, at Berlin, is assuming practical shape. The scheme is to establish a service of tugs on the seven and a half miles of the river which passes through the capital by connecting the boat to a trolley line. The present freight charge for covering the distance is $7.50, but it is estimated that by the aid of electricity this charge will be reduced about one half. The success of such a scheme would be quickly reflected in this country, where the use of electric launches for both pleasure and commercial purposes has been retarded from the fact of the scarcity of charging stations for the renewal of the necessary storage batteries. As soon as people begin to find that they can be fairly sure of being able to recharge their batteries wherever they are in the neighborhood of a trolley car line, an extraordinary impetus will be given to the summer business in electric launches.

A COMPOUND FRACTURE.

Why was it that she broke the engagement, Fluffy?

Because she found out that I was broke.

Ladies Favorite

Cook's Cotton Root Compound

Manufactured by The Cook Co., Windsor, Ont., and Detroit, Mich., is the only known safe, relisible 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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Detroit, Mich.

☞ 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.

TEAPOT FAD.

A well known English lady artist has for several years made a hobby of collecting teapots, and her collection is now valued at $10,000. She spent some years in Japan, and managed while there to accumulate more than a thousand teapots, of which no two had the same pattern. One was like an old man, whose head formed the lid, and could be set at any angle. Others in the shape of birds, beasts and fowls, not to mention fish, frogs, a beetle or two, and a fat, squirmy eel. Buddha, even, was pressed into service as a model. There were lotus-bud pots, and other pots in semolance of a teahouse. One huge caldron-like affair held three gallons, and at least a dozen specimens would not have contained a thimbleful each. As to material, there were inlaid silver, hammered copper, ironmost exquisitely wrought—silver-gilt alloys, and all the myriad sorts of Japanese pottery. Several specimens cost as much as $150 each; yet, such is the cheapness of artistic handicraft in the Far East, that many of the others had been bought for a few cents.