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The Auction.

A youth came in the market space, Where throngs the world to sell and buy, And fixed the press with his bright eye, And cried, while young blood flushed his face:

"A life for sale! Come, who will buy? I sell this life for what it brings! Then offer of thy precious things, O world! a whole young life—bid high!"

"I must have power, wealth and fame And love; but for these four I give Each brain and heart pulse while I live. Nor other things of sell I claim."

"What, yet no bids? My life is strong, My heart is pure, my brain is clear— Ah, world! 'tis for no glut I fear, If such as these sell for a song."

"Come, then—I offer you the same At smaller price; wealth need I not, If power, fame and love be got, No other things for me I claim."

And while the youth stood there and sought To sell his life, the world went by; And deeper glowed his eager eye, And on his brow came lines of thought.

"Ah, well—if, on this present earth, I cannot work my little will! Let power go. For others still, When I am dead, shall know my worth."

"And fame shall lead to power. So, A life no longer young, but strong, Is going, going for a song— Come, world, and make your bid! What, no?"

He spoke, and then with softer eye, And calmer voice, and kinder mood, He drew a man, as there he stood; But never went the world him by.

"Look, then—I bade the price again: Let fame go with the rest—'tis but The applause of them we value not, Which lets us show them our disdain."

"A life for sale! A man's! The same In strength and use, if older now— Come bid, great world! to thee I bow And ask not love—'tis all I claim."

"Oh, dear, dear world, give me but love And take my life most freely sold." He cried— "The world's great wheels still rolled."

In silence on their iron groove. When next he spoke, his hair was gray, "I sell this life for what it brings, I ask not of thy precious things, Give me but rest—'tis all I pray."

But still the careless world went by— The while his gray beard on his breast, He offered now his life for rest, And still stood there and did not die.

—Scribner's Magazine.

The New Man at Rossmore

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

She shuddered at the memory of the supper-table over which she had presided the night before rushed over her. She stretched her hands despairingly out over the blue and white patchwork quilt, but drew them quickly back with a gesture of disgust. She loathed patchwork quilts; she loathed patchwork of any sort—all the while, perhaps, bitterly conscious that she was making a very sorry piece of patchwork out of her own life.

The harsh, voiced clock struck 7. She supposed she ought to be up. The clock's voice made her think of Squire Thorne. He had gotten up at the first peep of daylight, through the green and white blinds, and had gone clattering noisily about in his heavy man boots through the bare-floored halls and the long galleries. It was a prime article of Squire Thorne's belief that to get up at the merest hours of 4 in summer and 6 in winter must result in his ultimate health, wealth and wisdom. It mattered very little that things on his place were notoriously at sixes and sevens; that his flocks of sheep were diminishing with suspicious rapidity; that his fields bristled with ambitious young shrubs and saplings; that his cabins were more shabby and unsafe than anybody else's. All that was the inevitable outcome of "freedom." He did his duty by getting up at daybreak, mounting old Whitey and riding through the quarter lot, where a few sleepy curs yelped drowsily at his heels, or a plowman or two would leisurely nod to him, as with bridles and collars thrown across their shoulders they would saunter in the direction of the mule lot. Squire Thorne hoped much from the moral effect of his own presence so early in the morning; after which he was content to return to the house and sit with idly folded hands, ruminating, with knitted brows, as he chewed savagely upon the ends of his wiry gray mustache until the mules entered the lot hard by to be breakfasted. On this special morning, with amiable consideration, he had informed his wife he "wouldn't hurry her. He reckoned she was sorer wore out with her trip. She could take her breakfast just when she'd a mind to."

She had heard him go down the few steps that led from the gallery to the yard and canter away on old Whitey. Had she been awake or dreaming since those early morning sounds? She was afraid she had been wickedly self-indulgent in that time. It was no portion of her intention to look back now that she had put her hand to the plow. She would be ready for breakfast at the usual hour. Half-past 7, the old woman who was housekeeper and cook and chambermaid all in one—old Lucy—had said was the breakfast hour at Rossmore.

