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CHAPTER L The time at which we open our story is idwinter, and towards the close of the beventeenth century. Russia had passed through the long and bitter ordeal of National night. The Tartan yoke had been worn until the very bones of the nation were galled; and when this was thrown off civil dissensions and insurrec-tions commenced, The Poles and Swedes plundered the country, and amid general tumult and confusion some half dozen men you. I asked you what it was that occupie were clamoring for the throne. At length your thoughts." a few patriotic citizens, pledgi g everything freedom from this curse of anarchy, and was only thinking—that was all." headed by a noble prince and an humble, patriotic butcher, made a bold stand to save he country. Moscow was retaken, and have noticed you of late, and I know you have noticed you of late, and I know you noff was chosen Czar ;-and this illustrious family still occupies the imperial throne. And now the day of Russian four face, and sometimes I have feared the greatness dawned; but the sun was not fairly up—and the broad light opened not upon the empire—until Peter came to the

suburbs of Moscow—and very near the river Moskwa, stood an humble cot, the exterior of which betraye i a neatness of arrangement and show of taste that more than made up for its smallness of size. Nor was it so very small, in fact, but only in contrast ; for near at hand about it stood many large, shabby, dirty-looking structures that overlooked the prim cot, as bleak mountains may look down upon a verdant hill. And within this cot was as reat as without. The two apartments in front, one of which was only used in winter, were furnished not only with neatness, but with a fair show of ornament and luxury. Back of these were a large cooking and cining room, and two small bedrooms; and back still from these was an artisan's shop, and other out-buildlogs. This shop was devoted principally to anufacture of fire arms. Some swords, and other edged weapons, were made here upon special application.

The gun-maker now stood by his forge watching the white smoke as it curled towards the throat of the chimt e and twenty, and possessed a frame of more than ordinary symmetry and muscular development. He was not largenot above the medium size—but a single to derision. Speak plainly, and be sure or more than ordinary symmetry and muscular development. He was not largenot a single to derision. Speak plainly, and be sure or more than ordinary symmetry and muscular development. He was a young man, not over glance at the swelling chest, the boad mys mpathy."

A few moments more the youth gazed ulders, and the sinewy ridges of the bare arms, told at once that he was master of great physical power. His features were egular, yet strongly marked, and eminent ly handrome ; his brow, which was full and high, was half covered by the light brown surls that waved over it; while his eyes which were of a bright, brilliant, deep gray in color, lent a cast of genius to the intellect of the brow. His name was Ruric Nevel. His father had been killed in the then late war with the Turks, and the son, le ving his mother properly cared for, went to Spain soon after the bereavement. There the most noted armories;

and now, well versed in the trade, he had girl?" returned to his native city to follow his call. Then what but love could move me with bright intelligent lad, some fifteen years of love her. They were with the whole strength age, who had bound himself to the gundary of the purpose of learning the art. While we have a strength of my heart and soul."

Then what but love could move me with the was too deeply interested in the place to order arms. The Count turned a single place to order arms. The His hair and his eyes were carker than his master's, and if he possessed not so much ound intellect, he certainly possessed an un-

swerving integrity. horizen, and the only light of any consequence that made things partially visible within the shop came from the dull blaze of the coals on the forge, as Paul ever and amon bore down upon the brake that moved the bellows, Suddenly Ruric started back the the purpose of the bellows, Suddenly Ruric started back the The sun had been some time below the from the forge as his mind broke from the ing age must change all the emotions of our plied. deep reverie into which he had fallen, and nature into deeper, stronger lights and having bade his boy to see that matters were shides." having bade his boy to see that matters were properly disposed for the night he turned owards the door, and was soon in the kitchen, whe e his mother had supper all

prepared and set out. Chaudia Nevel was a noble looking woman, if the impress of a noble, generous soul can e called such, and the light of her still nandsome countenance was never brighter than when gazing upon her boy. She had seen the snows of fifty winters, and if they had left some silver upon her head, and some age marks upon her face, the sunshine of full as many summers had left her with a hankful, loving heart, and a prayerful lov-

