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executed at the  
ice.

**WORTH,**  
EST.

**GOAL.**

WITH

**WORTH,**  
EST.

**GOAL.**

**THE HAUNTED HEART.**

BY E. C.

"Marion, tell me in words as true and tender as mine to you that your heart is mine forever, as my heart is yours forever and forever."

It was a lover who spoke—an ardent and passionate, but doubtful lover. He was a tall, pale, young man, strikingly handsome, and distinguished in appearance. His hair was like waving corn-silk, so blonde and beautiful that it might have given a character of femininity to a countenance less determined and characteristic, and his large blue eyes were so dark and so heavily fringed with long, thick lashes, that they seemed black. The girl, who stood before him, and who returned his steadfast, loving gaze, with half-averted eyes and a smile half fond, half scornful, was the sort of woman who is often dangerous to men and always troublesome to herself. She was a beauty and a coquette, and she was not wholly hardened or selfish. She had just enough heart to make trouble for herself and others, and to make her play badly in many small games of the seductions which she had previously arranged in her head with great accuracy. When she had begun her flirtation with Robert Norton, Marion Swayne had not in the least meant to be serious herself. She had intended all that sort of thing for her victim; but, to her dismay, she discovered that her own feelings were considerably entangled, and much more than she had ever been before. The brilliant and fashionable Miss Swayne was absolutely in love with young Norton, a penniless man of letters, whose genius she yet to be proved, and whose path in literature was all up hill, and very heavy climbing. Robert knew that she loved him, but at least, as far as she was capable of loving him, "his passion did not blind him to the lack of true depth in her affection for him, and it was all the more precious, because he loved her profoundly in spite of all the faults he knew she possessed. While he addressed her in his ardent and love-lit phrases, he held both her delicate little hands and gazed down on her with a look that might have burned into her soul; and as a picture of exquisite, entrancing beauty, she was worth gazing at. Small as she was, but with the waving grace and lithe strength of a willow tree, Marion Swayne gave the observer an impression both of fragility and nervous power. Her hair, brown, eyes and lashes were dark as midnight, but her complexion was of the greenish hue of a white camellia; and her very scarlet lips told of high health, exercise and animation.

"You don't speak to me, sweetheart," her lover continued, having waited some moments for a response. "Cannot you say that you love me, Marion, truly as I love you?"

"Don't be so tragic, Robert," was the playful answer, while her lips parted in a twinkling smile. "You know how you have hurt my hands. They are absolutely red and bruised from your violence. You know well enough that I love you—more than I love any one in the world; and I can never love any one else at all. Will that satisfy you?"

For answer the impetuous lover crossed the ill-treated little hands with kisses, gathered the child-like form in his arms, and held it close pressed to his heart.

"It must satisfy me, my darling—I suppose you could not love me as I do you—perhaps no woman could." He added, with a sigh: "It may be an unwise thing to be able to ask it—women must be so different from men."

Marion looked up with a half laugh, and wished in her inmost heart that she could tell him, who loved her so, that there were women in the world who could love even as he did, and that she would do well to seek such a one, and leave her to find a lover more of her own stamp; her conscience, or what she called by that name, told her that she should do so. But she would not listen to the inward voice. Robert's caresses and passionate outbursts of tenderness were dear to her; it gratified her vanity and touched her heart, such as it was, more than any income of the same kind had ever done before. She answered:

"I love you as well as I can, Robert, dear—for your sake I wish I was capable of a greater love."

But Robert was satisfied—it was the most sincere and affectionate speech that Marion had ever made to him, and the luminous, joyful look in his eyes thanked her more eloquently than words.

"You have filled my heart with joy, dearest—those kind words have given me courage to say that bitter word—'farewell.' May all good angels guard you, Marion, till I hold you in these arms again. Do not fear for me, dear one; with you I am as my proudest reward, I can attain to anything. You shall yet hear my name with true wifely pride. For your love I can dare all things, and can win them too; but without that to look forward to—I dare not think of that."

"And don't, dear Robert, for my love you will always have," and for the moment Marion meant what she said, and really felt quite heroic.

