CHEAP A

THE

Toronto

The great ... sures its posi... of Toronto. ... Toronto and its ... and villages within a radius of one h... on the lines of the Grand Trunk (east and ... Great Western, the Northern, the Credit ... Toronto and Nipissing, and the Toronto ... Bruce railways. The large and rapidly ... circulation of THE WORLD on the one ... its reasonable rates on the other, must ... to all classes of advertisers as a most de... dium of communicating with the public.

Two regular editions of THE WORLD ... lished daily—one at noon and the other at 5 ... In a few days three regular editions will be issu... Extra editions are also published whenever there is news of sufficient moment to demand them. Advertisements are inserted in all editions at the price of a single insertion.

ORDINARY RATES

for casual advertisements are as follows:—

Commercial advertisements, FIVE CENTS nonpareil line, each insertion.

Advertisements other than commercial, viz., legal, election, financial, and amusement, TEN CENTS per nonpareil line, each insertion.

Reports of meetings and financial statements of banks, railway, insurance and monetary companies, TEN CENS per line nonpareil.

Paragraphs among news items, double the ordinary rates.

Special notices twenty-five per cent. advance on the ordinary rates.

Condensed advertisements on the first page, HALF A CENT per word, each insertion.

CONTRACT RATES

for display advertisements, per line, subject to change of matter, are as follows:—

INSERTIONS.	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	12 mos
Daily	$0 75	$1 50	$2 50	$4 00
Every other day		1 00	1 50	2 50
Twice a week		75	1 25	2 00
Once a week		50	75	1 25

CONDENSED ADVERTISEMENTS

on the first page are charged at the following rates:

Situations Wanted and Help Wanted, FREE.

Properties for Sale, Houses or Stores to Rent, Houses or Stores Wanted, Board and Lodging, Rooms to Let, Rooms Wanted, Articles for Sale, Articles Wanted, Articles Lost or Found, Professional or Business Cards, Business Chances, Money to Lend, Personal, and Miscellaneous, TEN CENTS for twenty words, and one-half a cent for each additional word, for each insertion.

Contracts for Condensed Advertisements

of twenty words or under, and subject to change of matter, are made at the following rates:—

INSERTIONS.	1wk.	1 mo.	3mos	6mos	12mos
Daily	$0 50	$2 00	$5 00	$9 00	$17 00
Ev'ry other day.		1 25	3 00	5 50	10 00
Twice a week			2 25	4 00	7 00
Once a week			1 25	2 25	4 00

Extra words at corresponding rates.

Do you want mechanics? Advertise in the World, FREE.
Do you want a clerk? Advertise in the World, FREE.
Do you want a servant? Advertise in the World, FREE.
Do you want help of any kind? Advertise in the World, FREE.
Do you want a situation? Advertise in the World, FREE.
Do you want boarders or lodgers? Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Do you want a boarding-house? Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS
Have you furnished rooms to let? Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS
Have you a house or store to let? Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Do you want to rent a house or store? Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Have you any property for sale? Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Do you want to lend or borrow money? Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Do you want to sell or buy a business? Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Have you lost or found anything? Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Do you want to sell *anything!* Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Do you want to buy *anything!* Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.

Let Everybody Advertise in the World.

A CARD THIS SIZE—TWENTY WORDS—every day for a year, $16 50; every day for six months, $9.

This is equal to a little over FIVE CENTS for each insertion.

A CARD THIS SIZE—FIVE LINES:

	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	12 mo.
Daily	$3 75	$7 50	$12 50	$20 00
Every other day	2 25	5 00	7 50	12 50
Twice a week	1 75	3 75	6 25	10 00

This is equal to a little over SIX CENTS for each insertion.

A CARD THIS SIZE, TEN LINES:—

	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	12 mos
Daily	$7 50	$15 00	$25 00	$40 00
Every other day	5 00	10 00	15 00	25 00
Twice a week	3 75	7 50	12 50	20 00
Once a week		5 00	7 50	12 50

This is equal to less than THIRTEEN CENTS for each insertion.