"It is snowlng again, faster than ever, remarked Paul, as he took his seat at the

"An," returned Ruric, resting his knife a lew moments while he bent his ear to listen to the voice of the storm. "I had hoped twould snow no more for the present. The mow is deep enough now. And how it "Never mind," s oke the dame in a trust-

lul easy tone, "it must storm when it listeth, and we can only thank God that we have helter, and pray for those who have none." 'Amen !' responded Kuric, fervently. fter this the trio remained some minutes illent, seeming to be busy in listening to the torm-notes that came pealing about the cot. The wind was high, and the snow was now lashing upon the windows with dreary, netancholy sound. The meal was at length taten, and the table set back, and shortly afterwards Paul retired to his bed. It was his wont to retire early, for he rose early to

build the fires and prepare for the labors of the day. Ruric drew his chair close up to the fireplace, and leaning against the jamb he bowad his head and pondered again. This had become a habit with him of late. Sometimes he would sit thus during a whole hour without speaking, or even moving, and his mother did not interrupt him, as she supposed he might be solving some mechanical roblem that had arisen to bother him. But these fits of thought had become too frequent, too lengthy, and too moody, for such a conclusion, and the good woman

was forced to believe that they were caused

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of the forge or the lathe. The youth now sat with his brow ressing upon his hand, and his eyes bent upon the hearth. For half an hour he had not moved, and his face were an anxious troubled look. "Ruric, my son," spoke the m ther length, in a low, kind tone, "what is that occupies your to ughts so much?"

The young man started and turned hi "Did you speak to me, my mother?" asked, after having recalled his mind thing about him.

"Yes, my boy," she said, "I did speak t our thoughts."
"Oh-nothing-nothing," Rurie answer

ed, after some moments of hesitation. "I now you were thinking and I know that was all at the time; but of what, Rurie gladness was gone from your heart. I have seen you bent in thought over your work when I knew that of your work you were not thinking; and I have seen you buried in deep thought when you should be read

ing or conversing with me." "Have I then offended you, my mother? "No, no—oh, no, my noble boy. Never did such a thought enter my mind. If I have been made uneasy thereby it is only in love for thee, and the fear that the wert not so happy as in the past. Will you not tell me all? Oh, I hope my boy fears not to trust his mother with his

As she spoke thus she moved her seat close to where Ruric sat, and placed her hand upon his arm.

"Tell me, my boy," she added in a low perspasive tone, "what is it that dwells thus upon your mind." Ruric reached out and took his mother's hand, and having gazed for some moments

into her face he said : "Surely, my mother, I have nothing in my soul that I would hide from thee. If l have kept my thoughts to myself with un seeming silence, it has been because I fear ed you would laugh at me if I told you of

them."
"Ah, no, my son," the mother replied, al-

silently upon his mother, and then he an-"All this thought has been of one person

of-Rosalind Valdai." Claudia Nevel started as she heard that same, and for the while the color forsook her cheeks. "What, my dear boy—what of her have

you thought?" she asked, tremulously.
"What, but of one thing, could I think, my mother? You have seen her?" "Yes, R.ric."

"I know she is beautiful, my son; and also that she is good—at least, so I think."

You ask me to be more frank?"

Ruric smiled, but he made no direct re-

thee." "You know not that," the youth quickknow she loved me be sure I would never

"But think, my boy; you, a m re artisan of a like a stern, old, proud aristocrat, who leaks upon our stetion only as harsh ore."

"I cannot tell, my some triangle emotions in my surely calls up some strange emotions in my mind, but I think I never saw him become ore." masters look upon their beasts of burden. I fear you will find little else but misery in

such a course of thought." lind; and if she loves me as I love her-and if she would accept my hand-"

kneel for her hand?" "Hold !" cried Ruric, starting to his feet,

his hand ome f ce tlushed and his bright eye burning. "Speak not thus-at least, not now. I flatter not myself; but I claim soul as pure, and a heart as noble, as any man in the land. My mind is as clear, my hope as high; my amoition as true to real busy with thoughts of his own, and Ruric them. If Rosaland seeks the love of a true strange man's features, and pondering upon with some tremulousness in his tone, for heart, and the protection of stout arms and the various doubts and surmises that had the very subject was one that moved him. d termined success, then I fear not to place entered his mind. After the meal was over deeply. syself by the side of any suitor in the land. guster of some high sounding title, thenan, I know she does not. But let it pass

now. I will see her." of her son, and she said no more on the substance stood silently by his side watching his moveject. For a while nothing further was said, m nts. At length the youth stopped in his wealthy. My own station and wealth ar until Ruric remarked upon the increasing force of the storm.

