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APTY

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CARTER'S
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PILLS.

CURE

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was another stillness; Cytherea made a

movement which caused a faint rustling

of the bed-clothes.

Before she had time to think another

thought a light tap was given. Cytherea

breathed; the person outside was evidently

beating upon finding her awake, and the rustle

she had made encouraged the hope. The

maiden's physical condition shifted from

one pole to the opposite. The cold sweat

of terror forsook her, and modesty took the

alarm. She became hot and red; her door

was not locked.

A distinct woman's whisper came to her

through the keyhole: "Cytherea!"

Only one being knew her Christian name

in the house and that was Miss Aldelyffe.

Cytherea stepped out of the bed and went

to the door, and whispered back "Yes?"

"Let me come in, darling."

The young woman paused in a conflict

between judgment and emotion. It was now

mistress and maid no longer; woman and

woman only. Yes she must let her come

in, poor thing.

She got a light in an instant, opened the

door, and raising her eyes and the candle,

saw Miss Aldelyffe standing outside in her

dressing-gown.

"Now you see that it is really myself; put

out the light," said the visitor.

Stay here with you, Cytherea. I came to ask

you to come down into my bed, but its

sufferer here. But remember, you are mis-

tress in this room, and that I have no busi-

ness here, and that you may send me away

if you choose. Shall I go?"

"Oh, no; you shan't indeed if you don't

want to," said Cytherea, generously.

The instant they were in bed Miss Ald-

elyffe freed herself from the last remnant of

restraint. She flung her arms round the

young girl, and pressed her gently to her

heart.

"Now kiss me," she said.

Cytherea gave her a very small one, as

soft in touch and in sound as the bursting

of a bubble.

"More earnestly than that—come."

She gave another, a little but not much

more expressively.

"I don't deserve a more feeling one I sup-

pose," said Miss Aldelyffe, with an empha-

sis of sad bitterness in her tone, "I am an

ill-temper woman, you shan't; half out of

my mind. Well, perhaps I am; but I have

had grief more than you can think or dream

of. But I can't help loving you—your

name is the same as mine— isn't it strange?"

Cytherea was inclined to say no, but re-

mained silent.

"Now, don't you think I must love you?"

continued the other.

"Yes," said Cytherea, absently. She

was still thinking whether duty to Owen

omit them now you recollect it. I should

like to hear you very much. Will you?"

"It seems hardly—"

"It would seem so like old times to me—"

when I was young, and nearer—far nearer

Heaven than I am now. Do sweet one."

Cytherea was embarrassed, and her em-

barrassment arose from the following con-

juncture of her affairs. Since she had loved

Edward Springrove, she had linked his

name with her brother Owen's in her night-

ly supplications to the Almighty. She

wished to keep her love for him a secret,

and, above all, a secret from a woman like

Miss Aldelyffe; yet her conscience and the

honesty of her love would not for an instant

allow her to think of omitting his dear

name, and so endanger the efficacy of all her

previous prayers for his success by an

unworthy shame now; it would be

wicked of her, she thought, and a grievous

wrong to him. Under any worldly circum-

stances she might have thought the position

justified a little finesse, and have skipped

him for once; but prayer was too solemn a

thing for such trifling.

"I would rather not say them," she mur-

mured first. It struck her then that this

declining altogether was the same cowardice

in another dress, and was delivering her

poor Edward over to Satan just as unceri-

monously as before. "Yes; I will say my

prayers and you shall hear me," she added,

firmly.

She turned her face to the pillow and re-

peated in low soft tones the simple words

she had used from childhood on such occa-

sions. Owen's name was mentioned with-

out faltering, but in the other case, maid-

only shyness was too strong even for reli-

gion, and that when supported by excellent

intentions. At the name of Edward she

stammered, and her voice sank to the faint-

est whisper in spite of her.

"Thank you, dearest," said Miss Ald-

elyffe. "I have prayed too, I verily be-

lieve. You are a good girl, I think." Then

the expected question came.

"Owen and Edward?"

There was no help for it now, and out

it came. "Owen and Edward," said Cy-

therea.

"Who are Owen and Edward?"

"Owen is my brother, madam," faltered

the maid.

