The Man in the Case.

Since a woman was created there has been a

About the part she plays on earth-all blame is lain on her, * Let any wickednes: be done, at any time or place.

And saints and sinners do declare, "A womanin

Some fool to suicide inclined blows out his littl

brain, "Now, mark my words—a woman!" every pro-phet will exclaim, Or if some fool another fool despatches from this

it's significantly mentioned, "He has a pretty wife."

If a man, a thief my nature, steals his employer

And goes alone to Canada, the girl was "left

Or if he's seen a-talking with a woman on the

way, "The woman in the case goes, too," the daily papers say.

Now this thing makes us women all too miserably

But for our dire existence, men would never kill

nor steal; In fact, if Eve to Adam the Lord had never

This earth had so continued a suburban sort of It occurs to me, however, from another point of

view, Had we ne'er been given Adam, we could have a heaven too

If the world were only women, we could keep it love.

free from crime, r doesn't the "old Adam" work the mischief every time? Ford

It was Eve who gave the apple that has brought us all our woe: But with no one there to take it, she could never have done. Though men will kill and steal for us, because we are so dear, You should mind they fix our value by their own existence here.

When you come to think it over, one conclusion

When you content think it over, one contractors of the sought to lure in the sought to lure in the sought to lure in the sought of th

With this new light on the subject, rather singular it seems; But instead it's plainly plural, in reality it When the blame for any action to its fountain

head you trace, You will ever find a woman and a man are in the case. -Flora McDonald.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES

And he learnt yet another thing, as his anger slowly burnt itself out and only profound wretchedness and intolerable suspense remained as to his wife's fateething that startled him with a sense of sweetness, and yet sturg him with infinite pain; when the haunting presence of his lost wife seemed ever with him and would not let him rest; when his remorse was terrible; and when he would have given up all he had in the world just to hear her say in her low fond voice that she forgave him

For he knew now that he had wronged her and that his neglect and coldness had driven her from her

The uncertainty of her fate sometimes have laid her plans so accurately that no traces of her and the child could be found? Could evil have befallen them? God help him if a hair of those innocent heads had been touched. In his weakness has could not always control the horrible imagina-tions that beset him. Often he would wake from some ghastly dream and lie till dawn, unable to shake off his deadly terror. Then all of a sudden he would remember that hasty postscript, "Do not be anxious about me. I am going to some kind people who will be good to me and the boy;" and he would fall asleep again while vainly trying to recall if he had ever heard Fay speak of any friends of her childhood. But though Erle and Miss Mordaunt tried to help him

Into name occurred to any of them. It was an added burden to him that Erle could ... to come to him; but there was trouble in Belgrave House, and the shadows were closing round it. Erle could not leave his uncle, but wrote very kindly to poor con-science-stricken Hugh, and said all he could

With her usual unselfishness she deter-mined that no one else should suffer through her unhappiness. Her mother's to comfort him. It was in those hours of dreary helpless what it Hugh learnt to miss his Wee Wife. In those long summer afternoons, while his foreign nurse nodded drowsily beside him, and the hot air crept sluggishly brief hours of rest should be unshadowed. It was a pale little sunbeam whose smiles greeted her of an evening; but it was still a sunbeam. The sweet looks and words beside him, and the not air crept sluggishly in at the open window, how he longed for the small cool hand that used to be laid so softly on his temples, or put the drink to his parched lips before they could frame their want. He remembered the hours she and loving attention were still always ready. As Nea watched her child her heart would had sat beside him, fanning the flies from his pillow or bathing his aching had. She had never left him—never seemed tired or impatient, though her face had grown so pale with watching. Others would have spared her; others told him that she was spent and weary, but he had never noticed it. "And, brute that I was," he thought, "I left her alone in her trouble with only strangers and hirelings about her, to fight her way through the very Valley of the Shadow of Death." He took out her letter and smoothed it out—it was a trick of his when he thought no one would see him. He when he thought no one would see him. He had read it over until he knew it off by heart. Ah! if Heaven would but spare him this once and give him back the strength he had misused, that he might find her, poor child, and bring her home, and comfort her as only he could comfort her. He would love her now, he thought; yes, if she would only bear with him and give him time he knew from the deen nity. give him time, he knew from the deep pity and tenderness which he felt that he w and tenderness which he ret that he would love her yet, for the merciful Providence that had laid the erring man low was teach-ing him lessons that no other discipline could have inculcated. could have inculcated. The cold December wind was whirling through the bare branches of the oaks and beeches, in the Redmond avenue when Sir Hugh came home, a changed and sad ed man Yes, changed outwardly as well as in-wardly. Good Mrs. Heron cried when she saw him enter the hall on Saville's arm, looking so thin and worn and leaning on His youth seemed to have passed away is smooth forehead was already furrowe his sm like that of a middle-aged man, and his fair hair had worn off it slightly, making him look ten years older; and yet there was that in Hugh Redmond's face, if Margaret could have seen it, that would have filled her pure heart with exceeding thankful ness. For though the pallor caused by sufferin was still there, and those who saw him said that Sir Hugh was a broken man, yet there was a nobler expression than it had ever worn in happier days. The old fretful lines around the mouth were gone; and, though the eyes looked sadly round at the old familiar faces, as though missing the trues and best, still, there was a chastened gravity about his whole mien that spoke o a new and earnest purpose; of a heart so humbled at last that it had fled to its best refuge, and had found strength in the tim Many years afterwards he owned, to o who was ever his closest friend, that'a whol lifetime of suffering had been compressed his father's death. The whole plan and purpose of his youth had been marred; his heart wasted by a passion that was denied satisfaction; and lastly, just as he was beginning to turn to his neglected wife with asympathy and interest that promised well for her future happiness, suddenly he found his name outraged and his home forsaken, and the load and terror of an unbearable remorse laid heavily upo