A CARD THIS SIZE, TWENTY LINES:—

	1 mo.	3 mos.	7 mos.	12 mos
Daily	$15 00	$30 00	$50 00	$80 00
Every other day	10 00	20 00	30 00	50 00
Twice a week	7 50	15 00	25 00	40 00
Once a week		10 00	15 00	25 00

This is equal to a little over TWENTY-FIVE CENTS for each insertion.

A CARD THIS SIZE, THIRTY LINES:—

	1 mo.	3 mos.	6 mos.	12 mo
Daily	$22 50	$45 00	$75 00	$120 00
Every other day	15 00	30 00	45 00	75 00
Twice a week	11 25	22 50	37 50	60 00
Once a week		15 00	22 50	37 50

This is equal to less than FORTY CENTS for each insertion.

It will pay you to Advertise in THE WORLD.

Address all Communications to

THE WORLD,
TORONTO.

FOR LOVE'S SAKE ONLY.

"He could not live under suspicion," says Rosamond.

"Well; he may have been right. But I am afraid he will not find it easy to bring the guilt home. Rosamond, I am sure you must have taken me for an idiot all these months—and I assure you it is not paying me a compliment."

"How, Frances?" Rosamond inquires; but she laughs.

"Do you think I don't know all about you and that surly cousin of mine? Rather! Did you think I was blind when we used to meet him in the woods or on the terrace, and you would both look so defiant, and yet steal odd glances at each other when you thought you were unobserved? Ah, my dear, I'm not quite such a goose!"

Rosamond looks attentively at her bunch of violets.

"Yes, he answers laconically.

She has seated herself in Rosamond's chair, beside the sofa, and he looks at her with a great light in his hollow eyes.

"I think you are a long time getting well, 'Miss Lynn says, in a scolding tone. "I believe you find it so pleasant to lie here in a kind of a dream, 'far from the madding crowd,' with Rosamond to act as your good angel, that you are in no hurry to come down to wordly affairs again."

"I find it very melancholy work," Hugh answers, shaking his head.

She sees the thin hands, the gaunt cheeks, the feverish eyes, and her own fill with unbidden tears. Rosamond gives an exclamation.

"Oh, there is a rabbit coming through the hedge, and another actually nibbling at my sweet-pea!" and she straightway hurries down to banish the intruders.

When she comes back—in about twenty minutes—two troubled hearts are at rest. Hugh is vanquished. He lies on the sofa holding Frances Lynn's hand, with a new gladness transfiguring his face.

"He means to get well for my sake," she tells Rosamond, with a happy little smile.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONCLUSION.

The newspapers arrive at Lynn at three o'clock in the afternoon of the day of issue Mrs. Carlisle generally brings her paper up if she happens to be in the village—if not, Jerry Stamp carries it up, together with the letters and the milk, at about half-past four.

So Rosamond generally has the benefit of it over her five-o'clock tea, and she always looks through its columns in the vague hope of seeing something in it about the discovery of Saxon Lynn's murderer—and always she looks in vain.

It is three months now since the April evening when Hugh and Frances Lynn came to an understanding; and yet the owner of Lynn Royal has not come back. The grand old house is shut up; the gardens are kept in the same exquisite order as ever, but no one sees them except strangers. The dust gathers on the marble floors, the furniture stands, ghostlike, in holland shroudings, the great rooms are desolate and unused. Where is the master of all this splendour, where is the bride that he had hoped to bring home to this fair demesne? He is wandering in a foreign country, she is pining in her bower, while the April showers are followed by the white May blossoms, and these again by June roses and July lilies, and even August tangles of honeysuckle and clematis—and still he does not come.