Do what she would, Mrs. Thorne looked absurdly incongruous as she came out of her room at the startling summons of a bell which had been selected with a view to summoning the squire from a distance. Following the sound of this bell, she found herself in the long back gallery, at the end of which the bell-ringer, planted on the lower rail of the banisters, extended her arm full length, to send the clamorous summons as far as possible. Mrs. Thorne stood motionless until the clangor ceased and Aunt Lucy climbed down from the banisters.

"Where is Mr. Thorne, Aunt Lucy?"

"Down 't' crib, I 'lows. He mos' gen'ly sees 't' puttin' out de feed hisself. He's a stirrer, de is! Fo' de lan', but you is a rare fine bird sho'."

Aunt Lucy put the bell on the lintel over the door, and, wiping her hands on her blue checked apron coolly proceeded to "feel of" the crisp silk plait-

ings on Mrs. Thorne's merino wrapper.

"Dees y' dress dis way ev' y' day en Sun'y too, honey?"

The squire's wife laughed. A laugh became her admirably.

"Cause of you does, thar'll be trouble twix' you on him, chile. I gives you far warnin'." Watch my words, chile. He's a close 'un, he is. I'll mount nigh mek him sick 't' think uv your er sloshin' sech a coat es that out ev' y' day. One trip cross de mud 't' de hen-house 'll 'bout finish dat coat."

"Is breakfast ready? If it is, bring it in." Mrs. Thorne's voice was coldly authoritative. This sudden and stately assertion of authority on the part of the new mistress was injudicious.

Aunt Lucy had been supreme in authority up to that moment. She resented this rude dethronement. She turned away in wrathful silence, and Mrs. Thorne walked away to examine the front premises, in happy ignorance that she had made an implacable foe of her cook.

Notwithstanding their best efforts in that line, the Thornes had never succeeded in quite shearing nature of her beauty. As is the fashion where land is more plentiful than anything else, the front yard at Rossmore comprised several acres of ground, in which grew a dozen or more grand old oaks, towering cottonwoods, and, in spasmodic recognition of the beautiful, some owner had planted crape-myrtles profusely in the spaces between the natural growth. These in their season beautified the premises with a soft pink flush that was a pleasant relief from the universal greenness. On one side of the premises was an orchard, where the plum trees were in full bloom, and the peach trees were putting out tentative blossoms. A purple wisteria clambered carelessly about a slim young locust tree so near the gallery that Mrs. Thorne could stretch her hand to where its purple ones mingled with the white clusters of the locust, in sweet confusion.

A one-sided view of Rossmore would have given either an entirely pleasant or unpleasant impression. Turning from the blossom-clusters out yonder in the orchard, and the nearer beauty of wisteria and locust bloom, Mrs. Thorne faced immediately toward a rail inclosed lot where twenty or thirty mules were standing on either side of a huge trough, taking their breakfast with their work-harness jangling about their necks and heels. A drove of hogs of all ages and sizes struggled and grunted with reckless disregard for the forest of hoofs beneath which they wrangled for the fallen grain. Old Whitey, with his bridle-bit swinging loose upon his neck, grazed about the lot, making the best of the short respite between the mules' feeding time and the master's.

The master himself was perched on the top rail of the fence, maintaining his precarious position by hitching his feet under a lower rail. He was whistling and watching to see that the feed was not stolen from his poultry of some "cussed free darkey."

With his hat pushed far back on his head, he had a keenly alert look, suggestive of a ferret on the lookout at a rat's hole. He was not a comely object. Mrs. Thorne's glance did not rest peacefully on that side of her new home. She turned back to the wisteria, and crushed a purple cluster in her hand with a merciless gesture.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MAJOR AT HOME.

When Mr. Southmead, the evening before, had brought his short biographical notice of Squire Thorne to a close, he and Major Denny, with whom he had spent the afternoon snipe-hunting, separated at the forks of the road with that inevitable hand-grip which must be given, according to the offensive cordiality of Southerner, even where two restless hoes enter a dumb protest against the uselessness of such gush by putting sudden and inconvenient space between the clasped hands.

