ANNA'S FIRST BEAU.

A Story Told by Her Second Sweet-Heart.

My Aunt Lane was a good woman, I believe, read her bible constantly, did a great deal of plain sewing, and made soup for the poor out of the odd bones lying about the larder, but she was a match-maker, and loved money besides. I was a desirable person in her eyes, on account of my fortune, and she resolved to secure me for one of the girls. Well, I was innocent and unsuspecting and I came from the country. I fell into the trap set for my unwary feet, and I was as much pleased at my capture as if it were the most delightful and gratifying thing in the world to be madly in love with a woman who did not care two straws whether I lived or died. Indeed, but for my being little enough in her way I believe Anna would, on the whole, have preferred the latter alternative.

In spite of the discouragement I received when my visit at Mrs. Lane's terminated, I hired a house within a few doors of hers, and there I took up my abode. Would time and patience melt Anna's obduracy?

I knew that aunt was a stanch ally of mine, for she had once told me confidentially that if I took a fancy to one of the dear girls, and the fancy was mutual, I should have her blessing. Perhaps she had told them the same, but if so it was quite clear that they did not value her blessing so much as I did.

I had been about six months in my new domicile, and was getting more accustomed to town ways, when one morning I received a little note from Anna. Her mother was out, and she wanted to see me particularly. Both facts were encouraging, it must be owned, for when a lady tells you that her mother is out she generally means something by it; and, as may be supposed, I obeyed my cousin's invitation with alacrity.

"She begins to like me a little, after all," thought I, and I entered her presence with a smile upon my lips.

"Oh, Jerry," she cried, "I wanted you to do me a great favor."

She had often made use of me before, but only in the way of buttons and silks, when she was not in the humor to go out, or it rained very hard. I expected some such errand on the present occasion, but what was my surprise and dismay when she handed me a little note on pink paper, delicately sealed, and so fragrant withal that I seem to smell it even now.

"Jerry," said she, trembling a little and growing very red, "I want you to be the best fellow in the world, and take this letter somewhere for me."

"Is it too precious to be trusted to the post?" I enquired, rather gruffly.

"A messenger is safer," she replied. "You don't know all the circumstances, Jerry."

"No," thought I, "and I am very much mistaken if your mother does either."

"If you are going to be disagreeable," added my cousin, presently, finding my face and manner unpropitious, "why, I'll get some one else to do my errand. Walter Bates would be delighted to wait upon me in any way; he has often told me so. I can send for him."

"No, indeed, you shall not!" I cried. "Give me the letter, Anna."

"Oh, well, if you mean to be amiable, here it is," said she. "But don't be in such a hurry. You haven't been told where it's to go, or anything."

"I thought letters generally had an address," said I, with some severity.

"No, cousin Jerry; don't get so grummy, said Anna. "You ought to be very much gratified at such a proof of confidence on my part. It isn't every one I would ask to undertake such a delicate mission for me."

"You spoke about Walter Bates just now," said I.

"But that was quite a joke," said Anna. "I wouldn't trust him with one of my secrets for the world. And now, Jerry, listen: You'll take that letter to St. Mary's church and there you will wait about until you see a tall young man of military appearance, with auburn hair and mustache. He will wear a blue necktie and have a red rose in his buttonhole. Probably he will accost you, and if so give him the note as secretly as you can; ask no questions and come away."

"And if he asks me any questions?" said I.

"There is no fear; he has too much sense," she replied, thereby inferring that he possessed a decided advantage over me in this respect.

I was not in a happy frame of mind I acknowledge, and when I got to St. Mary's church and found myself an object of especial attention to a young man who was strolling idly up and down the pavement in front of the old building I felt inclined to resent his scrutiny as an insult, although I knew by the rose in his buttonhole that he was the very person I sought and who sought me. I was in the humor to be critical, and I had a certain savage pleasure in keeping him in suspense while I made my observations with leisurely acumen.

"Auburn!" thought I, as I looked at his hair and the ungainly mustache that disfigured his upper lip; "there never was a more decided red in this world, and as for his height, I don't see so much in it after all."

