"I don't think I know it much better than he does," observed Sara, smiling. "But on can tell Mrs. Cray that I shall be happy o accompany her, and to render her any service that I can. Oh! and Long, will you ell your mistress that we have received sad ows from Dr. Keen?" she resumed, as the jaid was turning away. "Poor little sopold has broken his arm." "And that he did it scrambling after pola has broken his arm." And that he did it scrambling after kberries," indignantly added Miss Bet-

ackberries, "indignantly added Miss Betna.

The maid departed, saying that Mrs. Cray
nior would be round in the course of the
oraning. Sara went up to the drawingtom, and opened her letter case, which she
of sometimes instead of her desk. Her
est thought was to write a few consoling
ords to poor Leo. But, ere she began, she
aned her aching brow upon her hand; the
sion she had seen at the window of Bangaer Terrace, as they drove to Lady Reid's
to previous evening, had lett its sting upon
er brain.

A slight tap at the door, and Neal came
...
He could not but note the weary exconsion of her face as she looked up at him,
a advanced to the table, some papers in
is hand, and spoke in a low tone, as if what
said was for her ear alone.

"The nositman brought this letter also,

d was for her ear alone, e postman brought this letter also, Sara. It was inclosed in this envelope ssed to me by Master Richard. Per

in airwand to that this own papers, which is the proper patrices of the proper patrices, and these himself is the potential proper patrices of the proper patrices of the proper patrices of the proper patrices, and these himself is the potential proper patrices of the proper patrices, and these himself is the potential proper patrices, and there he proper patrices of the proper patrices, and there he proper patrices of the proper patrices, and there he proper patrices, and there he proper patrices of the proper patrices, and there he proper patrices, and the patrices and the proper patrices, and there he proper patrices, and there he proper patrices, and there he proper patrices, and the proper patrices, and there he proper patrices, and the proper patrices, and the proper patrices, and the patrices and the patrices and the proper patrices, and the patrices and the pat

aunt bett, and mind you hide it, and don't you lot a sight of it reach her, we are aufully afraid of that about the poney getting told Keens ears for thered be the diokens to pay, yours affectionately, DICK.

gotting told Keens ears for thered be the dickens to pay, yours affectionately,

"poleo sends his love and he hopps you wont be angry with him for breaking his arm and I am writing this after school at twelve instead of playing, Good buy."

Sara smiled, in spite of herself as she folded up the letter. But she thought it rather a wonder there had not been a few broken legs among the "6" instead of one broken arm. One minute longer and Miss Davenal would have seen it. She came into the room with her things on.

"Are you going out, aunt?" asked Sara, rising from her seat.

"You can't, "returned Miss Bettina, misapprehending the words. "You must wait at home for Mrs. Cray. I am going to match that wool."

"Is Neal going with you?"

"Id don't want Neal. Do you suppose I shall getrun away with? I have sent him out elsewhere."

Miss Bettina departed, and Sara wrote her letter to Leo. She wrote one to Dick, giving him sundry entreating warnings about ponies and such like forbidden fruit. But she had little faith, as she folded it, that it would not have much effect on daring Dick.

Srra got ready for Mrs. Cray and went down to the dining-room. She took up a book, but had not been looking at it many minutes when she saw Neal coming up and talking to a young person, whose condition in life it was rather difficult to guess. In these days of dress, it is difficult. She had a pretty face, Sara could see that, though a voil covered it; her gown was one of those called a "washing silk"—and very much "washed out" it seemed to be; and a smartshawl trailed on the ground behind. But for this trailing shawi and a sort of general untidiness, there would have been something superior about the girl. In the face she looked like a lady, and Sara had seen many a lady worse.

(To be Continued.)

Keon, and us 6 all thought what a jolly chance it was that we had happened to lay him down by the bank, and none of them ever saw the poney, loo was carried home and Mrs. Keen she came out with a face as white as his, tom how did it happen, says she laying hold of tom, and we gotaffraid again, for toms uncommon fond of his mother, but he didn't split, and then Keen came up and the surjon came and Keen he says to loo how did you fall did anybody push you off the bank, no sir says lee, and the surjon he asked how it was done, and lee shook like anything, and began to cry, afraid he should have to tell a story at last which he can't bare, he was shut up in a room then with the doctor and Keen and one or two more, and we heard him cry out know what a baby he is poor little chap and lays with all my hart if had been me to be lust instead of him, the worst is I should have lost they give us on her bethday avery year, cakes and tarts and pidjon pies and lots of things and we have to dress for it and a heap of duffing girls come to it in white rocks but we dont mind 'om much, and dear Sara that's the whole facts of how it came about and I couldn't write it truer if I were telling it to poor uncle Richard himself, lees all jolly this morning and he is in bed and has got no lessons to do and he says I am to tell you it doesn't hurst much and constant him, and Miss Keen (kees the big one) is going to read him storys, he says I am to tell you it doesn't hurst much and constant here's only one thing we are sorry for, that Uncle Richard isn't alive to cure him because hed have him home to Hallingham to do it and perhaps me as well and I should have a holiday from those horrid books, I shall send this to Neal for fear of

Jam to tell you that he'll never get on a poney with 6 again and Mrs. Keens very kind to him, and Miss Keen (shes the big one) is going to read him storys, he says I am to tell you it doesn't hurt much and oh sara there's only one thing we are sorry for, that Uncle Richard isn't alive to cure him because hed have him home to Hallingham to do it and perhaps me as well and I should have a holiday from those horrid books, I shall send this to Neal for fear of

Extra Choice. Boneless, Gold Medal, Ordinary. Redel's Pate De Foies Gras, Pate Des Touristes, Faie Gras, Lamproie, Ala Bordelaise, Lunch Tongue, Ox Tongue, Olives, Pickles, etc. Highest quality.