"Ah, I remember. Who is Edward?"

A silence.

"Your brother, too?" continued Miss

Aldelyffe.

"No."

(To be Continued.)

FUN, FACTS AND FICTION

Ball's Eye.—A volunteer who had just

returned from class-drill told his wife that

he had been very successful. "Well, you be-

lieve it," he said, "as hit the bull's eye ten

times in a row, as usual." "Many on us"

shouted his wife, "an it's a bull's head

ye shoot at!"

Equal Rights.

All have equal rights in life and liberty

and the pursuit of happiness, but many are

handicapped in the race by dyspepsia, bil-

iousness, lack of energy, nervous debility,

weakness, constipation, etc. By complet-

ely removing these complaints Burdock

and Bitters confers untold benefits on all

sufferers.

In his youth Schiller used to play upon

the harp. A neighbor, who was no admirer

of his, once sneeringly remarked to him:

"Schiller, my boy, you play like David, but

without his sweetness." "And you," re-

torted Schiller, "talk like Solomon, but

without his wisdom."

Advice to Mothers.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should

always be used for children teething. It soothes

the child, cures the gums, allays all pain,

cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for

diarrhoea. 25c a bottle.

Widow (through medium to husband)—

John, will you please tell poor mother that

I want to speak with her? John—I will if

I can, my dear, but I have been looking for

her ever since I have been here, and to-day

I discovered that her name is not on the

register.

Baldness is catching, says a scientist. It's

catching flies in summer time. Use Hall's Hair

Remover and cover the bald place with healthy

hair and flies won't trouble.

Timely Wisdom.

Great and timely wisdom is shown by

keeping Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild

Strawberry on hand. It has no equal for

cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery,

colic, cramps and all summer complaints or

losses of the bowels.

"Can't you give a poor fellow a lift?"

asked the tramp. "Not very well; I've only

got my slippers on," said the farmer. "But

if a little push, which is always good in

this world, will help you, there it is." And

he shoved him out into the night.

A doctor's bill is seldom less than five dol-

lars, and this doesn't include the cost of filling

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which, in nine cases out of

ten, is the best remedy needed. Try it,

and save your money for a rainy day.

Passenger—Where would you go if that

chain broke? Lift Attendant—There's an-

other chain. Passenger—And if that broke

too, where would you go to? Lift Attendant—

—Well, I guess that depends upon how you

were brought up.

Imperial Federation

Will present an opportunity to extend the

name of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild

Strawberry, the unfailing remedy for cholera,

cholera morbus, colic, cramps, diarrhoea,

dysentery, and all summer complaints, to

every part of the Empire. Wild Straw-

berry never fails.

New Girl—There's one thing I don't like

about the master. He keeps calling me "my

dear." Mrs. Figg—Oh, you mustn't mind

that. Why, he even addresses me that way

sometimes.

Hair Magic.

Is a good name of Dr. Dorenwend's German

preparation for the hair. It really works like

magic. All who have used it pronounce it to

be unequalled for remedying the loss of the

hair roots, restoring gray hair, removing

dandruff, etc. Just try it. It is first-class. All

drugs and sal.

They Differed.—Angry Husband (to wife,

who has wished him dead)—If I should die

there would be the devil to pay. Wife

(tartly)—When you die the devil will have

got his pay.

A man's wife should always be the same

especially to her husband; but if she is weak

and nervous use Carter's Iron Pills, she

cannot be for they will make her feel like a

different person. At least so they all say, and

their husbands say so too.

(In the newspaper office, Fasset—Pass me

over the envelope, please, Miss Passy.

Miss Passy—With all my heart. Fasset—

Only the envelope, please.

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be con-

founded with common Cathartic or Purgative

drugs, which are entirely useless in every

respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

Snuggins (angrily)—Do you know that

your chickens come over into my yard?

Snooks—I supposed that they did, for they

never come back again.

WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure

will give immediate relief. Price 10 cents 50

cents and Dr. W. T. Strong, 181 Dundas street,

London.

You were dissatisfied with your pastor

some months ago? "Yes." "Has he re-

signed yet?" "No, but the congregation is."

ARE