

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.

Independence, Texas, Sept. 26, 1882.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Has been used in my household for three reasons: 1st. To prevent falling out of the hair. 2d. To prevent too rapid change of color. 3d. As a dressing.

It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully, WM. GARRY CRANE.

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious substances. It prevents the hair from turning gray, restores gray hair to its original color, prevents baldness, preserves the hair and promotes its growth, cures dandruff and all diseases of the hair and scalp, and is, at the same time, a very superior and desirable dressing.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

THE LINE SELECTED BY THE U. S. GOV'T TO CARRY THE FAST MAIL



GOING WEST. ONLY LINE RUNNING TWO THROUGH TRAINS DAILY FROM CHICAGO, DENVER & ST. LOUIS.

TOURISTS AND HEALTH-SEEKERS Should not forget the fact that Round Trip Tickets at reduced rates can be purchased via this Great Through Line to all the leading resorts of the West and South-West including the Mountains of COLORADO, the Valley of the Yosemite, the



30 DAYS TRIAL OR 30 DAYS' TRIAL. BEFORE - AND - AFTER. Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days' Trial.

Imperial Austrian Vienna City Bond. These bonds are shares in a loan, the interest which is paid out in premiums four times yearly.

4 Bonds @ 200,000 florins = 800,000 fl. 1 Bond @ 50,000 " = 50,000 " 1 Bond @ 30,000 " = 30,000 " 2 Bonds @ 20,000 " = 40,000 "

INTERNATIONAL BANKING CO. (Fulton St., cor. Broadway, New York City, ESTABLISHED IN 1874.)

NOTICE: The Canada Advertising Agency is now open at 29 King Street West, Toronto.

WHERE A MOTHER FOUND HER CHILD.

(From the San Jose Herald.) Mrs. William Kennedy, who lives on Fourth street, missed her 4-year-old son Carl, and in a state of great anxiety made search for him up and down the various streets in that vicinity, when she was attracted by seeing some people running wildly about on the corner of Fourth and St. James streets, and upon approaching the dwelling house of Dave Williams, nearly fainting with terror when she saw the frightened people pointing with their fingers to her little son, who was hanging to a ladder on the windmill tank seventy or eighty feet from the ground. One little hand grasped the ladder and with the other he was reaching out for some pigeons that were sitting almost within his reach.

Palpitation of the heart, nervousness, tremblings, nervous headache, cold hands and feet, pain in the back, and other forms of weakness are relieved by Carter's Iron Pills, made especially for the blood, nerves and complexion.

Eighteen hundred Smiths, all relatives of Peter Z. Smith, had a family reunion last week at Peter Z.'s country residence at Peapack, N. J.

GAIN Health and Happiness.

Are your kidneys diseased? Are your nerves weak? Are you suffering from diabetes? Have you liver complaint? Are you troubled with piles? Are you rheumatized? Ladies, are you suffering?

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT-WILD STRAWBERRY CHOLERA INFANTUM. ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS. Sold by all Dealers.

SERIOUS HOURS OF A YOUNG LADY.

Translated by a Catholic Priest. This book has received most flattering encouragement from the highest ecclesiastical sources.

HISTORY OF ANTI-CHRIST. Or an exposition of certain and probable events which concern the "Man of Sin." His time, his reign and end (according to Holy Scripture and Tradition).

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL Superior Court, No. 203. Dame Eugenie Perreault vs. the City of Montreal, wife of Pierre vs. Henri Marion, of the same place, trader, duly authorized to enter in justice against her said husband, Defendant. An action for separation as to property, has been instituted in this cause.

LOVE AND MONEY

By CHARLES READE. (From "It's Never Too Late to Mend," Griffith's "Cash," "Put Yourself in His Place," &c., &c.)

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued

"I must interrupt you," said Grace. "I cannot let such a man as you excuse yourself to a girl of eighteen who has nothing but reverence for you, and would love you if she dared."

"Then all I can say is that you are very mysterious, my dear, and I wish you would speak out."

