i night. h would fill him full of

piano and to turn over the books lying upon it; then there was such complete silence that Gigi felt sure he must be reading and veutured to peer out from his hiding-place. He saw that the visitor was leaning in an easy attitude over the piano, his head proped up by his hand, and his eyes bent upon the score of some opera. Gigi could only see his side face, but that fascinated hims, and somehow he did not feel any longer afraid. He was impatient to attract the stranger's notice, but, though he moved the curtain, it was of no use; the new-comer seemed quite absorbed in the music he was reading. At last, in despair, Gigi resolved to speak.

"San Carlo!" he said, timidly thrusting his head a little further forward.

"The stranger looked up in surprise, and when he saw this quaint little face peeping out from the curtain, he came forward a few steps, looking very much puzzled.

Check shilt discoveraged; it was quite clear for her littles one. She was not an account posturing or an aphatomy of the little property country in the control of the little property country in the country of the little property country in the country of the little property country in the country of the little property of the little property

"The stranger looked up in surprise, and when he saw the quaint little face peeping out from the ourtain, he came forward with thin, and he won't let me have a nurse even. It is absurd to expect me to see to him when already I am almost worked to death."

"I don't know," said digi, "but think you are the new barttone.

Something in this address ght. His laugh as a very pleasant one.

"You have guessed rightly," he said, but I am not so clever, and cannot guess your name at all."

"I am Gigi," said the child, gravely. "Signor Sardoni laughs at my name and asyn't is only fit for a pony, but shows he resulting the said of the stranger's face; his eyes were his one ly beauty, they were wonderfully axpressive, and something in their depths was facant and tutiled the child's face more attentively.

"Gigi," he said, "I think you must, be my little nephew, though a so me has daken the twouble to tall me of your existence."

"Gig, in the pleased with his appearance, and with the novel feeling of cleanliness, opered-wary to the said to relate his experiences to Sardoni. Carlo Gloweth him and found Merlino just awake after though, after all, like him, and I like to talk longlish, as we did at Salem."

As he upoke, the little fellow lifted a pair of beautiful dark eyes to the stranger's face; his eyes were his one judy beauty, the child's face more attentively.

"Gigi," the said, "I think you must, be my little nephew, though no one has daken the thought was facen and tutiled the child, said the child, and the total me of your existence."

"Gig, in the letter of the child, said the child for the child of the said the part of beautiful dark eyes to the stranger's face; his eyes were his only beauty, the child the child of the chil

"He was happy enough at Salem, and, indeed, is always begging to go back again. The people there had brought him up, for, of course, I couldn't drag a baby all over the States with me."

"It was a farmhouse," put in Gigi, "and I always went out with the pigs every day. I wish there was pigs here."

Carlo smiled, but thought Gigi deserved better companionship.

"Merlino knew that we should be in America again in another year," continued Anita, "but he had some foolish feeling against leaving the child so far off, and so I suppose we shall have to take him about with us for the present. Men don't realize what trouble a child gives. Merlino likes to play with him now and then for ten minutes, but he would never be bothered with the same of the present of the past."

"The was happy choselis I don't think she has spoken to him since we were at San Francisco, a year ago, yet of course they had to act together. The Borelli is extremely fastidious; she will highly approve of the change of baritones. But dome will hat you."

Again Carlo was allent; he looked down the long shady walk, with its sombre ilextrees; the prospect of his new life had never before seemed so distasteful to him, and it was with a sense of relief that he caught sight of Enrico Ritter coming toward them with his usual long, imperturbable stride. Enrico seemed his last link with the past, but he would never be bothered with the same of the force and the way and the more than the same of the control of the same of the sam

HEARD FROM AT ST. PAUL.

The companies of the control of the

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stood it. They followed me everywhere and at all times. There was no peace or comfort or security for me. At last it came to a culmination. It came to a question of suicide or flight. I must either kill myself or quit the scene of my troubles. God only knows how the battle between the alternatives went on within my breast. I was undecided until the moment thetrainappeared at Dresden station and the signal was given: "All aboard for the west!" It was my full intentien up to that instant to return and lay the whole wretched matter before you, and leave you to decide the issue. But, God help me, I hadn't the courage to face the foc and brave the dishonor on the spot!"

The letter gives no clae as to the secret of how the "gang" secured a pull on him, the gang referred to being, doubtless, the family of Miss Bonet. Nor does the letter speak of the third young lady to whom he was engaged. Mr. Martin has not placed himself in any better light in the estimation of those by whom he has heretofore been so highly esteemied.

"Four years ago," writes Col. David Wylie, Brockville, Ont., May, 1888, "I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and could not stand on my feet. The pain was excruciating. I was blistered and purged in true orthodox style, but all to no puppose. I was advised to use St. Jacobs Oil, which I did. Linad my ankles well rubbed and then wrapped flannel saturated with the remedy. In the morning I could walk without pain."

Sandringham to be Sold.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have determined to sell Sandringham at the first

Sandringham to be Sold.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have determined to sell Sandringham at the first opportunity. The fact is that Sandringham is not healthy. This has long been the opinion of the people of the district, and it is the conclusion to which the Prince of Wales and several members of the house-hold have come. The situation of the house is comparatively low and the surrounding country is flat. The purchase of this property for the Prince of Wales at the time of his marriage was one of the most injudicious acts which Lord Palmerston ever committed. It is no secret that the estate was bought not so much in the interests of the Prince as to help Lord Palmerston's natural son to get rid of a burdensome property. A million dollars was the price paid for the place, and the Prince has, during the last 30 years spent at least a couple of million more on it. If he therefore parts with it, it will necessarily be at a considerable sacrifice.

Healthy for Tommy. Mrs. Blinks—Where in the world is Mr. Blinks revolver? I forgot to take it from under his pillow this morning.

New girl (a recent arrival)—What's it like, mum?

Mrs. Blinks—It's about so long, with a crook at one end, and it's bright, like silver.

New girl—I don't know, mum, unless it's that thing little Tommy is hammerin tacks wid.—God Netts.

"Mr. Collom." said the city editor to one

"Mr. Collum," said the city editor to one his reporters, "do you drink?" "No, sir." "I with you would acquire the liquor labit, for-I want you to make a personal test of one of the new specifies for drunken-ness and write it up in good style."

Parnell's mother recently/placed a Caltic cross of flowers upon his gave, which bore this inscription: "May the spirit for which Charles Stewart Parnell died freshly revive with the new year and live forever.

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There are paper quilts.
Steel is supplanting iron.
Ammonia runs street cars.
France sends the best false hair.
London has 4,000 letter-carriers

have made it possible to clear than human hair.

In Australia no newspapers are published nor railroad trains run on the Sabbath. Telegraph offices are closed and all business is suspended.

There are only four authors who earn \$20,000 a year with their pens, and these lucky ones are William Dean Howells, Robert Louis Stevenson, Mark Twain and Mrs. Burnett.

A velocity as high as 2,887 feet per second has been blained by a projectile from a rapid disc gun. This is at the rate of 1,968 miles as hour. It is the highest velocity yet recorded.

The largest raisin vineyard in the world now in bearing is owned by A. B. Butler, of Freno, Cal. It contains 610 acres. The annual income from this vineyard has reached \$200,000.

Mount Washington is to be capped with

Mothers, are your daughters pale or sal-low? Remember that the period when they are budding into womanhood is most critical; fortify their system for the change with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, unsurpassed for the speedy cure of all troubles peculiar to females. A trial of a single box will con-vince you. Beware of imitations and take no substitute.

"Little Pitchers."
Mr. Hihat—Will your big sister be down oon, Tommy?
Tommy—I guess so; she's all ready except her hair, an' maw has taken it into her own room to fix it.

Look Out, Girls. "Girls, watch the man who breathes o love to you and be sure that the love he breathes isn't a love of whiskey.—Elmire (N. Y.) Gazette.

—Physician—What you need every day is a good shaking up. Patient—How would horseback riding do? Physician—That isn't quite severe enough. What you want to do is take a ride every day in one of our hospital ambulances.—Life,

Irish Times: He—How chilly it is to night. I could hug a stove, I feel so cold She—Is that so? Why, I'm so warm I fee just like a stove.

Mrs. Robert B. Mantell is about to turn to the stage under her old name Marie Sheldon.

"German Syrup"

"I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my

ms and severe Colds
every Winter, and last Fall my
friends as well as myself thought
because of my feeble condition, and
agreat distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the
accumulated matter from my lungs,
that my time was close at hand.
When nearly worn out for want of
sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine,
Boschee's German
Gentle, Syrup, I am confident it saved my
life, Almost the first
Sleep. dose gave me great

Sleep. dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I can in excellent health and do con-

WITHOUT AN EQUAL.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most

many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Manufactured only by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

And, though tis very small, egad!
It gets there just the same.

—A customer with tender teet should be fitted with shoes late in the afternoon. The feet are then at their witness tize, for activity enlarges them.

—"You bet," he said, "I don't think marriage is a failure." "Are you a married man? asked a sad-eyed woman across the table. "Not much; I'm a divorce lawyer."

—The population of Rome has doubled in twenty vears, the nums—of prairies having increased in that time from —>,000 to \$400,000 and the city itself has been regenerated.

—It has been said that Queen Victoria is the only person now living who knew Sit

H.—I am looking at the love-letters in this breach of promise case.

W.—Are they interesting?

H.—Interesting! They, are absolutely sickening, Hear this: 'My dear ducky!'

My lovely dovey!' Ha! ha! ha!

W. (demurely)—It does sound rather foolish, doesn't it?

H. (with a burst of laughter)—Foolish? Idiotic, you mean. It's the worst nonsense imaginable. To think that any man in his senses could write such stuff as this: "I send you a million, kisses, my goosie, poosie, sweety peety!" Ha! ha! ha!

W.—Perhaps he loved her when he wrote those letters. W.—Perhaps he loved her when he wrote those letters.

H.—Suppose he did? Is that any excuse for writing such bosh?

W.—Yes, it should be. Here are some letters I found to-day when looking over my old relies—relies of courachip. They are very foolish, but very precious to me, I assure you. They are your letters. One of them begins, "My ownest own preciousest little ducky darling, my—"

H. (hastily)—That will do.—Put them in the fire.

"Katic," he said, timidly, "I have allowed myself to hope that you would regard me as something more than a friend."
"George," she answered softly, with half-averted face, "you—you are away

And George understood. He came neare Couldn't Catch. "Aren't you afraid of catching some terrible disease, doctor, in the practice of your profession?"
"Oh, no; never; I am well inoculated. Before I went in medicine I was a baseball player. Muffed everything."

Bestrable Herse. Jinks - That new horse that Dent bought ran away last night and killed his wife.

Filkins—That's too bad; he'll lose the sale of the animal now,
Jinks—Therfo you're mistaken. More than a dozon married men came to buy it this morning.

The Head of the Establishment. Reverend Friend—Why, Scriggins, this not the first of May!
Scriggins—I'm aware of it!
R. F.—Well, then, what are you moving

now for?
Scriggins—Our servant girl doesn't like this location.

So great has the dersity of the Dead Seabeoome that the human body easily floats on the surface without the slighest exertion of hands or feet.

At a Catholic Convent in Fort Berthold, N. D., all the sisters, including the Mother Superior, are Indians, and the spiritual director is a priest of Mohawk descent.

It is said that one woman in every 60 in London is a gin-drinker, one in every 20 a pauper, and one in 13 illiterate.

—Ethel- I will wait until I find an ideal man before I marry. Clarissa—Yes; but suppose he wants to marry an ideal woman:

Amalie Joschim, the distinguioned Lieder

Amalie Joachim, the distinguithed Lieder songstress, is about to visit the United States professionally. She sails for New York Feb. 13th, and will at once fill a number of engagements of which the most important involve the presentation of a Lieder cyclus illustrative of the growth and fruition of German song, and divided into four afternoon or evening entertainments.

Crompton, of Bernersstreet. "Inlanthe," that is its name, is graceful, sprightly and exhiliaratine. I should not be surprised if, in a short time, it superseded the walts. It has long gliding steps, short quick steps, all sorts of steps, but the gavotte steps, seems to be the predominating one. You would certainly get "enthused" over it if you saw it danced as I did by two of Mr. Crompton's graceful pupil. The music of "Iolanthe" is a medley of tune-ful airs from "Faust up to Date" and "Ruy Blas."—Miss Mantalini, in Pall Mall Gazette.

She had been trying for twenty minutes to entertain him with the gossip of the neighborhood.

"Aw, Miss Quickstep," he said, "cawn's we—aw—talk about something twesh ?"

"Why, yes, Mr. De Swellaut," she answered with an engaging mille. "Tell me all about yearself. How do you manage to pass the time these dull days?"

Great Improve "We are going to accommodate our pas-songers better," said the president of a street ear line to a reporter.

"Going to put on more cars, I suppose?"
"No; we are going to hang four more strape in each car."

Across the Contin Acress the Continent.

Wm. Renwick, M.D., M.R.C.S.E., Viotoria, B.C., writes: I have used Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil in cases of indigent patients with the most gratifying assults. It does not upset the stomach, is easily assimilated and possesses undoubted power in rebuilding weakened constitutions, where the ordinary form of administering Cod Liver Oil is not admissable. For the future, whenever I have occasion to prescribe any preparation of Cod Liver Oil, I will give Miller's Emulsion the preference, being perfectly satisfied with its therapeutic efficacy. In big bottles, 50c. and \$1 at all drug stores.

wo."

No doubt you will. You won't have much
business to take up your time if you postpone your advertising.

Your competitors don't postpone.

Advertise now and in the TIMES. One

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Br. Mine's Great Nerve Mesterer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous ourse, Treatise and 32.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Sond to Dr. Mine, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Golden Advice.

O'Donovan Rossa has gone to selling sugar and starchon commission. He can no longer make a living out of dynamite, and is afraid to return to England.

A Japanese doctor never dreams of asking a poor patient for a fee. There is a proverb among the medical fraternity of Japan: "When the twin enemies, poverty and disease, invade a home, then he who takes aught from that home, even though it be given him, is a robber."

A guid word is as soon said as an ill.

A guid word is as soon said as an ill. A guid word is as soon said as an ill.

The Ancient Order of United Workmen,
the Grand Lodge of which is now in session
at Ottawa, is one of the largest and most
important of the benevolent secret societies
in Canada. Its growth has been remarkable in Ontario, and especially in this city,
where several successful lodges are in existence. So large, in fact, has it become
that an effort was made yesterday to cut
the Canadian section of the Order adrift
from the parent stem in the United States,
but the motion was rejected by an over-

D. C. N. L. D 92

FOR EOPLE EVERY WORAN should take them YOUNG LESS should take these PILLS.
They will cure the results of youthful bad habits, and strengthen the YOUNG WOMEN should take them.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing

THE DR. WILLIA MS' MED. CO.

Brockville Ont. TICK AND VERMIN DESTROYER TICK AND VERMIN DESTROYER

THE PROPRIETORSHAVE FUR
chased the formula at great ex
pense, and are now prepared to supply
the trade with the genuine article and
at greatly reduced prices.
It effectually destroys Floks, Lice, Worms or
Grub, to which sheep, horses and cattle are
subject, and enables the animal to thrive.

The proprietors will guarantee perfect successively
when used according to directions, as will be
the prevents scurf and seab, and renders the
wool bright and clear.

Put up in tin boxes; price 30 cents each, One
box is sufficient for twenty ordinary sized sheep,
It only requires to be tried to prove itself.
Sold by all drugigies, G. G. BridG88 & SONS.,
Wholesale Agents, Hamilton, Ont.



LeChuma's Tansy & Pennyroyal Pills
The only safe and reliable French Pill on the market