-came now and then to break his loves. It is the only thing that will help Ah ! he missed her then.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

VANITAS VANITATIS.

And is there in God's world so drear a place, Where the loud bitter cry is raised in vain; Where tears of penance come too late for grace As on the uprooted flower the genial rain. *Keble*.

St Luke's little summer was over, the

imstances. Fern had turned from the window with

an involuntary shudder. Then she lighted her lamp, stirred the fire, and sat down to

her embroidery. As her needle flew through the canvas her lips seemed to close with an expression of patient sadness. There were sorrowful curves that no one ever

Fields.

umstar

elf

binds in her

"Nothing will help me," he returned, in the same muffled voice; but she would net be repulsed. She swept back the dark hair from his forehead and kissed him. Did she not'share his sufferings? "Oh, if mother were only here," she sighed, feeling her inability to comfort him. "Mother is Sometimes, as he wandered disconsolately hrough the empty rooms, or sat by his onely fireside in the twilight, the fancy would haunt him that she would come back to him yet—that the door would open, and little figure come stealing through the larkness and run into his arms with a low,

darkness and run into his arms with a low, glad cry. And sometimes, when he stood in her room and saw the empty cot over which she used to hang so fondly, a longing would size him for the boy whom he had never held in his arms. By and by when the spring returned, some of his old strength and vigor came back, and he was able to join personally in the search, when a new zest and excitement seemed added to his life; and in the ardor of the chase he learnt to forget Margaret and the shadows of a too sorrow-When the sweet face of his was the seemed possible to him.

ing to him. In a little while he rose, but no speech seemed possible to him. A wall of ice seemed to be built up across his path, and he could see no outlet. "I cannot stay now," ul past. When the sweet face of his Wee Wiff. when the sweet have of the weet when the sad Undine eyes that he remembered so well; when, with the contrariety of man ever eager for the unattainable, he began to long more and more to see her; when his anger he said, and his voice sounded strange in hi own ears. "Will you give my love to my mother, Fern ?" "Oh, do not go," she pleaded, and now the

revived and impatience with it. And, though hardly owned it to himself, both anger and impatience were born of

"Oh, do not go," she pleaded, and now the tears were running down her face. "Do stay with me, Percy." "Not now; I will come again," he answered, releasing himself impatiently; but as he mounted his horse, some impulse made him look up and wave his hands. And then he rode out into the It was too early to go home; besides, he

did not wish to face people. The fog seemed lifting a little. His mare was fresh fog follow her own pace—a few miles more or less would not matter to him in this muttered. "Where is my nephew? Will none of you fools tell me what is the matter."

ripe golden days that October binds in her sheaf, the richest and rarest of the year's harvest, had been followed by chill fogs— "He's in there," returned the butler, who mood. Black care was sitting behind him or was looking very scared, and pointing to the library; and the next moment Erle came out with a face as white as dull sullen days—during which flaring gas-lights burnt in Mrs. Watkins' shop even at the saddle, and had taken the reins from his hands; and a worse gloom than the murky atmosphere was closing round leath. "Oh! uncle, uncle, don't go in till they him

monday, and Fern's busy fingers, never willingly idle, worked by the light of a lamp long before the muffin boy and milkman She had told him that his life was before have told you. Percy is there, and ——" but Mr. Huntingdon only motioned him aside with his old peremptori ness, and then closed the door upon them. made their afternoon rounds in Elysian him—that he could carve out his own future; but as he looked back on his past life—on the short tale of his four and Anything farther removed from the Anything lattner removed from the typical idea of the Elysian Fields could scarcely be imagined than on such an after-noon. It was difficult, even for a lighttwenty years-his heart was sick within hat so

him. What a pitiable part he had played hearted person, to maintain a uniform hearted person, to maintain a uniform where, and the moist thick ar seemed to Was it possible that such a woman as Crystal could ever have loved him? Had only won her silent contempt? And now it was too late to redeem himself in her close round one in vaporous folds. Some where, no doubt, the sun was shining, and might possibly shine again; but it was hard to realize it—hard to maintain outward or eyes. His fate was frowning on him. His inward geniality under such depressing cir-

inksome to him. His grandfather loved him but not as he loved Erle; and in his hear but not as he loved Erie; and in his near he was secretly jealous of Erle—if it had been possible he would have supplanted him. Only he himself knew how he had tempted him, and the subterfuges to which he had stooped. He had encouraged Erle's visits to Beulah Place from motives of self.