"Oh, she said it was plain enough. The fellow had forbidden you to own the marriage, and you were an obedient wife; and, like women in general, strong against other people, but in a weak reading of a woman."

"I think, sir, you have a son whose name is Walter."

"I have a son, and his name is Walter," said the Colonel, stiffly.

"I'm afraid not," said the meek and tuneful ecclesiastic. "I am acquainted with the lady—a most respectable person—and she has shown me the certificate of marriage."

"I think not, sir," said the footman. "What is he like?"

CHAPTER XXV.—RETRIBUTION. Monckton, during his long imprisonment at Dartmoor, came under many chaplains, and he was popular with them all; because when they inquired into the state of his soul he represented it as humble, penitent, and purified.

Monckton was equal to the occasion. "You are quite right, sir," said he. "And what business has she to put me forward as evidence of a transaction I never witnessed? I shall tell her you expect to see her, and

they brought him up at night and clucked him like a dog on to the smouldering coal; one-half of him was charred away when Monckton found him, but his face was yet untouched. Two sturdy miners walked to and fro as sentinels, armed with hammers, and firmly resolved that neither law nor gospel should interfere with this horrible execution."

Even Monckton, the man of iron nerves, started back with a cry of dismay at the sight and the smell. "One of the miners broke into a hoarse, uneasy laugh. 'You needn't to skirl, old man,' he cried, 'You're not a man; he's nobbut a murderer! He's fired t'mine and made widows and orphans by t'score.'"

"The wretches!" said Monckton. "What fire a mine! No punishment is enough for them. With this sentiment he retired, and never went near the mine again. He hired for a pal, and established him at the Dun O'Clock. These two were in constant communication."

Monckton's friend was a very clever gossip, and knew how to question without seeming curious, and the gossiping landlady helped him. So, between them, Monckton heard that Walter was down with the fever and not expected to live, and that Hope was confined to his bed and believed to be sinking.

After the first introduction, Monckton intoned very gently that he had a communication to make on the part of a lady which was painful to him, and would be painful to Colonel Clifford; but, at all events, it was confidential, and if the Colonel thought proper, would go no further.

"I have a son, and his name is Walter," said the Colonel, stiffly. "The fact is, sir," said musical Monckton, "that he left your house about fourteen years ago, and you lost sight of him for a time?"

"I'm afraid not," said the meek and tuneful ecclesiastic. "I am acquainted with the lady—a most respectable person—and she has shown me the certificate of marriage."

"I think not, sir," said the footman. "What is he like?"

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that it is her duty to clear up the affair in person. Suppose it should be another of those 'Walter Hope' after all? (What a relief!) Well, supposing it has, what then? 'Well, you know, ladies are not early risers; will twelve o'clock do?' 'Twelve o'clock to-morrow, sir,' said the Colonel."

The sham parson took his leave, and drove away in a well-appointed carriage and pair. For we must inform the reader that he had written to Mr. Middleton for another hundred pounds, not much expecting to get it, and that it had come down by return of post in a draft on a bank in Derby.

Stout Colonel Clifford was now a very unhappy man. The soul of honor himself, he could not fully believe that his own son had been guilty of perjury and crime.

"I can," said Grace. "Ah, something has happened since we parted; somebody has told you: that man with a certificate?"

"I saw enough to break my heart. I saw that on a certain day, many years ago, one Lucy Muller had married Walter Clifford."

"I have a son, and his name is Walter," said the Colonel, stiffly. "The fact is, sir," said musical Monckton, "that he left your house about fourteen years ago, and you lost sight of him for a time?"

"I'm afraid not," said the meek and tuneful ecclesiastic. "I am acquainted with the lady—a most respectable person—and she has shown me the certificate of marriage."

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temptuously. "He was obliged to say she would, just to put a face upon it. To-morrow he'll bring an excuse, instead of her. You have your detectives about, for he is villain; and, dear sir, please, receive him in the drawing-room; then I will find some way to get a sight of him myself."

