

HIS REPENTANCE.

The steamer plying between Havre and Trouville had reached its midway passage; a little funnelled boat was leaving swiftly on in the direction of Fiquelure Bay; an ugly black-looking yacht had pointed its nose towards the dangerous bar of Quillebeault; one of the ever-sailing flat barges was moving imperceptibly up the Seine; smaller boats and more picturesque were coquetting on the banks, and the Havre steamer was coming on quickly, leaving Havre far behind her. Mark extended the glass in the direction of the extreme left, and at a distance of some ten miles, the blue and clear waters of the Seine were not calmer than that somewhat turbulent sea; river, maniche, sea, were to-day still as a lake. A small house fair throughout the department of the Calvados.

How familiar the scene had grown to Mark Gray, he could tell you now. His days, unfortunately, were days of idleness, and he had nothing to do but look at it from some point or other of the heights. Mark's fondly anticipated patients had not come to see whether the hand of English medicine, stationed at Honneur preferred Monsieur Le Bleu or one of his compatriots to attend them, or whether they were so disliking to keep in perfect health, Mark Gray never clearly ascertained. All he could be sure of was, that he was not summoned. His professional services had been called in to see a patient but three times, including the stranger from London who gave him the large fee.

An English maid-servant had come to him once to have a tooth drawn; she could not speak French, she said, and did not like to go to a chemist's shop for it; Mark drew it for her, and she gave him a large fee. He had never been ill, yet he had now a pain in his head, which he called "the grippe," which Mark interpreted to the grippe, a very common ailment, which in French means influenza. The patient was not so well, in spite of a little warm treatment at first; and Mark's remuneration was ten francs. This was all he had earned, besides the present made him at the hotel.

How were they to get along? How had they got along? They, poor sufferers could tell, looking back, Barker, who was in Paris still, full of wild hopes as usual, had sent Mark once a hundred franc note in a letter and a promise of more; a little had come to Caroline from Barbados, for she had told of her woes; and so they existed somehow. Mark Gray was by no means one to sit down tamely and quietly to starve; he was a man of energy, and he was not a man to let himself be taken in by a woman's promises, as it were, at Honneur, and did not see how to get away from it, or where to travel to. Under happier circumstances the "lamp" might not have got so large as it was now getting; but that Great Wheel of Fortune only sent its ore to the market instead of getting downed, it might have been a different story.

Nothing brings out these constitutional deficiencies like adversity. Mark lowered the glass and turned to speak to his wife, who was sitting on the four yards behind him. Towards her he and she were inclined and accommodating, and he had told of her woes; and so they existed somehow. Mark Gray was by no means one to sit down tamely and quietly to starve; he was a man of energy, and he was not a man to let himself be taken in by a woman's promises, as it were, at Honneur, and did not see how to get away from it, or where to travel to. Under happier circumstances the "lamp" might not have got so large as it was now getting; but that Great Wheel of Fortune only sent its ore to the market instead of getting downed, it might have been a different story.

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England and the English faculty would be cured and life.

Mark would have gratified the wish had it been in his power; but how was he to find the money? But for Barker they could not have got on at all. He sent a trifle to Mark from time to time, and they managed to get along with it. Once, when they were at a very low ebb, Mark had written a pitiful account of their state to his brother Oswald, and a ten-pound note came back again. As it was a contrast was this to the prosperity that might have been theirs at Honneur!

Winter had come now. December was in its first days, and the weather was passing and so intense was Caroline's yearning for home, that Monsieur Le Bleu himself said to keep her would be to kill her. "It would only be the passage money, Mark," she retorted, "ten times in a day, I should go straight to Aunt Bettina's. Angry as she was with us for leaving Honneur, she'd not refuse to take me in. Mark, Mark! only the passage money!"

And Mark, thus piteously appealed to, thought he must do something desperate to get the passage money. Perhaps he would, if he had only had known what. But while Mark was thinking about it, help arrived, in the shape of a hundred-franc note from Barker. Things were beginning to look up with him, he wrote, and perhaps he meant this an earnest of it.

"Divide it, Mark," she said, with feverish checks, "I know how badly you want it here; but I want it badly too. I want help, I want medical skill; divide it between us; fifty francs will take me over."

(To Be Continued.)

Summer Weekends.

And that tired feeling, loss of appetite and nervous prostration are driven away by Hood's Sarsaparilla must be before the morning sun. To realize the benefit of this great medicine, give it a trial and you will join the army of enthusiastic admirers of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sure, efficient, easy—Hood's Pills. They should be in every traveler's grip and every family medicine chest. 25 cents a box.

It proves the influence of a high position that in looking at the mercury in the street thermometer some men take off their hats.

Parents Must Have Rest.

A president of one of our colleges says: "We spent many sleepless nights in consequence of our children suffering from colds, but this never occurred now. We use Scott's Emulsion and it quickly relieves pulmonary troubles."