NEA AND HER FATHER MEET AGAIN. Whence art thou sent from us? Whither thy goal? How art thou rent from us Thou that were whole? As with severing of cyclids and cycs, as with sundering of body and soul. Who shall raise thee From the house of the dead? Or what man shall praise thee That thy praise may be said? Alas thy beauty! alas thy body! alas thy Head! What wilt thou leave me Now this thing is done? A man wilt thou give me, A son for my son, For the light of my yees, the desire of my life, the desirable onc. Alasranc C. Sminhurne. saw, for Fern kept all her thoughts to herinterest, and had been foiled by Erle's engagement to Evelyn Selby. How he loathed himself as he thought of Never since the night when she had sob-Never since the night when she had sob-bed out her grief on her mother's bosom, when the utterance of her girlish despair and longing had filled that mother's heart with dismay, never since then had Fern spoken of her trouble. "We will never talk of it again," she had said, when the outbarst was over; "it will do no good;" and her mother had sorrowfully acquiseed. t all. Oh, if he could only undo the past. Young as he was, ruin seemed staring him in the face. He had squandered his handsome allowance; his debts were heavy. He had heard his grandfather say that of all things he abhored gamblang; and yet he knew he was a gambler. Only the proceeding night he had staked a large sum and had lost; and that very morning he had appealed to Erle to save him from the consequence of his own rachwards. Mrs. Trafford knew that only time, that beneficent healer, could deaden her Ir. Huntingdon took no notice of him. If a could, he would have spoken to him and

mplored him to leave him, but his tongue As he rode on, his thoughts seemed to grow tangled and confused. His life was a seemed to cling to the roof of his mouth. He wished to be alone with his grandson, to hide from every one, if he could, that he child's pain. Fern's gentle nature was capable of quiet but intense feeling. Nea's faithful and ardent affections were repro-duced in her child. It was not only the loss of her girlish dreams over which Fern failure; how was he to go on living? All these years he had fed on husks, and the taste was bitter in his mouth. Oh! if he could make a clean breast of it all. And then he repeated drearily that it was was stricken down at last. He had loved him, but not as he had loved Erle—the Benjamin of his old age; his son of consolation. He had been stern with him, and had never sought to win his mourned. Her woman's love had uncon-sciously rooted itself, and could not be torn up'without suffering. An unerring instinct told her that Erle had not always been

confidence; and now the blood of the unhappy boy seemed crying to him from the ground. And it was for this that he had taken him from his mother, that he too late. His reins were hanging loosely on his indifferent to her; that once, not so very long ago, his friendsoip had been true and deep. Well, she had forgiven ins fickleness. No bitterness rankled in his heart against horse's neck. His high-spirited little mare had been following her own will for more than an hour now, and had relapsed into should lie there in the prime of his youth than an hour how, and had relapsed into a walk, as Percy roused himself to see where he was. He found himself on a bridge with the river on either side of him. He was miles away from Belgrave House; and for the moment he was perplexed, and drew up to ask a boy who was loitering on the footpath what bridge it was. he would not wish her to be unhappy. But she was very brave. She would not look at the future. The cold blankness, the narrow groove, would have chilled her with all the measure of his sins full to the with all the measure of his sins full to the brim. How had he died—but he dared not ask, and no one told him. Erle had indeed said something about a child; but he had not understood any more than he under-stood that they had sent to tell the mother. heart. She only took each day as it came,

There was a steamer passing; and a little lad had clambered on the parapet to see it go by. Either he overbalanced himself or grew giddy, but, to Percy's horror, there was a sharp scream, and the next moment the child had disappeared. In an instant Percy was off his horse, and, with the agility of a practised athlete, had swung himself on the parapet. Yes, he could see the eddy where the child had sank: and in another moment the did a sank: and in another moment had sank; and in another moment child had sank; and in anot

was at rest now ! child had sank; and in another moment h damply to his temples, and Mr. Hunting don stooped over him and put them aside had dived into the dark water. had dived into the dark water. "It was a plucky thing to do, sir," observed a navvy who had seen the proceeding, and who afterwards detailed it to Erle Huntingdon; "I don't know as ever I saw a pluckier thing in my whole life. Ay, and the poor young gentleman would have done it too, for any one could see he knew what he was about : ny one could see he knew what he was about equire him at his hands! "Come home with your own Nea, father" had he ever for he dived in straight after the child and then, that dratted steamer—you will excuse me, sir, but one's feelings are strong eased to hear those words? ceased to hear those words? Had he ever forgotten her standing there in the snow with her baby hidden under her shawl, and her sweet thin face raised to his? Had he ever ceased to love her and word for her when his argue more more what must it do but back to pick up the child; and the poor fellow, he must have struk his head against it, for he went down again. Oh yes ! the child was all right, and the young gentleman would have been all identified the structure of the structur earn for her when his anger was most otter against her? Surely the demons right too, but for that nasty blow, it stunned right too, but for that nasty blow, it stanned him you see." Yes, it had stunned him; the young ill-spent life was over. Did he call upon his God for succor as the went down into his watery grave? Who knows what cry went up to heaven? The old epitaph that was engraved on the tomb of a notoñjous ill-liver speaks quaintly of hope in such must have leagued together to keep posses-sion of his soul, or he would never have so hardened himself against her! He had taken her boy from her; he had tempted his youthful weakness with the sight of wealth, and then he had left him to his own devices. He had not taught him to wash his hands in innocency, or to take

ing. Some East Indian director was to be the present again. She laid her boy down feted, and several aity magneter man to the the resent again.

