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mounce to his numerous friends and customers that he has removed his old and established Wood Yard from the Ferry wharf to the old K. & P. Railway Depo at the foot of Ontario Street, and Directly opposite the Tete du Pont

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Having purchased the Lumber in the Noon & Tyner Yard we would invite an inspection of same, as we are selling at a Night Advance on

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MARION HARLAND ON MATRIMON-IAL FORTUNE HUNTERS.

A Charge of Which, Many Are Guilty, but Few Will Acknowledge-Girls Who Have "Married Well"-The Folly of Marrying Upon Nothing-Husbands on Allowances From Wives-The Sin of Marrying For Fortune's Sake.

(Copyrighted, 1888.) Some things which are done by reputable

people are acknowledged by nobody. When Thackeray, with his characteristic violation of conventional expediency, made Henry Esmond say with naive seriousness of Lady Castleton, "She had been listening at the door," a howl of reprobation arose from critics of both sexes, professional and amateur. He had lowered the object of his adoration below the average of a common chambermaid, or so it was declared. When Mrs. Candor avers unblushingly, "My eye caught a sentence in the open letter that aroused my curiosity, and I read the whole of it," her bosom friend, although delectated by the scandal revealed by the act, must look shocked and murmur deprecatingly, or suffer in her own estimation. When Amelia cannot refrain from whispering to Rosalie the secret confided to her under a solemn promise of secrecy by Eugenia, she defends the betrayal to her conscience by saying, "It was told me in strictest confidence, but you know, dear. I don't consider that I violate my pledge by hinting it to you, from whom I hide nothing."

The queer part of the laboriously acted farce is that the only person deceived is the sinner herself. Lady Castleton's eavesdropping did not burden her sweet, white soul. Mrs. Candor says boldly, "Anybody else would have done the same in the same circumstances." If she be shrewd she adds, "The only difference between people with characters and without is in the amount they confess." Amelia does not avoid be trayed Eugenia's eyes at their next meeting, says her prayers with a heart as single and voice as devout as if Rosalie were not privately convicting her of perjury. So, whoever did marry for money?

The thing is so odious, the treachery, cheat-sacrilege-so abominable that no man or woman who cares for reputation, or has even even a nominal regard for social decencies, will admit the charge at the tribunal of self-consciousness. The title of "fortune-hunter" is as libellous as that of the "coward," and he who deserves it exerts ingenuity and glosses over circumstantial evidence in introspective reflection to clear his soul of the stigma.

The heiress of his selection has really no present fortune, as the daughter of a rich father may inherit nothing in the long run. Or, if she hold her wealth in her own right she would be a prize were she penniless.

In that unlucky event he would have controlled his manly affections, as the whole world knows and says sneeringly behind his back, however he may hoodwink himself. The right of a man to fall in love with a rich girl or the child of a wealthy house is as patent as King Cophetua's to woo the beggar-maid. Cupid's freaks may as well take one turn as another. In the teeth of the doughty assertion, the world continues to shrug signi ficant shoulders.

They shrug and sneer and snarl, and yet become, with parents and friends, accessory to the unholy commerce.

"Dinna wed for siller's sake, 'Twad be unco' sinful, ye ken," said a pious Scotch father to his son. "But see to it that ye trothed of the golden fleece draping his gae where siller is !"

We may feel a twinge of regret, but we have ceased to be shocked when we hear the marriage of the two ardent young people spoken of as "a genuine, old-fashioned love-match, such as one seldom hears of in this day." Nor are we righteously indignant at the compassionate smile that accompanies the implied slur.

One direct question will prove the truth of the assertion. What do we mean when we say that a girl has "married well" Given a tolerably suitable age, fair character, health and disposition, the commendation has but one generally-accepted interpretation, as any candid reader will admit. I heard an eminent theologian use the words the other day, in answer to congratulations on his daughter's marriage :

"She has, indeed, married magnificently." He subjoined aside to an intimate friend. "I could ask nothing better for her, thank

Meeting the son-in-law subsequently, the friend saw an uneducated man of mean stature, ignoble visage, boorish deportment, and less than mediocre intellect. But he has inherited the millions of a self-made father, and is cunning enough to turn them over to advantage.

Another bridegroom was so repulsive in aspect that one revolted at the contrast with his fair, majestic bride. He wore a wig, and his senile grin would have been less disagreeable had he employed dental skill also; he was squat in figure, his scanty beard was a grizzled red, his face mottled and freckled into the complexion of a gooseberry roleypoley, and ne was thirty years his wife's senior.