The major rode slowly homeward through the darkening woods. The horse he bestowed knew the road better than he did. It had been a part of his purchase when he had suddenly concluded to make his home on a cotton plantation. With his hands clasped over the gun that lay across the pommel of his saddle, he whistled a light tune in the absent-minded fashion men have when their thoughts are busy with weightier things, while their souls are attuned to peaceful harmony. Stirling Denny's nature was essentially a healthy one. Things had not gone with him just as he had intended they should when he was mapping out his campaign for life in his arrogant youth. Then the world had been little more than a pebble in a sling; since then he had come to regard himself as the pebble and the world as the sling—which is the beginning of wisdom. Some contend that a man's temperament is entirely a matter of good digestion, cheerfulness and a healthy liver being synonymous terms. If this be so, then the major did not deserve any special credit for that serenity and cheerful equilibrium that made him at all times so delightful a companion.

He was well beloved by the people on Rossmore. As he reached the big white gate that opened from his field into the road along the river front, a trio of small darkeys rushed tumultuously from the nearest cabin, and six small black hands clutched enthusiastically at the big wooden latch to open the gate for "Boss"—which term is the universal compromise between ante bellum servility and the formal requirements of freedom. "Massa" is too obsolete, and "Mr." too repellent.

A few yards more, and he was at his own gate. The fence was in an unregenerate condition. It was as he had found it, not as he intended it should be. The needs of the plantation are always paramount to those of the family. At present, the major's family consisted of himself alone. He never passed through this rickety front gate without picturing to himself the sort of gate he intended to have when he should have put new roofs on all the cabins, repaired the gin house, and built a decent corn-crib. He glanced toward the large house, in which he had so much more room than he well knew what to do with, locating his imaginary gate on an air line with the big front door. The bull-bats were circling low in search for their supper of insects. The fire-flies glared in the dark, and the faint perfume of the early hyacinths left by his predecessors floated in the still air. It was a peaceful sort of solitude he lived in, with no room for gloom nor possibility of discord. The white gleam of a newspaper flung on the floor by some one who rose suddenly from one of the large gallery chairs caused the major to start in surprise. He had left no one behind him capable of reading a newspaper, he had extended no invitations for visits from his former associates at the North. Mr. Southmead was the only white man who had entered those doors since he had been the owner of Rossmore, and him he had just left miles away. The reader had discovered him in the act of dismounting, and slowly descended the steps, as if not quite certain of his welcome. His garb was somewhat seedy, but his bearing was that of a gentleman. While his form was slighter and his face less strongly marked than the major's, there was considerable likeness between the two men.

"How are you, Stirling?" He extended his hand with a nervous attempt at ease as they came together in the hall.

"Manton!"

"There's more surprise than welcome in your voice," said the major's unmoved guest, with an uneasy laugh.

"It's an undoubted surprise. I thought you were in Europe. I did not know half a dozen people knew of my present location. How did you discover it?"

Major Denny led the way back to the portico, his guest by his side. It was evident both men were ill at ease.

"You have no reason to go into hiding," said the new-comer, rather surlily, as they reached the gallery and he picked up the paper he had thrown down, folding it up with unnecessary precision as a sort of vent for his embarrassment.

"None, individually; only, when a man has started out in life with big ideas of what he is going to do, and finds himself about as insignificant as a fly on an ox's horn, he don't care to pose before the world as an exemplar or a warning to posterity; he prefers to efface himself. Had anything to eat since you came?"

"Nothing since leaving the boat at your landing."

"Where are you from immediately?"

"Memphis."

The major disappeared within doors. When he returned, he said in a voice not yet entirely divested of a certain resentful coldness: "Margaret will attend to your wants. Will you smoke before tea?"

"No, thanks! You are snug here. You always did land on your feet."

Major Denny lighted a cigar, and puffed at it in silence, if not in serenity. The other man spoke again presently in a weakly, complaining manner:

"And on my back! I've had a damned hard time, Stirling, since I saw you last. Wall Street played the very mischief with me."

"Wall Street has a good deal to answer for," Stirling said, in a coldly, unsympathetic voice.

"Without adding my sins to it, you mean! You are as plain-spoken as ever. The construction of your sentence is skillful."

"When did you return from Europe?"

"I have been back a year."

"A year! Do you regard coming back at all a sensible or a safe thing? What have you been doing since your return?"

"Nothing." He contented himself with answering the last question only. "How? Do you find it profitable?"

"Do I look as if I did? I'm as seedy as a beggar. You are dressed like a gentleman. But you always did have the luck of it."

"What are your plans for the future? You know I don't believe in luck."

"Plans? I can't say that I have any beyond my present intention of paying my brother Major Stirling Denny a good long visit."

"A little cool, aren't you?"

The major laughed in a mirthless sort of way.

"No—simply desperate. You won't drive me away, Stirling. I know you are not glad to see me. I did not expect you would be. Nobody ever is. But you'll not drive me away, I'm sure of that. For mother's sake you will let me stay."

He had touched the right chord. "Poor, dear mother!"

Stirling Denny's voice softened over the words; then, rising suddenly, he went and stood over the brother whom he had not seen for fifteen years, whom he had never desired to see again; for, as far back as memory went, Manton Denny had been a source of sorrow and trouble to everyone connected with him; and it had only been through the major's own individual efforts that the

name of Denny had been rescued from downright disgrace. He had given up his entire patrimony and a large share of his earnings as a lawyer to clear Manton from the peril of exposure in a very scandalous transaction, and had breathed freely only when he had put the ocean between himself and the brother who was a source of anxiety and nothing more. Indeed, it was Manton's fault that he was now an obscure cotton planter, making the best of a dismal necessity, rather than a lawyer at the brilliant bar of New York City. The name of Denny had been smothered there by his brother, and the entire place grew unendurable by consequence. He had looked forward to an aftermath of peace and comfort in this obscure corner of the earth, which might, perhaps, compensate him, in a measure, for the brilliant prospects he had been compelled to yield up. As he looked down now upon Manton, vigorous, handsome, youthful, he wondered that so fair a seeming should have so little support from moral sense or moral courage.

Something had always been lacking to this brother of his. He dared not hope that time had supplied that something.

"Manton," he said, with a sternness that became his strong physique better than smiles, "you have asked a great favor of me for my mother's sake. I do not want you here. I came here to be at peace. I can not say yet that I will consent to your making this your permanent home. I am not ungrateful. I feel so. I can not entirely forget what you have made me suffer. Here there will be absolutely no opportunity for the exercise of your evil proclivities. That your proclivities are still evil your penniless condition betrays. If you stay with me, I shall expect you to assume certain duties, and to perform them. You have asked me in our mother's name to receive you. How often have I, in the wretched past, pleaded vainly with you in her dear name?"

"Curse it all!" Manton broke in, wrathfully. "If you have turned preacher, tell me so, and let me move on. I don't care to be impealed on a fresh pin at every turn. I've come here for a rest. I doubt very much if I could exist among your bats and frogs very long. I don't feel altogether like an interloper. I suppose I have some right here. I take it for granted you bought this place with father's money."

"You take too much for granted. Every cent of our father's money went to keep you out of—"

Stirling stopped, sighed, and added: "This is my home, Manton. You shall remain a guest in it so long—"

"As I behave myself," the other said, with a mirthless laugh. "You have not forgotten your old trick of pressing down the links into the festering flesh."

"I have no desire to press down the links. I only wish I could honestly make you cordially welcome. I simply wished we should understand each other at the outset."

He stepped down into the yard, lighted a fresh cigar, and walked out through the gate to the river bank, where Manton could trace his restless promenade by the red gleam of his cigar. Presently he too got up and joined his brother in his walk.

"Stirl," he said, and his voice was husky, "if you'd rather not have me, I'll go again. You know I'm not a Denny now. I'm a Craycraft. I shipped for home as Manton Craycraft. Nobody will know me for your brother, but—"

For the first time in his life Stirling Denny derived a sort of satisfaction from deception. The deception was another, but it was necessary.