Robert once more clasped her close to his heart with a vehemence that almost hurt her; but this time she did not complain, and a fearful mist dimmed her eyes when she found her lover's arms about her. Marion read Robert's first letter with a warm glow at her heart, which she honestly mistook for the enthusiasm of her bosom for several days. Under the effect of it she replied at once, and her answer was a very fair love letter. It remained for the rest of his life Robert's most precious earthly possession, and it was found close against his heart after he was dead.

Marion received Robert's frequent letters with less and less delight, as they came more rapidly, and now and then a gentle reproach for her scanty replies. At last she pook-poked them altogether, and ceased to answer them at all.

Rumors had reached Robert, who, according to common report, was about to confer a title on the fair Marion, and bear her off to his ancestral home beyond the seas; but Robert would not believe it. He resolutely closed his heart against a doubt of her. "To doubt her," he said, "is to die!" He assured himself that she was ill. At last he could bear it no longer, and he resolved to see her at her early summer when Robert reached the pretty town of A— and as his way toward A— lay through the pretty Gothic cathedral where he had first seen her, her lovely eyes devotedly fixed on the minister in the pulp, he paused for a moment, though his heart was great, to pay it the tribute of one loving look. He did so the church door opened, and with a benediction, Robert stood aside and waited to see the bride. And he did see her—the light left his eyes and the color fled from his cheek—his soul seemed to die with him—for the bride in partly white of glistering satin, and with that sweep of the ground behind her, was Marion—the woman who had sworn be-

fore heaven to be his wife. She leaned proudly on her husband's arm, a fine-looking old gentleman, the English marquis, for whose title she would have bartered much more than her promise to Robert Norton. For one instant, as she passed him, Marion glanced aside and saw a face that seemed to have come from the grave, with no smile, no white, the look in the eyes so fixed and stony. She shrank and shuddered, a stifled scream left her lips, but with a strong effort she controlled herself, and laughed off her agitation. Robert was lost in the crowd, and she could have believed that her imagination played her the trick of conjuring him up there.

But Robert was avenged, although, perhaps, he never knew it. Robert did the fair young marchioness, whom he had known as Marion Swayne, close her eyes in sleep without seeing that white, despairing face that met her at the church door on her wedding-day. Her sleep became a nightmare, and her waking hours were haunted by the ghastly visions of her sleep.

In vain her adoring husband took her to every capital in Europe; in vain he lavished on her every gaudy and pleasure that money could procure. Her heart was haunted by a specter that could not be laid. In despair the marquis at length brought his fair and fading young wife home to her own country, and to her girlhood's home; and this move seemed a happy one, for Marion passed that first night in her old home in peace and quiet, and for the first time since her marriage her dreams were undisturbed by visions of her betrayed lover. She happily dared to hope it might continue so; but, contrary to her expectations—contrary to her fears—each succeeding night proved as tranquil as the first. Her health visibly improved; the color and rounded smoothness of her cheek came back, and her old, radiant beauty shone both in face and figure. The marquis began to hope that he might with safety bear her away again; and, although Marion somewhat dreaded the experiment, she thought she had overcome her nervous excitement sufficiently to venture on it. The marquis had gone to New York to attend to some necessary business arrangements before quitting the country, and she was expecting him home that same evening, as she suddenly remembered, while sitting in the moonlight indulging in dreams of future conquests beyond the sea. Suddenly the front door-bell rang loud and long, waking her from her dreamy fancies with a start.

"Ah—that must be he!" thought Marion; and then, "why doesn't one of the servants open the door?"

Nearly a minute passed, and she heard no sound of anyone in answer to the loud and peremptory summons of the bell.

"Ah, how forgetful!" she suddenly exclaimed. "I have allowed both the girls to go out."

"You don't speak to me, sweetheart," her lover continued, having waited some moments for a response. "Cannot you say that you love me, Marion, truly as I love you?"

"Don't be so tragic, Robert," was the playful answer, while her lips parted in a twinkling smile. "You know how you have hurt my hands. They are absolutely red and bruised from your violence. You know well enough that I love you—more than I love any one in the world; and I can never love any one else at all. Will that satisfy you?"

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**DR. FOWLER'S**  
EXTRACT-WILD  
**STRAWBERRY**  
CURES  
**CHOLERA**  
CHOLERA INFANTUM  
DIARRHOEA  
AND  
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS  
SOLD BY ALL DEALERS.

