

WILD AND WILFUL.
Floyd Warren, grave, handsome, aristocratic from his loosely curling blonde hair to his well shaped feet, stood leaning against the olive velvet, crimson-and-gold and-blue embroidered lambréquin that draped the mantle in his sister's pretty little boudoir, and listened, without the vestige of a smile, to her meretricious remarks, although a curiously mischievous spirit lurked in his hazel eyes.
"It's too horribly reckless for anything!" Mrs. St. Cyr exclaimed, frowning herself. "Rogued to a girl you know very little about! Oh, Floyd, Floyd, I would never have imagined you could be so silly."
Then Mr. Warren smiled, and although, as a rule, men of 35 do not particularly enjoy a "going over" by their sisters, he resigned himself with amused patience to his temporary punishment.
"So he stood his ground, his arms folded, his eyes against the mantle, and leaning against the golden-haired, bright-eyed, 32-year-old matron of 22.
"No, I don't suppose I know much more about her than Philip did when he married you, both, but we all have to take our risks, you know."
"But to think she is a poor, common!"
"Not quite," he interrupted, good-naturedly. "Poor, I admit, but not common according to your rendering of the term. She is a working girl, and employed from eight to seven in Madame Freshard's establishment, and she lives in a tenement house on Eighth avenue with her parents—a top floor too. And her name is Ida Ingles. And now you know all you are likely to know of the future Mrs. St. Cyr, until she appears in the actual role of sister-in-law to your serene majesty."
Mrs. St. Cyr frowned, and a most charming little frown it was.
"You are very considerate. Perhaps you didn't know you haven't informed me that she is beautiful as a angel, graceful as a gazelle. They always say you know!"
Her sarcasm fell unheeded.
"But, sister! I fear that both, you ought to see her! Why—"
And then Mrs. Both shrugged her white organically shoulders.
"Spare me, I beg."
While at the same moment, in the plain, comfortable, yet almost shabby little parlor on the top floor of 209 Eighth avenue, Mrs. Diggs, pale, faded and jaded with the cares of life and the forever struggling to make her ends meet, listened obediently to Ida's announcement of an engagement between herself and Floyd Warren.
"It's too good to be true, dear! Only think, you'll have a beautiful home and everything you want, and—money to buy what you need. He is a gentleman, and so handsome, with position and dignity. Ida, darling, you ought to be a proud, happy girl!"
And then Ida laughed, and such a laugh, as she bubbled, like rippling cascades of silver water, or the sweet murmur of a summer breeze in a wood, it contained nothing of anything that was lovely and merry.
"Of course I am proud and happy, mamma; not only so, but contented, too, in the circumstances; but, mamma, you must not think I feel honored by Mr. Warren's preference—my main great preference would make me feel that I was honored. It is I who honored him."
And the rich crimson leaped to Ida's lips, and she looked at her mother with certain eyes that Mr. Floyd Warren had certainly not seen there yet.
"And I had actually feared you were becoming interested in Paul Crawford! I am so thankful, dear."
"Paul Crawford! As if I ever cared for him, in your day of his being the best dancer in the crowd, in my day."
"Nor would Mr. Warren approve of him, dear."
And then Ida stopped over and silenced the mother with a loving little kiss.
"I know just what you mean, mamma, dear. Floyd would not approve of him, nor would I, except in the most conventional way. But one thing is sure and sure to irritate me about his habits or dislikes, or my tastes or distastes. He must be as I am—Ida Ingles, just as I am—Ida Ingles, or let me entirely alone!"
And in answer to Mrs. Ingles' appalled look Ida laughed merrily.
"I am an anomaly, and I'm not! And a dreadful creature, I know."
"I wouldn't have a hair of your head different, darling—you are my ideal, loving, noble daughter."
And with a warm glow in her heart, Ida went off to her daily work—such an "anomaly," really, as she called herself.
Proud, sensitive, passionate, honorable, truthful and independent despite her sensitiveness, frank and free, and as a character, a character worth closest study, well worthy warmest interest and eager watching.
"Love him! Love him!" she thought to herself; "indeed I love him with all my heart and soul and strength. The question is—does he love me?" And can I retain him always?"
But with Floyd Warren's nature—grave, positive, steady, and firm as a rock—based in the sea—and hers, an inharmonious jarring was sure to come at one time or another.
And it came on one August moonlight night, when Mr. Warren picked up an invitation card lying on the table in the Ingles parlor.
"Of course you'll not go, Ida," he said.
"What! Not go to the moonlight dance at Pera Dale?" she answered quickly.
"Why shouldn't I? All the other girls are going."
"It will be rather a promiscuous crowd."
"But I am not an aristocrat, you know," she retorted coolly.
"No, dear, that isn't what I mean. But I understand the dignity of the girls, and the fact that the Watneys are among the invited guests, and, frankly, I would rather you would not associate with such people."
"A saucy, cold little smile answered him.
"Of that point, as on several others, we do not agree."
"But you won't go, Ida? To oblige me, dearest, I ask it as a personal favor."
In his manly patience and considerate tenderness toward her, she gave no sign.
"Indeed, I'll not give it up! I'm sure, in the moonlight, the dancing, the music, I worship them all. It will be like a living dream; I'd not miss it for all the world!"
He looked gravely at the sweet, defiant face, all aflame and asked himself: After all, was that right when she said she so recklessly marry girls, knowing so little really of them?
"You must do just as you please, Ida. But, remember, if you go in the very face of my disapproval, I shall construct it into meaning, but only meaning."
And his slow, patient speech only made Ida more wilful than ever.
"Go! Of course I'll go, mamma," she said, after Warren had gone.
"Floyd does not like it, I can't help it. I told you he must take me as I am or else leave me. And so she did—she failed, sweetest. And so she did, in her white lawn dress, so daintily made by her own dear fingers, and she danced to her heart's content, laughed and sang while, under all, she was unthinkably miserable.
"Half a dozen of us are going, and for a fifteen minutes' ramble to get some spring