"A fine morning, sir," said the stranger, touching his hat as he passed.

"Very," was my laconic reply, and I allowed him to continue his walk, again disappointed.

Presently he returned to the charge in this way:

"I had the pleasure of remarking just now, sir, that it was a very fine morning."

"Pardon me," said I, "you simply said it was a fine morning, and I had the honor and satisfaction of agreeing with you."

"Don't you know what I mean?" he exclaimed, impatiently.

"Certainly, sir," was my polite response; "if you mean what you say."

"Come, old fellow," said he, bursting out laughing, and with a familiarity that was peculiarly odious to meunder the circumstances, "you know you have got something for me, so hand it over."

"I have a letter in my pocket," said I, with dignity, "which I promised to deliver to a tall young man of military appearance, with auburn hair and mustache. If I wait here all day I wont give up my charge to any one who does not answer that description to the letter."

"And don't I!" said he.

I took out my eye-glass, and after having examined him coolly for several seconds, I replied, "No, sir, you do not," and turned away. He came after me, of course.

"Really, sir," said he, "I consider your conduct exceedingly offensive and annoying. I was told that if I came to St. Mary's church I should meet a gentleman of diminutive appearance, who would give me the bill of the goods a certain lady ordered at our shop the other day, unknown to her mamma."

"Oh, it is a bill, is it?" I interrupted, eagerly. "Then take it, by all means, and if there is any difficulty about the matter in any way apply to me and I will forward you a check for the amount."

He grasped the scented note in one hand, while with the other he raised his hat high above his head with ironical courtesy.

"Tell Anna, with my love," said he, "that I was delighted to get another letter from her so soon, and that she shall hear from me by this evening's post. As for you, sir, if there is any difficulty in arranging our business I'll let you know: and if you are still generously inclined, all I can say is a check will not be unacceptable. I wish you good-morning."

I wish him something less polite, but more sincere. Then we separated, I, for my part, devoutly praying that we never might set eyes on each other again. It is more than probable that he liberally endorsed my sentiment.

I had not been home more than ten minutes before Anna sent for me again. She was anxious to know what success I had had in my mission. I was not inclined to be either gracious or communicative.

"You might as well have described him properly," said I. "When you told me his hair was auburn I couldn't be expected to know that you meant it was red. Besides, he isn't tall; he is scarcely above the medium height. Of course, I did not recognize him from your description, and never attempted to give him the letter."

"Then he hasn't got it!" said Anna.

"Oh, yes he has," said I; "for he enquired for it at last. And although I asked him no questions and gave him merely short answers to those he asked me, he volunteered a statement concerning you which I consider very damaging."

"Impossible!" she exclaimed, in indignant disbelief, and turning away from me haughtily. But in a minute her curiosity had mastered her dignity, and she begged to know what accusation he had made against her.

"Well, Anna," I then replied, "he distinctly asserted that you had run up a bill at some tradesman's unknown to your mother, and I induced him to promise that if he had any difficulty in arranging the business he would apply to me for a check."

"Oh, Jerry, he never could have said that!" she exclaimed, ready to cry with vexation "there must have been some misunderstanding, and you ought to have known me better than to believe me capable of deceived my mother in that way."

Following this principle with all the zeal of a new convert I refrained from making a single inquiry respecting Mr. Jefferson's character, profession and pursuits, leaving it for him to candidly explain his birth and circumstances, unless my aunt should enlist my services in the investigation.

A fortnight passed without any incident worthy of record. Anna was regaining her spirits, as I knew to my cost. She had utterly resigned all worldly amusements, and yet in the last week she had been to two balls, one breakfast party and a horticulture fete, and Mary slyly insinuated that she would have liked a double allowance of each. Of course Anna protested that she had only been to please her mother, for that all her enjoyment of such things was gone, but we know that it does not do to believe quite all young ladies say; not that they mean to be guilty of deception, but they are naturally so ingenious that the simple, unvarnished truth is too plain for them and seems to demand the gloss and polish of their own quick wits to render it palatable.

One evening I was strolling along, busy with my thoughts, when my eye was attracted to a window in front of me by the brilliant light which it sent forth into the outer grayness.

Whilst I paused to note its strong effect a broad tongue of flame suddenly shot forward, curled round the embrasure of the window and then leaped upward, menacing the roof. I uttered a shrill cry of "Fire!" and presently a head protruded from another casement above and then sharply withdrew, echoing my warning in a voice of abject terror and dismay. I rushed wildly to the door, at which I knocked with such force that you would have thought I must have wakened the Seven Sleepers themselves. I gained entrance. The smoke was so thick in the passage that I had hard work to make my way to the stairs, though the flames overhead peered curiously between the chinks and crevices like imprisoned demons, threatening every moment to burst from their bondage and overwhelm us with their fury.

There was no time to be lost. The smoke clogged my utterance: but I shouted as well as I could, and presently a door on the ground floor was opened precipitately, and the master of the house came out followed by his wife. They both stood staring at me in helpless amazement, until I said rather impatiently, "If you have any valuables to collect, you had better secure them at once, for the fire will soon reach this part of the house, and cut off your retreat."

"Thank you, sir," said the man; "our furniture is insured, and we haven't much besides we should care to save."

"Have you got your watch?" inquired his wife. On his replying in the negative she went back to the room, and soon returned with the watch and a few additional articles of clothing for each, and we were all about to leave the house, when the woman turned suddenly with one foot over the threshold and uttered a startled cry, "Where is Mr. Jefferson!"

"Oh, he's got away all right, you may be certain," said her husband. "Come along, and be quick."

"No; I don't feel as if I could leave him there to be burnt," she replied. "I must do something"——

"Nonsense!" said her husband. "What can you do? It is very unfortunate, of course, but it isn't our fault."

"But, Matthew, you might try to save him," she said.

"Yes, and he burnt to death for a man who doesn't even belong to me—that's very likely," was his rough rejoinder, as he stepped determinedly through the doorway into the street.

"Who is Mr. Jefferson?" I inquired, after listening to this brief dialogue with all my sympathies on the woman's side.

"He is our lodger, sir," she replied; "and it seems too shocking his being left to die like that."

"So it does," said I; "but the stair are impassable by this time."

"The front ones are," she replied; "but there's a way to his room the other side which doesn't seem to have caught fire yet, I think one might get to him, and perhaps down again, in safety."

"I'll try, at any rate," said I, resolutely, and, after a few brief directions from her, I went back to the house and groped my way along the passage she had indicated until I reached a dark, narrow staircase, where the atmosphere was certainly clearer. I halted here a second to gain breath, then I ascended the steps, three at a time, and got to the top of the landing. A sudden turn to the right, another long passage, which seemed to lead me towards the flames, and I stood panting and irresolute with a living bridge of fire in front of me, and the sparks flying about my ears.

"Who is this man that I should sacrifice myself for him!" was my thought, and then, ashamed of this cowardly instinct, which tempted me to draw back before the perils of the undertaking, I leaped over the burning barricade in my path, forced the door opposite and found myself in Mr. Jefferson's bedroom.

I don't know why I should have been surprised to recognize him. Under these circumstances I was thoroughly surprised when I found myself face to face with Anna's unfortunate hero; but even she would have been forced to deny him any heroic attributes had she seen him at that moment. So abject and intense was his terror that he was actually cowering in a corner with his face hidden in his hands. When I touched him he shuddered and writhed and gave me a hopeless, helpless look, but did not attempt to rise.

"Come, sir, said I sternly, "do you know that you are endangering both our lives by your hesitation?" He stared at me vacantly then he began to sob. "Very well," I continued. "I am not bound to throw my life away for nothing."

I turned to look at his face, and found, with inexpressible horror, that he had fainted. The landing fell in with a crash, and the fire burst in at our door. I rushed to the window, opened it wide, and shouted madly to the crowd below:

"A ladder, in heaven's name, if you would save two human creatures from a miserable death!"

