FAITHFUL TILL THE END

They can hear it, these two, as they go on. Chop-chop-chop! It seems to cut not only into the trees on their right hand, but into the silence that is holding them as in a vice.

At last Wortley breaks it.

"It wasn't my fault," says he. His tone is quite as grave as ever, but, as before, it seems to her that a note of suppressed amusement runs through it.

"Fault?" There is open and not altogether pleasant question in her tone.

"That I——"

"That you——" She stops short and goes on again. "I can't see where the word fault comes in."

"Still, it seemed to me——"

"I don't know what it seemed to you. You are quite a stranger to me. For my own part," vigorously, "I don't care a fig about your finding them."

"Finding them?"

"Oh, yes. Finding them. I suppose," with another angry flash from her beautiful eyes, "a person can take off their shoes and stockings if they like, without being brought to book by," with quite magnificent scorn here, "their guardian."

A moment or two, and then:

"Undoubtedly." Another moment or two, and then: "By the bye, were yours off?"

This is too much. Miss Prendergast stops short upon the dusty road.

"To be a hypocrite is to be contemptible!" says she, and she draws her breath sharply.

"That is beyond dispute," says Wortley. "Hypocrites are not only immoral, but a bore. You have someone in your mind?"

"Yes, you," said the girl, straightly.

Sir Stephen looks at her. Her eyes are flashing, her lips a little parted—such lips, such eyes!—both beautiful. What is she, child or woman? Nay, child—

"A wild-eyed child, strong hearted."

"But I assure you I'm not one," says he.

"Not even when, a moment ago, you said you were sorry you were in fault about—about——"

"Well—about?"

"Finding my shoes!"

"After all, I don't think I was alluding to your shoes when I said that," says Sir Stephen.

"What did you mean, then?"

"That it was not my fault that I had been, in a way, appointed your guardian!"

"Oh, that," says Nell. She tightens her teeth upon the under lip, as if to keep herself in order. He has had the best of her here, certainly. He has indeed discomfited her "these two times." Her mind had been full of the luckless shoes and stockings, and he knew that, and traded on it to bring her to confusion over the guardianship.

How contemptible! How mean! Well—he shall pay for it!

Her small, mutinous mouth grows suddenly firm. Her eyes cling to the ground: not a word but "Yes" and "No" escapes her during the long walk that brings them from that beach to the entrance gate of Gaveston Park. She has been thinking—thinking all the way—and now evidently her thoughts have reached maturity, because suddenly her whole manner changes.

Sir Stephen has opened the gate, and she and little Geoffrey stand inside it.

"Good-bye!" says Wortley, holding out his hand, but hardly expecting her to accept it. To his everlasting surprise, however, she slips her slender fingers into his. He holds them in a bare clasp, expecting them to be indignantly withdrawn after the barest pressure, but to his surprise the soft little palm lies in his most willingly.

"I am afraid I have been very cross," says the softest voice in the world.

Is it her voice? Wortley glances at her; as he does so, it is beyond dispute that his fingers tighten over hers.

"It is I who——" begins he, but she will not listen to him.

"No, no, no!" cries she, laughing—such a pretty laugh! She gives a little upward glance at him. "Good-bye!" says she. Her lovely eyes are resting upon his, her lips widen into a perfect smile. He does not answer. Perhaps this great want of courtesy on his part pleases her, because she smiles again, and again murmurs to him "Good-bye!" softly and slowly.

As softly and slowly she withdraws her hand from his, and, calling Geoffrey to her, turns away.

After a step or two, however, she looks back.

Wortley is still standing at the big iron gate, watching her. Something in the intentness of his gaze satisfies her.

She laughs aloud as she runs down the avenue to the house, the boy racing beside her.

"Now, who'll be first?" cries she.

Panting and laughing, she draws up at the stone steps of the hall door, and, wheeling round, throws up her hands at Geoffrey.

"First, first! I told you I'd beat you!" cries she.

"Race me again!" cries the child.

"No, tomorrow, if you like. But I warn you I shall win."

She steps lightly into the dim, beautiful old hall, and up the broad, oaken staircase. Half way she stops as though thinking.

"Yes, I shall win!" sys she, softly.

She is not thinking of Geoffrey, however.

CHAPTER VI.

"I've met my bogie-man!" cries Nell, rushing into the dainty boudoir that the master of Gaveston Park had arranged with such care, and love for the beautiful girl he had married six years ago. At this moment the owner of it is looking, if possible, even more delightful than usual.

She is lying in a lounging chair, with her hands clasped lazily behind her charming head, and her feet stretched lazily out before her. Her pose is grace itself—the indolent, lovely grace of a kitten.

Her soft, hazel eyes, so like yet so unlike her sister's, have a lazy look, too, as if she were but half awake, and her small parted lips wear the smile of a child—a child who seldom thinks—who lives, and is happy and content—and that is all. Such lovely lips, so red, so ripe, and always a little parted, showing the small pearls within. She looks even younger than Nell—yet she is almost 24, and Nell almost 18.

As her sister comes in Mrs. Gaveston (she has evidently been doing nothing) brings her arms from behind her head and lets them fall into her lap with an exquisite abandon. Her small hands, fragile and delicately white, with a faint tinge of pink running through them upwards to the pretty nails, are covered with rings; a tiny jeweled dagger is pushed through the coils of her bright chestnut hair, that she wears in a huge knot low down upon her neck. She is dressed in a tea-gown, loose, apparently, yet so arranged as to show each line of her perfect figure. It is made a white silk, rich and velvety, and a few little flounces of priceless lace have been inserted by an artistic hand into the front of it. It is a gown an abnormally rich woman might have worn in her own house when giving a reception, but hardly the gown that the wife of a country gentleman of ordinary means would wear for her own delectation. From beneath it the dainty laces of her petticoat may be seen, and one small foot clad in a black silk open-worked stocking, and a Louis Quinze shoe.

Nature is not always kind, and amuses herself sometimes. She gave Cecilia Gaveston the spirit of extravagance, and no doubt watched her vagaries with delight. Cecilia positively does not know the meaning of the value of money. A child when married to Peter Gaveston, a child she has remained, encouraged, certainly, by that most foolish man. At 24 he had for the first time in his life fallen madly in love, and when her people induced her to marry him, he had told himself that nothing from his heart's blood downwards was too good for her.

To ask, with the adored child he had married, was to have. Five thousand a year is not a large income, but Mrs. Gaveston's ponies, Mrs. Gaveston's hunter, Mrs. Gaveston's carriage horses became at once the talk of the country. Mrs. Gaveston's gowns were especially discussed by the women folk.

Mrs. Gaveston herself, however, had been very kindly treated by her neighbors when she came to her new home. She was so pretty, so young—a little inconsequent, perhaps, and undoubtedly extravagant, but all that would wear off. And she seemed so gentle, so tender-hearted—once her child was born.

The coming of the child had been quite an event. Mrs. Cutforth-Boss was perhaps the only person in the neighborhood who had not been sympathetic over that "sweet young thing." But then Cecilia had shown herself restive under Mrs. Cutforth-Boss' advice concerning the coming event.

When the child was born—and a boy, too—most people were honestly pleased and Peter Gaveston, holding his wife and son in one embrace, told himself heaven had been too good to him.

Cecilia had accepted the child as a toy. She played with it, loved it. But nothing in her married life seemed to have roused her to higher thoughts, she never seemed to grow older. At times a little cloud would drop into her eyes, but even she herself hardly knew what it meant. One, looking at her then, would have said she was a woman disappointed—a woman to whom life was so far a failure, that she had missed the real good—the heart and center of it all; but the little cloud would disappear so swiftly, and so swiftly would the pretty laugh come back again, that he would deem himself a fool for so saying.

Her love for the child was very strong. It was the strongest feeling she had ever known, but all her ways with it were light and happy, he was her last new gift at first, and after that a treasured toy. He was certainly more of an amusement to her than anything else. A delicious doll that could speak and laugh, and hear, and answer her back again.

[To be Continued.]

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HOOD'S PILLS are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure. g

If anyone speak ill of thee, consider whether he hath truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee.—Epictetus.

LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron writes: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try **Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than half a bottle cured me; I certainly believed it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."**

The diligent fostering of a candid habit of mind, even in trifles, is a matter of high moment both to character and opinion.—Howson.

What Dr. A. E. Salter Says.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Gents: From my personal knowledge, gained in observing the effect of your Shiloh's Cure in cases of advanced Consumption, I am prepared to say that it is the most remarkable remedy that has ever been brought to my attention. It has certainly saved many from Consumption. Sold by all druggists.

The fountain of beauty is the heart and every generous thought illustrates the walls of your chamber.—Bovee.

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SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, mostly at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue, tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. All druggists, or by mail, 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

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Salesmen and Saleswomen.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Addresses the Army of Clerks in Stores, Offices and Factories.

Washington, July 20.—Dr. Talmage's text is Acts 16: 14, And a certain woman named Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira, which worshiped God, heard us: whose heart the Lord opened. Prov. 22: 29, Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings.

The first passage introduces to you Lydia, a Christian merchantess. Her business is to deal in purple cloth or silks. She is not a giggling nonentity, but a practical woman, not ashamed to work for her living. All the other women of Phillippi and Thyatira have been forgotten; but God has made immortal in our text Lydia, the Christian saleswoman. The other text shows you a man with head, and hand, and heart, and foot all busy rolling on up until he gains a princely success. Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings.

Great encouragement in these two passages for men and women who will be busy, but no solace for those who are waiting for good luck to show them, at the foot of the rainbow, a casket of buried gold. It is folly for anybody in this world to wait for something to turn up. It will turn down. The law of thrift is as inexorable as the law of tides.

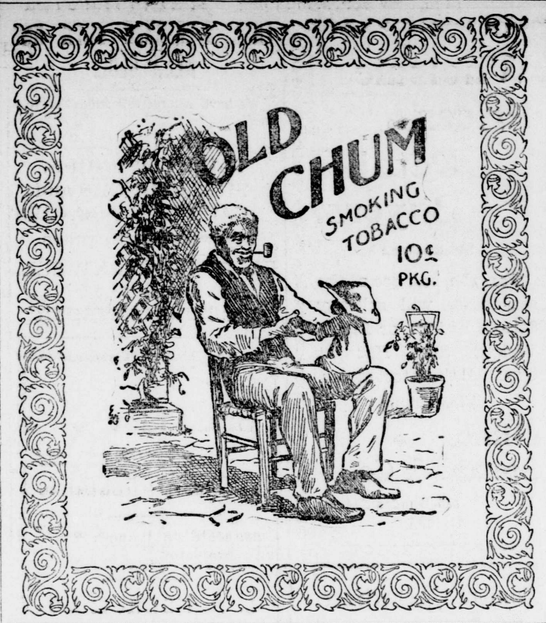
There are styles of behavior which lead to usefulness, honor and permanent success, and there are certain styles of behavior which lead to dust, dishonor, and moral default. I would like to fire the ambition of young people. I have no sympathy with those who would prepare young folks for life by whittling down their expectations. That man or woman will be worth nothing to church or state who begins life cowed down. The business of Christianity is not to quench but to direct human ambition. Therefore, it is that I utter words of encouragement to those who are occupied as clerks in the stores and shops, and banking houses of the country. They are not an exceptional class. Many of these people have already achieved a Christian manliness and a Christian womanliness which will be their passport to any position. I have seen their trials. I have watched their perplexities. There are evils abroad which need to be hunted down, and dragged out into the noonday light.

In the first place, I counsel clerks to remember that for the most part their clerkship is only a school from which they are to be graduated. It takes about eight years to get into one of the learned professions. It takes about eight years to get to be a merchant. Some of you will be clerks all your lives, but the vast majority of you are only in a transient position. After a while, some December day, the head men of the firm will call you into the back office, and they will say to you: "Now, you have done well by us; we are going to do well by you. We invite you to have an interest in our concern." You will bow to that edict very gracefully. Getting into a street car, to go home, an old comrade will meet you and say, "What makes you look so happy tonight?" "Oh," you will say, "nothing, nothing." But in a few days your name will blossom out in the sign. Either in the store or bank where you are now, or in some other store or bank, you will take a higher position than that which you now occupy. So I feel I am now addressing people who will yet have their hand on the helm of the world's commerce, and you will turn it this way or that; now clerks, but to be bankers, importers, insurance company directors, shippers, contractors, superintendents of railroads—your voice mighty "on Change"—standing foremost in the great financial and religious enterprises of the day. For, though we who are in the professions may, on the platform, plead for the philanthropists, after all, the merchants must come forward with their millions to sustain the movement.

Be, therefore, patient and diligent in this transient position. You are now where you can learn things you can never learn in any other place. What you consider your disadvantages are your grand opportunity. You see an opulent father some day come down a prominent street with his son who has just graduated from the university, and establishing him in business, putting $50,000 of capital in the store. Well, you are envious. You say: "Oh, if I only had a chance like that young man—if I only had a father to put $50,000 in a business for me, then I would have some chance in the world." Be not envious. You have advantages over that young man which he has not over you. As well might I come down to the docks when a vessel is about to sail for Valparaiso, and say, "Let me pilot this ship out to sea." Why, I would sink crew and cargo before I got out of the harbor, simply because I know nothing about piloting. Wealthy sea captains put their sons before the mast for the reason that they know it is the only place where they can learn to be successful sailors. It is only under drill that people get to understand pilotage and navigation, and I want you to understand that it takes no more skill to conduct a vessel out of the harbor and across the sea, than to steer a commercial establishment clear of the rocks. You see every day the folly of people going into a business they know nothing about. A man makes a fortune in one business; thinks there is another accupation more comfortable; goes into it and sinks all. Many of the commercial establishments of our cities are giving their clerks a mercantile education as thorough as Yale, or Harvard, or Princeton are giving scientific attainment to the students matriculated. The reason there are so many men foundering in business from year to year is because their earthly mercantile education was neglected. Ask the men in high commercial circles, and they will tell you they thank God for this severe discipline of their early clerkship. You can afford to endure the wilderness march, if it is going to end in the vineyards and orchards of the promised land.

But you say: "Will the womanly clerks in our stores have promotion?" Yes. Time is coming when women will be as well paid for their toil in mercantile circles as men are now paid for their toil. Time is coming when a woman will be allowed to do anything that she can do well. It is only a little while ago when women knew nothing of telegraphy, and they were kept out of a great many commercial circles where they are now welcome; and the time will go on until the woman who at one counter in a store sells $5,000 worth of goods in a year will get as high a salary as the man who at the other counter of the same store sells $5,000 worth of goods. All honor to Lydia, the Christian saleswoman.

The second counsel I have to give to clerks is that you seek out what are the lawful regulations of your establishment, and then submit to them.



Every well-ordered house has its usages. In military life, on ship's deck, in commercial life, there must be order and discipline. Those people who do not learn how to obey will never know how to command. I will tell you what young men will make ruin, financial and moral; it is the young man who thrusts his thumb into his vest and says: "Nobody shall dictate to me; I am my own master; I shall not submit to the regulations of this house." Between an establishment in which all the employes are under thorough discipline and the establishment in which the employes do about as they choose, is the difference between success and failure—between rapid accumulation and utter bankruptcy. Do not come to the store ten minutes after the time. Be there within two seconds, and let it be the two seconds before instead of two seconds after. Do not think anything too insignificant to do well. Do not say, "It's only just once." From the most important transaction in commerce down to the particular style in which you tie a string around a bundle, obey orders. Do not get easily disgusted. While others in the store may lounge or fret, or complain, you go with ready hands, and cheerful face, and contented spirit to your work. When the bugle sounds, the good soldier asks no questions, but shoulders his knapsack, fills his canteen and listens for the command of "March!"

Do not get the idea that your interests and those of your employer are antagonistic. His success will be your honor. His embarrassment will be your dismay. Expose none of the frailities of the firm. Tell no store secrets. Do not blab. Rebuff those persons who come to find out from clerks what ought never to be known outside the store. Do not be among those young men who take on a mysterious air when something is said against the firm that employs them, as much as to say: "I could tell you something if I would, but I won't." Do not be among those who imagine they can build themselves up by pulling somebody else down. Be not ashamed to be a subaltern.

Again I counsel clerks to search out what are the unlawful and dishonest demands of an establishment, and resist them. In the six thousand years that have passed there has never been an occasion when it was one's duty to sin against God. It is never right to do wrong. If the head men of the firm expect of you dishonesty, disappoint them. "Oh," you say, "I should lose my place then." Better lose your place than lose your soul. But you will not lose your place. Christian heroism is always honored. You go to the head man of the store and say: "Sir, I want to serve you; I want to oblige you; it is from no lack of industry on my part, but this thing seems to me to be wrong, and it is a sin against my conscience, it is a sin against God, and I beg of you, sir, to excuse me." He may flush up and swear, but he will cool down, and he will have more admiration for you than for those who submit to his evil dictation; and while they sink, you will rise. Do not, because of seeming temporary advantage, give up your character, young man. Under God, that is the only thing you have to build on. Give up that, you give up everything. That employer asks a young man to hurt himself for time and for eternity, who expects him to make a wrong entry, or change an invoice, or say goods cost so much, when they cost less, or impose upon the verdancy of a farm or, or misrepresents a style of fabric. How dare he demand of you anything so insolent?

Again I counsel all clerks to conquer the trials of their particular position. One great trial for clerks is the inconsideration of customers. There are people who are entirely polite everywhere else, but gruff and dictatorial, and contemptible when they come into a store to buy anything. There are thousands of men and women who go from store to store to price things, without any idea of purchase. They are not satisfied until the roll of goods is brought down and they have pointed out all the real or imaginary defects. They try on all kinds of kid gloves and stretch them out of shape, and they put on all styles of cloak and walk to the mirror to see how they look, and then sail out of the store, saying: "I will not take it today;" which means "I don't want it at all," leaving the clerk amid a wreck of ribbons, and laces, and cloths, to smooth out a thousand dollars' worth of goods—not one cent of which did that man or woman buy or expect to buy. Now, I call that a dishonesty on the part of the customer. If a boy runs into a store and takes a roll of cloth off the counter, and sneaks out into the street, you all join in the cry, pell-mell: "Stop thief!" When I see you go into a store, not expecting to buy anything, but to price things, stealing the time of the clerk, and stealing the time of his employer, I say, too, "Stop, thief!"

If I were asked what class of persons most need the grace of God amid their annoyances, I would say, "Dry-goods clerks." All the indignation of customers about the high prices comes on the clerk. For instance, A great war comes. The manufactories are closed. The people go off to battle. The price of goods goes up. A customer comes into the store. Goods have gone up. "How much is this worth?" "A dollar." A dollar! Outrageous! A dollar! Why, who is to blame for the fact that it has got to be a dollar? Does the indignation go out to the manufacturers on the banks of the Merrimac, because they have closed up? No. Does the indignation go out towards the employer, who is out at his country seat. No. It comes on the clerk. He got up the war! He levied the taxes! He puts up the rents. Of course, the clerk!

Then a great trial comes to clerks in the fact that they see the parsimonious side of human nature. You talk about lies behind the counter—there are just as many lies before the counter. Augustine speaks of a man who advertised that he would, on a certain occasion, tell the people what was in their hearts. A crowd assembled, and he stepped to the front and said: "I will tell you what is in your hearts. To buy chead and sell dear." Oh, lay not aside your urbanity when you go into a store. Treat the clerks like gentlemen and ladies—proving yourself to be a gentleman or a lady. Remember that if the prices are high and your purse is lean, that is no fault of the clerks. And if you have a son or a daughter amid these perplexities of competition, and such a one comes home all worn out, be lenient, and know that the martyr at the stake no more certainly needs the grace of God than our young people amid the seventimes-heated exasperations of a clerk's life.