"It shall be done," said the Colonel. "I begin to think with you. At all events, if the lady does not come, I shall hope it is all an imposture or a mistake."

"With this understanding they parted, and waited in anxiety for the morrow, but now their anxiety was checked with hope. To-morrow bade fair to be a busy day. Colonel Clifford, little dreaming the condition to which his son and his guest would be reduced, had invited Jem Davies and the remaining parties to feast in tents on his own lawn and drink his home-brewed beer, and they were to bring with them such of the rescued miners as might be in condition to feast and drink copiously. When he found that neither Hope nor his son could join these festivities, he was very sorry he had named so early a day; but he was so punctilious and precise that he could not make up his mind to change one day for another. So a great confectioner at Derby who sent out fruit was charged with the affair, and the Colonel's own kitchen was at his service too. That was not all. Bartley was coming to do business. This had been preceded by a letter which Colonel Clifford, it may be remembered, had offered to show Grace Clifford. The letter was thus worded:

"COLONEL CLIFFORD.—A penitent man begs humbly to approach you, and offer what compensation is in his power. I desire to pay immediately to Walter Clifford the sum of £20,000 I have so long robbed him of, with five per cent interest for the use of it. It has brought me far more than that in money, but money I now find is not happiness."

"The mine in which my friend has so nearly been destroyed—and his daughter, who now, too late, I find is the only creature in the world I love—that mine is now obvious to me. I desire by deed to land it over to Hope and yourself, upon condition that you follow the seams wherever they go, and you give me such a share of the profits during my lifetime as you think I deserve for my enterprise. This for my life only, since I shall leave all I have in the world to that dear child, who will now be your daughter, and perhaps never design again to look upon the erring man who writes these lines."

"I should like, if you please, to retain the farm, or at all events a hundred acres round about the house to turn into orchards and gardens, so that I may have some employment, far from trade and its temptations, for the remainder of my days."

"In consequence of this letter a deed was drawn and engrossed, and Bartley had written to say he would come to Clifford Hall and sign it, and have it witnessed and delivered."

"About nine o'clock in the evening the detectives called on Colonel Clifford to make a private communication; his mate had spotted a swell mobster, rather a famous character, with the usual number of aliases, but known to the force as Mark Waddy; he was at the Dun Cow; and possessing the gift of the gab in a superlative degree, had made himself extremely popular. They had both watched him pretty closely, but he seemed not to be there for a job, but only on the talking lay, probably soliciting information for some gang of thieves or other. He had been seen to exchange a hasty word with a clergyman; but as Mark Waddy's acquaintances were not amongst the clergy, that would certainly be some pal that was in something or other with him."

"What a shrewd girl that must be!" said the Colonel. "I beg your pardon, Colonel," said the man not seeing the relevancy of this observation. "Oh, nothing," said the Colonel; "only expect a visit to-morrow at twelve o'clock from a doubtful clergyman; just hang about the lawn on the chance of my giving you a signal."

"Thus while Monckton was mounting his batteries, his victims were preparing defence in a sort of general way, though they did not see their way so clear as the enemy did. Colonel Clifford's drawing room was a magnificent room, fifty feet long and thirty feet wide. A number of French windows opened on to a noble balcony, with three short flights of stone steps leading down to the lawn. The central steps were broad, the side steps narrow. There were four entrances to it; two by double doors, and two by heavy curtained apertures leading to little subsidiary rooms. At twelve o'clock next day, what with the burst of color from the potted flowers on the balcony, the white coats, and the flags and streamers, and a clear unshady day gliding it all, the room looked a "palace of pleasure, and no stranger peeping in could have dreamed that it was the abode of care, and about to be visited by gloomy Penitence and incurable Fraud. The first to arrive was Bartley, with a witness. He was received kindly by Colonel Clifford and ushered into a small room. He wanted another witness. So John Baker was sent for, and Bartley and he were clearest together, reading the deed, each when a footman brought in a card. "The Reverend Alley Merdith," and written up underneath with a pencil, in a female hand, "Mrs. Walter Clifford."