She has heard from him from time to time, but only that he has not yet found the object of his unceasing search. His letters are dated from many strange places, which he has gone to on perhaps furtile journeys, led by some vague trace of the man he seeks, or some shadowy report or other. That he will eventually succeed in tracking this unknown perpetrator of so foul a deed he seems to have no doubt whatever. He does not tell Rosamond the grounds on which he rests this unshaken faith. Perhaps he does not want to raise hopes which may be doomed to disappointment; perhaps he is unable to express in words his own instinctive convictions. Be this as it may, he does not tell Rosamond more than that he has not yet succeeded in in finding his man.

Rosamond is going back to London. Lady Staines is peremptory in her command to her niece to return at once to her house. If this mail engagement she has entered into is ever to come to anything, the desirable event will be just as likely to take place in London as at Lynn. Lady Staines does not approve of an intended bridegroom spending his time in travelling about the world instead of setting his house in order. She is lonely too, and misses the bright companionship which has enlivened her for six or seven years. So she orders Rosamond home, on pain of her lasting displeasure. Rosamond, compelled to acquiesce in her aunt's arrangement, with a heavy heart makes her preparations for departure.

The August weather is sultry and oppressive, the air is faint with the perfume of the clematis that hangs its foam-white drifts over the garden door and along the garden wall. Rosamond, standing in the window of the little sitting-room, watches the same garden door with half-listless eyes. It is four o'clock—nearly time for Jerry Stamp's arrival with the newspaper. Hugh is out about his parish work—Hugh grown stalwart and stout again, and more like the old Hugh of college-days than ever.

He is to be married to Frances Lynn in the spring. Already they have made a hundred plans for their future life. They are to build a new parsonage—a pretty cottage, half Swiss chalet, half Indian bungalow; they are to repair the church, and plant the churchyard with ornamental shrubs; they are to get an organ, and to put up a stained-glass memorial window to poor Saxon, with his monogram above, and the Lynn motto, "*Et victam impendere hero,*" below; and, in short, Hugh is to be a model parson and Frances a model parson's wife. They write to each other every day, and Hugh labours hard at his sterely-real work, with all these fairy visions woven like a gold thread through the rougher fabric of his life.

Rosamond feels that he can get on very well without her now. His great need for companionship is over; he is no longer unhappy, no longer lonely, for Frances occupies all his thoughts, not now to the saddening thereof. This gives the sister a little pang, but at the same time she is glad to see Hugh happy once more. She must have left him in any case, and it is well that her going will not be a grief to him. Sorry to lose her he is, of course, but her presence is not indispensable to him any longer. His food will be sweet, however badly cooked, his evenings pleasant, however solitary, since the thought of his beloved is even present with him—and that thought is better than any other reality.

So the brother and sister, while they sit side by side, are each dreaming their own dream—a dream with which the other has nothing to do. They like to be together—there is sympathy in silence between such good comrades as they have always been—but each thinks out his or her own musing, and does not impart it to the other.

Rosamond is to leave Lynn on the morrow. It is her last evening in this little parsonage of which she has grown fond for Associations' sake. She likes to look out at the elms, to listen to the busy cawing of the rooks. The first time she ever saw Gyde Despard was under those old trees. How long ago it seems since then! And the old weather-stained church-tower reminds her of the day when he swung himself down by the rotten bell-rope, at the risk of his neck. How cruel she was to him—how cold and rude! Why should she have been angry with him for wishing to hear her play! Was she really angry? This question she leaves unanswered, even to herself.

Here is Jerry Stamp at last. Rosamond leaves the open window, and goes herself to take the newspaper from the boy's hand.

"Thank you, Jerry," she says, looking down at the ragged little urchin. "I am going away to-morrow, so good-bye, and here is half a crown for you."

Jerry grins as the coin falls into his dirty little palm and bounds away with a whoop like the war-whoop of a red Indian, without even assigning a sorrow he cannot just at that moment feel.

Rosamond carries the newspaper upstairs. She does not expect to find anything in it about the subject so near her heart. She has been disappointed so often that she has ceased to hope. It is often just at this juncture that the longed-for thing arrives.

