THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

a scene on earth so full
ness
thering care
th the flowers and
brightness
de arton.
es so
se
too
st
stone
ts her whole
gnaw beneath the
s of the beauty
around with lavish hand.
a breath stirs the air; no
ems to mar the deep stillness
day, save the echo of the "swal-
skimming the water
trees, she
art, touches
ay flowers with caress-
he is feeling peculiarly
day everything is going so
with her; her life is devoid
only sunshine streams upon
storm and rain and nipping
all forgotten.

the garden, she pulls a
or two and places them in the
of her white gown, and bend-
over the basin of a fountain, looks
an image, and smiles at it, as
she may.

hen she blushes at her own vanity,
nd, drawing back from nature's mir-
r, tells herself she will go a little fur-
d see what Andrews the under-
ther, a (who has come to Sartris
garden from the), is doing in the shrub-
bery.

The path by which she goes is so
thickly lined with shrubs on the right-
hand side that she cannot be seen
through them, nor can she see those
beyond. Voices come to her from the
distance, that, as she advances up the
path, grow even louder. She is not
thinking of them, or, indeed, of any-
thing but the extreme loveliness of the
hour, when words fall upon her ear
that make themselves intelligible and
send the blood with a quick rush to
her heart.

"It is a disgraceful story altogether;
and to have the master's name mixed up
with it is shameful."

The voice, beyond doubt, belongs to
Graham, the upper housemaid, and is
full of honest indignation.

Hardly being she has heard
aright, and without any thought of
eaves-dropping, Georgie stands still up-
on the walk, and waits in breathless
silence for what may come next.

"Well, I think it is shameful," says
another voice, easily recognized as be-
longing to Andrews. "But I believe it
is the truth for all that. Father saw
him with his own eyes. It was late,
but just as light as it is now, and he
saw him plain."

"Do you mean to tell me," says Gra-
ham, with increasing wrath (su
your master had either hand, act, or
part in inducing Ruth Annersley to
leave her home?"

"Well, I only say what father told
me," says Andrews, in a half-apologetic
fashion, being somewhat abashed by her
anger. "And he ain't one to lie much.
He saw him with her in the wood the
night she went to Lunnun, or wherever
'twas, and they walked together in the
way to Langham Station. They do say,
too, that——"

A quick light footstep, a pulling aside
of branches, and Georgie, pale, but com-
posed, appears before them. Andrews,
losing his head, drops the knife he is
holding, and Graham grows a fine purple.

"I don't think you are doing much
good here, Andrews," says Mrs. Brans-
combe, pleasantly. "These trees look
well enough; go to the eastern walk,
and see what can be done there."

Andrews, only too thankful for the
chance of escape, picks up his knife and
beats a hasty retreat.

Then Georgie, turning to Graham,
says, slowly,—

"Now, tell me every word of it, from
beginning to end."

Her assumed unconsciousness has
vanished. Every partical of color has
flown from her face, her brow is con-
tracted, her eyes are shining with a new
and most unenviable brilliancy. Per-
haps she knows this herself, as, after
the first swift glance at the woman
on Andrews's departure, she never lifts
her eyes again, but keeps them
fixed upon the gro[illegible]
entire interview. She speaks in a
concentrated tone, and with firm com-
pressed lips.

Graham's feelings at this moment
would be impossible to describe. After-
ward—many months afterward—she
herself gave some idea of them when
she declared to the cook that she
th[illegible] she should have "swooned
[illegible]
tell you what." she
terrified tone, shrink-
her mistress, and turn-
[illegible]
"[illegible] you were speaking
I came up."
madam, only idle
to me. You
Branscombe.
I will have
t hear!" She
k impatience
peat so vile
nestly. "It
madam,"
mber what
you came
memory.
er and—
who——"
r; invol-
to her
in a low,
into tears.
ardener at Hy[illegible] here,
old it to our man [illegible] is
fully. "You know he
d he said he had seen the
the copsewood the evening
y ran away."
n London that evening."
madam, we all know the
madam, we all know that
prove the woman, and the whole story is. But
wicked how false talk, and it is wise
people only who will not give heed to
them."

"What led Andrews to believe it was
your master?" She speaks in a hard
constrained voice, and as one who has
not heard a word of the preceding
speech. In truth, she has not listened
to it, her whole mind being engrossed
with this new and hateful thing that
has fallen into her life.