They heard me, for they swayed forwards with a hoarse murmur, and one voice rose clear amidst the din:

"Hold on, have courage, and we will save you both!"

Oh, those seconds of wretched suspense which seemed like hours!

At this moment there was a long, loud murmur below, then a deep lull—the lull of expectancy. I was scorched, and half-suffocated, but I managed to lean out again, and uttered a cry of thankfulness when I saw a ladder trembling against the wall as it balanced itself. Still my difficulties were not over. To descend alone would have been nothing, but what was I to do with the unconscious man, who, by the mere fact of his unconsciousness, appealed so strongly to my feelings that I had no heart to secure my own safety whilst he was perishing?

I dared not even glance below at the heaving mass of human heads, lit up strangely by the lurid light from the burning house. Carefully testing the strength of each step ere I trusted it with the whole burden it would have to bear, I very slowly descended, and at last, with a thrill of inexpressible relief, my feet touched solid ground. I was too faint and dizzy at first to know anything that happened; but I soon came to myself and found that Mr. Jefferson was slowly recovering his senses, tended by his former landlady, who had given such an exaggerated account of my deeds to the crowd that, to my surprise and dismay, I awoke to find myself famous.

In a month Mr. Jefferson sailed for Australia, and Anna actually laughed when I told her the news.

We were alone together one day and Anna was in a gracious mood.

"Jerry," said she, "how is it that Mr. Jefferson's hair got so burnt? Yours wasn't touched."

"Because it is not such an inflammable color," I replied.

"True," said she; "his was always as red as fire."

"I thought it was auburn, Anna," said I mischievously.

"Don't be absurd, Jerry," said she.

"Yes, I must be absurd, even insane, I fancy," I replied; "for do you know what I have been daring enough to dream?"

"I am sure I don't care," said Anna.

"But listen all the same, Anna," said I, "for I want an answer at once—yes or no."

And I got what I wanted, after a great deal of circumlocution and trouble. It would be an insult to the readers' understanding to say what my question was, and I think they have already guessed the reply.

—Use Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" for constipation.

A small yacht called the Torpedo, with a party of fifteen persons went down in New York bay yesterday morning. About noon she was struck by a sudden squall and capsized. Three persons were drowned.

—Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who then would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

Ten thousand people attended a meeting at Chicago on Saturday night in the interests of the Parnellites. Alex. Sullivan, ex-president of the Irish National league of America, was the principal speaker. Upwards of five thousand dollars was subscribed by those present, making $10,000 already donated in Chicago. The following telegram was sent on the spot to Mr. Parnell:

"Ten thousand Chicago Americans in mass meeting send $10,000 through Dennis O'Connor to Dr. Reilly for election expenses, and will gladly give their share of a permanent fund to sustain members after election or to aid Irish liberty in any other way determined upon by the Irish people in Ireland."

A Cure for Drunkenness.

—Opium, morphine and kindred habits. Valuable treatise sent free. The medicine may be given in a cup of tea or coffee, and without the knowledge of the person taking it, if so desired. Send two 3c. stamps for full particulars and testimonials of those who have been cured. Address M. V. Luban, agency, 47 Wellington street east, Toronto, Canada. ed

A second crop of raspberries is being gathered in the neighborhood of Quebec city, owing to the mildness of the fall.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains no harmful ingredients, and is the most effective blood purifier ever devised.

Notice is given that a promotion examination will be held in Ottawa for the office of financial inspector and relieving officer in the customs department.

—A complete revolution in the state of a stomach harassed by dyspepsia is caused by using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, or great blood purifier, a medicine specially adapted to renew healthful activity in that organ and in those which most closely co-operate with it, the bowels and the liver. Easy digestion, an increase of appetite and a free secretion of bile, mark the radical change which it produces.

An order-in-council has been passed declaring the Canadian temperance act in force in the counties of Ontario and Victoria, Ont.