Almost the first words that meet her eyes are the following, though they are in small type, and not in a conspicuous part of the paper:—

"STRANGE DISCLOSURE: CONFESSION OF A DYING MAN.—We copy the following from an American paper of a late date, but cannot vouch for its accuracy. Time will show whether the startling disclosure here made has any foundation in fact. In the great south-western hospital, New York, there has just died a man calling himself Edward Lynam Lynn. Everyone will remember the shocking tragedy which took place last year at Lynn, Marlshire, England—we mean the murder of Mr. Saxon Lynn of Lynn Royal. The murderer could never be discovered, though every possible means was used for his apprehension. It appears that the above Edward Lynam Lynn was the perpetrator of the crime, and—what makes the affair still more horribly tragic—was the brother of the murdered man. The father of Saxon Lynn, before inheriting the property, had been of a rather wild and reckless disposition, and had gone to America, perhaps in search of adventure, perhaps to seek that which his father denied. He had not been heard of for more than a year, when his father's death made him the owner of Lynn Royal. He made his appearance quickly enough then, in answer to advertisements in the American papers, and soon afterwards married Lady Katherine L'Estrange, by whom he had first a daughter and secondly a son—the late lamented owner of Lynn Royal.

"But it appears that Edward Lynn had married, while in America, a person of extremely low origin, who had died soon after that marriage, leaving an infant son. On the news of his accession to his father's estate, he had deserted the infant, who had henceforward been adopted by its mother's family. These people, shrewd and patient, had kept their own counsel while the lad was a minor. But they had managed to find out what position his father held in England, had heard of his death, and of the younger son's accession to the property, though still without making any move. Edward Lynam Lynn, when he dug for gold in California, or did lumbering work with his mother's people, little guessed he was the owner of twelve thousand a year.

"But, when the boy came of age, the Yankee uncle told him who he was, and what was the future that opened out before him. And, as soon as he could gather together the necessary funds—which was a year or more, for they were poor people—the young man started for England, promising all kinds of remembrances to the friends who had been kind to him in their own way for so many years.

"And now comes the tragic part of the story.

"It appears that Edward Lynam Lynn's story gained no credence in London. No lawyer whom he consulted would have anything to say to the case. His proofs—a copy of his mother's marriage certificate and of his own birth registration—were looked upon as forgeries, and he was almost penniless before he wrote to Saxon Lynn himself, as a last resource. He wrote, demanding an interview on particular business, and vaguely hinting at some secret he had to disclose. It is not known what he expected his brother to do, or why he fixed upon so late an hour as twelve o'clock for their interview; but he himself has confessed, when on his death-bed in the New York hospital, that he brought a revolver in his pocket, determined to threaten his brother into restoring his rights. He came down to the little village of Lynn by a night train, walked up to the house by a short cut pointed out to him by a pedlar he met on the road, and also directed by a letter he had received from his brother, who had evidently wished their interview to be as secret as possible, perhaps hoping to bribe him into returning to America without putting in any further claim. However that may be, at twelve o'clock at night, with the snow lying on the ground, he went up to Lynn Royal, and had the memorable interview with his step-brother which ended so fatally.

"It was a short and stormy one. Both were passionate. The elder was driven to desperation by repeated disappointments, and, goaded to fury by the scorn and utter incredulity of the younger brother, with the recklessness of a San Francisco bully, as it appears he was, took out his revolver and, in a sudden fit of fury, shot him dead. Then he made his escape as he came, and left the village, just as the dawn was breaking, without being observed.

"This was the story of the dying man, imparted to the chaplain of the hospital. It appears that he had worked his passage back to America, giving up all idea of ever again putting in his claim to the property—had been stricken with fever soon after his arrival, and had died confessing his crime, and apparently deeply penitent for the same. Surely 'truth is stranger than fiction,' and in this episode lies romance enough for a three-volume novel of the most sensational calibre."

So ended the account in the newspaper. Rosamond reads on, scarcely comprehending what she reads. Then, as the full significance of the recital forces itself upon her, she bursts into tears of intense thankfulness, and wonders whether Gyde Despard knows of this strange, unhoped-for proof of his innocence.

The rest of the evening she spends in visions of the future not shadowed by a cloud, except the small cloud of Despard's absence. But she feels sure that he will soon come back, that he too will have seen this wonderful confession, the truth of which he will no doubt take further steps to prove.

Hugh does not come back to dinner; he is busy in the village. She is sorry for this, as she wishes to tell him the good news, and make him participator in her joy. But she is too happy to feel lonely. She knows he will be back at eight, or nine at the latest; and at eight she goes out into the garden to watch there for his arrival.

It is a glorious moonlit night; the white radiance lies silently on pathway and flower-bed, the sleeping flowers stand up ghostly in the weird light. Every leaf casts a distinct shadow, every white blossom shows out of the gloom. Everything looks so familiar, and yet so strange, that Rosamond can hardly believe that it is the garden she knows so well, though she has often seen it by this light before.

Wandering down the garden-walk, she thinks of what it will be to be the owner of Lynn Royal. She pictures it as it lies under the moonlight, fair and unreal-looking as a dream. How the light gleams along the long lime-alleys, and through the tall arches round about the fountain! How it shivers in the dark water, and wavers through the trees overhead! How it brings out all the quaint carvings of oriel and buttresses and tower, and throws long shadows of the silent statues across the terrace! How beautiful it is! And it will soon be hers and his—nay, it is his already, his own beautiful home!

Then she pictures him to herself; and the picture is so vivid that she does not hear the garden door open—does not see Hugh standing at it without entering—does not perceive Gyde Despard striding towards her with impatient outstretched arms. But, when the arms have taken her into their clasp, when he bends his head to whisper "My darling!" then she knows that her dream has become a reality, and that the reality is with her.

THE END.

WORLD WAIFS.

Russell Sage is all that his last name implies.

Most fruit-growers in the south are orangemen.

Garfield began at a canal and Grant is going to end there.

Hangemann is the appropriate name of a Pennsylvania judge.

Vennor is to become an American citizen. We have long feared this blow.—Detroit Free Press.

Funds were left by Miss Lisetta Reist that Tower street, London, might be perpetually sprinkled with sand, to keep horses from slipping.

Sir Thomas Hesketh, who recently married the daughter of Senator Sharon, is, according to London Truth, a lineal descendant of the infamous Judge Jeffreys.

Rosa Bonheur, Mlle. Doda and Madame Abicot, together with five sisters of charity, are the only women, it is said, entitled to wear the decoration of the legion of honor.

The Princess of Wales is said to be so deeply grieved by the death of the little Grecian princess, her niece, that the festivities at Sandringham will be much abridged.

A service was recently announced at St. Matthews', Sydenham, London, "for children of the upper classes." Whereupon the following amendment to the well-known saying was promptly offered by a newspaper commentator: "Suffer little children of the upper classes to come unto me."

After the death of Adelaide Neilson, her former husband, Mr. Philip H. Lee, was remarried to his second wife. By the decree of the divorce which Miss Neilson obtained in New York, he was prohibited from remarrying, and the marriage he had contracted was regarded as invalid. The second ceremony was performed recently in Boulogne, France.

Lady Martin, formerly Miss Helen Faucit, the actress, and now the wife of Sir Theodore Martin, author of the "Life of the Prince Consort," has written two letters on the characters of Ophelia and Portia, which have been printed for private circulation, in which she gives Modjeska precedence as an actress over Bernhardt.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton has written a letter to her countrywomen, urging them to write their own full names, affixed to documents, letters and college catalogues. Looking over the latter she has seen Susie, Kittie, Libbie, instead of Susan, Katharine, Elizabeth, and she says a boy would be laughed to scorn who should allow himself to be called Jimmy, Johnny, or Dickey. There is a moral influence, says this reformer, in a dignified name, representing a lifelong individual character.