"Hark!" uttered his mother, bending a knock upon our door ?" "Surely no one is out on such a night that before?"

could seek shelter here," returned Ruric, "You must have-" The youtir did not finish the sentence, for that it was not to be mistaken. The youth lighten me. I have surely seen you some wife; but yet he is anxious not to interfere eaught up the candle and hasten d to the where." door. He opened it, but the blast came

"Is there any one here?" the gun maker asked, bowing his headand shielding his eyes

from the driving snow with one hand. MYes," returned a voice from the Stygin, That latent force of fluid, which permeates all matter, and which bears the conventional name of Electricity, is widely appreciated and recognized as a means of cure in various diseases. Its effects in the form of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil are shown by the relief of pain, both neuralgiac and rheumatic, as well as the throat and lungs, and in various other healing ways.

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hall perish."
"Then follow quickly," said Buric.
"Here—give me your hand. There—now

The youth found the thickly gloved hand gloved with the sociest fur—and having ed the invisible applicant into the hall he losed the door, and then led the way to the kitchen. As soon as the candle was remething like one of the Black monks of it. Michael. He was of medium height, and possessed a rotundity of person which was comical to behold. H was fat and unvieldy, and waddled about with laughable teps. His huge black robe, which reached rom his chin to his toes, was secured about he waist with a sash of the same color, nd the snow, which lay upon the shoulders nd back, presented a striking contrast. Ruric brushed away the snow with his own and, and having taken his visitor's thick

Before a word was spoken the youthful nost carefully examined his guest's features; and the latter seemed equally desirous of discovering what manner of people he had allen in with. The monk's face was a eculiar one. The features were very dark and prominent, and almost angular n their strongly no rked outlines, nent, and his eyes were dark and brilliant. The slight circle of hair that escaped from eneath the tight skull-cap which he reained upon his head was somewhat tinged with eilver, though his face did not betray uch advanced age as this silvery hair would

r bonnet, the latter took a seat near the

eem to indicate. 'You have been caught, in a severe his guest had somewhat recovered from the effect of the cold.

"Aye-that have I, my son," the monk "Aye—that have 1, my son, "I left asked, gazing the boy in the face. "I left the Kremlin this morning, little thinking you think you have seen him before?" of such a change. This storm has commenced since I started on my return. About half a mile from here my horse got foundered in the snow, and I left him with an honest peasant, and then started to make the r st of my way on foot, but I reckoned wildly. The driving storm blinded me, and piling the drifts swallowed me up at ev ry dozen steps. My body is not very well adapted to such work-ha, ha, ha But I saw your light, and I determined to eek shelter here for the night. By St.

Michael! but this is a most severe storm; yet you are comfortable here." "Aye, father—we try to be comfortable," said Ruric. "My mother could hardly survive a winter in some of the dwellings which stand hereabout."

The monk made no answer to this, save a sort of commendatory nod; and shortly afterwards the youth asked : "Do you belong here in the city, good

"Aye-at present I do," the monk refather ?" turned. And then, with a smile he added, 'I suppose you would like to know whom Urzen. And you have marked the grace, the you have thus received. My name is Valdi loveliness, and soul-given beauty of the noble mir, and my home is wherever I may chance said the Count, moving forward. residing here in Moscow. There you ask me to be more frank?"

some sleeping-place, and having answered in the affirmative the youth lighted another candle and conducted him to a chamber bound intellect, he certainly possessed an un-wonted degree of keen, quick wit, and un-and his open brow flashing. "Did I not which was located directly over the kitchen, and which was very well warmed by means of several iron tubes that connected with

"But have you never seen him before?" Ruric asked, in an earnest, eager tone.
"I cannot tell, my son. His face most

"And y t he seems familiar to me," the son resumed. "Those eyes I surely have not love the lady?" seen before, but to save my soul I cannot "At least, my mother, I will see Rosa remember when nor where." And so Ruric pondered, but to no avail.

and thought of the stringe face; and all if she would accept my nand—
"Hush, my boy. Do not cherish such hopes. Why should she mate with thee when the richest nobles of the land would startling visions of the Black Monk.

