A TOUNG SCHEMER.

Yes, I am sure that would be the best n," mused Jean Scott aloud, clasping her hands around her knees, and looking up through the trees at a little patch of clear sky shining down between the leaves. "Mr. Stuart is rich and handsome;" here she sighed without any known reason. "Phœbe ought to marry himshe must do it-and let that stupid John Barnard go. I am sure-positively sure, Victor Stuart would suit her best, and I

will make the match." It was Sunday afternoon, and Jean sa out under a big oak tree in the front yard. A book lay on the grass beside her, and a little crippled chicken, rescued from the horse lot, nestled in a fold of her buff linen

She was a supple, slender girl, oliveskinned, grey-eyed and black-haired, and just bordering on 18.

With the calm confidence of inexperience and positive ignorance, she had made up her mind to meddle in a very delicate mat-

her mind to meddle in a very delicate matter—namely a love affair.

The Scotts were country people, owned a good farm and lived comfortably, and John Barnard, a neighboring farmer, had long loved Phœbe, the eldest daughter of the house, and a very pretty girl of 20.

The matter had not disturbed Jean until two things occurred. Her father suffered some reverses of fortune, and Victor came up from New Orleans.

She felt peculiarly grateful to him, for he was not only young, handsome and rich, but he had also saved her life on a certain occasion, when she had been more reckless than wise, in running a horse-race with her brother.

Her pony took it into his head to run away, and Miss Jean's white neck might have been broken had it not been for the timely appearance of Mr. Stuart, who threw himself in front of the unruly horse and checked him.

That encounter led to a closer acquaintance with the family, and the young man had called several times.

He rode up to the gate, and dismounted, while Jean sat on the grass and meditated on her plan.

The color leaned to her cheeks at sight

on her plan.

The color leaped to her cheeks at sight of him, and a thrill shot through her heart. How happy any woman might be to win his love—he looked so brave and

Now she had always been a little shy be fore him; but to-day she rose to meet him with a smile, and a slim hand ex-

The gentleman replied warmly to her friendly greeting.

"You take compassion on all afflicted creatures?" he remarked, glancing down at the little downy chick which rested on the grass, with its broken leg bound up with a bit of linen.

Jean lifted it tenderly.

"Ah yes. Poor little weakling! its life is but a frail thing, but precious to it no doubt. I love no pain or suffering. But pardon me, I will not keep you standing out here."

"It's very pleasant, I—"
"But much pleasanter in the house," she
said hastily, confused by the way his eyes
dwelt upon her. "Go in, Mr. Stuart."

"Will you come also?"
"When I have cared for this wounded chick—yes, sir, perhaps. Phosbe is in the

And when he had reluctantly departed, she sat down again and hid her face in her hands, her heart beating quick and loud. "Tis only his way—only his way, and
I am a foolish, weak minded creature to
allow his pleasant words and kindly glances
to affect me." She had not long to sigh over her folly

She had not long to sign over her long or scold herself for it.

Another young man had arrived on the scene, and she must prepare to meet him. He was an honest, good-looking young farmer, and from her childhood Jean had known and liked him; but to-day she must

known and liked him; but to day she must crush any presumptuous hopes he might possibly entertain regarding Phœbe.

""Good evening, Jean."

She had picked up her book again, and was apparently much interested in it, for all it was wrong end up.

"Good evening, John," in a calmly patronizing tone.

ronizing tone.
"Is Phobe at home?"

"Yes; she is in the parlor, entertaining His face fell. "Entertaining company?"
"Yes—Mr. Stuart."

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"Entertaining company:
"Yes—Mr. Stuart."
"He here again? said poor John Barnard, a faint spark of jealousy in his heart gathering heat and strength.
"Yes, certainly; but go in. Pa and ma are in the sitting room. The boys are not at home, I am sorry to say."
"Oh, no; I'll just go on back home. I suppose that fellow will stay all aftermoon."
"The slough of Despondency"—in which you are wallowing, on account of some of those diseases peculiar to you, madame, and which have robbed you of the rosy hue of health, and made life a burden to you, you can easily get out of.

"Mr. Stuart? Very probably he will."
But hardly had Mr. Barnard ridden dejectedly away when Victor Stuart came out again. "Going so early?" said Jean, arching her

pretty dark brows in surprise.
"Yes; I have an engagement to dine in town. But first give me a rose-

One rose—but one, by those fair fingers cull'd,
Were worth a hundred kisses pressed on lips
Less exquisite than thine!"
le quoted too. lers 'lers' is quoted too.

he quoted, too low for her to catch the full meaning of the words. She hurriedly plucked a handful of half-blown creamy roses, and gave them to But not another glance could he win from her, th ugh a tell-tale color stole up her soft throat into her cheeks, betraying confusion and tumult of heart, and he rode

gaily away, half crushing the sweet rose against his lips.