**FURNITURE SALE**  
During the month of August I will offer over \$10,000 worth of  
**New and Elegant Furniture at Cost Prices.**  
The stock consists of Parlor, Bedroom, Dining and Library and Drawing-Room Suits in endless patterns and styles, and every article is manufactured on the premises and warranted.

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**14 K GOLD**  
**STEM-WINDING WATCH**  
ONLY \$27,  
AT  
**DAVIS BROS.,**  
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**WONDERFUL RESULTS**  
HUNDREDS OF LADIES  
Have already been relieved of the unnatural growth of Hair on the Face and Arms with Dorenow's Hair Remover. It softens the complexion and is harmless.

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HAIR REMOVER  
Paris Hair Works, Toronto.

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At \$1.00 per Day.  
The Hotel is newly built and furnished, and cleanliness and comfort are the main attractions in connection with the above.

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MUSKOKA LAKE.  
This Hotel will be Open till the Close of Navigation at Reduced Rates. Furnished Cottage to Let on Moderate Terms.

**EDWARD PROWSE,**  
Proprietor.  
**J. B. ARMSTRONG,**  
PRACTICAL TAILOR.

**WEST TORONTO JUNCTION.**  
I am now offering for sale in quantities to suit purchasers by far the most desirable property in the vicinity, being the Alkenna property, and at low rates. Parties desiring to purchase for the purpose of holding on speculation will be liberally dealt with.

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Over a ton of old Books, selected from the London Book Stalls, just arrived. Amongst them are to be found some very CURIOUS AND RARE. Inspection invited. The cheapest home in Canada.

**BRITNELL'S BOOK STORE,**  
228 YONGE STREET.

**COAL AT LOWEST**  
Summer Prices.  
**P. D. CONGER,**  
4 KING STREET EAST.

**TORONTO RAILWAY TIME TABLE**  
Departure and Arrival of Trains from and at Union Station.

**GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.**  
Departures, Main Line East.  
7:15 a.m.—Local for points east to Montreal.  
8:30 a.m.—Fast express for Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, etc.  
1 p.m.—Mixed for Kingston and intermediate stations.  
4:30 p.m.—Local for Cobourg and intermediate stations.  
6:30 p.m.—Express for main points, Ottawa, Montreal, etc., runs daily.

**Arrivals, Main Line East.**  
1 p.m.—Local from Cobourg.  
3:15 a.m.—Express from Montreal, Ottawa and main line points.  
11:30 a.m.—Fast express from Montreal, etc.  
6:30 p.m.—Mixed from Kingston and intermediate stations.  
10:30 p.m.—Express from Boston, Quebec, Portland, Montreal, Ottawa, etc.

**Departures, Main Line West.**  
7:50 a.m.—Local for all points west to Detroit.  
1 p.m.—Express for Port Huron, Detroit, Chicago and all western points.  
4:00 p.m.—Express from all western points.  
6:30 p.m.—Mixed for Stratford and intermediate stations.  
11:15 p.m.—Express for Paris and western points, according to car for Detroit.

**Arrivals, Main Line West.**  
7:50 a.m.—Mixed from Stratford and intermediate points.  
8:10 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit, Port Huron, etc.  
11:30 a.m.—Local from London, Stratford, etc.  
7:10 p.m.—Express from Stratford, etc.  
11:15 p.m.—Local from London, Stratford, etc.

**Arrivals, Great Western Division.**  
8:40 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit, Hamilton, etc.  
10:15 a.m.—Express from London, St. Catharines, Hamilton, etc.  
12:35 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, etc.  
4:30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, etc.  
7:30 p.m.—Mail from Buffalo, Detroit, London, Hamilton and intermediate stations.  
7:45 a.m.—Express from Detroit, St. Louis, etc.

**Suburban Trains, Great Western Division.**  
Leaves Toronto at 7:40, 8:00 a.m., and 2:35 and 4:20 p.m.  
Returning leave Mimico 8:35 and 11:35 a.m., and 3:45 and 7:25 p.m., calling at Queen's Park, Parkdale, High Park and the Hunter, both sides, en route.  
Sunday Trains, G. W. Division.  
Trains leaving Toronto for Hamilton at 12:30 p.m. and 4:30 p.m. on Saturdays, but do not stop at intermediate stations.

