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(Not Yet Published in Book Form.)

"He is fond of the world," said Mrs. Coultains, making a little crease between thumb and finger in the black front breadth of her gown, and watching it as though it were a small, yet palpable objection to her entire liking of the person just named. "Still," she went on, with her haggard face brightening dimly, "he is very nice and warmhearted and sincere."

"Despite his daring to live in so

dimly, "he is very nice and warmhearted and sincere."

"Despite his daring to live in so wicked a place as a city, I suppose?"
Van Horne Courtaine reptied with sarcass flickering in the vain smile which had crept beneath his white moustache. "If I'm not mistaken, Channing has told me that your son Carroll has never seen the inside of a city at all."

"Nevei!" said Mrs. Courtaine, "and I hope he never will have the experience."

"You hope such a thing!" fell in undismayed amazement from her hearer.

"Yes. I want it, and I hope it with all my heart. Carroll knows that." She was motionless as a stakue while she delivered these words. They seemed to float from her without the least labial effort; they made him who heard her think of a ghost speaking.

Van Horne Courtaine shrugged his choulders and stightly gnawed his lower lip. "But the lad may rebel against any such rake as this," he said. "In the course of time he surely will rebel."

"There is no rule for him to rebel against," came the same curiously composed voice. "He realizes my wish that is all. He is contented here, and can live here in thorough ease after I am gone."

"There—pardon me—you wish him to

"Then-pardon me-you wish him to avoid mingling with his fellow-beings all through the remainder of his life?" 'No. He can mingle with them here.'
'M-yes, And-car-marry, here?'
'If he desires.''

"If he desires."

"But (again pardon me) could he find in a place like this the sort of wife whom you would wish to be the mother of your own and—of Archibald's—grand-children?"

of your own and—of Archibalds—grandchildren?"

A sad smile touched the lady's lips. If
she had not already appealed to her observer as so glacially courteous, even
amiable, he might have pronounced this
smile a sucer.

"In Southmeadow there are some very
cultivated and honorable women. If he
makes his choice among them I, while
I live, shall offer no hindrance."

Courtaine gare one or two quick nods.

"I see." hetsaid, "you dislike for him
the life of large towns."

"I abominate the idea of his ever
leaving these hills, where we brought
him as a baby, under whose shadows he
has lived contentedly until now, and
from which hecould depart only to meet nim as a baby, under whose shadows he has lived contantedly until now, and from which he could depart only to meet the selfishness, the sorrow, the fretful turnoil and ambition of greed that her would at least leave him comparatively unscathed."

A silvec ensued. Van Horne Conv.

unscathed."

A silence ensued. Van Horne Courtaine was once more busied with the frail links of his wasch chain, letting them now tessing them an inch or so upward, as though he were a jeweffer weighing them for their worth.

Suddenly he straightened himself in is chair and folded both his hands in his lap, just as he had done a hundred times at smart dinner parties in New York, or perhaps in London or Paris as well, when the servants were changing

the courses.

"Let us talk more directly to one another, Adelaide," he said, and his equable voice was now a good key higher than before. "I came here to see you with a distinct motive. Will it not be best for me to tell you, in all frankness, just what that motive is?"
"As you please."

"As you please."
"Well, then, I must begin by stating that the thing I did in the past—the thing that I am well aware you bitterly resent my having done—is an act now quite unalterable."

quite unalterable."

"Allow that I—er—I will not speak of repentance, Allelaide. A man like myself does not soften as he grows older, and You know I am a good deal older than Y look. That is, he does not soften yishly, vocally, or through any outward physical signs. In other words, I abbor the scenic engl paporamic in human deportment. Better, than to Speak repentance (remorse, if you will), is to show it."

He was gazing at her now with an extreme steadhess. She hadde a slow movement of the bead, hardly perceptible. But it had for him this meaning:
"Go on; I comprehend you."

Now, Adelaide." he pursued learns.