The sun had dropped much lower in the

The sun had dropped much lower in the west, and the yard was all in deep purplish shade, when Phœbe came out where her younger sister reposed on the grass, her hands clasped over her knees, her eyes like the eyes of a dreamer.

"What are you thinking about," inquired Miss Scott.

"Nothing," starting up.

"Nothing," starting up.
"Interesting subject. You have been completely absorbed. What a dull day this has been! I thought perhaps John Barnard would come," looking carefully at

her plump white hands.
"He did, but I sent him away," said Jean firmly.
"Sent him away?"

"Why?" "Because Mr. Stuart was here, and I did not suppose you would care to be dis-"You take a good deal for granted.
What do I care for Mr. Stuart? If you have offended Mr. John Barnard, I will

never forgive you—never!"

And placid Phœbe's eyes flashed, and she turned away in anger.

"Good gracious! does she really love

And placid Phebe's eyes flashed, and she turned away in anger.

"Good gracious! does she really love him, and am I sacrificing my sister to a heartless match-making machine? But how can she love him after seeing Mr. Stuart? Girls are queer creatures!" mused Jean, somewhat troubled at the mischief she had made.

O00 bushels.

"Facts are stubborn things," and sufferers from chills and fever generally find their complaint a very stubborn fact, until they commence the use of Ayer's Ague Cure. That medicine eradicates the nox ious poison from the system, and invariably sures even the worst cases.

"What is the matter, Phosbe?" Jean in-

"Nothing at all."
"Are you troubled — about — about—
John?" dragging the words out hesitat-

ingly. "Well, I am sorry you wounded the feelings of one who has always been our friend."

friend."

"So am I, but I did it for your good." I promise you I will never meddle again."

"Why did you do it?" curiously.

And then Jean made a clean confession of her matchmaking.

"But, of course, if you intend to grieve your eyes out about John Barnard, I give up the whole affair."

Phœbe listened, first rather shocked, then greatly amused.

then greatly amused.

"Oh, you blind, silly child. What a mad scheme. Mr. Stuart cares no more for me than any other indifferent acquaintance. Do you think he loves me?"

"I think he would if you encouraged him. Why shouldn't he? You are sweet and lovely."

"I think he would if you encouraged him. Why shouldn't he? You are sweet and lovely."

Phobe leaned over and kissed her, touched by her honest love and admiration.

There, child, go to sleep; for you seem to be eight instead of eighteen."

Now Jean longed to undo her work—to bring back her sister's love—but not a word of this did she breathe. It were best left untalked of until accomplished, she wisely thought.

And tate threw the chance in her way the very next afternoon.

And fate threw the chance in her way the very next afternoon.

Returning from the village she met John Barnard face to face in the road.

"Why, how do you do, John? Where have you been for this week past?" she said with a friendly smile.

"At home," he rather gruffly replied.

"Why have you not been round to see

"Didn't know that I would be welcome "Didn't know that I would be welcome."
"Why, John!' in shocked tones.
"Well, to tell you the truth, Jean, I did not believe Phebe would care to see me."
"Indeed, she does care; but I shall not tell you anything about it," making a move as though to pass him.
"Oh, yes, Jean, please do! Where is that fellow Stuart?"
"I really can't tell you where Mr. Stuart is. It is not pleasant to hear him called 'that fellow.'
"Hang him"
"What for? Now, you are very unreasonable, and if you want to know anything more, you must ask Phoebe."
"One question! Are they—are they engaged?"

gaged?"
"Engaged? Good heavens, no! Who
ever dreamed of such a thing?" she exclaimed, with as much astonishment as
though she had not been planning to that
very end.
"Poor fellow, he does love her. It was
"Poor fellow, he does love her. It was
"Poor fellow, he does love her. So," she a shame to make him suffer so," she thought, watching him as he walked on up the road, bithely whistling. "I will never try match-making again—never!" she continued aloud. "But what does the old song aga?"

the old song say?"

"If you do not succeed, try, try again,"
said a laughing voice close beside her, and
blushing, she turned to face Victor Stuart. 'Care marks your brow, Miss Jean ; tell

me your trouble."
"Not for the world," she cried quickly and with energy.
"Why not? I do assume you I will keep the secret, if secret it be, and give all the comfort I can."

"Thank you; but I am not in need of sympathy," she said, walking on. He kept at her side, carrying his gun on one arm. "Well, I am, for I love a girl-s sweet, beautiful, lovable girl; but I am afraid she does not love me."

