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HIS INNOCENCE PROVED.

A haughty, stern, dark-faced man, the master of Meredith Grange; a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, with a face of rare loveliness, his daughter Idelle.

The girl was leaning against the window, her eyes fixed on the beautiful scene that lay before her, but at the sound of her father's voice she turned her head towards him, her eyes meeting his.

"Idelle," he said.

"Yes, papa?" she said, but her voice was questioning.

"Can you give your answer to-day, Idelle? I have waited patiently; your lover has been patience itself, but we want your answer now."

"My lover!" the girl repeated. "King Emerson is not that, father."

"He is your lover—at least he loves you. The question is, Will you marry King Emerson or not?"

"You give me a choice," with a faint smile; "then I will not. Oh, father!" with a swift break of passion. "I cannot marry him; I do not love him, and I do love——"

"Do not dare to repeat that, Idelle Meredith, in my presence again! I have given you my opinion, and more than mine, of Ralph Greeley, who is neither more nor less than a fortune hunter; and his wife, with my consent, you will never be."

He was silent for a moment, and Idelle let her eyes wander out of the window again.

Suddenly her father rose and went to her and caught her by the arm.

"Look here, girl!" he said, his face darkening, "I have fooled long enough with you. You will marry Mr. Emerson."

"I have promised my love to Ralph Greeley."

The clasp on her arm tightened.

"I tell you," her father said, "that Ralph Greeley is a rascal. Ask Esther Haven has he a right to marry you."

"I will not believe that story," Idelle said, though her face grew pale; "he is the soul of honor."

Her father laughed.

"Girl, I saw them together," he said. "I saw her pleading with him. Every one links their names together, and insinuates she ought to be his wife."

Idelle's face grew still paler.

"If I knew that were true," she said quietly, "my heart would change—at least I would turn from him, and—and—"

"Marry King Emerson?" her father interposed.

"And marry King Emerson," she said. "I will hold you to that promise, Idelle," her father said; "no Meredith ever broke his word, whatever their other failings."

The smile on the girl's face wavered. Ah, if she were too sure of her lover's innocence!

"I spoke thoughtlessly," she said; "but if Ralph Greeley is what you have hinted, my careless words will hold good."

"I am satisfied," her father said quietly.

A little later Idelle left the house and wandered down by a sunny dell, her thoughts filled with her father's words as well as her own.

"It was a foolish speech of mine," she said; "even if Ralph had been unworthy, that would be no reason why I should marry King Emerson, whom I almost shrink from, without really knowing why."

At this instant a tall, fine-looking man crossed the meadow—a man distinguished-looking as well as handsome. It was King Emerson going towards Meredith Grange, where in a few minutes he would hear Idelle's decision from her father.

King Emerson and Ralph Greeley were cousins, but King was the master of broad lands and sunny vales, while Ralph was little more than penniless; but Idelle—well, Idelle loved him.

He was well worthy, as far as outward appearances went, of any woman's love, and Idelle refused to believe that otherwise he was not worthy as well.

As King Emerson passed she drew into the shadow lest he should see her.

"He is very handsome," she said, her eyes following him after he had passed, "almost as handsome as Ralph."

Her lover's face rose before her, cheery and bright, as it usually was, with its frank eyes and pleasant smile, and a tender glow came into her eyes.

"My darling," she murmured, "they cannot make me believe ill of you."

She had said that King Emerson was almost as handsome as her lover, but the the truth was he was the handsomer man of the two, but lacking the magnetic charm of Ralph's cheery face.

Both men were tall and finely featured, but King's face was more regular in outline, his eyes deeper and darker, his mustache more silky and sweeping, his manner more distinguished; but there was a subtle charm in the other that made him the favorite of old and young—a charm in the honest eyes and kindly smile that went a long way with women in general, and with Idelle Meredith in particular.

Idelle walked on till she came to a grassy nook, and then she sat down to rest a few minutes, but she was scarcely sitting a moment ere she rose to her feet again, for a woman's voice, low and pleading, fell on her ears—the voice of Esther Haven.