It is announced that Prince Philippe de Bourbon, who offered himself to Miss Ayer, of Lowell, Mass., and was refused, is engaged to her mother, and the wedding is shortly to take place in Paris. The Prince is older than the mother, and is far less attractive in person and purse. He is, however, related to the King of Spain, the King of Italy, the Queen of Portugal and the King of the Belgians. Mrs. Ayer, is the widow of the celebrated druggist, whose mixtures and pills made him one of the richest men in this country.

A Singular City.

De Amicis, speaking of Constantinople, says: "We can light our cigars in Europe and drop the ashes in Asia. Rising in the morning, we can inquire, 'What part of the world shall I visit to-day?' There is a choice between two continents and two seas. * * * Will you hear an Arabic legend related by a professional story-teller, or will you go to the Greek theatre? hear an Imaum preach? see the sultan pass by? Ask and receive. All nationalities are at your service: the Armenian to shave you, the Jew to black your boots, the Turk to show you to your boat, the negro to shampoo you in your bath, the Greek to bring you your coffee, and every one of them to cheat you. If you are thirsty as you walk about, you can refresh yourself with ices made from the snows of Olympus; you can drink the water of the Nile, like the Sultan; or, if you have a weak stomach, the water of the Euphrates; or, if you are nervous, the water of the Danube. You can drive like the Arab of the desert, or like the gourmand at the Maison Doree."

According to a Chicago doctor the consumption of opium in that city is alarming. He says that fifty druggists have 235 regular customers.

At a restaurant—Gentleman to waiter passing—"Will you kindly tell me the hour?" Excuse me, I am not waiting upon you; please ask the waiter of your section," he replies, and seeing the same says: "Tell this gentleman, John, what time it is."

DOBYN'S SURE CURE.

Has never failed to cure

CATARRH, NEURALGIA, and Nervous Headache.

Cold in the Head, Stoppage of the Nasal Passages, Deafness, Dizziness, Dimness of Sight, and all kindred complaints arising from neglected Colds and Exposure.

Patended in Canada, February 14, 1880.)

SOLD UNDER THE FIRM NAME OF DOBYN & MITCHELL

CURE GUARANTEED.

If our 'Sure Cure' is regularly and persistently used as directed by labels on each box, we guarantee relief in every case, and an absolute cure in all cases where the patient is free from constitutional ailments.

Signs of Catarrh.—Sickening and disgusting mucus from the nostrils, or upon the tonsils, watery eyes, snuffles, buzzing in the ears, deafness, crackling sensations in the head, intermittent pains over the eyes, fetid breath, nasal twang, scabs in the nostrils, and tickling in the throat, are sure signs of this dread disease.

OUR TERMS.—We express or mail DOBYN'S SURE CURE to any part of the Dominion for ONE DOLLAR PER SINGLE BOX, or THREE BOXES FOR TWO DOLLARS. In ordering, please write your Name, Post-office and County plainly, and send money by Post-office Money Order, or by Registered Letters. Address all orders to the Canadian Agents and Manufacturers,

C. POMEROY & CO.,
351 *85 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO*

BANKING INSURANCE ETC.

THE DOMINION

FIRE INSURANCE COMP'Y

Is Deservedly Popular for its

LOW RATES, PROMPT SETTLEMENTS

and Liberal Treatment of its Patrons.

TORONTO BRANCH OFFICE,

NO. 9, TORONTO ST.

WILLIAM FAHEY,
General Insurance and Financial Agent.

J. GREENLEES, Jr.,
ESTATE AND INSURANCE AGENT,
Office:—No. 11 KING STREET WEST,
TORONTO. tf

IMPROVED HOWE SCALES!

GEO. F. HAWORTH, Agent,
65 Yonge street, Toronto.
2 4, 6.