He stole a glance at the sober young face shaded by the broad-brimmed hat. It turned white, rather than red, and a faint quiver passed over the sweet, soft

lips. "Have you asked her?" she managed to ay very steadily.

It was a dreadful thing to hear him talk

of that girl.

"No; she is young, and I do not want to be too hasty. But I love her with all my heart, all my soul, and if she would but marry me—" He drew a long breath, his eyes alight with love's fire. "Tell me, Jean, shall I wait a while longer, or can I

ask her now?"

"Do as you think best." They were walking along a shady path, almost in sight of a house. Stuart flung down his gun, and stretched out his hands

to Jean.
"Then say that you will be my wife,
Jean, for you are my love!"
So ended Jean's first and last attempt
at match-making.
Phebe lives contentedly with her farmer, but Jean is in the city and is Mrs.

the rosy hue of health, and made life a burden to you, you can easily get out of. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will free you from all such troubles, and soon recall the rose-tint of health to your cheek, and the elasticity to your step. It is a most perfect specific for all the weak nesses and irregularities peculiar to your sex. It cures ulceration, displacements, "internal fever," bearing down sensations, removes the tendency to cancerous affections and corrects all unnatural discharges. By druggists.

By druggists. The Wife's Telegram. From the Philadelphia Call.

She catches at the telegram— Conjecture racks her brain; She knows her husband has been killed On some outgoing train. Her fingers shake—her breath comes fast Oh, dreadful it must be! With angry scowl she reads the line: "Til bring a friend to tea!"

From Kingston. -N. C. Polson & Co., druggists, write that Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry has long been the best remedy for summer couplaints in the market.

A company composed of citizens of Denver, Col., have been formed to establish a crematory in that city. Work on the furnace will be commenced immediately. -A field of corns.-Thomas Sabin of

—A field of corns.—Thomas Sabin of Eglington, says: "I have used Holloway's Corn Cure with the best results, having removed ten corns from my feet. It is not a half way cure or reliever, but a complete extinguisher, leaving the skin smooth and clear from the least appearance of the corns."

Accurate statistics of the wheat crop of Colorado now being threshed show an increase of five per cent. over any previous year, making the yield 2,100,000 bushels. Colorado will consume 1,500,000 bushels. The great American desert will ship 600,000 bushels. 000 bushels.

at least the Scotts did not see anything of they have not made more on the average than \$7 per week this year and must have more money.

—Much of the weary weakness peculiar to females is caused by irregularities that could be promptly remedied with that ex-cellent regulating tonic, Burdock Blood

—Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age. Tillie Wallace and Stephen Massy of Harrison county, Ky., accompanied by John Galvin, eloped and were married at Aberdeen. Galvin then got drunk and rode through the streets, flourishing a pistol. He shot Tobe Hawkins through the stomach, killing him. There is much excitement and talk of lynching. Tillie Wallace and Stephen Massy

A Remarkable Becord. The most remarkable cure of scrofula on record is that of the Rev. Wm. Stout of Wiarton, whose case of scrofulous abscess baffled the skill of seventeen surgeons for twenty-three years. He was perfectly cured by Burdock Blood Bit-

—As well expect life without air, as health without pure blood. Cleanse the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

TORONTO RAILWAY TIME TABLE 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, Ot-tawa, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, etc. 1 p.m.—Mixed for Kingston and intermedi-ate stations. 5.30 p.m.—Local for Cobourg and intermedi-ta stations. nte stations. 7.40 p.m.—Express for main points, Ottawa Montreal, etc., runs daily.

Arrivals, Main Line East. Arrivals, Main Line East.

1 p.m.—Local from Cobourg.

9.15 a m.—Express from Montreal, Ottawa and main local points.

11.30 a.m.—Fast express from Montreal, etc. 6.55 p.m.—Mixed from Kingston and intermediate stations.

10.30 p.m.—Express from Boston, Quebec, Portland, Montreal, Ottawa, etc.

Departures, Main Line West.

7.55 a.m.—Local for all points west to Detroit.

troit.

1 p.m.—Express for Port Huron, Detroit, Chicago and all western points.

4.00 p.m.—For Goderich, Stratford and local points north of Guelph.

6.25 p.m.—Mixed for Stratford and intermediate points mediate points.

11.15 p.m.—Express for Sarnia and western points; sleeping car for Detroit.

Arrivals, Main Line West.

7.55 a.m.—Mixed from Stratford and inte mediate points.
8.10 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit,
Port Huron, and all western points.
11.30 a.m.—Local from London, Goderich.etc.
7.10 p.m.—Express from all points west, Chicago, Detroit, etc.
11.15 p.m.—Local from London, Stratford, etc.

11.15 p.m.—Local from London, statistically, Bepartures. Great Western Biriston. 7.15 a.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo and local stations between Niagara Falls and Windsor. 9.25 a.m.—For Detroit, St. Louis and points 9.29 a.m.—For Petroit, Chicago and the west and all points east from Hamilton; runs daily.

3.55 p.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston and local stations between Hamilton and London, and Brantford, St. Thomas, and Niagara Falls. 18.45 p.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston and all points east and west of

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.

12.55 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Buffalo and all points east.

4.30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, London, etc., runs daily, 7.05 p.m.—Mail from Buffalo, Detroit, London, Hamilton and intermediate stations.

7.25 p.m.—Express from Detroit, St. Louis,

etc. 10.55. p.m-Local from Lendon and intermediate stations. Suburban Trains, Great Western Division Leave Toronto at 7.40,10.55 a.m., and 2.25 and 4.20 and 6.05 p.m.

Returning leave Mimico 8.35 and 11.35 a.m., and 3.00, 4.55 and 7.25, calling at Queen's wharf, Parkdale, High park and the Humber, both going and returning.

both going and returning.

Sunday Trains, G. W. Division.

Trains leaving Toronto for Hamilton at 12.20 and arriving from Hamilton at 4.30 p.m., run on Sundays, but do not stop at intermediate stations.

Departures. Midland Division. 7.35 a.m.-Mixed-Blackwater and intern 7.35 a.m.—Mixed—Blackwater and methodiate stations.

7 a.m.—Mail—Sutton, Midland, Orillia, Coboconk, Haliburton, Lindsay, Port Perry, Whitby, Peterboro, Lakefield, Port Hope, Madoc, Belleville, Hastings, Campbellford and intermediate stations.

4.10 p.m.—Mail—Sutton, Midland, Orillia, Coboconk, Lindsay, Port Perry, Whitby, Peterboro, Port Hope and intermediate stations. tions.
4.55 p.m.—Mixed—Uxbridge and interminate stations.

diate stations.

Arrivals, Midland Division.

11.45 a.m.—Mail 9.45 a.m.—Mixed from Uxbridge and intermediate stations. 9 p.m.—Mail. 6.10 p.m.—Mixed. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. Departures Credit Valley Section.

7.10 a.m.—St. Louis express, for all stations on main line and branches, and for Detroit, Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas city.

1.05 p.m.—Pacific express, for Galt, Woodstock, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, Detroit, Chicago, and all points west and north west.

4.50 p.m.—Local express for all points on main line, Orangeville and Elora 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 stations on main line.

7.00 p.m.—Montreal express—All stations on main line and branches.

Beneriures. Toronto, Grey and Brace Departures Credit Valley Section.

Departures, Toronto, Grey and Bru

7.20 a.m.—Mail for Orangeville, Ower ound, Teeswater and all intermediate sta tions.
11.30 s.m.—Steamboat express for Owen
Sound Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday only.
4.40 p.m.—Express for Orangeville, Owen
Sound and Teeswater. Arrivals, Toronto, Grey and Bruce

10.45 a.m.—Express from Owen Sound and intermediate stations.
1.30 p.m.—Steamboat Express from Owen Sound Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday only.
9.35 p.m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations.
4.15 p.m.—Mixed, arrives at Parkdale.

Ontario and Quebec Section. Express leaves Toronto 4.50 p.m.
Express arrives at Toronto 10.45 a.m.
Mixed leaves Parkdale 6.10 a.m.
Mixed arrives at Parkdale 7.50 p.m.

NORTHERN RAILWAY. ns depart from and arrive at City hall stopping at Union and Brock street

stations, stopping at Union and Providence stations.

7.45 a.m.—Mail for Muskoka wharf. Orillia, Meaford, Penetang and intermediate stations, making direct connections at Muskoka wharf with Muskoka boats.

12.00 noon—Steamboat express for Muskoka wharf, Collingwood and Meaford, making direct connections at Collingwood with steamers for Sault Ste. Marie and Port Arrhur.

5.05 p.m.—Express for Collingwood, Penetang, Orillia and Barrie.

12.30 p.m.—Muskoka special express each Saturday during July and August for Muskoka wharf, connecting with steamers for Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph.

how can she love him after seeing Mr.
Stuart? Girls are queer creatures!"
mused Jean, somewhat troubled at the mischief she had made.
She felt positively guilty when, waking one night, she heard her sister sighing.
A week had passed, but the jealous young farmer kept to his own grounds—

A word of the coopers assert that the bosses say they cannot pay the advance asked, while the coopers assert that the coopers as the coop

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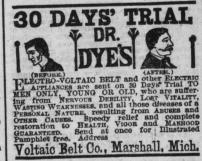


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