**Departures, Midland Division.**  
7:35 a.m.—Mixed—Blackwater and intermediate stations.  
7:45 a.m.—Mail—Sutton, Midland, Orillia, Cobourg, Haliburton, etc.  
Whitby, Port Hope, Port Hope, Midland, Belleville, Hastings, Campbellton and intermediate stations.  
4:10 p.m.—Mail—Sutton, Midland, Orillia, Cobourg, Haliburton, etc.  
Peterboro, Port Hope and intermediate stations.  
4:35 p.m.—Mixed—Uxbridge and intermediate stations.

**Arrivals, Midland Division.**  
11:45 a.m.—Mail 9:45 a.m.—Mixed from Uxbridge and intermediate stations. 9 p.m.—Mail 8:10 p.m.

**CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.**  
Departures Credit Valley Section.  
7:00 a.m.—St. Louis express for all stations on main line and branches, and for Detroit, Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas City.  
1:30 p.m.—Pacific express for Galt, Woodstock, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, Detroit, Chicago, etc.  
4:30 p.m.—Local express for all points on main line and branches.  
Arrivals, Credit Valley Section.  
9:30 a.m.—Express from all stations on main line and branches.  
3:45 p.m.—Atlantic express from Chicago and all points west and north-west on main line and branches.  
1:30 p.m.—Montreal express—All stations on main line and branches.

**Departures, Toronto, Grey and Bruce Section.**  
9:40 a.m.—Mail for Orangeville, Owen Sound and all intermediate stations.  
8:00 p.m.—Express for Orangeville, Owen Sound and Toronto.  
Arrivals, Toronto, Grey and Bruce Section.  
1:00 p.m.—Express from Owen Sound and all intermediate stations.  
10:30 p.m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations.  
6:00 p.m.—Mixed, arrives at Parkdale.

**Departures, Ontario and Quebec Section.**  
3:00 a.m.—Atlantic express for Peterboro, Norwood, Perth, Smith's Falls, Ottawa, Montreal, and intermediate points.  
7:40 p.m.—Express for Peterboro, Norwood, Perth, Smith's Falls, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec and all intermediate points.  
Arrivals, Ontario and Quebec Section.  
9:15 a.m.—Express from Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Peterboro, etc.  
10:35 a.m.—From Peterboro, Norwood and intermediate points.  
10:30 p.m.—Toronto express from (same as 1:15 and intermediate points).

**NORTHERN RAILWAY.**  
Trains depart from and arrive at City Hall Station, stopping at Union and Brook Street Stations.  
Departures.  
7:45 a.m.—Mail for Muskoka wharf, Orillia, Meaford, Penzance and intermediate points, making direct connections at Muskoka wharf with Muskoka boats.  
12:00 p.m.—Steamboat express for Muskoka wharf, Collingwood and Meaford, making direct connections at Collingwood with steamers for Saunt Ste. Marie and Port Arthur.  
5:15 p.m.—Muskoka special express each Saturday during July and August for Muskoka wharf, connecting with steamers for Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph.

**Arrivals.**  
10:15 a.m.—Express from Collingwood, Orillia, Barrie and intermediate points.  
1:45 p.m.—Accommodation from Meaford, Collingwood, Penzance, Muskoka wharf, Orillia, Barrie and intermediate points.  
8:15 p.m.—Mail from Penzance, Muskoka, etc.  
1:55 p.m.—Muskoka special express. Movers only—July and August.

**SWISS OBSESS.**  
Canned Goods of all kinds for Excursion and Picnic Parties.

**I. E. KINGSBURY**  
103 CHURCH STREET.  
Telephone. American silver taken at par.

**V. P. HUMPHREY,**  
UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER,  
309 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.  
OPEN DAY AND NIGHT.

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"Early Fall Styles" Just received per S. S. Sardinian and Scavia from all the Leading English manufacturers. Also the Latest

**NEW YORK STYLES.**  
**J. & J. LUGSDIN,**  
101 YONGE ST.  
DIRECT IMPORTERS.

**ART**  
**G. BROWN,**  
1831 QUEEN STREET WEST.  
Work on view executed by Whipple's Patent Air Brush.

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FOR  
School Books,  
Exercise Books,  
Scribbling Books, etc., etc.  
**WM. WARWICK & SON,**  
8 and 10 Wellington Street.