the present again. She laid her boy down on the pillow, and drew the quilt tenderly over him; but all the beauty and softness seemed to die out of her face, as she turned to her father. "My boy," she answered, "not yours; for you never loved him as I did. You tempted him from me, and made him despise his mother; but he is mine now; God took him from you who were ruining him soul and body, to give him back to me." "I have sinned—I know it that Percy did not 'make his appearance, for he was always punctual on such occa-sions; but Mr. Huntingdon did not seem to notice his absence. The guests thought their host looked greyer and more bowed than usual, and that his step was feebler. He was getting an old man now, they said to themselves; and it would not be long before there would be a new master at Belgrave House. Any one could see he was breaking fasta-and would not last long.

teted, and several city magnates were to nonor it by their presence. Erle wondered that Percy did not make his appearance,

He knew what he should find there-he

have it when they whispered into his ear hat something had happened; and then he valked feebly across the room to the couch,

where something lay with strange rigid ines under a satin coverlid that had been

long over it; and as he drew it down and ooked at the face of his dead grandson, he mew that the hand of death had struck

him also, that he would never get over this

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

NEA AND HER FATHER MEET AGAIN.

Erle had followed him into the room, but

need to the things that were right."

patised beside the color. And it was thus that Nea and her father met again. But she did not notice him; there was only one object for her eyes—the still mitte figure of her boy. Silently, and still with that awful look of woe on her face, she drew tho dark head into her arms, and laid the dead obset against her breast; and as she felt

check against her breast; and as she felt the irresponsive weight, the chilled touch,

herdried-up misery gave way, and the tears

Algernon C. Swinburne.

-never

Well, he had done well for himself; and his heir was to be envied, for he would be a rich man, and scarcely needed the spleadid dowry, that Evelyn Selby would bring groan; "I have sinced—I know it now. I have blighted your life; I have been a hard oruel father; but in the presence of the dead there should be

"My life," she moaned ; "my life, The banquet was just drawing to its close when there were signs of some disturb-ance in the household. The butler whis-pered to Erle, who immediately left the Ah if that were all I could have forgiven it long ago; but it was Maurice-Maurice whom you left to die of a broken heart, though I prayed you to come with me, It was my husband whom you killed; and now, but for you my boy would be pered to Erie, who immediately left the room, and a few minutes later a message was brought to Mr. Huntingdon. Something had happened—something dreadful had happened, they told him, and he must come with them at once; and he had shuddered and turned pale. He was growing old, and his nerves were not as strong as they need to be and he

"Nea, Nea," he wailed again; "my only child, Nea," but as she turned, moved by the concentrated agony of his voice, he fell with his face downward on the couch, across the feet of his dead alike in vain. The young man declared that if his wishes were thwarted he would end his life with a revolver. At this time he was on a vacation from his college at Conserve a sum.

grandson.

not as strong as they used to be, and he supported himself with some difficulty as he bowed to his guests with old-fashioned politeness, and excusing himself, begged his old friend Sir Frederick Drummond to The doctors who were summoned said that a paralytic seizure had long been im-Cirencester. The family communicated with the detective police of Birmingham, and for weeks past private detectives have watched the barmaid's movements night and day. She is the daughter of a poulterer pending; he might linger for a few weeks, but it was impossible to say whether he would ever recover full consciousness ake his place. But as the door closed behind him, and he found himself surounded by frightened servants, he tottered "You will kill me among you," he

Will

again. Erle heard them sadly; he had been very living in Wolverhampton. Detectives, solicitors, and clergymen have also visited the girl's home on behalf of the family to try to obtain information of the heir's whereabouts, for it was discovered that he fond of the old man in spite of the tyranni-cal sway that had ruled him from boyhood. His uncle had been his generous benefactor, and he could not hear of his danger without had run away from college. Very little in