J. DIXON,
THE PHOTOGRAPHER!
CHEAPEST IN THE CITY.
201 to 203 YONGE STREET

SLEIGHING PARTIES
WILL FIND
FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATIO
AT
Scarboro' Heights Hotel.
FOR TERMS APPLY
CITY LUNCH ROOMS,
61 King Street East.
e o a tf

GENERAL HAT JOBBING
Silk, Soft, Stiff Hats made over.
Soft Hats made into Stiff Hats.
LATEST BLOCKS.
Silks Turned on Shortest Notice.
Steam Hat Works, 67 Yonge St

G. N. LUCAS,
STEAM DYE WORKS,
388½ YONGE STREET.

NOTICE.—This is the only place where ladies and gentlemen can be sure of getting their old clothes cleaned, dyed and finished equal to new. Gentlemen's clothing re-made, repaired or turned by first-class workmen only. We warrant all our cleaning and dyeing not to shrink or stain, in which we defy competition. City orders called for and returned. N. B.—Beware of canvassers. We keep none.

LOVELL BROTHERS!
BOOK AND JOB
Steam Printers & Publishers
Fine work of every description a Specialty.
Attention given to Book Work. Estimates given on application.
31 AND 41 MELINDA STREET TORONTO.

13 CENTS, 4-POUND LOAF,
FAMILY BREAD,
EXTRA QUALITY.
DELIVERED DAILY.
CRUMPTON'S BAKERY 171 KING ST. E.

CHAS. M. LARSEN
Manufacturer of all kinds of Lacquered and Enamelled Woodwork, Turning and Carving in
WOOD, HORN, AND IVORY,
BILLIARD BALLS
Turned and colored a specialty.
MEERSCHAUM AND AMBER GOODS REPAIRED.
77½ KING STREET WEST.
TORONTO.

MIRROR AND Picture Frames
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION,
MADE TO ORDER
AT
COOK & BUNKER'S
36 King Street West.

Toronto Steam Laundry,
54 and 56 Wellington St.
COLLARS AND CUFFS 20c. PER DOZEN.
Parties wishing no glo will please put on list, "No Gloss."
G. P. SHARPE

THE

Toront World.

A Live 1-Cent Evening Newspaper.

Written for the People and in the People's Interest.

THE WORLD CONTAINS:

The Latest Telegraphic Dispatches.
The Day's Doings in the City.
Legal Intelligence.
City Sketches.
Municipal Affairs.
Market Reports.
Short and Pointed Editorials.
Fraternal Intelligence.
Church News.
Political Pencilings.

ADVERTISERS
Will Find in
THE WORLD
A Valuable Medium for Reaching a Large and Desirable Class of Customers.

OUR RATES ARE
EXCEEDINGLY LOW!
And Now is the Time to Make Contracts.

NEW TYPE, FAST PRESS, GOOD WORKMANSHIP.

OUR NEW OFFICE
Is located at No. 4 KING STREET EAST where all orders may be left.

Buy The World from the Newsboys and at the Bookstores.

Country Newsmen, send in your orders, and they will be promptly filled.

SUBSCRIBE!

SUBSCRIBE!

FOR

$2.50

We will send THE WORLD, postage prep from now till January 1, 1882.

The Cheapest Daily in Canada

Address all communications to

THE WORLD,
TORONTO, ONT.

COAL, WOOD AND COKE.

Leave your orders for COAL, WOOD and COKE at the YORKVILLE COAL, WOOD, COKE and GENERAL EXPRESS OFFICE, and obtain what you pay for in weight and measure.

T. FISHER, Proprietor,
62 YONGE STREET, YORKVILLE.

Orders taken for Express work and Removal of Furniture promptly attended to at FISHER'S EXPRESS OFFICE, 539 YONGE STREET, TORONTO, and 62 YONGE STREET, YORKVILLE. e-o-w

JAMES NOBLE,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
No. 100 Yonge Street.