Then there are all the trials which come to clerks from the treatment of inconsiderate employers. There are professed Christian men who have no more regard for their clerks than they have for the scales on which the sugars are weighed. A clerk is no more than so much store furniture. No consideration for their rights or interests. Not one word of encouragement from sunrise to sunset, nor from January to December. But when anything goes wrong—a piece of dust on the counter, or a box with the cover off—thunder-showers of scolding. Men imperious, capracious, cranky toward their clerks—their whole manner as much as to say: "All the interest I have in you is to see what I can get out of you cheaply. Then there are all the trials of incompetent wages, not in such times as these, but if a man gets half a salary for his services he ought to be thankful; but I mean in prosperous times. Some of you remember when the war broke out, how all merchandise went up, and merchants were made millionaires in six months by the simple raise in the value of goods. Did the clerks get advantage of that rise? Sometimes. Not although I saw estates gathered in those times over which the wrath of God has hung ever since. The cry of unpaid men and women in those stores reached the Lord of Sabbaoth and the indignation of God has been around those establishments ever since, flashing from the crimson upholstery, rumbling in the long roll of the ten-pin alley. Such men may build up palaces of merchandise heaven high, but after a while a disaster will come along, and will put one hand on the pillar, and throw itself forward until down will come the whole structure, crushing the worshipers as grapes are mashed in the winepress.

Then there are boys ruined by lack of compensation. In how many prosperous stores it has been for the last twenty years that boys were given just enough money to teach them how to steal! Some were seized upon by the police. The vast majority of instances were not known. The head of the firm asked: "Where is George, now?" "Oh, he isn't here any more." A lad might better starve to death on a blasted heath than take one farthing from his employer. Woe be to that employer who unnecessarily puts temptation in a boy's way. There have been great establishments in our cities, built of marble palaces, their owners dying worth millions and millions, and millions, who made a vast amount of their estate out of the blood, and muscle and nerve of half-paid clerks. Such men as—well, I will not mention any name. But I mean men who have gathered up vast estates at the expense of the people who were ground under their heel. "Oh," say such merchants, "if you don't like it here, then go and get a better place." As much as to say: "I've got you in my grip, and I mean to hold you; you can't get any other place."

Oh, what a contrast between those men and Christian merchants who today are sympathetic with their clerks—when they pay the salary, acting in this way: "This salary that I give you is not all my interest in you. You are an immortal man, you are an immortal woman; I am interested in your present and everlasting welfare; I want you to understand that, if I am a little higher up in this store, I am beside you in Christian sympathy." Go back 40 or 50 years to Arthur Tappen's store in New York—a man whose worst enemies never questioned his honesty. Every morning he brought all the clerks and the accountants, and the weighers into a room for devotion. They sang. They prayed. They exhorted. On Monday morning the clerks were asked where they had attended church on the previous day, and what the sermons were about. It must have sounded strangely, that voice of praise along the streets where the devotees of mammon were counting their golden beads. You say, Arthur Tappen failed. Yes, he was unfortunate, like a great many good men; but I understand he met all his obligations before he left this world, and I know that he died in the peace of the Gospel, and that he is before the throne of God today—forever blessed. If that be failing, I wish you might all fail.

There are a great many young men and women who want a word of encouragement. One smile of good cheer would be worth more to them tomorrow morning in their places of business than a present of $15,000 ten years hence. Oh, I remember the apprehension and the tremor of entering a profession. I remember very well the man who greeted me in the ecclesiastical court with the tip ends of the long fingers of the left hand; and I remember the other man who took my hand in both of his, and said: "God bless you, my brother; you have entered a glorious profession; be faithful to God and he will see you through." Why, I feel this minute the thrill of that hand-shaking, though the man who gave me the Christian grip has been in heaven these twenty years. There are old men here today who can look back to 40 years ago, when some one said a kind word to them. Now, old men, pay back what you got then. It is a great art for old men to be able to encourage the young. There are many young people in our cities who have come from inland counties, from the granite hills of the north, from the savannas of the south, from the prairies of the west. They are here to get their fortune. They are in boarding-houses, where everybody seems to be thinking of himself. They want companionship, they want Christian encouragement. Give it to them.

A word to all clerks. Be mightier than your temptations. A Sandwich Islander used to think when he slew an enemy, all the strength of that enemy came into his own right arm. And I have to tell you that every misfortune you conquer is so much added to your own moral power. With omnipotence for a lever, and the throne of God for a fulcrum, you can move earth and heaven. While there are other young men putting the cup of sin to their lips, you stoop down and drink out of a cup from fountains of God, and you will rise up strong to throw the mountains. The ancients used to think that pearls were fallen rain drops, which, touching the surface of the sea hardened into gems, then dropped to the bottom. I have to tell you today that gems of trial have showered imperishable pearls into many a young man's lap. O, young man, while you have goods to sell, remember you have a soul to save. In a hospital, a Christian captain, wounded a few days before, got delirious, and in the midnight hour he sprang out on the floor of the hospital, thinking he was in the battle, crying: "Come on, boys, forward, charge!" Ah, he was only battling the specters of his own brain. But it is no imaginary conflict into which I call you, young man, today. There are ten thousand spiritual foes that would capture you. In the name of God, up and at them!

One loaf of bread may be light, sweet and digestible. You may use the same materials for another and have it heavy, sour and soggy. The knack is in putting the ingredients together just right. A substitute for Scott's Emulsion may have the same ingredients and yet not be a perfect substitute, for no one knows how to put the parts together as we do. The secret of "how" is our business—twenty-five years of experience has taught us the best way.

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We have planned for a bigger store and greater facilities, and must make room for important changes and alterations.

In the Dress Goods section, the Black Goods counter runs parallel with rear wall, and as this wall is coming out it will necessitate the removal of all Black Goods. Now we have decided to sell rather than pile them on the floor to get damaged. It's your opportunity to buy Black Dress Goods at such prices you'll never get again.

Black Figured Satin Cloth, regular 75c, sale price..... 50c

Black Figured Satin Cloth, regular 50c, sale price..... 39c

Black Plain Satin Twills, regular 65c, sale price..... 40c

Black Plain Satin Twills, regular 75c, sale price..... 50c

Black Figured Lustre, regular 75c, sale price..... 50c

Black Figured Lustre, regular 50c, sale price..... 35c

Black Henriettas, 42-inch, regular 40c, sale price..... 25c

This Big Building Sale is bringing trade from all over, and with our building sale price list there's every reason for enthusiasm and every reason for brisk selling, while we dream of the new building which will give us sufficient room to show our new importations in September.

Runians & Butler.
IMPORTERS

LAXA-LIVER PILLS
CURE
BILIOUSNESS
CONSTIPATION
SICK HEADACHE
AND ALL LIVER TROUBLES

As a laxative, one pill acts perfectly, and if a stronger action is desired a cathartic effect is produced by two pills. In obstinate cases, where a purgative is necessary, three pills will be found sufficient. These pills leave no unpleasant after effect.

One pill taken each night during thirty days will cure constipation.

PRICE 25C. OR 5 FOR $1.00

TRADE MARK REGISTERED. "Indapo" Made a well Man of Me.
1ST DAY. 10TH DAY. 20TH DAY. 30TH DAY.
INDAPO THE GREAT HINDOO REMEDY PRODUCES THE ABOVE Results in 30 days. Cures all Nervous Diseases, Failing Memory, Paresis, Sleeplessness, Nightly Emissions, etc., caused by past abuses, gives vigor and size to shrunken organs, and quickly but surely restores *Lost Manhood* in old or young.
Easily carried in vest pocket. Price $1.00 a package, Six for $5.00 with a written guarantee to cure or money refunded. DON'T BUY AN IMITATION, but insist on having INDAPO. If your druggist has not got it, we will send it prepaid.
HINDOO REMEDY CO., Propr., Chicago, Ill. or our Agents, Anderson & Nelles, 240 Dundas St., LONDON, ONT

Brass and Iron . . .
BEDSTEADS.
TILES, GRATES, HEARTHS AND MANTELS. . . . .
GAS RANGES, HEATERS, FIRES

Rice Lewis & Son,
LIMITED,
Cor. King and Victoria Sts., Toronto

Suicide Many men, and women too are guilty of this means of self destruction, by eating inferior or ill-cooked food. The Hub is noted for the excellence of its fare. Dine with us and prolong your life.

The Hub, 203, 205½ Dundas Street