Catarrhal and

of Peruna he seems like a different -Romulus Z. Linney. ressman A. T. Goodwyn, Robinrings, Ala., writes: "I have now ie bottle of Peruna and am a well day.-A. T. Goodwyn.

Senator W. N. Roach from Lari-I.D., writes: 'I have used Pea tonic. It has greatly helped trength, vigor and appetite." ressman H. W. Ogden from Bena., writes: "I can conscientiously mend your Peruna."—H. W.

ressman H. W. Smith from Muroro, Ill., writes: "I have taken ttle of Peruna for my catarrh and very much benefited."-Geo. W.

ressman David Meekison from on, O., writes: "I have used l bottles of Peruna and feel greatly ted thereby from my catarrh of

tor Mallory, of Pensacola, Fla., Peruna, and have recommended as a tonic and a safe catarrh rem-Stephen R. Mallory. tor M. C. Butler, ex-Governor of Carolina, writes: "I can recom-

Peruna for dyspepsia and stomach ."-M. C. Butler. tor W. V. Sullivan from Oxford writes: "I take pleasure in rending your great national catarrh eruna, as the best I have ever -W. V. Sullivan.

tor J. M. Thurston from Omaha. rites: "Peruna entirely relieved ressman H. G. Worthington from , writes: "I have taken one bot-Peruna and it has benefited me

sely."-H. G. Worthington. ressman Howard from Ft. Payne rites: "I have taken Peruna for pe, and I take pleasure in recom--M. W. Howard.

ressman Willis Brewer from sville, Ala., writes: "I have ne bottle of Peruna for lazsitude, take pleasure in recommending

u do not derive prompt and satisresults from the use of Peruna. t once to Dr. Hartman, giving a tement of your case and he will sed to give you his valuable adess Dr. Hartman, President of

TEDDERS.

r is the latest improved, today-4½, 5, 5½ feet cuts.



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ew cata logue. APANY, LTD. KAMLOOPS.

J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE

Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood iblicly in court that Dr. J. Collis was undoubtedly the inventor odyne, that the whole story of ndant Freeman was literally and he regretted to say it had brn to.—Times, July 13, 1864. bilis Browne's Chlorodyne is the nd most certain remedy in , Colds, Asthma. Consumption, gia, Rheumatism, etc. ollis Browne's Chlorodyne Is bed by scores of Orthodox prac-s. Of course it would not be ingularly popular did it not a want and fill a place."—Mednes, January 12, 1885. ollis Browne's Chlorodyne is a

cure for Gholera, Dysentery, ea, Colics, etc. None genuine without the Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorothe stamp. Overwhelming testimony accompanies each sole manufacturer, J. T. DAV-I. 33 Great Russell Street, Sold at 1s. 11/6d., 2s. 9d., 4s.

cate of Improvements.

EEKLY-TWO WEEKS

Thorn, Rose, Jen. Puring Billy on Mineral claims, situate in the lining division of Renfrew Discated: Gordon river, Port San ice that I, H. E. Newton, F. M.
36, and as agent for C. J. NewNo. B 72487, R. A. Newton,
0 B, 72488, R. T. Godman, F. M.
435, intend, sixty days from
reof, to apply to the Mining Rea Certificate of Improvements,
pose of obtaining a Crown Grant
ve claims.
her take notice that action, un37, must be commenced before
e of such Certificate of Improve-

is 13th day of June, A.

The Editor's Class

The Ed

since, and nothing has been since, since, incompleted the exact terms of the submission to arbitration which took place in regard to this particular line, however, look and the British possessions. The canadian commissioners that no fairer precedent for arbitration could by the United States and the British possessions. Exard to this question, a glance at map will show the position of affect of protecting the different parties that this is reversy is one of those which is reversed difficult to settle by reason of wide divergence between the compositiveness with which these he gathered, the contention of the ed States in, regard to the boundary of the different parties and the melons?" said the judge. "Oh, with the result that the line should from the southermost point of the sout

A young man just of the army under the short term and reserve regulations, was asked if he had seen any active service.