—West Toronto Junction is within a few minutes walk of the Union station by the trains of either the Ontario and Quebec and the Grand Trunk or the Northern. Real estate in the neighborhood has steadily risen in value and premises to advance still more rapidly. Some of the best lots in West Toronto are to be had from Geo. Clarke, 295 Yonge street.

The Canada Gazette contains the appointment of Mr. Barrett of Walkerton as county court judge for Bruce.

—N. McRae, Wyebridge, writes: "I have sold large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil; it is used for colds, sore throat, croup, etc., and in fact for any affection of the throat it works like magic. It is a sure cure for burns, wounds, and bruises."

The cause of woman suffrage—A scarcity of husbands.

—Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

A sensible opinion—One that coincides with our own.

—Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhœa, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25 cents.

Self-made men are apt to worship their maker.

—If attacked with cholera or summer complaint of any kind send at once for a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and use it according to directions. It acts with wonderful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that weakens the strongest man and that destroys the young and delicate. Those who have used this cholera medicine say it acts promptly, and never fails to effect a thorough cure.

What is a Puttover Hat?

—It is a hat made on the same plan as a silk hat. Instead of a silk cover on the stiffened body is stuck a felt covering free from stiffening. It is the most durable hat: if crushed it can be blocked same as when new. It cannot be broken as the ordinary felt hat. With the patent steel wire brim, as originated by Smith, the hatter, it is destined to take the lead.

—Ladies admire Ayer's Hair Vigor for the rich lustre it gives the hair. It restores color, and promotes growth.

An Old Soldier's EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas, May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast table with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—"Civil Service Gazette."

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England. 246

Roller Skates!

GIVE US A CALL.

Rice Lewis & Son,

52 and 54 King St. East, Toronto.

THE BREAD

MADE FROM

W. H. KNOWLTON'S

MANITOBA FLOUR

was awarded the first prize at the

TORONTO EXHIBITION

against a large number of competitors. No other flour will produce whiter, sweeter or richer bread. Send your order to

27 Church Street, Toronto, or Telephone 579.

TURKISH BATHS!

Reduced to 75c. during the day, and 50c. after 6 p.m.

233 Queen street west, 36

C. I. DIAMOND

Established 1857.

C. H. DUNNING,

Family Butcher, etc. 246

Fresh Meats of all kinds, the best the Markets afford. Spiced Rounds of Beef, Rounds Rumps and Briskets of Corned Beef, the best in the City. Sugar Cured Hams and Bacon (my own curing). Poultry and Vegetables of the season. Lard, Sausages (my own make). Telephone Communication. My address

359 YONGE ST.

CARD.

I desire to advise my friends that after due consideration and investigation, I have resigned my brief connection with the Mutual Life Insurance Company, and resumed my position with the New York Life Insurance Co.

ALEXANDER CROMAR.

Toronto, Sep. 29, 1885.

JURY & AMES,

Tailors, 83 Bay Street.

Have just opened their Imported Fall Stock of WORSTED TWEEDS and all kinds of Overcoating. First-class workmanship and goods at moderate prices. 246

TYPHOID AND MALARIAL FEVER.

Prevent this by having your closets cleaned and deodorized by Marchment & Co. Then have your closets converted into dry earth closets, which we will do free of cost and clean them monthly at a mere nominal charge by contract. S. W. MARCHMENT & CO., City Contractors, 9 QUEEN STREET EAST 246

J. P. DUNNING,

FAMILY BUTCHER.

Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Bacon, Lard, Etc. 925

POULTRY, VEGETABLES.

167 KING ST. WEST

THE BELFAST TEA HOUSE

509 YONGE STREET.

Teas as blended in the "Old Country" a specialty. A 5-lb. caddie of excellent tea $2.00. A 5-lb. caddie of superior tea $2.50. A 5-lb. caddie of very fine tea $3.00. A 5-lb. caddie of finest blend tea $3.50. Inferior teas not quoted. Reliable teas 38, 43, 54, 63 and 75 cents per lb. Fresh ground coffees. Fine groceries and canned goods. 246

JAMES F. SCOTT

Late of Forster, Green & Co.'s, Belfast.