Scarcely conscious of what she did, Idelle peeped through the tangle of briarwood, and her face grew strangely pale. Esther's companion was her lover, Ralph Greeley.

Almost breathless she stood, while clear and distinct Esther's voice fell on her ears.

"For God's sake, Ralph, give me the certificate. You will not do this. Oh, Father in heaven, what shall I do? Oh, Ralph, give it to me. I would sooner die than face——"

That was all Idelle heard as, white and trembling, she sank back on her seat. All she had heard—but enough. Her father had spoken the truth.

She sat there stunned and dazed for more than a quarter of an hour; then suddenly the voices fell on her ears again—at least, her lover's musical voice.

"You will meet me on the bridge," he said, "at 9 o'clock, and then I'll give you my decision."

That night, with her face pale as death, her sweet voice low and faint, Idelle Meredith gave her consent to marry King Emerson.

"I will meet you on the bridge, and give you my decision." Her lover's words to Esther Haven rang in her ears. She would be there as well—she would plead with him to do Esther justice.

A few minutes before nine Idelle stole out, and as the bell rang out the hour she stood on the bridge, and saw him standing as if awaiting some one.

The moon shone clear and high, and it was almost bright as day.

He took a few steps forward to meet her, then drew back, astonished, when he saw who it was.

"You, Idelle?" he said, his face changing slightly.

"Yes, I. You did not expect me here. Has Esther not come yet?"

"No," he answered, quickly; then seeing the scorn and anger in her eyes, the quick gesture with which she shrank from him, he held out his hands.

"Idelle," he said, "can you not trust me: I cannot explain my meeting with Esther; but, believe me, I have done nothing an honorable man could be ashamed of."

She only drew back with a gesture of hauteur.

"You said Esther had not been here," she said slowly, "but this is hers!" and stooping down she lifted a small gold locket set with many rubies. "Her name is on it!"

"She has come and gone, then. She has mistaken the time, for I have not seen her."

"Then I will go as well," Idelle said.

Ralph Greeley looked after her.

"If she believes ill of me, and mistrusts me with so little cause," he said, "I will let it pass. I must let it pass for a while. I can make no explanation yet."

The next morning the wildest excitement prevailed in Mount Henry. The dead body of Esther Haven had been found. She had been thrown over the little rustic bridge, and had fallen on the rocks below.

A little later the excitement grew more intense, and it had reached its height when Ralph Greeley was arrested for the murder. Suspicion had linked their names together for some time before.

How it happened, who has known of her being on the bridge, Idelle Meredith could hardly tell, but she was the principal witness against the man, who, no matter what he was, she loved with every chord of her heart.

Her anguish was pitiful to behold as she told her story, and sister-women wept in sympathy as, when all was told, with a low cry she had fallen back, white and sensless, and been taken from the court room.

When King Emerson entered the witness box, the prisoner looked at him with an expression it would be hard to understand, but King gave his evidence, which amounted to very little, coolly and clearly.

Yes, he had seen his cousin and the dead woman together more than once.

Yes, he had heard rumor connect their name.

Yes, he had advised the prisoner to marry her.

At these words the prisoner leaped to his feet, his eyes blazing.

"You scoundrel!" he cried.

Then his counsel interfered, and he sat down again.

Late that evening King Emerson was closeted with Idelle's father, and he held a paper in his hand.

"To-morrow week," he said, "the debt comes due. If Idelle is my wife on that day, you are safe."

"You have her promise."

"I want herself!" King Emerson answered coarsely.

Later still in the evening Idelle heard of the claim King Emerson held over her father.

"My home—the home of the Meredith for generations—will pass from me for ever, our proud name will be dishonored, and I—I, Idelle, will take my own life as sure as there is a heaven above us. You have given your promise to be his wife. What difference can a few weeks make?"

Worn, weary, heart-broken and dispirited, Idelle was no match for the two determined men, and the unwilling consent dropped from her lips.

To save her father's name and honor, she would marry King Emerson that day week.

After King Emerson left Meredith Grange, he turned down a narrow path that led to a short cut in the direction of his home, and there he came face to face with a delicate-looking girl, who stepped right in his path.

A muttered curse broke from his lips.

"You here?" he said.

"Yes, I," she answered, and then she sank upon her knees.

"Once more, and for the last time," she said, "I ask you to make me your wife. Have pity on me and my child, and give us a right to your name. For God's sake pity me in my anguish!"

"Don't make a fool of yourself!" he said, "I would not marry you were you the last woman on the earth. Besides, in a few days I wed the purest maiden in England—Idelle Meredith."

The girl rose to her feet, her face convulsed with anger and dark with new-born deadly hatred of this man who had wrecked her life.

"You will never marry Idelle Meredith!" she said.

The man laughed.

"We will see," he said.

"We will see," she repeated.

Late that night Idelle sat alone, thinking of the future and what it would be to her as King Emerson's wife.

"Better death," she thought in the anguish of her soul.

Suddenly the sound of a light tap at the window roused her, but before she could rise, the casement, which opened on the balcony, was pushed in and a girl young in years, but weary and careworn, stood before her.

"You are Idelle Meredith?" the stranger said, and then, in the silence of the night, she told the horrified girl a story that made her grow faint as she listened.

"You will tell this to-morrow at the court?" Idelle said.

"I will," the stranger answered.

The next day rose bright and cloudless, and in the court room, crowded with people, stood Idelle Meredith.

The attorney for the defence was a different looking being from what he had been only the day before, but the repressed excitement of his manner could not be accounted for — till—till—"Helen Clarke" was called.

Idelle's midnight visitor, the woman who had knelt to King Emerson, stood in the witness box.

"What do you know of this case?" the lawyer asked.

"A great deal," she answered slowly; "I saw the murder committed. She was murdered by her husband."

"Who was her husband?" the lawyer asked.

She handed him the marriage certficate.

"King Emerson was her husband. There is the proof of the marriage—the cause of the crime and——"

King Emerson had leaped to his feet, but a hand had been laid on his shoulder and he had sunk back again, while the crowd in the court room swayed backward and forward in their excitement.

Then suddenly a wild cheer went forth, for Ralph Greeley was a free man.

The next moment, however, the cheers were changed to cries of horror, for, before they had thought of such a thing, King Emerson had drawn a pistol from his pocket, and pressing the muzzle close to his heart, had fallen, bathed in his own life-blood, at their feet.

His crime had overtaken him, and he dared not face the consequence.

Six months later Idelle and Ralph were married.

"And so you distrusted me from the words you overheard, Idelle?" her husband said, talking of the past. "Poor Esther! Her father once saved my life and he asked me before his death to be a friend to his child. Her marriage certificate fell by chance into my hands and I wanted to proclaim her marriage, knowing the position in which she stood, but she feared for her life if she defied him and she pleaded with me to give it to her. He must have met her on the bridge before I came, but how I lost the certificate or how Helen Clarke found it is something I cannot tell. When I found it gone I had no proof but my word, and what would be given for a man's word with a noose above his head?"

Helen Clarke disappeared, and, as the nearest of kin, Ralph Greeley inherited King Emerson's possessions, among which was the mortgage on Meredith Grange, which he placed in Idelle's hand.

"The price of yourself," he said, with a smile.

"I am satisfied, since you are the purchaser," she answered, shyly.

And he was satisfied also, as he met the beautiful eyes upturned to his, so full of love and trust.

Best Goods Are Put in Smallest Parcels.

—The old proverb is certainly true in the case of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," which are little, sugar-wrapped parcels, scarcely larger than mustard seeds, containing as much cathartic power as is done up in the biggest, most repulsive-looking pill. Unlike the big pills, however, they are mild and pleasant in their operation—do not produce griping pains, nor render the bowels costive after using.

The Precious Babies.

From the London Telegraph.

Miss Florence Nightingale has long ago pointed out the need of fresh air, and plenty of it, in nurseries and bedrooms. "It is all nonsense," she writes, "what some old nurses say, that you cannot give a baby fresh air without giving it a chill. Depend upon this, the less fresh air you give to its lungs, and the less water you give to its skin, the more liable it will be to colds and chills."

Catarrh—A New Treatment.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon treatment for catarrh. Out of 2000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefitted, while the patent medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished, the catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street west, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarrh.—Montreal Star.

On account of the depression in the glass trade, the Pittsburg green bottle manufacturers have decided not to resume operations until Oct. 1. The window glass factories will start in two weeks.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is designed for those who need a medicine to purify their blood, build them up, increase their appetite, and rejuvenate their whole system. No other preparation so well meets this want. It touches the exact spot. Its record of forty years is one of constant triumph over disease.

The Saturday Review has in a late number a deeply interesting article on "Cowboy Poker," which may be recommended to all young men intending to take up land out west.

—Like all sterling remedies, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure deserves a fair trial. It would be absurd to suppose that this or any other medicine of kindred nature could produce instantaneous effects. For the thorough removal of chronic dyspepsia, constipation, liver complaint, and other ailments to which it is adapted, its use should be continued some time, even after the chief symptoms are relieved. That it then effects complete cures is a fact established by ample and respectable evidence.

Capt. M. D. Waters of Manhattan, Kas., on Friday ordered his son Sherman to shoot a neighbor's dog. The son refused and in the quarrel which followed each fired at the other and the father was killed.

—Don't fill the system with quinine in effort to prevent or cure fever and ague. Ayer's Ague Cure is a far more potent preventive and remedy, with the advantage of leaving in the body no poisons to produce dizziness, deafness, headache, and other disorders. The proprietors warrant it.

The September Century will contain a tricycling article illustrated by Joseph Pennell, describing a journey from Coventry to Chester, Eng.

—A field of corns.—Thomas Sabin of Eglington, says: "I have used Holloway's Corn Cure with the best results, having removed ten corns from my feet. It is not a half way cure or reliever, but a complete extinguisher, leaving the skin smooth and clear from the least appearance of the corns."

The Current of Aug. 9 contains a fling at Arsene Houssaye, that poor old "Aunt Sally" of French literature, by Lucy H. Hooper.

—Mrs. E. H. Perkins, Creek Centre, Warren Co. N.Y., writes: She has been troubled with asthma for four years, had to sit up night after night with it. She has taken two bottles of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and is perfectly cured. She strongly recommends it, and wishes to act as agent among her neighbors.

A recent number of the Critic and Good Literature opens with a prose idyl "in praise of the blackberry," by Miss Edith M. Thomas.

—Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

A paper by Ernest Ingersoll on the Russian colony in California will be published in the September Manhattan.

The daughter of Theophile Gautier has translated a volume of poems from the Japanese.

—A. Maybee, merchant, Warkworth, writes: I have sold some hundreds of bottles of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and it is pronounced by the public "one of the best medicines they have ever used;" it has done wonders in healing and relieving pain, sore throats, etc., and is worthy of the greatest confidence.

Customer—Put in a little paragoric. I have a pain - —

Druggist—Paragoric! I never cinnamon that it did any good yet. Isn't worth a copperas far as my observation goes. Now, Jamaica ginger - —

Customer—I prefer Jamaica rum. In fact, that's what I camphor.

Betting at Lawn Tennis Games.

From the London World.

If lawn tennis is to retain the high position it now holds as a pastime, the committees of meetings will have to take immediate and strong steps to put down the betting practices of certain players. Every man should be free to make a bet with his friends; but the systematic book-making of some is in the highest degree reprehensible. The practice is, fortunately, confined to very few as yet, and should therefore be easy of strangulation. There are some who really seem to enter for tournaments for no other purpose than that of wagering on everything.

Husband and Wife.

—Mr. James More and wife, well known in Leamington, were both chronic sufferers from dyspepsia that the best medical aid failed to relieve. Three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured both husband and wife. 246

TORONTO RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Departure and Arrival of Trains from and at Union Station.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Departures, Main Line East.

7.15 a. m.—Local for points east to Montreal.
8.30 a. m.—Fast express for Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, etc.
1 p.m.—Mixed for Kingston and intermediate stations.
5.30 p.m.—Local for Cobourg and intermediate stations.
7.40 p.m.—Express for main points, Ottawa, Montreal, etc., runs daily.

Arrivals, Main Line East.

1 p.m.—Local from Cobourg.
9.15 a.m.—Express from Montreal, Ottawa and main local points.
11.30 a.m.—Fast express from Montreal, etc.
6.55 p.m.—Mixed from Kingston and intermediate stations.
10.30 p.m.—Express from Boston, Quebec, Portland, Montreal, Ottawa, etc.

Departures, Main Line West.

7.55 a.m.—Local for all points west to Detroit.
1 p.m.—Express for Port Huron, Detroit, Chicago and all western points.
4.00 p.m.—For Goderich, Stratford and local points north of Guelph.
6.25 p.m.—Mixed for Stratford and intermediate points.
11.15 p.m.—Express for Sarnia and western points; sleeping car for Detroit.

Arrivals, Main Line West.

7.55 a.m.—Mixed from Stratford and intermediate points.
8.10 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit, Port Huron, and all western points.
11.30 a.m.—Local from London, Goderich, etc.
7.10 p.m.—Express from all points west, Chicago, Detroit, etc.
11.15 p.m.—Local from London, Stratford, etc.

Departures, Great Western Division.

7.15 a.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo and local stations between Niagara Falls and Windsor.
9.25 a.m.—For Detroit, St. Louis and points in the southwest.
12.20 p.m.—For Detroit, Chicago and the west and all points east from Hamilton; runs daily.
3.55 p.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston and local stations between Hamilton and London, and Brantford, St. Thomas, etc.
6.30 p.m.—Local stations between Toronto and Niagara Falls.
10.45 p.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston and all points east and west of Hamilton.

Arrivals, Great Western Division.

8.40 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit, Hamilton, etc.
10.15 a.m.—Express from London, St. Catharines, Hamilton, etc.
12.55 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Buffalo and all points east.
4.30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, London, etc., runs daily.
7.05 p.m.—Mail from Buffalo, Detroit, London, Hamilton and intermediate stations.
7.25 p.m.—Express from Detroit, St. Louis, etc.
10.55 p.m.—Local from London and intermediate stations.

Suburban Trains, Great Western Division.

Leave Toronto at 7.40, 10.55 a.m., and 2.25 and 4.20 and 6.05 p.m.

Returning leave Mimico 8.35 and 11.35 a.m., and 3.05, 4.55 and 7.35, calling at Queen's wharf, Parkdale, High park and the Humber, both going and returning.

Sunday Trains, G. W. Division.

Trains leaving Toronto for Hamilton at 12.20 and arriving from Hamilton at 4.30 p.m., run on Sundays, but do not stop at intermediate stations.

Departures, Midland Division.

7.35 a.m.—Mixed—Blackwater and intermediate stations.
7 a.m.—Mail—Sutton, Midland, Orillia, Coboconk, Haliburton, Lindsay, Port Perry, Whitby, Peterboro, Lakefield, Port Hope, Madoc, Belleville, Hastings, Campbellford and intermediate stations.
4.10 p.m.—Mail—Sutton, Midland, Orillia, Coboconk, Lindsay, Port Perry, Whitby, Peterboro, Port Hope and intermediate stations.
4.55 p.m.—Mixed—Uxbridge and intermediate stations.

Arrivals, Midland Division.

11.45 a.m.—Mail 9.45 a.m.—Mixed from Uxbridge and intermediate stations. 9 p.m.—Mail. 6.10 p.m.—Mixed.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Departures Credit Valley Section.