CINGALESE HAIR RENEWER

IS WITHOUT DOUBT THE
BEST PREPARATION FOR THE HAIR
that has been presented to the public, for restoring it to its natural color, and leaving it soft and glossy.

It stops falling of the Hair.
It removes Dandruff.
It cools the Scalp

IT RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS ORIGINAL COLOR AND BEAUTY.

PRICE 50 CENTS.

Its continued use, by those with Bald Heads, will produce a beautiful new head of hair. Every one recommends it. For sale by JOS. DILWORTH, 168, and J. DAVIDS & Co., 171 and 264 King street east. 246

ESTABLISHED 1869.
Ontario Steam Dye Works and Clothes Cleaning Establishment.
334 YONGE STREET, Opposite Gould, TORONTO—
THOMAS SQUIRE, Prop.
The only house in Toronto which employs first-class PRACTICAL MEN to press Gentlemen's Clothes.

THE
CROMPTON CORSET
COMPANY.
Manufacturers of Superior CORSETS.
42 YORK ST. TORONTO.

SANITARY.
Water closets thoroughly cleaned and deodorized by the Excelsior Orderless Excavating Company. Honest, sober, and quiet men only employed. Orders by post promptly attended to.
R. W. MARSHMENT & CO.,
City Contractors, 50 Adelaide street east

GO TO NOLAN'S,
69 Queen st. West,
FOR
CHEAP BEDROOM SETS
AND ALL SORTS OF
Household Furniture!
Also—Cheap Cook Stoves.

MR. C. M. WINTERCORBYN

BEGS to return his sincere thanks to his many friends, and citizens of Toronto generally, for the support hitherto accorded to him during the last three years, and he assures them that no efforts shall be spared to retain their confidence in the future. He would intimate that from lack of time at his disposal too tend personally to the wants of the public, he has suggested the different Druggists throughout the City with his Compound which is put up in labels containing full directions.

A personal interview if necessary, can be had during the hours of from 10 to 12 noon, and 2 to 4 p.m., at his office 144 King street west.

C. M. WINTERCORBYN,
Sole Manufacturer of Slavonic Hair Restorer

SPERMATORINE

The new French Medicine cures Spermatorrhœa, IMPOTENCE, NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness, the results of Errors, Excesses, Causing Premature Decay of the Vital Powers, Loss of Memory, Unfitness for Business, Obstacles to Marriage, etc. Sold by druggists everywhere. Wholesale: LYMAN BROS. & CO. Sent securely sealed on receipt of price. 75c. per box; 3 for $2. Address, "Imperial Medicine Agency, Toronto."

EVERY ONE WISHING TO ECONOMIZE
SHOULD BURN
ALL RAIL COAL!
It is More Lasting and is Superior to all others.
BY PURCHASING FROM
GEO. F. BOSTWICK,
22 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,
You will get it Fresh, Dry & Clean.

CANADA SCALE COMPANY,
102 Adelaide street east,
Is the best and cheapest place in the city to buy scales. All kinds of scales adjusted and stamped. Charges low. JAMES G. WHITE & CO.

NIL DESPERANDUM.'

TRADE MARK. Important to Nervous Sufferers.

Before Taking

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Affections, including spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, etc., result of Self-abuse, Indiscretion, etc., in GRAY'S SPECIFIC MEDICINE. This is the only remedy which has ever been known to permanently cure Palpitation of the Heart, Consumption in its early stages, Rushing of Blood to the Head, Wind in the stomach, Indigestion, Loss of Memory, Want of energy, Bashfulness, Desire for Solitude, Low Spirits, Indisposition to Labor on account of Weakness, Universal Lassitude, Pain in the Back, Dim TRADE MARK. ness of Vision, Premature Old Age, etc. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we send securely sealed, on receipt of a three-cent stamp. The Specific is now sold by all Druggists at $1 per package, or six for $5, or will be sent free by mail on receipt of money, by addressing

After Taking.

THE GRAY MEDICINE CO
TORONTO.