PERKINS' PHOTOS

Stand Unrivalled for Beauty of Finish and Artistic Pose. All Cabinets Mounted on Chocolate-tinted Gilt Edge Cards.

STUDIO 293 YONGE STREET

MACDONALD'S

355 YONGE ST., (OPPOSITE ELM.)

Is the place to go for your FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING

BUILDERS' MATERIAL!

STONE, BRICK, CEMENT AND SEWER PIPE.

Being a manufacturer of bricks and a direct agent of the manufacturers of sewer pipes and cement, I am prepared to sell at bottom prices.

CALL AND SEE ME.

A. W. GODSON,

231 QUEEN STREET WEST.

TELEPHONE NO. 421.

LOOK FOR

WM. GIBSON,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

AT

219 1-2 Yonge St.

136

NOTICE!

The firm of Davis Bros. having been dissolved by the death of Elijah J. Davis, the business will be carried on as usual by Joseph W. Davis, under the old name of

DAVIS BROS.,

JEWELERS, 246

130 YONGE STREET 130

FURNACES!

Littlefield & Burtis Furnaces

Are the Best and Most Economical Furnaces Made.

P. PATERSON & SON

77 KING STREET EAST,

SOLE AGENTS.

WM. BAILLIE,

Carpenter and Builder,

80 AND 82 ALBERT STREET

Jobbing promptly attended to. Estimates given on application. 246

WOOD MANTLES AND *OVER MANTLES*

R. RAWLINSON, 548 Yonge St 246

TROY LAUNDRY,

23 AND 28 MELINDA STREET.

Largest and best equipped laundry in Canada. Work put in before 9 o'clock Friday morning will be delivered Saturday. Newly manufactured and shelf-worn goods a specialty. All work guaranteed. ed

EMMOTT HOWD, Prop.

Grindstones! Grindstones!

For wet and dry grinding. A large assortment to select from at lowest prices.

LIONEL YORKE,

Steam Stone Works, Esplanade, foot of Jarvis Street. 246

ALLAN LINE.

ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS.

Londonderry and Liverpool.

ONLY $13 Steerage to or from Quebec.

SAILINGS FROM QUEBEC.	
Caspian	Sept. 26
Parisian	Oct. 3
Sarmatian	Oct. 10
Polynesian	Oct. 17
Circassian	Oct. 24
Sardinian	Oct. 31

1st cabin, $60, $70, $80, according to position of stateroom. Intermediate (everything found) $30. Intermediate and steerage passengers for Glasgow forwarded free by rail from Liverpool. Last train leaves Toronto every Friday at 8.30 a.m. For plans of vessels, tickets and every information, apply to E. BOURLIER, ALLAN LINE OFFICE, COR. KING AND YONGE STREETS. 136

OLD COUNTRY PASSAGES.

ECONOMY WITH COMFORT.

The Royal Mail Steamship Adriatic of the White Star Line, has a dining-room and state rooms for a strictly limited number of intermediate passengers. This accommodation, which is on the SALOON DECK, is furnished with the electric light and every modern comfort. Besides the advantage of being in a magnificent ship, passengers will find it superior in ventilation and many other respects to the saloon on many ocean steamers. The Adriatic sails from New York for Liverpool via Queenstown October 24th.

T. W. JONES, General Agent, 246 23 York street Toronto.

W. MILLICHAMP & CO.

29, 31, 33 & 35 ADELAIDE ST. EAST

Show Case Manufacturers and Shop Fitters.

GOLD, SILVER, NICKLE AND BRASS PLATERS.

VOLUNTEER LAND GRANTS

Scrip and Pensions

With Suggestions showing how the Grantees may readily establish their claims and realize to best advantage; by CAPT. C. W. ALLEN. Price 15 cents.

The Toronto News Company,

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

J. M. PEAREN,

DISPENSING CHEMIST

COR. CARLTON AND SHERBOURNE

Prescriptions Carefully Dispensed.

STOVES! STOVES! STOVES!