"Wall, now," he replied, I have been puzzled over my discharge ever since receiving it. Although I was never abroad, on the paper they gave me credit for having been at the Nile."

Curlosity being expressed to examine this blunder of the War Office, the discharge was handed round, when it was discovered that the column readed "Foreign Service" had been filled in with the short but telling term "Nil." which evidently he had taken for "Nile."

Verses Grave and Gay.

INGERSOLL'S LAST PORM. Thave no falsehoods to defend-We want the facts, We want the facts,
Our force, our thought, we do no
spend
In vain attacks,
And we will never meanly try
To save some fair and pleasing ite.

The jeweled cup of love we drain
And friendship's wine
Now swiftly flows in every vein
With warmth divine;
And so we love, and hope, and dream
That in death's sky there is a gleam,

We love our fellow man, our kind,
Wife, child, and friend,
To phantoms we are deaf and blind,
But we extend
The helping hand to the distressed,
By lifting others we are blessed. The hands that help are better far
Than hips that pray.
Love is the ever gleaming star
That leads the way,
That shines not on vague worlds of biles,
But on a paradise in this.

eath a door the cannot say;

All to not know—we hope and we do not when Mr. Alder might have found sitting in his own rooms unfolding or trying to unfold his sorrows and difficulties to his most intimate friend, Jack Hartwell, a man moulded by nature to receive confidences. "I cannot do it," said Alder, in tenes of unqualified depression; "at one moment I remember that she is looking at me, doubtless taking note of my many absurdities, and I stand before her speech less—"

"One would imagine frem your de notion that she was a basilisk," sai with good-humored contem withinty," said the le Under the hills the long fields lie, and the still woods stretch between.

And never a breath stirs the yellow rrenor ripples the wheat's pale sheen.

And the little farms in the hollows seem to doze to the croon of the dove;

But the shadows reach from the West at last,

And the slow-footed hours creep on and are past,

While I in my hammock swing and dream of you, and the night, and love.

h, lagging minutes that bring joy home,

and swift that bear it away.

How fast we would fill the dark to come with the hours we grudge the day!

So many years shall the earth swing on, that our brief bilss recks not of, While our time runs out like a tale that is told, while our time runs out has a said is told, and the warmth of our youth in the dusk grows cold,

But I shall not care if we both drift down through the long, long night with love.

—Caroline Duer, in July Smart Set.

Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin,
At what age does love begin?
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen,
But a miracle of sweets.
Soft approaches, sly retreats,
Show the little archer there,
Hidden in your pretty hair;
When didst learn a heart to win?
Prithee tell me, Dimple-Chin!

"Oh!" the rosy lips reply,
"I can't tell you if I try,
'Tis so long I can't remember;
Ask some younger lass than I!" Tell, oh, bell me, Grizzled-Face, Do your heart and head keep pace! When does hoary love expire, When do frosts put out the fire? Can its embers burn below All that chill December snow? Care you still soft hands to press Bonny heads to smooth and bless? When does love give up the chase? Tell, oh, tell me, Grizzly-Face!

"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,
"Youth may pass and strength may
But of love I can't foretoken.
Ask some older sage than I!" "What's the penalty for bigamy?"
"Two mothers-in-law!" — July Smart

A HOAX AND A WIFE.

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"She wishes it, I am certain," said her mother.

"And he wishes it, too," said her father, "if only he could command his tongua."

"Then let us manage to get their wishes fulfilled," said her sister.

"We have done all we can," sighed the parents, "and it would be such a nice thing for them both."

"It shall be my own enterprise now," said the sister, "and it would be such a nice thing for gen to the such a nice thing for them both."

"It shall be my own enterprise now," said the sister, "and it he ball to-night at Lady Pedant's shall furnish me with a field of operations."