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Only One Day's Journey From This City.

To the Editor of the ADVERTISEE:

Many of your readers are probably unaware that within a day's journey of this city there exists in this broad Dominion of Canada one of the richest mineral districts aware that within a day's journey of this city there exists in this broad Dominion of Canada one of the richest mineral districts in the world. We have been made familiar with the treasures that lie beneath the soil of the east and the far west. But it is the central portion of the Dominion to which henceforth the eyes of the prospector should turn, and I foresee for that sparsely settled tract a promising future, attractive as it is, both on account of its scenery, to the tourist, if only it possessed reads, and to the miner for its mineral wealth. Do Canadians generally know that the most wonderful gold mine of the world has been opened here? And not only so, but that in addition to the unrecountable hills of coppor, nickel silver and lead and iron known to exist and already to some extent laid open, it is chiefly a gold-hearing region? Two or three weeks ago I visited the Ophir gold mine, now exploited by an American company with a paid-up capital of \$3,000,000; it lies sixteen miles to the north of the Bruce mines near Sault Ste. Marie. Mr. Snyder, at whose comfortable hotel, the Exchange, I stayed, provided me with a conveyance and himself drove me to the mine. The road is good for six miles to Rydal Bank, a pretty spot at the foot hills of the Huron range, where scenery of a semi-Alpine character commences, lake and forest, crag and rushing stream. The views are wonderfully diversified and even

Canadians to establish its plant, so that the people may have the satisfaction of possessing the riches placed within their reach. Our Christian population may be sure that the love of money, i. e., the hearding of it, is the root of all evil. A little healthy speculation will do them no harm. Faithfully yours, C. H. ANDRAS.

Professor in Arts, Huron College.

July 29, 1893.

Pat's Great Wonder.

Pat's Great Wonder.

We are surrounded by dangers all the way from the oradle to the grave. "The great wonder is," as Patsays, "that after getting out of our eradle we live long enough to reach our grave." Thousands are out of health—morose, morbid and miserable, because they do not avail themselves of the remedy within easy reach of them. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery would cure them.

For all chronic or lingering Coughs, Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Shortness of Breath, Asthma and kindred ailment, it is a most potent remedy. It cleaness, the blood, invigorates the liver, improves digestion, and builds up both flesh and strength. Dose small and pleasant to taste. Large bottles, \$1. Of all druggists.

Hc-What the mischief is this? His Wife-You will have to eat your oatmeal in a flower pot this morning, my dear. I haven't been able to get to a china shop since our girl left.

The Sambro Lighthouse

She—I don't see why Miss Gobble should sem so attractive to all the gentlemen. e—The doctor has forbidden her ever

using ice cream.
What Say They? What Say They?

In popularity increasing. In reliability the standard. In merit the first. In fact, the best remody for all summer complaints, diarnhea, dysentery, cramps, colic, cholora infantum, citc, is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, All medicine dealers sell it.

Hardhead—Theorists are foots. Thinkhard—Indeed! That's your theory, eh?

She—What a honely man is talking. She-What a homely man is talking to Miss S.! Do you know him? He-Yes; he is my brother. Should you suffer from toothache try Gibbons' Toothache Gum. zxv

A WOMAN WITH NERVE.

Dr. Nettie E. Jonkins Witnessed the Electrocation of Taylor.

Electrocution of Taylor.

New York, July 29.—Among the spectators of the killing of Taylor, was Dr. Nettie E. Jenkins, the first woman who has ever seen a killing by electricity. Mrs. Jenkins is the wife of Dr. James M. Jenkins, and is herself a practicing physicism, holding a diploma granted by the medical department of the Syracuse University. She is a woman of strong mental qualities and has the reputation of being an able physician. She believes in capital punishment, and after her experience adheres to the opinion that sheatfailty is the best

and has the reputation of being an able physician. She believes in eaghtal punishment, and after her experience adheres to the opinion that electricity is the best method of killing criminals.

"Why," said she, "I certainly believe that it is a humane way of punishment; a painless death for criminals to die." Mrs. Jenkins was apparently less affected by the horrible botch than a score of men in the room. Mrs. Jonkins was one of the witnesses who thought the breaking of the chair leg was a part of the programme. To a reporter she said:
"I remarked to my friend, Dr. Eton of Chittenango, who sat near me, just as the current had been turned on, that the electrocution was a grand success, but that was before I realized that anything was wrong with the machinery. When the labored breathing of the victim was evident I realized that the shock was not sufficient to produce immediate death, unfortunate as it was for the victim and all who witnessed it. However, the mode was not to blame; it was only the lack of a continued current to make the electrocution the best ever held."

Mrs. Jenkins is of the opinion that Taylor was unconscious to any pain, and

Taylor was unconscious to any pain, and her idea is that he was affected as though suffering from apoplexy.

Painfully Incorrect.

Painfully Incorroct.

"I see a mistake in your paper that I thought you might want to straighten up," said the man in the linen duster, who had toiled up three flights of stairs to see the adjust.

toiled up three nignes of editor.

"Well?" said the editor.

"W'y, it's jist like this: You say that when the balloon went up a cheer arose from 1,000 throats and that 2,000 eyes were gazing at the intrepid aeronaut. Now that there ain't right, 'cause I know they was three one-eyed men in the party, and that leaves only 1,997 eyes to be a gazin' into space. I 'lowed you would like to know," and the linen-dustered man trotted downstairs.

Nearly Correct.

In a composition upon "Education," a boy once wrote: "Education is going to school, which is being marked every day and examined on paper, and then promoted and if you are a girl you graduate and have flowers, but if you are a boy you don't have flowers; you only go to college."



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Castoria.

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Dr. J. F. Kincheloe,

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

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favor upon it."
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