"He says he saw him—that he knew
him by his height, his figure, his side-
face, and the coat he wore,—a light
overcoat, such as the master gener-
ally uses."

"And how does he explain away the
fact of—of Mr. Branscombe's being in
town that evening?"

At this question Graham unmistak-
ably hesitates before replying. When
she does answer, it is with evident re-
luctance.

"You see, madam," she says, very
gently, "it would be quite possible to
come down by the mid-night train to
Langham, to drive across to Pulling-
ham, and get back again to London by
the evening train."

"It sounds quite simple," says Mrs.
Branscombe, in a strange tone. Then
follows an unbroken silence that lasts
for several minutes and nearly sends
poor Graham out of her mind. She can-
not quite see her mistress's face as it is
turned carefully aside, but the hand
that is resting on a stout branch of
laurel near her is steady as the branch
itself. Steady,—but the pretty filbert
nails show dead white against the
gray-green of the bark, as though ex-
treme pressure, born of mental agita-
tion and a passionate desire to sup-
press and hide it, has compelled the
poor little fingers to grasp with un-
due force whatever may be nearest to
them.

When silence has become positively
unbearable, Georgie says, slowly,—

"And does all the world know this?"

"I hope not, ma'am. I think not.
Though, indeed,"—says the faithful Gra-
ham, with a burst of indignation,—
"even if they did, I don't see how it
could matter. It would not make it a
bit more or less than a deliberate lie."

"You are a good soul, Graham," says
Mrs. Branscombe, wearily.

Something in her manner frightens
Graham, more than all that has gone
before.

"Oh, madam, do not pay any atten-
tion to such a wicked tale," she says,
tearfully, "and forgive me for ever
having [illegible]
No one knowing the master could pos-
sibly believe in it."

"Of course not." The answer comes
with unnatural calmness from between
her white lips. Graham bursts into
fresh tears, and flings her apron over
her head.

Mrs. Branscombe, at this, throws up
her head hastily, almost haughtily, and,
drawing her hand with a swift move-
ment across her averted eyes, breathes
a deep lingering sigh. Then her
whole expression changes; and, com-
ing quite near to Graham, she lays her
hand lightly on her shoulder, and laughs
softly.

Graham can hardly believe her ears;
has that rippling, apparently unaffect-
ed laugh come from the woman who
a moment since appeared all gloom and
suppressed anger?

"I am not silly enough to fret over
a ridiculous story such as you have
told me," says Georgie, lightly. "Just
at first it rather surprised me, I con-
fess; but now—now I can see the ab-
surdity of it. There, do not cry any
more; it is a pity to waste tears that
later on you may long for in vain."

But when she has gained the house,
and has gone up to her own room, and
carefully locked her door, her assumed
calmness deserts her. She paces up
and down the floor like some chained
creature, putting together bit by bit
the story just related to her. Not
for a moment does she doubt its truth.
Some terrible fear is knocking at her
heart, some dread that is despair and
that convinces her of the reality of An-
drews's relation.

Little actions of Dorian's, light words,
certain odd remarks, passed over at the
time of utterance as being of no im-
portance, come back to her now, and
assert themselves with overwhelming
persistency, until they declare him
guilty beyond all dispute.

When she had gone to the altar and
sworn fidelity to him, she had cer-
tainly not been in love with her hus-
band, according to the common acceptan-
tion of that term. But at least she had
given him a heart devoid of all thought
for another, and she had fully, utterly,
believed in the affection for her. For
the past few months she had even be-
gun to cherish this belief, to cling to
it, and even to feel within herself some
returning tenderness for him.

It is to her now, therefore, as the
bitterness of death, this knowledge that
as being under her ears. To have been be-
only second, where she had fondly imag-
ined herself to be first and dearest,
—is a thought bordering upon mad-
ness.

Passionate sobs rise in her throat, and
almost overcome her. An angry feel-
ing of rebellion, a vehement protest
against this deed that has been done,
shakes her slight frame. It cannot be
true; it shall not; and yet—and yet—
why has this evil fallen upon her
all others? Has her life been such a
happy one that Fate must needs be-
grudge her one glimpse of light and
gladness? Two large tears gather in
her eyes, and almost unconsciously roll
down her cheeks that are deadly white.