To leave South.

ble. But it had not have you."
Go on; I comprehend you."
"Now, Adelaide," he pursued, leaning and increasing, if mearer toward her and increasing, if anything, the fixity of his look, "I'm pre-pared to tell you mty motive for coming here to-day. It's this: "What wrong ere to-day. It's this: "What wrong did my brother years ago I now wish repair?" she breathed. "How?"

By aiding your son."
Aiding him? He needs no one's

aid." "Pshaw! You don't understand me."
"I think that I do-perfectly." Her pale-lips trembled there.
Van Horne Courtaine rose. "I have no near relations except him. I will settle on him to-morrow a half a million, and afterward—at my death, I mean—he shall got all the rest. There will be three millions, for I am worth, at this hour, all told, just three millions and a half—hardly a dime more or less."
He stood before her waiting her reply. She gave him none, but rose from her chair instead. He saw that a great anxiety had falled her face. Just then a certain sound reached them both. It was the sound of a footstep in the outer hall—firm, buoyent, elastic.

was the sound of a nootsep in the outer hall—firm, buoyamt, elastic.

Mrs. Courtaine lifted one hand, and pressed it for a moment against her heart. "Wait, please," she murmured, in timorous undertone, and yet somehow commandingly. The next instant she glided from the room with most unwonted asped.

ed speed.

In the hall, only a yard or two from
the threshold that she crossed, Carroll
smilingly confronted her.

"My son, my boy," she said, catching
his strong arm, with her feeble yet tense
hand.

nd.

'Yes, mother; I am here, just as you ld me to come. It's the time, isn't?

Shall we go in together now?".

'No Carrell; no. I want you not to me in. Do you hear, my boy? Not

im."
"Yery well. But you seem excited,

"No, you're wrong," she insisted, "I reel much stronger than I expected to be. Promise you'll do as I ask, Car-

feel much stronger than I expected to feel. Promise you'll do as I ask, Carroll."

"Why, yes, I promise, of course."

Mrs. Courtaine turned and slipped back into the presence of her brother-in-law.

"Pray, excuse me for leaving you," she said. A little catching of the breath showed that she was more excited than she had just declared herself. Still, her mien was collected enough now. She remained standing as she pursued:

"I must tell you, Van Horne, in plain terms, that your offer to make my son your heir is thoroughly distasteful."

He heard her with a sharp start.

"What is this?" he faltered, in clear disarray. "You don't mean what you are saying. The immediate settlement on him of \$500,000 —"

"Is undesired."

Courtaine laughed harshly, "And his full inheritance afterward of three millions —"
"Is appropriate the strong the strength of the millions of the strong the strong that the strong the strong that the

Is also undesired." "Is also undesired."

He lifted both hands in the air, for a second. He laughed again, this time with still harsher stress. He was fearfully dashed and hurt. He had lived so long where money is not only scrambled for with great fury, but grovelled to as the one supreme idol of life, that this tranquil repulse seemed to him monstrous, nuthinkable.

roughii repuise seemed to him mon-trous, unthinkable.
"Really," he said, as soon as he could ontrol his voice, "your attitude is idiculous."

ridiculous."

"Thank you."

He bristled at those two curt monosyllables as if they had been points of a knife curting into his flesh.

"It is not only ridiculous," he persisted, with clouding brown, "it is unmotherly."

"Thank you, again,"
His face took an almost savage sneer.
"Your son himself would never endorse such a decision."

"Your son himself would never endorse such a decision."

"You are mistaken. He would endorse it at my request, at my counsel."

"Then," cried Courtaine, oif his usual courteous guard of self, "the boy must be—" Here he abruptly poused, gave one end of his moustache a quick twirl, and harried to the door.

"Good day," he said, across one shoulder, while disappearing.

"Good day," she answered mildly. In another minute she was alone. She sank back into her chair again. "I am so glad he has gone," ran her thoughts; "now he will vex us no more."

Meanwhile Courtaine, hat in hand, had reached the outer porch. There he came to a sudden standstill.

"She is very probably not mad," ran his thought, "and she does not neem to be vengeful. What, then, is the mystery of it all?"

The lawn looked like some fairy carpet woven by zephyrs over night and flung down for a dance of elyes. (he it it is in the counter of the content of the con

The lawn looked like some fairy carpet woven by zephyrs over night and flung down for a dance of elves. On its light green web, where not one of myriad tiny spears thrust a vernal tip above that of its mate, two fat robins were hopping, their bright breasts aglow in saucy ostentation, their smooth heads poised in dainty sedateness. Beyond the road, framed by the twinkling leafage of patriarchal elms, billowed and stretched the blue, haze-clooked hills. Van Horpe Courtaine still stood there on the porch. He had no eye, no taste for the charms and benignities of nature. Wealth to him meant not merely power, but all conceivable joy. And, stirred by a distinct qualm of remorse for churlishness toward a dead brother, he had offered to the the state of the charms and dender the had offered to the the state of the charms and dender the had offered to the the state of the charms and dender the had offered to the the state of the state

of a pastured cow.

To leave Southmeadow like this! He who had thought to leave it with maternal blessings ringing in his cars! "What is the mystery?" he kept repeating to himself, in vanity, mortification, vexation, disgust.

But the lift of the yellow butterfly and the low of the pastured cow, and the slumbrous amethyst of the hills had neither answer for his querying spirit nor blame for his bleeding pride.

CHAPTER II.

CHAPTER II.

Mrs. Courtaine might have gone to one of the windows and watched him depart, herself unseen. But she did not go. She sat quite still instead and tried to catch the grateful sound of his step on the path outside.

No such sound reached her. A cry of pained consternation almost broke from her lips as she presently saw her brother-in-law re-enter the room.

"You've come back, athen?" she said, half below her breath.

"Yes, I've come back, Adelaide," he answered. "Curiosity has brought me. Don't rise. Let me stand here beside you for a moment. You're not very strong, as you've told me, and I hate to tax your nervous powers in the least degree. We can talk just as well for a few minutes like this. That is if you are willing."

ling."
His voice was serious, but very kindly.
She looked up into his face, her own sof-

She looked up into an tening.
"You say that curiosity has brought you back, Van Horne?"
"Yes; I said that; I meant it."
"You were surprised by my answer?"
"I was dumbfounded by it."
"I see. I see. You thought there were

"I see. I see. You thought there were no people in the world for whom great riches would not have intense attrac-

it? Shall we go in together now?"

"Not Chreoll; no. I want you not to come in."

"Why, mother?"—

"No matter, dearest. You've never disobeyed—I mean you've never refused me anything that, I asked."

He stared down at her eager, solemn face. "You want me to go away? You want me to avoid seeing?"—

"Yes; that's it; I want you to avoid seeing him."

Carroll's face flushed suddenly and his mild eyes glittered. "Mother, telk me, has he said or dome anything to wound or anger you?"

"Nothing, nothing! It's—it's quite the opposite. Carroll, I swear to you that it is. There"—and she pushed him

self that the sweetest rest for the soul was away from all that sham glitter and vain turmoil. And for that boy that I treasured I craved such a fate."
"You wanted him to live and die here?"

"You wanted him to live and die here?"

"You wanted him to live and die here?"

"Yes. And I've taught him that his chief chance of mental peace is to avoid the jostling and clashing of throngs. Not that he wil escap; sorrow, for that is ubiquitous as air; but the coarse, the common, the low, the trivial (which so often wrap themselves in the guise of culture), he will certainly escape. Ah! I see by your look that you would call this pitiful provincialism. I, too, might have called it so once; but I've learned that, though solitude may be unwelcome, retirement is often tonic. Ambition is the parent of disappointment; distinction is the brother of ennul. Une can live largely in small places. There's a financial risk and there's a moral risk; both are least seldom the products of cities. To get out of the soul all the best joy it is able to give one must grow familiar, not merely with its voice and its language, but its peculiar accent and its special dialect; for no two should speak to their possessors just allike. And if we dwell among the babblings of crowds, we sometimes do not recognize even the mere voice of our own soul when it speaks to us."

Mrs. Courtaine hesitated for a moment, but her upward gaze did not waver. A when it speaks to us.

Mrs. Courtaine hesitated for a moment,

crows, we sometimes do not recognize even the mere voice of our own soul when it speaks to us."

Mrs. Courtaine hesitated for a moment, but her upward gaze did not waver. A sort of troubled civility was on the face of her listener. But it masked a good deal of profane ridicule.

"The poor thing isn't mad," he was musing. "She's merely transcendental and tiresome, I suppose it comes from long tarriance in this New England atmosphere. They probably have weekly meetings here in Southmeadow where they serve up lemonade and Emerson, sponge cake and Spinoza."

"But don't think, Van Horne, that I have mapped out for Carroll any ascetic or Puritain mode of life. Far from that. He has been educated on the rather obvious principle that human happiness is found most easily when we refrain from the too fiercely hunting for it. At the Harrington school here (an academy once famous, but now no longer existing) he had the good fortune to win the love and constant help of a certain Prof. Dindorf, a thorough scholar and a precious counsellor as well. Carroll's intelligence is quick. Chalmer Channing must have told you how he shone in all his studies. When deather and dissension at last closed the Harrington school, he had just completed his graduating year. But afterward he was for a long time under the tutelage of dear Prof Dindorf. That has been to him a priceless privilege. He has become, not only a student and a thinker, but a philosopher as well. When I die he will own this homestead, of which he is deeply fond, and he will have an income of \$7,000 a year besides. This will not alive satisfy every sensible need; it will permit him to dispense many genial charities. At present he is happy because so perfectly tranquil. My death, the professor's death (for no doubt both will not professor's death (for no floute to the will own, and the will in prefer that he should marry. With marriage will come cares, naturally, but I like to think that in this quiet environment many joys will overbalance them. So, you precises," ended the

(To be continued.)

Concentrated Extract. Tame turkeys can be trained to hunt

The flattening of the poles of Jupiter can be seen through the telescope.

Gold is mentioned in Genesis, It was discovered in South America in 1492. Every woman has an ideal husband before marriage and a very real one af-ter it.

Narrowness of mind is often the cause of obstinacy; we do not easily believe beyond what we can see.

There are fifteen ex-Governors now eccupying seats in the United States Senate and three in the House. There are 187 pounds of salt in a ton lantic the amount is 81 pounds to every

Do the women who claim all the rights and privileges of men really want to fasten their suspenders with a shingle nail?

When it is announced that a man cheends to join the church, the women

time!"

Men, as a rule, long to be loved only during youth. In mature age they long in proportion to its acquirement. Their love of women is readily argument. Their love of women is readily argument. love of women is readily appeased; the love of power is insatiable.

only who need it.

A despairing man, who had applied to us, soon after wrote:

"Well. I tell you that first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them my old self had died yesterday and my now self was born to-day. Why didn't you tell me when I first wrote that I would find it this way?

And another thus:

"If you dumped a cart-load of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done.

Write to the Erik Medical Company, Hulfalo. N., and ask for the little book called COMPARTS. MANHOOD." Refer to this paper, and the company promises to send the book, in scaled cevelope, without any marks, and entirely free, until it is well introduced. One half of mankind pass their lives in thinking how they shall get a dinner, and the other half in thinking what dinner they shall get; and the first are much less injured by occasional fasts than are the latter by constant feasts.—
Horace Smith.

A few nights ago a ball was given by the Association of Deaf and Dumb People of Paris—or, as they style themselves, the "Silent World." It took place in a hall called the Eden du Temple, in the Rue de Bretange. The proceedings began with what are called "monomimes," M. Bandeuf, a mute, distinguishing himself in an entertainment of this character.

The Pantiets of the States as intilled.

The Baptists of the States are justly proud of the progress of their denomina-tion. The last Year Book gives the num-ber of churches in the United States as 38,122. There are 25,354 ordained min-isters and as acceptance. isters and an aggregate membership of 3,496,988. The number of members received by baptism was 176,077, by restoration 25,074, and by letter 88,071. The total additions in the United States were 289,222.

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