"We feel very happy about our darling," said the tender mother, with glistening The, father, as well pleased, expressed

his satisfaction in different sort. "Not much to look at," he admitted to a

crony, "but he has at least ten thousand dollars for every freckle !"

such comments, and that is to swell the applause due him-or her-who does good unto him-or herself. The satisfaction of parents has a basis of natural and praiseworthy regard for their child's well-being. If they are poor and she has had a hard. bringing-up, they covet ease and a smoother pathway for her. In the maternal heart there is a fierce claim on these as her daughter's right in life, her lawful share of the sunshine and ease and prosperity which are chief among the world's good things. I she has been brought up in affluence, there arises an outcry from home and society against the cruelty of altering her circumstances, the selfishness of him who would drag her down to the level of the workingclasses. The inconsiderate swain, who, for love's sake, has proposed the wrong, finds himself in the position of Traddles, when, after Jacob's seven years of waiting, he offered the humble home wrung from Fate's tight fist to the "dearest girl in the world."

a perfect bird of prey toward the family!" The parental instinct of providing for the child overpasses the ignorant transports of the marriage-day, and takes alarm at the menace of privation, "contrivance," pinching economies, and unpleasant surprises in the shape of debts and duns, which are natural attendants upon the early wedded lite of two people whose fortune -if they ever have one-is to be made and saved by

"I give you my word, Copperfield, I felt

themselves. The folly of marrying upon nothing is so | catarrh can inflict, testify to radical and easily demonstrable that the girl of the permanent cures wrought by Ely's Cream period, albeit a trifle romantic in some re- Balm. spects, does not need to have it explained to her. Not even a Traddles of our generation dreams of bringing Sophy home as his wife | pine blocks, bunchwood, hard or soft wood on a thousand dollars a year, no capital ex-

cept love and a stout heart, and no stocks except those taken rashly in Faith and Hope. Consequently, the number of marriages in the solid middle classes decreases yearly; people marry later in life; there are more childless couples and fewer housekeepers. Our girle know this, and our young men appreciate it to the full. The former look for husbands who can support them well; the latter take their choice between cynical bachelorhood and a hunt for rich wives. Both sexes "look to it that they gae where siller is."

One of the patented-all-rights-secured sayings of unworldly-minded moralizers is that the man whose riches have bought his wife, and the woman whose husband has sought her for her money, are much to be pitied in their splendid misery. These unsophisticated essayists, laying to the warped outlines the rule and plummet of sensitive rectitude, assume that suspicion of the truth must lurk in the bottom of Sevres coffee cups, sit, bodkinwise, between the wedded pair on satin sofas and carriage cushions. They are represented as gazing through gilded bars at the frank, innocent joys of those who are chosen and beloved for themselves alone, as Adam and Eve might have sought unguarded crevices in Eden's wall, and make of them wailing places over what they had forever forfeited. If the innermost heart-lining of Cræsus and Baroness Burdette-Coutts were turned out to microscopic examination we might find definite traces of the corroding suspicion aforesaid. The average millionaire does not dissociate in his most secret thoughts his riches from his individual pertained in his prayer to be save from starvation a strain of pride in his unique accomplishment. Our Wall street Midas is not chagrined that the beautiful school-mistress elected to grace his table, carriage, and mansion should be won by his millions. He loves her the more intelligently for her appreciation of what he is himself.

Who ever saw an heiress to whom the dread of being married for her money was GENTS' the fretting pea under her fourteen feather beds? The yellow reflection of virgin gold becomes her as ornaments the bride. She values her possessions as inherent, not extrinsic, charms. She knows as well as you and I that a rich girl never lacks for DRESS suitors, and she is grateful to a benignant providence for making her future sure and

One of the vainest women I ever knew portioned off her handsome, obsequious lord, month by month-so much for cigars, so much for horses, so much for tailors' bills, minded him of it in playful threatening when others were by in such terms as:

"Don't be saucy, my love, or I will stop A. J. MCMAHON, your allowance !" Or, "Dear ! dear ! what expensive luxuries husbands are! Here's pay-day again !'

She had her flatterers and court, for she was pretty, flippant, lavish, and wich, and in society! Her money was but one element of her power, as essentially a part of the woman who had attracted and won her impecunious Adonis as were her conversational gifts and tine eyes. The conscious possession of wealth imparts a sense of mastery that intoxicates steadier brains than hers.