Sinking into a chair, as though ex-
hausted, she leans back among its cush-
ions, letting her hands fall together and
lie idly in her lap.

Motionless she sits, with eyes fixed as
if riveted to earth, while tears insen-
sibly steal down her pensive cheeks,
which look like weeping dew fallen on
the statue of despair.

For fully half an hour she so rests,
scarce moving, hardly seeming to
breathe. Then she rouses herself, and,
going over to a table, bathes her face
with eau-de-Cologne. This calms her
in a degree, and stills the outward ex-
pression of her suffering, but in her
heart there rages a fire that no waters
can quench.

Putting her hat on once again, she
goes downstairs, feeling eager for a
touch of the cool evening air. The hot
day is fading, dying; a breeze from the
west sea is creeping stealthily up to
land. At the foot of the staircase
she encounters Dorian coming toward
her from the library.

"I have been hunting the place for
you," he says, gayly. "Where on earth
have you been hiding? Visions of
ghastly death rose up before me, and
I was just about to have the lake dragged
and the shrubberies swept. Martin
is nearly in tears. You really ought
to consider our feelings a little. Why,
where were you off to now?"—for the
first time noticing her hat.

"Out," returns she, coldly, looking
straight over his head; she is standing
on the third step of the stairs, while
he is in the hall below. "I feel stifled
in this house."

Her tone is distinctly strange, her
manner most unusual. Fearing she
is really ill, he goes up to her and lays
his hand upon her arm.

"Anything the matter, darling?
How white you look," he begins, ten-
derly; but she interupts him.

"I am quite well," she says, hardly,
shrinking away from his touch as
though it is hateful to her. "I am
going out because I wish to be alone."

She sweeps past him through the old
hall and out into the darkening sun-
light, without a backward glance or
another word. Amazed, puzzled,
Branscombe stands gazing after her un-
til the last fold of her dress has disap-
peared, the last sound of her feet has
echoed on the stone steps beyond; then
he turns aside, and, feeling, if possi-
ble, more astonished than hurt, goes
back to the library.

From this hour begins the settled
coldness between Dorian and his wife
that is afterward to bear such bitter
fruit. She assigns no actual reason for
her changed demeanor; and Dorian, at
first, is too proud to demand an ex-
planation—though perhaps never yet
has he loved her so well as at this time,
when all his attempts at tenderness are
coldly and obstinately rejected.

Not until a full month has gone by,
and it is close upon the middle of Au-
gust, does it dawn upon him why Georg-
ie has been so different of late.

Sir James Scrope is dining with them,
and, shortly after the servants have
withdrawn, he makes some casual men-
tion of Ruth Annersley's name. No
notice is taken of it at the time, the
conversation changes almost directly in-
to a fresh channel, but Dorian, hap-
pening to glance across the table at
his wife, sees that she has grown ab-
solutely livid, and really, for the in-
stant, fears she is going to faint. Only
for an instant! Then she recovers her-
self, and makes some careless remark,
and is quite her usual self again.

But he cannot forget that sudden pal-
lor, and like a flash the truth comes
to him, and he knows that he is foul
and despicable in the eyes of the only
woman he loves.

When Sir James has gone, he comes
over to her, and leaning his elbow on
the chimney-piece, stands in such a
position as enables him to command a
full view of her face.

"Scrope takes a great interest in that
girl Ruth," he says, purposely intro-
ducing the subject again. "It certain-
ly is remarkable that no tidings of her
have ever since reached Pullingham."
Georgie makes no reply. The nights
have already grown chilly and there
is a fire in the grate, before which she
is standing warming her hands. One
foot,—a very lovely little foot,—clad
in a black shoe relieved by large silver
buckles, is resting on the fender, and
on this her eyes are riveted, as though
lost in admiration of its beauty, though
in truth she sees it not at all.

"I can hardly understand her silence,"
persists Dorian. "I fear, wherever she
is, she must be miserable."

Georgie rises her great violet eyes to
his, that are now dark and deep with
passionate anger and contempt.

"She is not the only miserable woman
in the world," she says, in a low, quick
tone.

"No, I suppose not. But what an un-
sympathetic tone you use! Surely you
can feel for her?"