"Alas." said Miss Edith, burying her face in her handker-chief, "the occasion is too painful."

A sense of exasperation seized Mr. Alder. "For the love of heaven let me understand your meaning."

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A sense of exasperation seized Mr. Alder. "For the love of heaven let me understand your meaning."

"Alas." said Miss Edith, "it is only too clear."

"I'm damned if it is," cried Mr. Alder, patience and courtesy alike failing him.

Miss Edith raised her head to the handker-chief, "the occasion is too painful."

A sense of exasperation seized Mr. Alder. "For the love of heaven let me understand your meaning."

"Alas." said Miss Edith, the said it is only too clear."

"I'm damned if it is," cried Mr. Alder, patience and courtesy alike failing him.

Miss Edith raised her head. "It is not I who deserve to be sworn at," she said, proudly.

Mr. Alder would have given the world. a field of operations."
"What will you do?" said the father, with obvious curiosity.
"I must preserve secrecy," was the answer given with confident import-

ance,
"You will fail," said the mother.
"I hope not. I don't intend to be defeated by a stiff young woman and shy young man."
"Eva is stiff," said Lady Kinstall,
mournfully. "Mother as I am, I cannot

"Eva is stiff," said Lady, Kinstall, mournfully. "Mother as I am, I cannot deny it."
"Deuced stiff," echoed Sir John, "though it's her father that says so."
"She shan't stop me," said Miss Edith, "she shall owe a husband to a sister."
"And Mr. Alder is so timid," said Lady Kinstall.
"And so devilish silent," said Sir John.

John.
"I shall wake him up," said Miss Edith. "A pair of gloves on the event, father."
"Ten to one," said Sir John, heartily. "Oh, don't encourage the child to bet," expostulated Lady Kinstall.
"The bet's booked, mother, and father can prepare to pay," said Miss Edith, as with a light step she quitted the family conclave.

doubtless taking note of my many absundities, and I stand before her speechless—"One would imagine frem your description that she was a basilisk," said Hartwell, with good-humored contempt.

"She is a divinity," said he lover, indignantly, "lovely as Venus, but awe inspiring as Minerva."

"Why waste such eloquence on me?" said Hartwell. "Keep it for the idol who perhaps may consider it pretty."

"You don't expect that I could say such things to her?" asked Alder.

"Not yet," said Hartwell, "but with practice you might be able to do so."

The entrance of a servant at this point interrupted the conversation, and a large letter marked "Immediate" was handed to Mr. Alder, whose hands trembled as they eagerly reached forward to seize the document. As he read it, once, twice, and yet a third time over, Mr. Hartwell was offered an opportunity of studying the various degrees of amazement of which the human countenance is capable. At length, with an air of absolute stupefaction, Alder deposited the letter on a table, and as he did so ejaculated one of the most emphatic "Wells." which have ever sprung from mortal lips.

"You seem a bit puzzled," remarked Hartwell.

"The proudest, haughtiest girl that Scotland ever saw," murmured Alder.

"What? Has Miss Kinstall ignored her Highland blood and started a correspondence with you?" exclaimed Hartwell.

"The mystery is complete," said Alder.

well.

"The mystery is complete," said Alder.
"I love mysteries," said Hartwell," and have a gift for unravelling them. Allow me a sight of the communication which has thus upset you."

"Not for the world," cried Alder, hastily, "and yet," he added, more thoughtfully, "what harm can it do?

Yes, read it."

"Mr. Hartwell read:
"Miss Eddith, with a little laugh.
"You heard me," returned Miss Eddith, tranquilly. "It is the sole means of restoring her dignity."
"But she would sorn me?" said Alder, "Do you imagine that I do not know Eva?" asked Miss Eddith.
"No, no, of course not," said Alder, "but the step would be so audacious."
"Do you contemplate an existence of slient love?" said Miss Eddith, with a little laugh.
"You heard me," returned Miss Eddith, tranquilly. "It is the sole means of restoring her dignity."
"But she would scorn me?" said Alder, "bo you contemplate an existence of slient love?" said Miss Eddith, with a little laugh.

you had better not write, but endeavor to make your peace at the ball tonight. Take the spectacles with you."