had run away from college. Very little in-formation was, however, forthcoming, and, though one interview was secured at the hotel between the young man and his mother, the only result was his declaration that if he were taken by force he would be taken home on a stretcher. Authentionews was received on Sunday that the couple had eloped and had been married at, it is be-liated a country church mean Lincored emotion. Mrs. Trafford had not left the house from the moment of her father's alarming seiz-ure; she had taken quiet possession of the sick-room, and only left it to follow her boy to the grave. Fern was there too, but Erle did not speak to her; the crape veil hid her face, and he could only see the gleam of her fair hair shining in the wintry sunlight. The two women had stood together, Fern lieved, a country church near Liverpool The bride has herself communicated this in formation and has asked for forgiveness. The young heir's family are naturally greatly holding her mother's hand; and when the service was over, Mrs. Trafford had gone back to Belgrave House, and some kindly neighbor had taken the girl home. Erle concerned. The young fellow has, durin the latter part of the proceedings, backed u neignoor had taken the girl nome. Erie would gladly have spoken some word of sympathy, but Mrs. Trafford gave him no opportunity. Neither of them knew how sadly and wistfully the poorgirl looke after them. Erle's changed looks, his paleness his independence by putting forward "his solicitor" when it has been threatened by his family. An attempt to secure a special license only a few days before the success ful elopement was frustrated ful elopement was inustrated by the registrar happening to possess private in-formation of how the matter stood. In his second attempt, however, he seems to have been more fortunate.

them. Erle's changed looks, his paleness and depression made Fern's heart still heavier; she had not known that he had loved Percy so. She had no idea that it was the sight of her own slim young figure mov-ing between the graves that made Erle look so sad. She was dearer to him than ever, he told himself, as they drove away from the cemetery; and he hated himself as he said it. In connection with the announcement of the romantic elopement the following a vertisements, taken from local papers, w

be read with interest, as supplying the needed key: "Foster-Devitt-On the 26th inst., at St. Mark's, Winshall, Derbyshire, by Rev. G. Clarke, Percy Reginald, only son of Capt. Foster, Stourton Court, Stoursaid it He had not seen Evelyn since Percy's death. She was staying at some country house with her aunt, Lady Maltravers, bord Capter Society, Society Society, Society Bordge, to Alice Dora, youngest daughter of John F. Devitt, Wolverhampton." "Notice —Capt. Foster, of Stourton Court, near Stourbridge, hereby gives notice that he will not be responsible for any dobts his where he was to have joined them; but of course this was impossible under them; but of course this was impossible under the cir-cumstances; and though he did not like to own to himself that her absence was a relief, he took the opportunity of telling her pat to hurry heak to London on his not to hurry back to London on his account, as his time was so fully occupied son, Percival Reginald Foster, may with necessary business and watching his poor uncle that he would not be free to come to her. ontract.

In Love's Harness.

(To be continued.) He Mistook His Man.

that fair, rosy face, bright eyes, and a healthy, well-developed form, are the best passports to a happy marriage. All those wasting disorders, weaknesses, "dragging-Two men were standing on the corner, talking. Both were well dressed and seemed to be gentlemen. One was a quiet, undemonstrative man, while the other was a very enthusiastic personage. A man passed by, saluting the enthusias-tic individual, who failed to recognize the courtesy, but continued talking to the quiet

"I beg your pardon, sir, for interrupting you, but a gentleman spoke to you just "Yes, I noticed it. He is a carpenter,

who did some work for me recently. Those fellows are such a nuisance; if they happen to do a little job for you they presume to

Erle's voice, broken with emotion, had cer-tainly vibrated in his ears, but no sense of speak wherever they meet you. I don't like it, eh?"

"I don't see how that can interest you, or why I should make you my con-

BAN AWAY WITH A BARMAID. ROMES AND DET " MODERNIZED Romantic Elopement of an Ar'stocrat What Was Revealed in a Recent London

Youth and a Poulterer's Daughter. The Pall May Gazette says that many (From the Birmingham Post.)

A romantic elopement has just occurre

people have thought that Shakspeard strained probability a little too far in the A romanic experiment has just occurred in connection with one of the oldest aristo-cratic families in the kingdom. The chief actor is a high-spirited youth, whese age is given as not more than 17, and who is the only son and heir of one of the county families of East Worcestershire, and whose name loccurs in Domesday Book. The father of the youth is a retired captain of dragoons and his mother is of a dis-tinguished Scotch family, a member of which, for his services in the Indian mutiny, was raised to the House of Peers. Three months ago the young heir was in-troduced at the close of a boating excursion by the private secretary of his father to a barmaid aged between 21 and 22, at a wine and spirit vault in Stourbridge, whom the secretary pronounced "the prettiest girl in England." It was an affair of "love at first sight," and the young fellow deconnection with one of the oldest arist strained probability a little too far in the incidents which close the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet." A case investigated before the coroner for Central Middlesex on Wednesday shows that similar incidents actually occur in real life. An elderly Frenchman, separated from his wife, took a young French lady vocalist into his house at Euston Square as his mistress. On Tuesday morning early the man swallowed poison, and seemed to be dying. His mis-Tuesday morning early the man swallowed poison, and seemed to be dying. His mis-tress, terrified at being left alone in the world in a discredited position, seized the poison bottle and drank a deadly draught. She died. The man recovered, and dis-covered to his horror that his Juliet was dead. After trying in vain to resuscitate her he seized a revolver and shot himself through the heart. This occurred, not in the tombs of the Capulets in the ancient city of Verona in the middle ages, but in 12 at first sight," and the young fellow de-clared he would never marry any one else. A friendship sprang up, and family entreaties and threats were city of Verona in the middle ages, but in 12 Euston Square last Tuesday morning. Romeo's name was Ernest Carlin and

Juliet's Jane Hures. ALMA LADIES' COLLEGE,

Tragedy.