"Feel for her! Yes. No woman can
have as much compassion for her as I
have."

"That is putting it rather strongly,
is it not? You scarcely know her;
hardly ever spoke to her. Clarissa
Peyton, for instance, must think more
pitifully of her than you can."

"I hope it will never be Clarissa's lot
to compassionate any one in the way
I do her."

"You speak very bitterly."

"What do you mean?" demands he,
suddenly, straightening himself and
drawing up his tall figure to its fullest
height. His tone is almost stern.

"Nothing. There is nothing to be
gained by continuing this conversa-
tion."

"But I think there is. Of late, your
manner toward me has been more than
strange. If you complain of anything,
let me know what it is, and it shall
be rectified. At the present moment,
I confess, I fail to understand you. You
speak in the most absurdly romantic
way about Ruth Annersley (whom you
hardly knew), as though there existed
some special reason why you, above all
women, should pity her."

"I do pity her from my heart; and
there is a special reason; she has been
deceived, and so have I."

"By whom?"

"I wish you would discontinue the
subject, Dorian; it is a very painful one
to me; if—if not to you." Then she
moves back a little, and, laying her
hand upon her chest, as though a heavy
weight, not to be lifted, is lying there,
she says slowly, "You compel me to
say what I would willingly leave un-
said. When I married you, I did not
understand your character; had I done
so——"

"You would not have married me?
You regret your marriage?" He is
very pale now, and something that is
surely anguish gleams in his dark
eyes. Perhaps had she seen his ex-
pression her answer would have been
different, or, at least, more merci-
ful.

"I do," she says, faintly.

"Why?" All heart seems gone from
his voice. He is gazing mournfully
upon the girlish figure of his wife as
she stands at some little distance from
him. "Have I been such a bad hus-
band to you, Georgie?" he says broken-
ly.

"No, no. But it is possible to be cruel
in more ways than one."

"It is, indeed!" Then he sighed
wearily; and, giving up all further ex-
amination of her lovely unforgiving
face, he turns his gaze upon the fire.
"Look here," he says, presently;
"I heard unavoidably what you said to
Kennedy that afternoon at the castle,
to the effect that we could manage to get on with-
out each other excellently well on oc-
casions; you alluded to yourself, I sup-
pose. Perhaps you think we might get
on even better had we never met."

"I didn't say that," says Georgie,
meaning it. "Well, if you wish—
with me, and if—if you wish for a se-
paration, I think I can manage it for
you. I have no desire whatever"—coldly
—"to keep you with me against your
will."

"And have all the world talking?"
exclaims she, hastily. "No. In such
a case the woman goes to the wall. The
man is never in fault. Things must
now remain as they are. But this one
last thing you can do for me. As far
as is possible, let us live as utter stran-
gers to each other."

"It shall be just as you please," re-
turns he, haughtily.

Day by day the dark cloud that sep-
arates them widens and deepens, drift-
ing them further and further apart, un-
til it seems almost impossible that they
shall ever come together again.

To Be Continued.

A NOVEL LAMP CHIMNEY.

A novelty in the shape of a lamp chimney has appeared. It is made of some sixty or more strips of glass about eight inches in length and fastened at the top and bottom with brass bands. The brass bands have holes into which the glass fits. The strips are so close together that when held up to the light there appears to be no space between them. The glass is elastic and bends at the touch. The chimneys are intended for use on lamps with lights so bright that they dazzle the eyes, such lights as are now protected by frosted glass chimneys. It is claimed that they give a softer light and at the same time more brilliant than the frosted chimneys.

The Only

Great and thoroughly reliable building-up medicine, nerve tonic, vitalizer and

Blood Purifier

Before the people today, and which stands preeminently above all other medicines, is

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

It has won its hold upon the hearts of the people by its own absolute intrinsic merit. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story:—

Hood's Cures

Even when all other preparations and prescriptions fail.

"The face of my little girl from the time she was three months old, broke out and was covered with scabs. We gave her two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it completely cured her. We are glad to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOS. M. CARLING, Clinton, Ontario. Be sure to

Get Hood's

Hood's Pills easy to buy easy to take easy in effect. 25 cents.

KINGDOM OF ABYSSINIA.