water," Clara Crawford said. "Isn't the captain good-natured, Ida? We want you to go, too, come!"
And not pausing to consider the matter, Ida followed the little group just rushing over the gateway's plan.
"Wait a minute, girls! Clara, Isabel, where are you?"
For in the sombre darkness of the forest that reached to the river's edge, Ida had lost sight of the forward part of the party.
"It's all right, Ida, don't be in such a hurry! They've taken a cross cut Clara knows of, but I'll escort you by another road I know of. Take my arm, won't you?"
It was Paul Crawford's voice, close in her ear—Paul Crawford, with whom she was alone in the dark, lonely place!
"Thank you, I'm going back to the boat," she said sharply, angrily. "I don't like to be here."
"With me, you mean," and he laughed unpleasantly. "But I am of a different opinion. Unlike both the place and the company exceedingly well, and Clara has played the game into my hands even better than I dared hope. There they go now, back to the boat—hardly had time to sample the spring water, have they?"
At the same instant the whole shrieked.
"There she is!"
Left in the dark, just as I intended, and he stepped in front of Ida, planting himself resolutely in the narrow path. "You needn't trouble so, Ida; we won't stay here long. I happen to know of a very pleasant family who live not a mile from here, and we'll spend the evening there, and have the wife's son, you know, my proud little nephew."
A wild shriek came from Ida's pale lips, and before her quivering mouth had closed, a tall stranger, a fire stepped up beside her and Paul Crawford fell like a log to the ground.
"We haven't a second to lose; come, Ida!"
And Floyd Warren linked her arm in his, and hurried her back just in time to appear about.
In a retired corner, as far as it was possible to get from the music and dancing, he sat in her chair, pale, crying, while Mr. Warren stood beside her, grave and pale too.
"How came you here?" she asked presently.
"Because you needed a protector—thank God I came!" he said impatiently. "You can never forgive me, I know," she sobbed. "I have been so wild and wilful that I know I deserve the reward you will bestow. But I beg, before you say good-bye forever, let me tell you how sorry I am. If—if I could recall it, I would never fly your judgment or another's again!"
And for answer he stooped and kissed her tenderly.
"My dear, until you send me from you, I shall never go! You are all that is sweet and pure and true; I a little willful soul. I spell my whole life for you. She gave him a look that thrilled him from head to foot.
"I'll never be wilful again," she answered fervently. "From this hour you are master."
And Mrs. St. Cyr declares there never was a sister-in-law rapid to her for dignity, gratefulness, sweetness and general perfection, while Mr. Warren—well, if he doesn't adore his young wife, he must adore her. She is a gem, she is a gem, she is a gem in every action of her life. Ida Warren shows her loyalty to her lord and master.

It Is Ready Consumption!
Many a lung disease is really one of liver complaint not noticed at first, but unless that diseased liver can be restored to healthy action, it will do on the lungs with ever upping matter, and the result is the deadly disease, then indeed we have consumption, which is scrofula of the lungs, in its worst form. Nothing can be more happily extended to the lungs than the medicine in the bottle than Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By Druggists.

We Were Waiting For It.
Philadelphia Record: Morisiani would have been on his guard had he known the young coachman was a Holkamp when he tried him.

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

Dea, hear!
From the *Medical Journal*.
Candidates enrolled for the Nile campaign are deserting to the United States, owing to reports of the bad climate of Africa.

Frank James is one of the "curiosities" at the fair in Moberly, Mo.

Pleasant as syrup, nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother's Worm Extirpator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

The Lincoln park board of Chicago will probably grant permission to erect within a few days a memorial statue of Thomas Paine.

"That's too in of the soul, the dinner ever," says Byron, calls to suggest a pleasing reflection to the dyspeptic, bilious sufferer. He partakes, of course, but the subsequent torment is agreeably out of proportion to the quantity of food he eats, which lies undigested, a weight like lead in his unhappy stomach. There is a remedy, however, and its name is *Norwarp's* Cure. No case is entirely hopeless.

The messenger boys of the Bankers and Merchants' and Postal telegraph companies struck yesterday, claiming that they had received no pay.

Mr. John Magwood, Victoria Road, writes: "Nurwarp's and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a splendid medicine. My customers say they never used anything so effective. Good results immediately follow its use. I know its value from personal experience, having been troubled for 3 or 10 years with dyspepsia, and since using Nurwarp's as no without that depressing feeling so well known to dyspeptics, I have no hesitation in recommending it in any case of indigestion, Constipation, Heartburn, or troubles arising from a disordered stomach."

The labor troubles at Cincinnati are going more serious. Arbitration has failed, and more police are demanded to prevent disturbances.

People who wish to note the progress Toronto is making ought to visit West Toronto Junction. It is within a few minutes of the Union station by the trains of the Ontario and Quebec and the Grand Trunk or the Northern. The junction station of the C. P. R. is now in full blast and freight and passenger trains are stopping there every three or four hours. New houses are going up all round while the plans of many handsome ones are still in the hands of the architects. Real estate in the neighborhood has steadily risen in value and promises to advance still more rapidly. A lot of block in this locality is the best investment a workman or capitalist can go into. It will double itself in two years just as Parkdale, Brockton and the best lots in West Toronto are to be had from George Clarke, 295 Young street.

The color line in the New York city public schools has just been abolished, and the pupils, white and black, attend the

Semi-Centennial Bitters.
A Tonic Enriched and Unexcelled.

SHAKE.
TRADE MARK.

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.

Semi-Centennial Manufacturing Co.
57 QUEEN ST. EAST.

WONDERFUL RESULTS.
HUNDREDS OF LADIES.
Have already been relieved of the unnatural growth of Hair on the Face and Arms with Dorenwend's Hair Remover. It softens the complexion, removes all hair and is painless.

BEFORE AND AFTER.
DORENWEND'S HAIR REMOVER.
Trade Mark Secured.
Will be sent on receipt of price to any address. Sold in boxes at 25 each or 3 for \$1. Address: A. DORENWEND, Paris Hair Works, Toronto.

NOVELTIES!
In all our Fire-Proof Safes we place a plate of drilled steel around the combination lock and thus prevent the possibility of the safe being opened by cutting the lock with a saw or by burglars. We are the only Canadian manufacturers who always give this protection.

LANGTRY BANG, CURLING TONGS.
HANDY TACK HAMMER!
Holds two packages of tacks in the handle.

THE NOVELTY CORKSCREW.
HARRY A. COLLINS, Housekeepers' Emporium.
90 YONGE STREET.

THE BEST CHEAPEST.
VIENNA BREAD
From American Patent Process Flour.
Delivered Daily.