"Stay," he said; "no doubt you are safer here than anywhere else in the United States. But, by the eternal, Manton Denny—"

"Craycraft!" Manton corrects him calmly.

"If you commit any fresh act of—"

"Villainy! Put it strong."

"Although the same mother bore us, and I revere her memory as that of a saint, I will—"

"Do what?"

Manton's well assumed contrition had fled at the first sign of concession on his brother's part. He placidly seated himself on a pile of cotton-seed sacks, and fell to clinging clods of dirt far out into the swift rushing current of the river. He started at Stirling's hand fell heavily on his shoulder:

"You had best go into your supper now; we can talk together better to-morrow. I am sorry I could not feel more glad to see you."

Manton rose and stretched himself leisurely.

"Leave out the gush! I'm not exacting. Good-night. You're certainly landed on your feet here. Pretty place. You always were the lucky one."

Repenting of the discourtesy he had put upon this most unwelcome prodigal by sending him into a solitary supper, the major threw away his cigar presently and followed his brother into the house.

"How are you getting on?" he asked, taking his own place at the table.

"Moderately well. Your cook is not a cordon bleu. By the way, how are you off for neighbors?"

"There are a few other white people living in the county."

"How near are the nearest?"

"Within six miles of me."

"Oppressively close. What's the name?"

"Southmead."

"And your next?"

"The Thorne place; thirteen miles off."

"Thorn! That must be the old fellow to whom I am indebted for your address. I heard in New York you had bought a plantation in Arkansas."

I was in the mountains of Virginia this summer, well—hiding, let's call it—and there was a gray old curmudgeon stopped there: when I found he was from Arkansas, I questioned him about you. He don't love you."

"No? I don't think we have ever met."

"He's one of the unreconstructed. He was accounted rich, but, unfortunately, cruddy and disagreeable."

"The same man, in all probability."

"This old man was trying to get married when I left the mountains. He succeeded before he left there. He brought a wife home to-day."

"Have you seen her?" Manton asked, with vivid interest in his voice. "No, but she is said to be young and handsome."

"Poor thing! She came to it I suppose!"

"You knew this lady, then?" Major Denny asked, quickly, always on the alert for something underhand in his brother's actions.

"Yes, as one boarding in a lodging-house knows another. There was a pitiful story about when I first went to this place, about this Miss Agnes Murray, if she is the present Mrs. Thorne. She was a teacher burdened with the support and education of a young brother. The lad was with her for vacation, and the story went that he had gotten into a devil of a mess with a lot of gamblers and moonshiners, and that old Thorne had paid him out of it, and agreed to send the boy to college, on condition of the sister's marrying him. I suppose she made the sacrifice. But," he added, with unnecessary energy, "all that happened before I got there." Then he pushed his chair back, and walked back to the front gallery.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Gladstone and Manning.

Mr. Gladstone, in a letter on the late Cardinal Manning, says: "My relations with Manning were very peculiar. At first they were those of a mere acquaintance between two undergraduates, and lay wholly on the surface. Then came a close and intimate friendship of fifteen years, founded entirely upon interests in religion and the Church. Then came his change, simultaneous with that of my yet closer friend, Hope Scott, which was altogether the severest blow that ever befell me. In a late letter to me the Cardinal termed it a quarrel. My reply said it was not a quarrel but a death. That was truth. There had since been vicissitudes, but I am quite certain that to the last his personal feeling never changed and that he kept his promise, made in 1851, to remember me before God at the most solemn moment."

A Noble Work.

The Star of Wednesday has the following:

"Lady Mary Howard, the sister of the Duke of Norfolk, is a Sister of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul. The institution over which she presides at Mill Hill is one of the most beautifully situated and complete of its kind in the country. The Sisters have from four to five hundred little boys under their charge, all rescued either from East-End work-houses or the still more sordid and evil surroundings of their own homes. The little fellows are dressed, cared for, and educated by the good Sisters until they reach the age of twelve, when they are transferred to homes under the guardianship of priests. Lady Mary Howard takes a particular interest in teaching the boys knitting and crocheting work, and is always