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO.

This institution which had last year the argest enrolment of all the Canadian Colleges for women is offering superior divantages to young women in Literary Course, Fine Arts, Commercial Science and Music at the very lowest rates. Address, Principal Austin, B. D.

Prima Facie Evidence.

"Mamma," said a young lady just home from school and gazing upon Alexander Harrison's "Open Sea," "is this an oil painting or a water color ?" "Sh" answared her mother with a lack Sh," answered her mother, with a look

of surprise and chagrin. "It's a water color. Don't you see the water ?"-Chicago Tribune.

L. W. Giddings, Superintendent of the Rio Grande and Pecos Railroad, rejoices in the possession of [a daughter born at Gal veston on Saturday. It is the first girl child born in the Giddings family for ove 120 years.

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SICK HEADACHE, Eilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipa-tion, Indigostion, Billous Attacks, and all derangements of the stomderangements of the stom-ach and bawels, are prompt-ly relieved and perms cured by the use of Di-**Pierce's Pleasant Pit rative Pelacas**

In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, in may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanativo influence. Sold by druggists, 35 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.



SYMPTOMS OF CATARRIL-Dull passages, discharges falling from passages, discurges failing from the ficial into the threat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, harmous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; this breath is offensive; smell and taste are im-paired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and gen-eral debility. Only a few of the above samed symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, ro-suit in consumption, and end in the grave, No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood by physicians, By its mild, soothing, and healing properties,

the

Yon sturdy oak whose branches wide ms and wi

Discovery if taken early. Don't be blind to your own interests and think yours a hopeless case. This remarkable remedy has rescued thousands. Of druggists.

In Maine.

right in front of us, Tom. See what he's reading, and when the train log comes in buy the book for me. It's sure to be inter-esting and instructive.

Mr. Brailer (looking over the deacon's

shoulder)—Larry Donahue's "Bar-Keeper' Guide."—Puck

Suit Yourself.

se reliable little "Pleasant Purgativ

They Leave Nothing

ITCHING PILES.

SYMPTOMS-Moisture; intense itching a

which often bleed and ulcerate, becomi

n many cases removes the tumors. Equally efficacious in curing all Ski Diseases, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Propri

ors, Philadelphia. Swayne's OINTMEN' can be obtained of druggists. Sent by mai

He K ew His Business.

The Far Reaching

He

inging; most at night; worse by scratch ag. If allowed to continue tumors form

Brailer-Here's Deacon Cudds

Not long ago an acorn, small, Lay dormant 'neath the summer sky. Not unlike the thrifty oak in its gen By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy curves the worst mass of **Catarrh**, "cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhel Headache, Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents. development and growth. is consum But even this mighty foe of mankind, positively yields to the wonderful curative properties of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical But

the husbands that have the votes, milliners.—*Chicago Herald*.

Most women naturally look forward to matrimony as their proper sphere in life, but they should constantly bear in mind

wasting also ders, wearlesses, "dragging-down" sensations, and functional irregu-larities peculiar to their sex, have an unfail-ing specific in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Pre-scription. It is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, under a positive uarantee from the manufactuers, that it

will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

Mrs. Cleveland's Able Move Mrs. Cleveland has been making all of

her bonnets this fall, thus setting an example which will alienate the support of every milliner in the land. But it makes all the husbands solid, and, mind you, it's

That was a strange winter to Hugh Red--the strangest and saddest he had ever passed; when he spent long, solitary days in the old Hall; and only Etle-generous, kind-hearted Erle solitary

swell with pride and reverence. She recog-nised the innate strength and power of selfsacrifice that Maurice had left her as his sacrifice that maurice has not. Fern is most legacy. "Of all my children, Fern is most like her father," Mrs Trafford would say ; she is stronger than she looks-she

rather die than tell me again that she is nhappy." But Fern would not have owned that her

and tried to do her best with it.

life was unhappy as long as she had her mother to love her. She was taking her-self to task this afternoon as she sat alone -for Fluff had escaped as usual to Mrs. Watkins'—and was blaming herself for her discontent; and then she sang very softly a verse of her favorite hymn—

He that thou blessest is our good, And unblest good is ill

And unblest good is ill, And all is right that seems most wrong If it be Thy sweet will,

out almost before she had finished the last ine, she was startled by her brother's abrupt entran

"Percy ! oh, I did not hear you," she faltered, and she turned a little pale, and her heart began to beat more quickly. It was foolish of her, but she never heard Percy's step without listening involuntarily for the quick light tread that used to fellow

t, but that never came now. "You are alone," he said quickly, with a keen glance round the room. "Well, it is best, because I wanted to speak to you. Have you heard from Miss Davenport lately, " Well. it is Fern