CHAPTER II.

When Ruric came down in the morning he found the monk already there, and reakfast nearly ready. But little was said during the meal time, for the monk seemed the monk ac ompanied the gun-maker to his "Ruric Nevel, you shall not say that I

work and laid the pistol down.

equal with hers. My sta ion, at all events.

Excuse me, good father," he said, rather nervously, at the same time gazing more property than I do. But that matter

rearing in, whiring a cloud of snow into have seen in this great city—aye, thousands you can never claim her hand, is all that is

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darkness. "In God's name let me in, or I soul, But your face calls up some powerful emotion—some startling memory of the past—which bothers me. Who are you, good father? What are you? Where have we met before?" Was it in Spain?"

"No," said Valdimir, with a shake of the head. And then with a more serious shade upon his face, he added: "Let this pass now. I will not deny to you that there may be some grounds for your strange ighted Ruric turned and gazed upon the fancies; but I assure you must eacredly that until last night I never came in direct companionship with you before—at any rate, not to my knowledge. You have acted the good Samaritan towards me, and I hope I may at some time return the favor."
"No, no," quickly responded the youth; "if you return it then it will be a favor no more. Phave only done for you what every man should do to his neighbor and so far from needing thanks for my services, I would rather give them for the occasion, for

> the youthful artisan's hand, and with more than ordinary emotion he said :
> "You touch the harp-strings of the soul with a noble hand, my son, and if any deed of kindness can give me joy it will be a deed for you. We may meet again, and until then I can only say, God bless and prosper thee."

which tel's us we have done a good act."

With these words the monk turned away, and ere Ruric cou.d command presence of mind enough to follow him he had gone from the house. The youth wished to say something, but amid the varied emotions that went leaping through his mind he could gather no connected thoughts.

After the monk was gone Ruric returned to his bench and resumed his work. He asked storm, good father" said the youth, after his boy if he had ever seen the strange man before, but Paul only shook his head, and answered dubiously.
"What do you mean?" the gun-make

asked, gazing the boy in the face. "I cannot tell, my master. I may have seen him before, and I may not. But surely you would not suppose that my memory wou d serve you better than your own."

Rurie was not fully assured by this answer. He gazed into Paul's face, and he fancied he detected some show of intelli. gence there which had not been spoken. But he resolved to ask no more questions a present. He had asked enough, he thought, upon such a subject, and he made up his mind to bother himself no more about it, feeling sure that if his boy knew anything which would be for his master's interest know it would be communicated in due season. So he applied himself anew to his

work, and at noon the pistols were finished. Towards the middle of the afternoon, just as Ruric had finished tempering some parts of a gun lock, the back door of his shop was opened, and two men entered. They were young men, dressed in costly furs, and both of them stout and good looking. The gun-maker recognized them as the Count Conrad Damonoff and his friend Stephen

"I think I speak with Rurio Nevel?" to be on God's heritage. At present I am "You do," returned Enric, not at all sur prised by the visit, since people classes were in the habit of calling

> from the cold into a warm p'age. However, he was soon undeceived, for the Count's next remark was significant: "You are acquainted with the Lady

Rosalind Valdai ?" he said. "I am," returned Ruric, now beginning to wonder. "Well, sir," returned Damonoff, with much haughtiness, "pschaps my business can be quickly and satisfactorily settled It is my desire to make the Lady Rosalina

Rurio Nevel started at these words, and he clasped his hands to hide their tremu lousness. But he was not long debating upon an answer.

"And why have you come to me this information, sir ?"