A bridegroom fainted at the altar just as the ceremony was completed in Salem last Thursday. When he came to they were one.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

All that Kansas needs to have to make it a "howling wilderness" is just the wilderness.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Jack—Pa, is sent an abbreviation of a gentleman's Pa—No; it's generally an exaggeration of all his faults with an abbreviation of his virtues.

A man's wife should always be the same especially to her husband; but if she is weak and nervous, and uses Carter's Iron Pills she cannot be, for they will make her feel like a different person. At least so they all say, and their husbands say so too.

"So the Duke is casting his net for an American heiress?" "Yes—his coronet."

"I called to see if the editor was in?" "Yes, he is—she'll get him at daylight."

Carter's Little Liver Pills must not be confused with common Cathartic Pills. The latter are for the bowels, the former are for the liver. In every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

Patti has at last owned up to 50 years. In a recent interview she ingeniously says that she has been singing since '61, and she finds the public "just as eager" to hear her as when she was 18.

"Remarkable Cure of Dropsy and Dyspepsia."—Mr. Samuel T. Casey, Belleville, writes: "In the spring of 1884 I began to be troubled with dyspepsia, which gradually became more and more distressing. I used various domestic remedies and applied to my family physician, but received no benefit. By this time my trouble assumed the form of dropsy. I was unable to use any food whatever except boiled milk and bread; my limbs were swollen to twice their natural size; all hopes of my recovery were given up, and I quite expected death within a few weeks. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery having been recommended to me, I tried the bottle with but little hope of relief; and now, after using eight bottles, my Dyspepsia and Dropsy are cured. Although now 79 years of age I can enjoy my meals as well as ever, and my general health is such that I am well known in this section of Canada, having lived here 57 years; and you have liberty to use my name in recommendation of your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, which has done such wonders in my case."

"I wonder," thought Frank as he awakened in the country early in the morning, "whether that rooster tells the sun when to get up or the sun tells the rooster. I wish they'd both wait until I was ready."

For Over Half a Century.

Mrs. Winslow's Famous Ointment has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS FOR THEIR CHILDREN'S CHILBLAINS, BRUISES, SORES, CHICKEN POX, SCALDS, AND ALL THE GUMS, ALWAYS ALL PAIN, CURES CHICKEN POX, AND IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHEA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Ointment," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Mrs. Potts—Mrs. Flyer called this afternoon. Jack Potts (absent-mindedly)—What did you have?

A cure for Headache.

Headache arises from constipation, bad blood, dyspepsia or liver complaint. As Dr. B. C. Cures all these causes, it cures headache. Once the cause is removed the headache vanishes.

Cunsey Roseman—Say, boy, who do you mean by running after me with that big pillow under your arm? Boy—Because, sir, this street has been paved during the past week.

Unbearable Acony.

For three days I suffered severely from summer complaint, nothing gave me relief and I kept getting worse, until the pain was almost unbearable, but after I had tried the first dose of Dr. Acony's Extract of Wild Strawberry I found great relief, and it did not stop to cure me. W. M. T. GLENN, Wilfrid, Ont.

"That remains to be seen," as the cure said when he split the ink on the tablecloth.

SHOT FOR AN UMBRELLA.

Probably Fatal Result of an All-Night Spree.

One Man Snatches His Friend's Umbrella and Receives a Couple of Bullet Wounds.

New York, Aug. 27.—Charles Saunders, 30 years old, of 187 Forsyth street, and Ernest Maulick, 33 years old, of 221 Greenwich street, fought about a 98-cent umbrella Thursday morning, and the result was that Saunders is in Bellevue Hospital dangerously wounded, while Maulick is in the Tombs awaiting the result of his victim's injuries, which will probably not result fatally.

The men, who have been intimate friends for over five years, met early on Wednesday evening by appointment. Saunders is a waiter in a concert saloon, and Wednesday was his night off. In company with Maulick he visited concert halls on the east side. At 5 o'clock in the morning, while in a saloon at Forsyth and Houston streets, and, according to Sergt. McCov, very drunk, Saunders thought he would go home, and in drunken playfulness snatched the umbrella from Maulick's hand. Maulick, in drunken anger, ran after him. When he overtook him a struggle began for the possession of the umbrella. Saunders was victorious, and with the umbrella in his hand dashed down Houston street.

"Drop it, or I'll shoot you," cried Maulick. But Saunders gave no heed. There were two blinding flashes, and Saunders fell into the muddy street just as Policeman Louis Sahm, of the East Fifth street station, was running up. Maulick saw the policeman and ran into the rear yard of the saloon at 71st avenue, where he was quickly captured and taken to the side of his wounded friend. Saunders was very weak and was conveyed to Bellevue Hospital. There it was discovered that one bullet had lodged in the left hip, while another had passed through the left chest, knocking out two front teeth. Maulick was locked up in the East Fifth street station.