Something About the Country and People Which Italy Is Trying to Conquer.

Abyssinia, or Ethiopia, the scene of the late disaster to Italian arms, is a leg-of-mutton shaped kingdom, the small end of which runs north almost to Massowah on the Red Sea, and the large end of which is bounded by Samoliland, Galialand and Kaffaland. The Egyptian Soudan lies to the northwest, and to the east is a stretch of desert separating Abyssinia from the Red Sea. It is divided into the provinces of Tigre, Lasta, Amhara, and Gojam, and among its dependencies are Shoa, Bogos, Mensea and Barea. If all the territory claimed by the supreme ruler, who is called the Negus Negusti, King of Kings, is included, Abyssinia has an area of 244,000 square miles, and a population of 7,500,000. The inhabitants are of Coptic, Arabian, Jewish and Negro extraction, but its rulers are of Arabian descent, and call themselves Ethiopians. They are Christians the head of the Church being a Copt, who is appointed by the Patriarch of Alexandria. It is because their religion is akin to the creed of

THE RUSSIAN CHURCH

that the Russians have obtained a sentimental hold [illegible] the Royal Court. For 300 years [illegible] until 1268 A. D., the Jewish Princes [illegible] and her descendants were the reigning family, when which the throne reverted to the old Ethiopian line. The Jews, or Falashas, are numerous in Abyssinia, and there are also many Mohammedans in the country. The Christians predominate, however. They are a warlike people, superb horsemen and able tacticians. From time immemorial they have been engaged in border wars, usually inflicting heavy losses on the invaders. Italy's connection with Abyssinia dates from January, 1885, when an expedition was despatched from Naples to occupy Massowah, ostensibly to aid England in policing the Egyptian Soudan, but really to introduce the wedge of an Italian sphere in Africa. Italy already owned a strip of coast on the Bay of Assab in the Red Sea north of the Strait of Bab-el-Mandeb, which she had purchased from the Rubattino Steamship Navigation Company for alleged colonization purposes. The territory was not worth colonizing, and it was acquired only to give the Italians a foothold on the Red Sea littoral. They really coveted the salubrious mountain country of Abyssinia.

THE PRESENT WAR

originated in a dispute about the boundary line between Eritrea and the Abyssinian Province of Tigre, King Menelek contending that Asmara, which the Italians have now held for several years, is on his side of the boundary. Although there was no heavy fighting until last autumn, when Major Toselli's command of 1,000 men was defeated with a loss of 700 at Amba-alagi, the present campaign against the Abyssinians began more than a year ago. General Baratieri professed to justify his invasion of Tigre with the fiction that the Italians must have more strategic outposts to protect themselves against the raids of the Abyssinians. Adigrat was occupied on March 25, 1895, and made the headquarters of the army of invasion, and thence was despatched the expedition which met disaster near Adua on March 1 of the present year. The design of the Italian commander was evidently to annex Tigre and Amhara. General Baratieri was drawn into a trap, as Prince Hassun and his 18,000 Egyptians were in 1883, suffering much the same fate. It is a mistake to suppose that the Abyssinian army is a savage and ill-armed host. Her soldiers are well armed and [illegible] France has important in[illegible] of French traders [illegible] native army has been supplied with Remington rifles and French arms of various kinds.

A BRITISH GUNNER'S GOOD WORK.

Petty Officer Rowd of the British flagship Royal Arthur has again distinguished himself by quick and accurate firing, this time establishing a new world's record for the six-inch rapid-firing guns, with which his vessel is equipped. On the flagship's recent cruise to Comox, B. C., while steaming at twelve knots an hour, Rowd succeeded in putting eleven out of thirteen shots through a floating target twelve feet square, at 1,600 yards distance, having his fourteenth shot ready for firing when time was called on the trial, for which but two minutes were allowed. Rowd, by this performance, has not only established an enviable notoriety with ordnance much prized in the navy, but will have the satisfaction of being reported to the Admiralty for superior efficiency and of obtaining a considerable pension in addition to his wages.