"I cannot wear them," said Alder uncomfortably. "They would make me look more foolish than usual."

"In that you must be guided by oir."

"At Mrs. Pollerby's last night," said

When Mr. Aler arrived at Lady Pedant's house he found himself almost immediately addressed by Miss Edith Kinstall. "Good evening," she said, and to his uneasy mind her bearing indicated reproach.

"My sister," said Miss Edith, very gently.
"I shall never dare to speak to her again," said Mr. Alder, forgetting the puzzle that had been set before him, and recurring to the train of his previous reflections.
"You, will give her no chance of expiating her offence?" said Edith. "It is just, I acknowledge, and yet, I dreamed that you might be more merciful."
"Offence! merciful?" exclaimed Mr. Alder, "but the crime is mine."

said, proudly.

Mr. Adder would have given the world to run away, but he lacked the courage to move. He stood still as a statue, though his blushes bore witness to his living misery. living misery.

1 think I am mad," he said at last. "I think I am mad," he said at last.
"I have no excuse to offer for my conduct. You can never pardon me,"
"At once," said Miss Edith, eagerly, "but I am always a lenient indge. I would that it were before me that my sister's cause had to be tried."
"If I could only guess at what you are talking about," said Alder, but now speaking with the greatest meekness.
"Do not pretend ignorance," said Miss Edith, sharply, "that would be baser than all."
"I assure you," hears Mandal.

hanth, sharply, "that would be baser than all."

"I assure you," began Mr. Alder, but Miss Edith interrupted.

"Mr. Alder," she said, "you have insulted me and I have forgiven you. Cannot you also forgive?"

"Anything, anyone," cried Mr. Afder.

"Then my sister may be pardoned," said Miss Edith.

"But what for?" entreated Alder.

"No subterfuges," said Miss Edith, sternly, but then softening her manner, she proceeded. "You will not deny that my sister has written to you, that she has sent you an insolent gift, that in a moment of insanity she has committed herself in such a way as to excite your merited indignation and to make herself wretched." nerited indignation and to make herself vretched.

wretched."

"The letter, the spectacles," stammered Mr. Alder, "they did surprise me, I confess, but I fancied that a joke was intended."

"No, Mr. Alder," said Miss Edith, "No, Mr. Alder," said Miss Edith, gravely. "When you say that you were surprised you express your true feelings. Of course you were surprised, and of course you were very angry, too. It was inexcusable, quite inexcusable, but poor Eva, I believe it will nearly kill her."

"Kill her!" echoed Mr. Alder.
"That she should have taken so stronge.

"Kill her!" echoed Mr. Alder.

"That she should have taken so strange a liberty with one who is scarcely more than an acquaintance. Had you been an intimate friend, indeed—"

"Oh, Miss Edith," interrupted Mr. Alder, desperately overcoming his shyness, "but I did hope I was a friend, and I want to be—" he sought for a proper phrase.

and I want to be—" he sought for a proper phrase.
"Poor Eva," repeated Miss Edith.
"I love her," cried Mr. Alder, suddenly finding words. "I have loved her, worshipped her, adored her. If I could but dare to tell her so! But she would spurn me, and that I could not bear."
"Mr. Alder! can I trust to my ears?" said Miss Edith, slowly, and gazing earnestly into his face as though she were

said Miss Edith, slowly, and gazing earnestly into his face as though she were
trying to test his veracity.
"Upon my soul!" cried Mr. Alder.
"You seem honest," said Miss Edith.
I believe you. Then you cannot desire
my sister to be hamiliated."
"Humiliated! Oh, Miss Kinstall?"
"You will rescue her as you alone can
do, from the ignominious position in
which she has conshipment.

do, from the ignominious position in which she has so rashly placed herself."
"I will do anything," cried Alder.
"Then ask her simply to become your wife," said Miss Edith, with a little laugh.
"What!" exclaimed Alder, with flushing cheeks.