"You should know that already. Do you "Upon my soul, Sir Count, you ask me strange question. What right have you to question me upon such a theme?" The right that every man has to pav After he had retired to his bed he ay awake the way for his own rights," replied Danonoff sharply. "But if you choose not to

answer, let it pass. I know you do love the lady. And now I ask you to renounce all claims to her hand." "By St. Paul, Sir Count, your tongue run into strange moods of speech. I renounce all claims to Rosalind Valdai's hand?-

Was't so you meant?" "Aye, sic-precisely so." "Perhaps you will inform me what claim was too much engaged in studying the I may have upon the lady," Ruric returned

But if she se ks immediate wealth, and the shop, and there he spent some time in examining the quaint articles of machinery hence I will explain." The Count spok that were used in the manufacture of arms. this as speaks a man who fee's that he Ruric was engaged in fini hing a pair of doing a very condescending thing, and i pistols, and for some minutes the monk and the same tone he proceeded: "The Lad her ear in a listening attitude. "Was that his visitor in the face; "but I must ask not. I love her, and must have her for my you a question. Where have I seen you wife. I have been to see the noble Duke, her guardian, and he objects not to my suit. "How should I know?" the monk returned, with a smile.

"Why," returned Ruric, with some hesitancy, "I knew not but that you might en- know—that she could never beco e you "And are there not, hundreds whom you simple denial from you, to the effect that Rurie's face, and extinguishing the light at —whom you might recognize as you recog. necessary. You understand me, I tri "Ah—it may be so; het not like this. good. Of course, you must be aware that There may be a thousand faces I would rethe Duke would never consent to her union collect to have seen, but not one of them with you; and yet he would wish to have would excite even a passing emotion in my your denial to show to Rosalind when he

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that you have no hopes nor thoughts of seeking the hand the lady in marriage." As the Count spot he drew a paper from the bosom of his ma in doublet, and having opened it he hande it towards the gun-

back and gazed the visitor sternly in the "Sir Count," he uttered, in a tone of full noble indignation, "what do you suppose I am? Do you mean to tell me that Olga, Duke of Tula, has commissioned you to ob tain such a renunciation of me?"

maker. But Rurie took it not. He drew

his companion, "you heard the instruc the Duke gave me is morning?" "Aye," returned Urzes, directing his peech to Rurio. "I did hear; and you have stated the case plainly."
"I may be as much surprised as your

'Stephen," spoke the Count, turning to

self," resumed the Count, haughtily, "at The dark monk reached forth and took this strange taste of the Duke. Why he magine upon his desire to call up no regrets in the bosom of his fair ward. He knows that she was once intimate with you, and that she now feels a warm friendship for you. For her sake he would have this sig-

nal from you."
"But how for her sake!" asked Ruric. "Why," returned Damenod, do you not see? Rosalind, in the simplicity of her neart, may think that you-a-that you night claim ner love; and out of pure prin ciple grant it to you simply because you

were the first claimant." "But I never claimed her love," said Ruric, warmly. "It she loves me, she loves me from her own heart. With the noble Duke I never spoke but once, and then he came here for me to temper his sword. It ou would marry w th the lady, do so; and if you seek help in the work, seek it from those who have some power in the matter. "You mistake, sir," uttered the Count, notly. "I seek not power now. I only

seek a simple word from one who may have

some influence—even as a beggar, having saved the life of a king, may, through royal gratitude, wield an influence. Will you sign the paper?" Now all this see ed very strange Ruric, and he knew that there was some thing behad the curtain which he was no permitted to know. H knew the proud and stubbern Duke well enough to know that he never would have sent such a message as this but for some design more than had yet appeared. In short, he could not understand the matter at all. It looked dark and compl x, and its face was in direct conflict with the nature of the man from whom it now appeared to have emanated

and he made up his mind that he would on no account yield an atom to the strange demand thus made upon him. "Sir Count," he said, calmly and surely, 'you have plainly stated your proposition, and I will as plain y answer. I cannot sign the paper."
"Ha!" gasped Damonoff, inquick passion.

Ruric pondered upon this a few moments,

"Most flatly." For a few moments the Count gazed int dence of his own senses. "It is the Duke's command," he said at

"The Duke of Tula holds no power of command over me," was the gun-maker's calm reply. "Beware! Once more, I say-sign the

"You but waste your breath, Sir Count, in speaking thus. You have my answer."
By heavens, Ruric Nevel, you'll sign this!" the Count cried madly.

"Never, sir." "But look ye, sirrah : Here is my whole future of life based upon my hopes of union with this fair girt. Her guardian bids me get this paper of you ere I can have her hand. And now do you think I'll give it up so easily? By the saints of heaven, I'll have your name to this, or I'll have your life!" "Now your tongue runs away with you Sir Count. I have given you my answer Be sure that only one man on earth can

prevail upon me to place my name upon .hat "And who is he?" "I mean the Emperor.". "But you will sign it !" hissed Damonoff, arning pale with rage. "Here it is sign

f you would live-sign !" "Perhaps he cannot write," suggested Jrzen, contemptuously. "Then he may make his mark," rejoined he Count, in the same contemptuous tone. "It might not require much more urging induce me to make my mark in a manner

ion at all agreeable to you, sir," the youth

eturned, with his teeth now set, and the rk veins upon his brow starting more ainly out. "You have come upon my emises, and you have sought our purpose. ou now have your answer, and for your wn sake-for my sake-I beg you to leave

"Not until your name is upon this paper !" ed Damonoff, shaking the missive furisly and crumpling it in his hand. "Are you mad, Sir Count? Do you think

"Aye-a consummate one." "Then," returned Ruric, with a curl of ter contempt upon his finely-chiseled lip. you need have no further dealings with e. There is my deor, sir." For some moments Conrad Damonof emed unable to speak from very anger. le had surely some deep, anxious purpose, obtaining Ruric's name to that paper

nd to be thus thwarted by a common artisan vas maddening to one, who based all his force f character upon his title. "Sign !" he hissed. "Fool!" uttered Ruric, unable longer to entain himself in view of such stupid perstance. "Do you seek a quarrel with

"Seek ?- I seek what I will have. Will vou sign ?" "Then, by heavens, you shall kno what is thwart such as me! How's that?" As these words passed from the Count's

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CERTIFICATES OF STRENGTH AND PURITY. OFFICE OF THE PUBLIC ANALYST. MONTHRAL. September 9th, 1887. the Canada Suyar Refining Co'y, Montreal; To the Canada Suyar Refining Coy, Montreal, Gentlemen,—I have personally taken samples from a large stock of your Granulated Sucar, 105DPATH. brand,—and carefully itself hen by the Polarisoppe, and I had these-sambles to no as near to absolute purity as can be shinined by any process of Segar Refining. The test by the Polarisoppe showed in yesteria's yield 93.90 per caft, of Parc Cane Sugar, which may be considered commercially as a medically price stock.

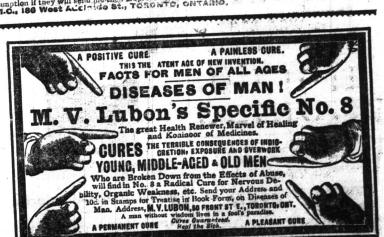
JOHN BAKER EDWARDS,

Public Analyst for the District of Moureal,

CHEMICAL LABORATURY. MEDICAL FACULTY, MCGILL UNIVERSITE, To the Canada Sugar Refining Company: Gentlemen,—I have taken and tested a same ple of your "EXTRA GRANULATED "Sugar

ter and find that it yielded 99.88 per cent, of Per and Sugar, It is practically as pure and good Public Analyst for the District of Montreal, and Professor of Chemistry

SURELY All Control of Control TO THE EDIFOR: Please latern your resders that I have a positive remedy for the above name I disease. By its timely use to man, is of how easy cases have been permanently cured, is shall be glad to send two bottles of my tenedy for the dirty of your readers who have consumption if they will send use their Express and Post Office Address. Pespectfully, T. A. SLOOUM, M.C., 186 West Address, Toronto, Ontarello,



nize me ?"

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