Admitted all this, as the candid observer of society's ways of reasoning and action must, there is an ugly substratum of truth, realistic and stubborn, that thrusts up a granite shoulder through sophistical froth and sparkle. Let the woman who has a prospect of marrying well, according to the definition already given, denude her bemoral and mental being; put behind her the visions of "houses and vineyards, gardens and orehards, and pools of water" (represented by Saratoga and Baden-Baden), "silver and gold, men-singers and womensingers" (i.e., the German and French opera), "great possessions of great and small cattle" (thorough-bred horses and poodles), "all the peculiar treasures of kings and of the provinces," and ask herself, as in the honest hour of death, "Would I become this man's wife 'for better and for worse, for richer and for poorer, in sickness and in health, through good report and evil report, until death us do part,' if he had none of these things? If, in their place he could offer me only a heart full of love, a pair of hands able and ready to do battle with fortune for my sake, what would be the an-

swer of my heart at the altar?" If she answers "No," with or against her will, she sins in marrying him. When she takes the irrevocable vows upon her she and pure angels; is sold, body and soul, to a life as degrading, as surely subversive of modesty and morality, as is that of the beautiful slave in the Turkish market. How the mother can sanction by her blessing the unholy ceremony passes the comprehension of clear-eyed, right-minded women, whatever may be said of men's duller perceptions. It makes less difference with them, we are told, this closest union of lives possible in this world, when the bond is merely one of commercial gain and convenience. Let them settle with the masculine conscience the ethical question of wooing, with phrases borrowed from Love, the woman to whom they would never give a second thought were they portionless; the pretence of disinterested devotion maintained throughout are really addressed to bonds and securities, to stocks and real estate, the horrible wrong done to the creatures who believe in them We all say, and we all mean one thing by late instant and made them. Let us specumother who knows what marriage is-what heaven and what hell it may be-works himself up (or down?) to the conviction that her child can, in any sense, he "well off" in wedding a man because of advantages that have nothing to do with his intrinsic self. The girl may err through partial ignorance,

her matronly adviser never ! Yet the young maiden who says, "I mean to marry a rich man, whether I love him or not, breaks upon her purity by the utterance however thoughtless it may be. If this be her steadfast purpose, inculcated by her elders, acted upon, when opportunity offers, by herself, there stands between her of a legal lie, the tenuous screen of the wifely name.

MARION HARLAND.

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irrita-ting. The medical profession has been slow \$5,000 to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuffs, powders, syringes, astringents, or any similar application, because they are all irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who have for years borne all the worry and pain that

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Thin Hair, &c., badly affects thousands of persons during this cold weather. A crop of hair, well dressed, is not alone a comfort, but is the greatest adornment on earth on either man or woman.

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Thin or Gray Hair, go and see PROF. DOREN. WEND'S different contrivances for the head in different styles of BANGS, WAVES, &c., manufictured of the very finest quality of human hair.

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Don't forget that PROF. DORENWEND, of the Paris Hair Works, Toronto, will be at the

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A. DORENWEND, Paris Hair Works, Toronto.

# sonality. Purse-pride runs through every vein, is assimilated by every organ. Inconvenient as were the consequences of Midas' bread, he doubtless re-

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FURNISHINGS AND LADIES' HOSIERY, CORSETS, GLOVES, &c., at Greatly Reduced Prices.

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Many New Customers made by the Genuineness of the Sale and the Splendid Bargains given. Whole Families fitted with New Boots. Special Attractions for Boys This Week.

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A Few Pairs Boys' Extra Quality High Laced Seamless Boots, sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Reduced from Two Dollars to \$1.50.

A Few Pairs Boys' Scamless Laced Boots, with and without Toe-Caps, sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Reduced from \$1.50 and \$1.25 to 75c and \$1.00.

A Small Lot Boys' Fine Laced Boots, Very Neat, sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, Reduced from \$1.25 to \$1,00. The same boot, sizes 11, 12, 13, only 85c.

A Whole Case, (60 Pairs) the last out of 5 Cases. Boys' Fine Leather Lace Boot, Double Toes and Sides, sizes 11, 12, 13, Reduced from \$1.25 to \$1.00. This is an attracperjures herself in the sight of a holy God | tive Boot and cannot be repeated at the price.

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draws aside her matronly robes, as if contract were contamination, only the shadow

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