"Yes," she stammered, raising her soft

"Yes," she stammered, raising her soft eves to his face with a pitying expression; "I had a letter the other day." "Well," impatiently, "does she say when they are coming back ?" "In another fortnight—at least they mean to start then;" and there she stopped, and looked at him very piteously. "How I wish mother would come; she will not be very long, and—and I would rather that you heard it from her." -"Do you mean that you have anything special to tell me ?" he asked, struck by her

pecial to tell me ?" he asked, struck by her

"Oh, I wish you had not asked me," she eturned, clasping her hands; "you are so ond of Crystal, and it will make you terribly unhappy; but mother said we ought to tell you, Percy, dear. There was never any hope for you-you know sho always told you so; and now Crystal is

'Married!" he almost shouted, and his handsome young face seemed to grow sharp and pale. "Married ! Pshaw ! you are esting, Fern.' 'Dear Percy," she answered, gently.

you think I would jest with you on a subject. Indeed—indeed it is true. uch a subject .. She was married some ten days ago to Mr.

Ferrers, the blind clergyman, who was taying at Belgrave House. He had come here to look for her. He had known her rom a'child, and they had long loved each ther.

"Married," he repeated, in the same "Married," he repeated, in the same lull, hard voice, and there was something n his face that made Fern throw her arms ound his neck.

" Oh, it is hard," she sobbed ; "I know tow hard it is for you to hear **mae** say this, but it has to be faced. She never deceived you, dear—she never let you hope for a

single moment; she was always true to herself and you. Try to bear it, Percy; try to be glad that her unhappiness is over. and that she is married to the man she

Betwixt the saddle and the ground Homercy sought and mercy found, and Raby quoted them softly to Crystal as she wept over the fate of her unhappy

"His last act was to try and save another; God only knows how far this would go to redeem a faulty past—God only. knows. Do not cry so bitsterly, darling. Let us trust him to the All Merciful ; and, as the good bishop said to the mother of St. Augustine, 'the child of so many prayers cannot be lost.'

Erle Huntingdon had passed an anxious tand anything he said; and what if Mrs. Trafford should take it in her head to come—if only he could get his uncle uncomfortable day. Percy's confession of his gambling debts had made him seriously uneasy. It was in his power to help him this once, he had said, with unusual stern-

ness, but he would soon be a married man and then Percy must look to himself; and Percy, nettled at his tone, had answered somewhat shortly, and in spite of Erle's generosity they had not parted friends. But this was not all. After luncheon Mr. Huntingdon had called Erle into his study.

and had shown him a letter that he had ust received from some anonymous corres. ondent. Some unknown friend and wellwisher had thought it advisable to war Mr. Huntingdon of his grandson's reckless

doings. Erle looked deadfully shocked as he read it; and the expression of concen-trated anger on Mr. Huntingdon's face frightened him still more. "Perhaps it is not true," he stammered,

and then the remembrance of his conversa-tion with Percy silenced him. "True," returned Mr. Huntingdon, in streamed from her eyes, She was calling him her darling-her She had forgotten his cowardly desertion

"True, returned mr. Hutingdon, in his hard rasping voice; "do you not see that the writer says he can prove every word? And this is my grandson, whom I have taken out of poverty. Well, well, I might have known the son of Maurice Trafford would never be worth anything." of her; it he faults and follies of his youth. Living, he had been little to her, but she claimed the dead as her own. She had for-gotten all; she was the young mother again, as she smoothed the dark hair with

Strangely unjust words to be spoken of Nea's idolized Maurice, whose pure soul would have revolted against his boy's sins. Erle felt the cruelty of the speech; but he dare not contradict his uncle. What were the floreford to him poor 2 her thin fingers and pressed the cold face to

her boson, as though she could lace to her boson, as though she could warm the deadly chill of death. "Nea," exclaimed a feeble voice in her ear. "Lica, he was my boy too." And looking up she saw tha tall bowed figure of

me stray hairs clung Perhaps not ; men who talk as you do

don't generally see very far." "Will you explain yourself, sir ?" "Cheerfully! You see I know you; yo didn't think so, but I do. You want to b with almost a woman's tenderness, and then he sat down on the chair beside hen no sat down on the chair beside nim and bowed his grey head in his hands. He was struck down at last! If his dolized Erle had lain there in Percy's so much better than that carpenter, and I know you are not half as good or near so place he could have borne it better. And he is." Nea's boy! What if she should come and he is." "You know this, ch?" "You know this, ch?" deserving of the title of gentleman as

entleman.

"Yeu know this, ch ?" "Yes, and I know more. I know your history from away back, and I can assure you that my opinion of it would not be at all complimentary. When I worked at the bench I was just as much a gentleman as I am now; and if I had known it was for you that my workman, who just passed, did the work, he wouldn't have done;

until you had paid for it. Do you want t know why? No? I thought so." Hang This Up.

but there is no other remedy for sick headache, dizziness, constipation, bilious-ness, or to restore a regular, healthy action Farm animals are hurt more by medi-ine than by the lack of it. When an mimal needs medicine it needs a competo the liver, stomach and bowels, equal to Pellets " prepared by Dr. Pierce. Of drug tent physician. gists.