**GARTS, GARTS, GARTS.**  
Call and inspect our Line of Garts, Finest in the City. Leather Garts to carry two or four.

**CHARLES BROWN & CO.,**  
AMERICAN CARRIAGE REPOSITORY,  
6 Adelaide St. E., Toronto.  
CARRIAGE AND WAGON WORKS,  
14 & 16 ALICE STREET.

**J. P. SULLIVAN,**  
Manufacturer of first class Carriages and Wagons of the latest styles. All work warranted for one year. Superior material used in all branches. Call and examine our work before purchasing elsewhere. All orders promptly attended to. Special attention paid to repairing. Terms cash and prices to suit the time.

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GENERAL FAMILY BUTCHER, Corner Queen and Terrence Sts., Toronto.  
Poultry, Vegetables, Corned Beef, Pickled Tongues and every description of first-class meats always on hand.  
Families waited upon for orders.

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THE NOTED PLACE FOR  
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93 Yonge Street.  
Headquarters for high quality Gilt Mouldings, Imitation Mouldings, Walnut Mouldings, German Mouldings, Gold Mouldings, Antique Bronze Mouldings, Show Card Mouldings; also picture Frames and Picture Frame supplies. Chromos, Artotypes, etc.

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25c, 50c, 75c, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.50, 4.00, 4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00, 6.50, 7.00, 7.50, 8.00, 8.50, 9.00, 9.50, 10.00.

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122 Richmond St. West. 92  
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GIUSEPPE RUDMANI, Proprietor.

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From American Patent Process Flour.  
Delivered Daily.

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THE BUTCHERS,  
We always keep on hand a full supply of choice

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LANGTRY BANG,  
CURLING TONGS,  
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**THE NOVELTY CORKSCREW.**  
**HARRY A. COLLINS,**  
Housekeepers' Emporium,  
90 YONGE STREET.

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**AGENTS**  
Agate Balances & Brass Weights.  
Platform, Counter, Butcher and Even Balance

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**RICE LEWIS & SON,**  
52 & 54 King St. E., Toronto.

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**E. T. BARNUM,**  
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**Semi-Centennial Bitters,**  
A Tonic Unequaled and Unexcelled.

**SHAKE**

**THE CRITERION WINE VAULTS,**  
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H. E. HUGHES.

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Wholesale and Retail  
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TORONTO.  
Agents for Pelee Island Wines and Carling's Ales.

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**DR. DYER'S**

**DR. DYER'S**  
Voltaire Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

**THE GENUINE PIANO,**  
MANUFACTURED BY  
**RAINER & CO.,**  
Guelph, Ontario.

The undersigned respectfully announces that on the 29th day of April 1884, Joseph F. Rainer dissolved partnership with Frank Sweetman and John Haselton, as piano manufacturers, and that said Joseph F. Rainer, in connection with his son, will continue to manufacture the original cross-scale Pianos, of which the said Joseph F. Rainer is the sole inventor.

These Pianos have now been before the public for 23 years, and have always ranked among the very best, and are celebrated for quality of tone, great power and durability of action, prompt elastic touch, fine finish and elegant style of case, combined with every known improvement. The most complete and unbroken list on record, embracing a period of 30 years, and made up of 25 first prize, medals and diplomas received at the principal exhibitions in Canada—Montreal, Kingston, Toronto, Hamilton and London. At the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, in 1876, we secured a medal and diploma for our piano. The great favor with which the cross-scale pianos have been received for so long a period, and the numerous testimonials and orders to imitate them. We therefore caution intending purchasers and dealers wishing to obtain the original cross-scale piano to see that the name of "Rainer & Co." is on each exhibition medal. We make the Upright and Square Grand Pianos. For further particulars, Price List, etc., apply to RAINER & CO., Guelph, Ont. MANUFACTORY—Market Square.

**THE BUTCHERS,**  
We always keep on hand a full supply of choice

**NOVELTIES!**  
LANGTRY BANG,  
CURLING TONGS,  
HANDY TACK HAMMER!

**THE NOVELTY CORKSCREW.**  
**HARRY A. COLLINS,**  
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**TO GROCERS.**  
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