7.10 a.m.—St. Louis express, for all stations on main line and branches, and for Detroit, Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas city.
1.05 p.m.—Pacific express, for Galt, Woodstock, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, Detroit, Chicago, and all points west and north-west.
4.50 p.m.—Local express for all points on main line, Orangeville and Elora branches.

Arrivals, Credit Valley Section.

9.20 a.m.—Express from all stations on main line and branches.
3.45 p.m.—Atlantic express from Chicago and all points west and stations on main line.
7.00 p.m.—Montreal express—All stations on main line and branches.

Departures, Toronto, Grey and Bruce Section.

9.40 a.m.—Mail for Orangeville, Owen Sound, Teeswater and all intermediate stations.
8 a.m.—Mixed from Parkdale.
5.00 p.m.—Express for Orangeville, Owen Sound and Teeswater.

Arrivals, Toronto, Grey and Bruce Section.

1.00 p.m.—Express from Owen Sound and intermediate stations.
10.30 p.m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations.
6.50 p.m.—Mixed, arrives at Parkdale.

Departures, Ontario and Quebec Section.

9.00 a.m.—Limited express for Peterboro, Norwood, Perth, Smith's Falls, Ottawa, Montreal, and intermediate points.
4.30 p.m.—Express for Peterboro, Norwood and all intermediate stations.
7.40 p.m.—Montreal express for Peterboro, Norwood, Perth, Smith's Falls, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec and all points east.

Arrivals, Ontario and Quebec Section.

9.15 a.m.—Express from Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Brockville, Peterboro, and intermediate points.
10.35 a.m.—From Peterboro, Norwood and intermediate points.
10.30 p.m.—Toronto express from (same as 9.15 and intermediate points).

NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Trains depart from and arrive at City hall station, stopping at Union and Brock street stations.

Departures.

7.45 a.m.—Mail for Muskoka wharf, Orillia, Meaford, Penetang and intermediate stations, making direct connections at Muskoka wharf with Muskoka boats.
12.00 noon—Steamboat express for Muskoka wharf, Collingwood and Meaford, making direct connections at Collingwood with steamers for Sault Ste. Marie and Port Arthur.
5.05 p.m.—Express for Collingwood, Penetang, Orillia and Barrie.
12.30 p.m.—Muskoka special express each Saturday during July and August for Muskoka wharf, connecting with steamers for Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph.

Arrivals.

10.15 a.m.—Express from Collingwood, Orillia, Barrie and intermediate points.
1.45 p.m.—Accommodation from Meaford, Collingwood, Penetang, Muskoka wharf, Orillia, Barrie and intermediate points.
8.15 p.m.—Mail from Penetang, Muskoka, Orillia, Barrie and intermediate stations.
1.55 p.m.—Muskoka special express, Mondays only—July and August.

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Gentlemen:
Ayer's Hair Vigor
Has been used in my household for three reasons:—
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2d. To prevent too rapid change of color.
3d As a dressing.
It has given entire satisfaction in every instance. Yours respectfully,
WM. CAREY 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.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

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During the month of August I will offer over $10,000 worth of
New and Elegant Furniture at Cost Prices.
The stock consists of Parlor, Bedroom, Dining and Library and Drawing-Room Suites in endless patterns and styles, and every article is manufactured on the premises and warranted.
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Christy's London Drab Hats,
(Zephyr Weight).
Woodrow's London Light Felt Hats.
Straw Hats at Cost.
Children's Straw and Felt Hats.
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Semi - Centennial Bitters,
A Tonic Unequalled and Unexcelled.

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These bitters are guaranteed to be made entirely from the finest herbs and free from either chemicals or drugs.
For Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Nausea, and in fact for all derangements of the Stomach and Liver, Loss of Appetite, &c., it stands unequalled, being purely an Invigorating, Strengthening and Exhilarating Stomachic. Sold by all druggists, grocers and hotel-keepers.
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57 QUEEN ST. EAST.

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