"Miss Eva Kinstall presents her compliments to Mr. Alder, and begs to send him a pair of spectacles which she hopes he will make use of at Lady Pedant's ball. She has failed to procure any rose-colored ones, as though quite common in Scotland, such things do not seem to exist in London. She regrets extremely that she did not know sooner that he suffered from defective vision. Penhaps Mr. Alder is not aware that at Mrs. Pollenby's dance last night he passed and repassed, cut and recut her and her family over and over again with a most insulting show of indifference."

"Why man you gave me idea that your young lady was rull of starch, whereas she seems to be as ready for a lark as any girl can be—"The tone of that letter is utterly out of harmony with her character," said Alder solemnly.

"What do you know of her character," said Alder solemnly.

"You mean you doubt her authorship?" inquired Hartwell.

"I can't tell," said Alder.

"You will save her from life-long self-reproach," said Miss Edith. smiled.

"I can't tell," said Alder.

"You will save her from life-long self-reproach," said Miss Edith smiled.

"It was a vary of was a vary few minutes Miss Edith observed with satisfaction that he best air he could assume, and in the space of a very few minutes Miss to be done," as she space of a very few minutes Miss to be there and consequently I only looked in for a few minutes myself, but to be there and consequently I only looked in for a few minutes myself, but to be there and consequently I only looked in for a few minutes myself, but to be there and consequently I only looked in for a few minutes myself, but to be there and consequently I only looked in for a few minutes myself, but to be there and consequently I only looked in for a few minutes myself, but to be there and consequently I only looked in for a few minutes myself, but to be there and consequently I only looked in for a few minutes myself, but to be there and consequently I only looked in for a few minutes myself, but to be there and consequently

look more foolish than usual."
"In that you must be guided by circumstances," said the counsellor, "but at all events put them in your pocket."

When Mr. Alder arrived at Lody

When Mr. Alde

speaking in the most downing it issued, though with excessive surprise.
"Not there?" cried Alder.
"Certainly not. Only one of us was invited, and Edith went."
"But the letter!" he blurted out in and to his uneasy mind her bearing and cated reproach.

"She must have been one of the family whom I cut last night," he thought.
"Shall I apologize at once, or wait till she speaks?"

"So you cannot forgive," said Miss Eva, with something like a frown.
"Some silly mistake or hoax," answered Aider, readily, and prudently attending to the warning signal. "But if you knew the relief your words have given me! I was assured that I had cut you, and for hours I have been oppressed by the terrible thought that it was possible for me to be unconscious of your presence. Conceive the joy, the

"surely it is you—" and he stopped in confusion.

"I feared it was impossible," said Miss Edith. "With any other man hope would have been even absurd, but with you—" and she stopped.

"I am bewildered," cried poor Mr. Alder; "Miss Kinstall, can you not explain?"

"My sister," said Miss Edith, very gently.

"I shall never dare to speak to her you of my luck. I hope you won't be jealous?"

"Was possion.

your presence. Conceive the joy, the delight, with which I have learned that no such horror has taken place."

"How foolish you are!" said Miss Eva, with a smile that was eloquent. "But you spoke of a hoax; who can have attempted such an idiotic bit of mischief?"

"Who, indeed?" said a merry voice behind them, "but Eva, I have not told you of my luck. I hope you won't be jealous!"

jealous!"

"No," said Eva, looking very happy,
"what is it?"

"Why, father is going to make me a
present of ten pairs of the most superexcellent gloves. Isn't it kind of him?"

I dare do all that may become a man; who dares do more is—a woman!—July Smart Set.