LOOK OUT

for breakers ahead when pimples, boils, carbuncles and like manifestations of impure blood appear. They wouldn't appear if your blood were pure and your system in the right condition. They show you what you need—a good blood-purifier; that's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

It carries health with it. All Blood, Skin and Scalp Disease, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. It invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood, and rouses every organ into healthful action. In the most stubborn forms of Skin Diseases, such as Salt-rheum, Eczema, Tetter, Erysipelas, Carbuncles, and kindred ailments, and with Scrofula in every shape, and all blood-taints, it effects perfect and permanent cures of the worst cases.

NO MISTAKE.

Lady—Ahem! There seems to be some mistake. I advertised for a French maid.

Applicant—No mistbake, mum. It's a Frinch maid Oi've been for foive months, as the six childher Oi attended can tell yez.

THE SECRET TOLD.

Why South American Nervine Never Fails to Cure.

Nervous Prostration and Dyspepsia Lose Their Terrors Under Its Influence

IT MUST CURE.

Cannot Do Anything Else.

The secret of the wonderfully successful results that follow the use of South American Nervine is to be found in the fact that this medicine operates directly, immediately and distinctively on the nerve centres of the system. Other medicines, because of some stimulating element they possess, will sometime give temporary relief, but South American Nervine not alone acts even more speedily on the system than perhaps any other medicine, but it acts lastingly. Science has proven, beyond any peradventure, that the life fluid finds its origin in these nerve centres. Indigestion, nervousness, a debilitated constitution, is only trifled with when the medicine used gives but passing cause for satisfaction. This is never the case with South American Nervine. It can be counted on every time to perform an effective cure.

Scott's Emulsion

is Cod-liver Oil without the fish-fat taste.

You get all the virtue of the oil. You skip nothing but the taste.

50c. and $1.00 at all druggists.

THE MYSTERY OF PAIN.

What Are Its Causes And Why Is It Permitted?

The Great Work That Is Being Done by Bright Minds in Alleviating Human Suffering—A Case Affording a Striking Illustration.

From the Erin Advocate.

From the time when man first peopled the earth down to the present day, the mystery of pain has filled all hearts with wonder and terror. What are its causes, why is it permitted, and what its uses are in the great economy of nature? All these questions men have asked of themselves and of one another, but the question has found no solution. All that can be done is to devise ways of relieving physical suffering and minds have assisted tender hearts in bringing aid to the afflicted. All the resources of modern laboratory have been pressed into service to the end that tortured bodies might surcease from anguish and know the peace that only health can bring. And what more natural than that these poor victims of disease thus released from suffering should desire to aid in the extension of the knowledge of the means whereby they have been benefitted?

Such a one is Miss Druscilla Shingler, of Erin, Ont., who tells a tale of pain endured through weary years, and of final relief and cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the greatest medicine of the age. Miss Shingler says: Twelve years ago I became afflicted with rheumatism, from which I have suffered greatly. Two years later this trouble was aggravated by a growth which started in the throat, and which each year became larger and larger, until it finally became so bad that I could hardly obtain any sleep, as when I would lie down it would fill my throat, causing a feeling of suffocation. What I suffered is almost beyond description, and all the medical aid I had did me no good, and I was told that I could only hope for relief through the medium of an operation. I dreaded such a course and declined undergoing the operation. All this time the rheumatism was taking a firmer hold upon my system, and I felt like giving up in despair. I lost the power of my limbs and my hands got so bad that I could scarcely hold anything. At this stage a friend, who from personal experience had strong faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urged me to try them, and after using more than a box, and after using them for a few weeks there was no longer room to doubt that they were helping me. I was taking the Pink Pills in the hope of finding relief from the rheumatism, but to my great joy I found that the medicine was not only driving this painful malady from my system, but was also driving away the growth in my throat. The result was that after I had used about a dozen boxes of Pink Pills I was completely cured, and, although a considerable time has now elapsed, I have not had a recurrence of either trouble, and am enjoying the best of health. For the help my statement may be to others, I am only too glad to add my testimony to the long list of wonderful cures, such as mine, that have been wrought by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

This greatest of nineteenth century medicines positively cures all troubles arising from a disordered or weak state of the blood, or shattered nerves. If you are feeling weak or depressed, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act as a prompt tonic, and if seriously ill no other remedy can so promptly restore you to health and strength. The genuine Pink Pills are put up in round wooden boxes, the wrapper round which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

STAID AWAY TOO LONG.

Stranger—Pardon—my— my hesitating speech, but—the fact is, I been haf—I haf been away sow long I haf a'most forgot my natif language.

Ah! Been many years in Europe, I suppose?

No, I have living been—I haf been living in Chicago.

TO LEASE FOR SEASON

or term of years, that magnificent hotel at St. Leon, elegantly furnished throughout. Most attractive summer resort in Canada. Source of the world-renowned St. Leon Water, so noted for its miraculous cure of disease. Accommodation for 300 guests; exquisite scenery; forty acres well laid-out grounds, shaded with balsams and pines; most desirable class of patrons; applicants last year exceeded accommodation. Stabling for about 40 horses, coaches, carriages, harness, saddles, etc., with first-class accommodation for same. Laundries, carpenter shop, boathouses, bowling alley, swings, lawn tennis, billiard, pool and bagatelle tables, hot water boilers, eight baths for hot or cold water, waterworks throughout the building. Everything necessary for a first-class summer resort on a large scale. For further particulars apply to St. Leon Mineral Water Company (Ltd), Toronto, Ont.

I have seen corruption boil and bubble till it o'errun the stew.—Shakspeare.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

I see there is no man but may make his paradise.—Beaumont and Fletcher.

Ask your physician, your druggist and your friends about Shiloh's Cure for Consumption. They will recommend it.

The fox barks not when he would steal the lamb.—Shakspeare.

Constipation causes more than half the ills of women. Karl's Clover Root Tea is a pleasant Cure for Constipation.

Ryckman's Kootenay Cure.

Positive Cure for Rheumatism and Paralysis.

S. S. Ryckman, Dear Sir—I had an ulcerated leg for four years, treated with doctors and tried all kinds of medicines. I was cured by two bottles Kootenay Cure.

John Dawson, Esq.,
77 John St. N., Hamilton.

Boston, July 10th, 1895.

Mr. S. S. Ryckman, Hamilton.

Dear Sir: I have no hesitation in recommending Kootenay Cure as a great medical discovery and a first-class medicine for Rheumatism, Scrofula, Eczema or any Blood Disorder, as after several other medicines failed to give any relief to my brother, who was suffering from a very severe attack of Rheumatism, your medicine gave him almost instant relief and effected a cure. Your, etc.,

Alfred M. Taylor
With Methyl, Dental Co., 181 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

Fashion plates containing designs for clothing for pet dogs are regularly issued by some of the Parisian tailors.

WHEN BOOMS STOP.

Easterner—I understand the great land boom at Dugout City has collapsed.

Westerner—Yes; no use keeping it going any longer. All the land is now owned by outsiders.

WEST SHORE THROUGH SLEEPING CAR TO NEW YORK.

One of the handsomest sleepers that had ever been turned out of a factory is now running from Toronto to New York without change via the popular West Shore route. It is a buffet car and refreshments can be obtained en route, if desired. This car leaves Union Station, Toronto, every day except Sunday, at 4.55 p. m., reaching New York next morning at 10.10 a. m. On Sundays the sleeper runs from Hamilton only, connecting with the through train from Toronto. Call at any Grand Trunk office in Toronto for information or space in sleeping car, or Reservations can be made in advance if desired.

"To cave in" comes from the English coal mining regions. After a mine had been worked out and abandoned, the last item in its history was the caving in of the ground above.

A stranger's kindness oft exceeds friend's.—Middleton.

Recipe—For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Adams' Root Beer Extract..... one 1
Fleischmann's Yeast..... half a
Sugar..... two pounds
Lukewarm Water..... two gallons

Dissolve the sugar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments; then place on ice, when it will open sparkling and delicious.

The root beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 and 25 cent bottles to make two and five gallons.

The soil of Cuba is so fertile that in some sections four crops a year are raised.

Consumption, La Grippe, Pneumonia, and all Throat and Lung diseases are

Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve.—Pope.

Catarrh—Use Nasal Balm. Quick, positive cure. Soothing, cleansing, healing.

When two discourse, if the one's anger rise, the man who lets the contest fall is wise.—Plutarch.

Karl's Clover Root Tea is a sure cure for Headache and Nervous Diseases. Nothing relieves so quickly.

W. P. C. 819.

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Absolutely True Bearings, Morse Roller Chain, requires no oil.
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