THE LARGEST AND FINEST DISPLAY OF

RANGES AND BASEBURNERS

EVER MADE IN THE DOMINION

IS NOW TO BE SEEN AT

JAS. NOLAN'S,

No. 60, 62 and 65 Jarvis Street.

McClary Manufacturing Co's

FAMOUS STOVES

in every variety. Don't buy your Stoves until you examine my immense stock.

EVERY STOVE GUARANTEED TO GIVE SATISFACTION.

JAMES NOLAN,

60, 62 AND 65 JARVIS STREET. 26

HELLO! HELLO! HELLO!

Give me Telephone No. 863, 894 or 898.

C. J. SMITH, COAL & WOOD DEALER

Is that you C. J?

Yes!

Send me up 5 Tons of your best PITTSTON COAL and 2 cords of Beech and Maple Wood, CUT AND SPLIT at $5.00 per cord, to-morrow sure.

All right.

Hold on!

Also 1 CORD CUT PINE.

Correct.

WE ARE RECEIVING DAILY BY RAIL IN BOX CARS,

DIRECT FROM MINES,

NEWLY MINED COAL

In First-Class Condition.

QUALITY GUARANTEED.

ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY.

J. R. BAILEY & CO.

Builders' and Contractors' SUPPLIES.

Carpenters and Garden Tools, Paints, Oils, Glass, &c.

J. L. BIRD

313 QUEEN ST WEST. 246

ROSENBAUM'S

NEW FANCY GOODS BAZAAR

A GRAND DISPLAY OF

Musical Instruments, Just Opened.

159 KING ST. EAST,

St. Lawrence Hall. 136

W. H. STONE,

FUNERAL DIRECTOR,

187 Yonge Street,

Telephone 932. 246

14 VICTORIA ST.

CANADIAN DETECTIVE AGENCY

Private Inquiry and Patrol Office. A Reliable Staff always on hand. Best of References given.

WM. WAITES, Manager. 246

BAILIFF'S OFFICE.

Rents, Debts, Accounts and Chattel Mortgages Collected. Landlords' Warrants, etc., executed. Reliable company, quick returns guaranteed.

T. WASSON, Agent.

J. C. Fell & Co TORONTO

for BRASS LABELS STAMPS SEALS & STEEL DIES

Simpson Bros.

Visitors to Toronto call at Simpson Bros. before sitting for Photographs, as they are the only gallery guarantees to give satisfaction to all. We have also the largest collection of Oil Paintings in the city. 357 Yonge. 246

W. H. STONE,

THE UNDERTAKER,

YONGE 187 STREET

Nine Doors North of Queen street.

Has made arrangements with the Public Telephone office at the West End Pharmacy, 536 Queen street west, for the convenience of his patrons and friends in the west end of the city, whereby he may be called for at any hour, day or night, or a cab will convey them to his warerooms, 187 Yonge street, without charge

J. YOUNG,

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER,

347 YONGE ST.

TELEPHONE 679. 246

NOTICE TO YOUNG & OLD.

The celebrated Dr. H. Hollick of London has established an agency in Toronto for the sale of his medicines for the sure cure of all nervous diseases arising from whatever cause. Has been in use here over twenty years. Cured thousands. No Charge, no Pay. Enclose stamp for pamphlet, which will be sent in sealed envelope to all who Address to 463 Yonge Street, Toronto. Please mention this paper. 246

PRIVATE Medical Dispensary,

ESTABLISHED 1868.

27 Gould St., Toronto, Ont

Dr. Andrews' Purifications, Dr. Andrews' Female Pills, and all of Dr. A.'s celebrated remedies for private diseases can be obtained at the Dispensary. Circulars free. All letters answered promptly without charge, when stamp is enclosed. Communications confidential. Address A. J. ANDREWS, M.S. TORONTO, ONT

MEACHAM'S MANDRAKE BITTERS

And Blood Purifier. The best Blood Purifier in the market. Large bottles, 75cts.; six bottles for $4. J. S. MEACHAM, Arcade Pharmacy, 183 Yonge street, Toronto.