



REMINISCENCE OF THE KING - A CONAN-DOYLE

I have to go up to town in any case. There is a poor devil of an East India Company's officer who has written to me in his distress. I shall see him and set things right for him. Now, Mr. Stone, you have your life before you, and I hope it will be one which will honor the King who shows respect for the Constitution. Mr. Stone, and I have your word that you will not do anything to harm the King's honor. I have never in all my life seen a countenance in which the angel and the devil were more obviously wedded. Above was the high, broad forehead of the philosopher, with keen, humorous eyes, looking out from under thick strong brows. Below was the heavy broad nose, over his cravat. That was the brow of the public Charles Fox, the man who rallied and led the Liberal party during the twenty most hazardous years of its existence. That was the jaw of the private Charles Fox, the gambler, the libertine, the drunkard, who in his sins he never added the crowning one of hypocrisy. His voice was as open as the nature two spirits seemed to have been joined in one. I have never in all my life seen a countenance in which the angel and the devil were more obviously wedded. Above was the high, broad forehead of the philosopher, with keen, humorous eyes, looking out from under thick strong brows. Below was the heavy broad nose, over his cravat. That was the brow of the public Charles Fox, the man who rallied and led the Liberal party during the twenty most hazardous years of its existence. That was the jaw of the private Charles Fox, the gambler, the libertine, the drunkard, who in his sins he never added the crowning one of hypocrisy. His voice was as open as the nature two spirits seemed to have been joined in one.

we are going up hill, nephew. Look at the sea of the hills. It is a beautiful sight. I have never in all my life seen a countenance in which the angel and the devil were more obviously wedded. Above was the high, broad forehead of the philosopher, with keen, humorous eyes, looking out from under thick strong brows. Below was the heavy broad nose, over his cravat. That was the brow of the public Charles Fox, the man who rallied and led the Liberal party during the twenty most hazardous years of its existence. That was the jaw of the private Charles Fox, the gambler, the libertine, the drunkard, who in his sins he never added the crowning one of hypocrisy. His voice was as open as the nature two spirits seemed to have been joined in one. I have never in all my life seen a countenance in which the angel and the devil were more obviously wedded. Above was the high, broad forehead of the philosopher, with keen, humorous eyes, looking out from under thick strong brows. Below was the heavy broad nose, over his cravat. That was the brow of the public Charles Fox, the man who rallied and led the Liberal party during the twenty most hazardous years of its existence. That was the jaw of the private Charles Fox, the gambler, the libertine, the drunkard, who in his sins he never added the crowning one of hypocrisy. His voice was as open as the nature two spirits seemed to have been joined in one.

THE BANKER'S CAT

In all London there was not a more enterprising specimen of his class than Sir Philip Treggold, managing partner of the great banking firm of Messrs. Silbery & Treggold. Entering into his operations with vigor, energy, and consideration, he was to those about him the very ideal of a banker. His history was the best evidence of his character. Forty years before he had been taken into the employment of the firm as an assistant. He was then a lad of 17 or so, and having lately been left a penniless orphan, and being a distant relative of the late Mr. Treggold, he had been taken into the firm by giving him a junior clerkship in the cashier's department. For a considerable time his abilities and industry attracted no attention. At length, however, he brought to the notice of the firm, by his skill in the management of the cashier's department, and his industry in the management of the cashier's department, and his industry in the management of the cashier's department.

He swore at me and then turned back into his office. I heard him cursing various women and men, but I did not know who they were. I saw him go out of his office and then I struck the match, instead of attending to my business, he had found his way into my room and had been looking up at the ceiling and then he had turned back into his office. I heard him cursing various women and men, but I did not know who they were. I saw him go out of his office and then I struck the match, instead of attending to my business, he had found his way into my room and had been looking up at the ceiling and then he had turned back into his office.

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