Day Pure water and a variety of wholeson and night that boy's dead face, with its likeness to his mother, would haunt his memory. Oh, Heaven! that he were indeed food regularly given, with comfortable shelter and kind treatment, are the best preventives of disease. A mortgage on the home makes the fire-First Burglar—"Wot'll I do with this uurglar alarm, Bill—take it along ?" Second Burglar—"Yes, slip it in the pag. We can get something for it." childless, that none of these things might

childess, that hone of these things might have come upon him. "Uncle Rolf, will you not come away with me?" implored, Erle; "the house is quite quiet now, and all the people have gone," but Mr. Huntingdon only shook A mortgage on the hole makes the help side gloomy, for it shuts out the sunshine of prosperity and freeheartedness. Some men look at the sky only to fore-cast the weather, see more beauty in a dol-lar than in a bed of flowers, and will hear his head he had no strength to rise from his chair, and he could not tell Erle this. The poor boy was terribly alarmed at his the crow in a cornfield quicker than the ark in the air. Better is it to have one pair of trousers very sore. Swarne's OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulderation, an in many cases removes the tumors. It

uncle's looks; he did not seem to underwith money in the pockets than two pairs

with money in the pockets that two parts with empty pockets. The horse knows all that the colt learned, and boys tormenting the colt are not teach-ing it what it should know. System worked ten hours a day and was away. But even as he framed the wish the door

opened noiselessly, and Mr. Huntingdon raised his eyes. A tall woman with grey hair like his, and a pale, beautiful face, with System Worked ten nours a day and was done. Hap-hazard got up at 4 in the morn-ing, hurried all day and was doing the chores at half-past 9 at night. Job had much patience, yet it was fortu-nate for him that he did not join fences har have his, and a pate, beautiful mackswith an expression that almost froze his blood, looked at him for a moment, then silently passed up the room, and with her dress brushing him as he sat there motionless, paused beside the couch. And it was thus

manuscript.

Lady (in a bric a-brac store)-" Let me ce something handsome but cheap." Clerk—"Yes'm; something for a wedding resent?"—Lowell Citizen. with a neighbor who kept breachy stock. The man who fills his ice house provides himself with a conservator of health and a

servant of pleasure. The man who is too poor to take the TIMES or to buy his wife a new dress witherfume of a good name heralds the claim that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is a

patent gimetack frauds. sure, certain and painless remedy for corns. Fifty imitations prove it to be the best. At druggists.

Mrs. Dinah Mulock-Craik was uniqu Conditionale feri-

among authors as regards her habits of work. She never began a work for publica-tion which she did not finish before begin-ning another. It is thought that she did Pretty Servant Girl-You don't give full ight.

not at her death leave a line of unfinished

It may interest the superstitious to note that both Gladstone and Bismarck were born on Friday. Of noted men of the past who came into the world on that day of

the week may be mentioned Luther, Sir Isaac Newton, George Washington and

Isaac Newton, George Hanning Iarge the applied to the men can Winfield Scott. Henry Angust von Bulow, a nephew of Herr von Bulow, the famous German pianist, is soon to marry Miss Annie Dianist, is soon to marry Miss Annie Dianist, is soon to marry Miss Annie Come over next fall. espect, but we guess the men can stand it. H. Rider Haggard denies that he is com-

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

"Entoid Agony from Catarrh." Prof. W. HATSNER, the famous mesmerist. I lihaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago suffered untoid agony from chronic nasal itarrh. My family physician gave me up as invariable, and said I must die. My case was sch a bad one, that every day, towards sum-4, my voice would become so hoarse I could aris speak above a whisper. In the morning y containg and clearing of my throat would most strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's attarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

"Constantly Environments and Spitting," THOMAS J. RUSHING, ESQ. 2002 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luck-ity, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give is a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

Three Bottles Cure Catarra. ELI Robins, Ringan P. O., Columbia Ga. Pa., says: "My daughter had catarra what she was five years old, very badly. I sawin, Sage's Catarra Remedy advertised, and pro-cured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a perma-nent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

DONL. 50 87.

Merchants, Butchers, AND TRADERS GENERALLY,

ant a good MAN in your locality to pick

CALFSKINS

Cash furnished on satisfactory guarant C. S. PAGE, Hyde Park, Vermont, U.

Gundum TION. That a particle remedy for the above disease ; by its may bound and of cases of the worst kink as 'of long standing base been cured. Indead, so strong "by faith in its efficacy, that is it is each two soft LESs ... " Logsther with a VALUABLE THEATISE on this dise_* so any sufferent five engress and P.O. address.

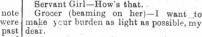
Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toren to

DUNN'S BAKINC POWDER



Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto

weight. Grocer (sighing)—I know it, but you alor ure to blame for that. Servant Girl—How's that.



or 50 cents.

It is no longer fashionable for girls to kiss each other. This will naturally en-large the sphere of man's duties in this