HARRY WEBB
447 Yonge St., Toronto.

BRITTON BROS., THE BUTCHERS.
We always keep on hand a full supply of choice BEEF, MUTTON, PORK, Corn Beef, etc.
Spring Lamb a Specialty.
Hotels, steamboats and all large dealers liberally dealt with.

THE NEWSPAPER & BILL DISTRIBUTING CO.
Has established a regular system for the distribution of Newspapers, Bills, Circulars, etc., etc.

The entire city is covered daily by a staff of reliable carriers.
Business men will find the NEWSPAPER & BILL DISTRIBUTING CO. the best medium for placing their announcements before the public.

Office: 28 Adelaide E., Room 9.

MATTHEWS BROS. & CO.,
93 Yonge Street.
Headquarters for high quality gilt Mouldings, imitation Mouldings, Walnut Mouldings, German Mouldings, Gold Mouldings, Antique Bronze Mouldings, Gilt Frames and Picture Frames supplies. Chromos, Artotypes, &c.

WILLIAM BERRY,
Derrick Excavator & Contractor.
NO. 151 LUNNEY STREET.
Office, 6 Victoria street.
Night soil removed from all parts of the city at reasonable rates.

Three-Quarters of All the Sewing Machines Sold THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

LAST YEAR WERE 'SINGERS.'

WE CHALLENGE ANY SEWING MACHINE BEFORE THE PUBLIC TO EQUAL THE NEW "Improved Family"

Machine with Oscillating Shuttle; is the latest production, and is specially adapted to all kinds of Family Sewing. It is almost noiseless, and runs so lightly that a child could operate it for hours without fatigue, has a high arm with abundance of room, is self-threading, has a self-setting needle and a shuttle that can be threaded without removing it from the Machine.



THE SINGER MANUFACTURING CO.,

66 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

VISITORS TO THE EXHIBITION
ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO VISIT
EDWARD M'KEOWN'S
POPULAR DRY GOODS HOUSE
And inspect our New Importations of
DRESS GOODS!
Cassimeres, Suits, Satins, Merceilles, Brocades, Organzas, Plushes, Velvets, Felsevies, Mantles, Dolmans, Ulster, Fur, Proof Circulars, Knitted Wool Wares, Hosiery, Gloves, Lace Goods, Underwear, Cottons, Flannels, sheetings, Table Linens, La e Curtains, Blankets, Comforters, etc.

Our stock this season is the largest we have ever shown, and all imported direct from the manufacturers, thus saving all middle profits. Those who cannot conveniently come to the city we send samples free, by mail, when requested.
FINE DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING now done on the premises. Good work, stylish fit, low prices.

EDWARD M'KEOWN, 182 Yonge Street, Toronto.

COAL. COAL. COAL.

PLACE YOUR ORDER WITH
C. J. SMITH
THE COAL DEALER,
25 QUEEN STREET WEST,
COR. JARVIS & QUEEN STREETS, AND FOOT OF BERKLEY STREET.
All Coal Delivered Clean and in Good Order.
Telephone Offices all over. Special Rates on Wood.

SCRANTON COAL

This is to notify the citizens of Toronto that I am the only dealer here importing the celebrated "SCRANTON COAL," and that I have on hand
100,000 TONS,
All sizes, fresh mined. This is without doubt the best Hard Coal mined. Call and see it before making your season's purchases.
LOWEST SUMMER RATES.
Orders left at Office, corner of Bathurst and Front streets, Yonge street wharf, 51 King street east, 534 Queen street west, and 390 Yonge street, will receive prompt attention.

W. WINDELER,

THE WELL-KNOWN
PRACTICAL BOOT AND SHOE MAKER
Is prepared to supply Ladies and Gents with all kinds of Boots and shoes strictly his own make.
Having a long experience is a guarantee that all goods purchased from him are A No. 1. You will do well to examine his fine stock of Boots and Shoes, as his stock is complete and prices very low.

W. WINDELER
285 Queen Street West, Opp. Beverley

J. R. BAILEY & CO.,

DEALERS IN
ANTHRACITE & BITUMINOUS
COAL.
General Office: 32 King Street East.
Docks: Foot of Church Street.
TORONTO.