AN ELOPEMENT.

By Which a Canadian Secures a Yankee Bride.

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., Aug. 27.—A special from the mouth of the river says: "An elopement has caused considerable excitement among the inhabitants of this town. Miss Nellie Cuddeback, daughter of Capt. Harvey Cuddeback, was married recently to Wm. R. McClelland, of Niagara, Ont. The young couple left Youngstown and drove to Niagara Falls, Ont., where the ceremony was performed in Christ Church by the Rev. Richard Harrison, rector of St. Matthew's Church, Toronto. The young lady in question is a society belle, and it is understood she was engaged to a young gentleman in New York city. The marriage was to have occurred next month, but it now appears that Canada will be the abode of this handsome young lady. Mrs. McClelland is a brunette of magnificent form and comely of face. Her husband is a young man in Niagara, where he conducts a large grocery store. The happy couple will make their home in that town."

Shipments of Canadian Cattle.

MONTREAL, Aug. 27.—The shipments of cattle from this port are keeping up pretty well in face of the embargo. Up to the 26th 68,495 cattle have been shipped, compared with 68,126 for the corresponding period last season. All the cattle this year were fat stock. The losses so far have been lighter than usual, only 41 being reported.

SPEAKER OF THE COMMONS.

Pomp and Power of the First Gentleman in England.

The splendor of the position of Speaker of the British House of Commons is perhaps not generally realized, writes a London correspondent of the New York Evening Post. The appointment, nominally for the duration of one Parliament, generally extends over several. The present occupant of the chair, Right Hon. Arthur Wellesley Peel, the youngest son of the great statesman, is the eighth who has held the office within the present century. Chosen from among the members, subject to the approval of the Crown, the Speaker can be removed only upon an address to the Crown. Beside a palatial residence occupying one wing of the House of Parliament and large patronage, he receives a salary of £5,000 a year. At the end of his labors he is rewarded with a peerage and a pension of £4,000 per annum for two lives. He is a member of the Privy Council, and the first gentleman in the United Kingdom, taking rank after barons. His duties, under ordinary circumstances, extending over only portions of five days of the week for half the year, only apparently light demands for their proper performance, the exercise of trained abilities of the highest order, an unflinching memory, keen eyesight and a quick ear. The wig and gown which he wears, the state ceremony with which he is surrounded, doubtless contribute to the isolation and impressiveness of his position.

The profound respect voluntarily and by custom extended him rest, doubtless, upon those, perhaps, logical traits in the British character which have contributed to the continuity and steadiness of British institutions. When, at the opening of proceedings, he makes his way in state from his residence to the chamber, through the corridor used by member for passing to the committee, library or refreshment rooms, it is a sight of etiquette for anyone to be found therein. When on summer evenings he and his family take the air upon the portion of the terrace which is outside his residence, there is no more thought of approaching them than there would be if he were a Grand Llama. When in the chair he can be approached only upon strictly business matters. His levees, held twice a year and open to all members, can be attended only in court costume, sword by the side. The invitations to his state dinners, distributed among all of his parties, are extended only to those who have attended these gatherings.

What do you want A Waterproof for?

To Wear in Wet Weather?

Then you want to be sure that it is waterproof, and you want the best article that you can get for the money. These chemically treated cloth garments are neither one thing nor the other. Did you ever see one after it had been thoroughly wet and then had dried up to about two sizes smaller.

Currie's Edinburgh Coats, Are Just What You Want.

KOFF NO MORE! WATSON'S COUGH DROPS WILL GIVE POSITIVE AND INSTANT RELIEF TO THOSE SUFFERING FROM COLDS, HOARSENESS, SORE THROAT, ETC., AND ARE INVALUABLE TO ORATORS AND VOCALISTS. R. & T. W. STAMPED ON EACH DROP. TRY THEM.

KEARNEY'S HERBAL HAIR TONIC

Ceres Blandon, Promotes Growth of the Hair, Prevents Falling Out and Imparts to the Hair a Beautiful Gloss.

It being a purely Vegetable Compound it may be used freely without injury to the most delicate scalp. Every Bottle Guaranteed.

51 PER BOTTLE. R. J. KEARNEY, 233 Richmond Street, London, sole proprietor and manufacturer, London, Ont. All orders by mail are promptly attended to.

Ask your druggist for it. All the druggists please take notice and send for particulars.

Western at London, Sept. 14-21.

Industrial at Toronto, Sept. 14-21.

Southern at Montreal, Sept. 14-21.

Wellesley at Windsor, Sept. 14-21.

Central at Guelph, Sept. 14-21.

Great Northwestern at Goderich, Sept. 14-21.

London Township at Liverpool, Sept. 14-21.

East Lambton, Sept. 14-21.

South Lambton at London, Sept. 14-21.

North Lambton at London, Sept. 14-21.

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What is

CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria