Biela's Comet.

Ho! all ye festive sons of men,
So prone to stuff and blunder,
Who waste the earth with trifling ken,
And gaze with little wonder
Into the starry vault by night
Rolled like madam's bonnet,
With everything to catch the sight—
And now comes Biela's comet.

You've chained the lightning to your cars
The wind is used for pumping,
And both are very prone to jars
Which start your heart to thumping;
And here a royal roustabout,
A reckless heavenly rover,
Who promises to knock you out,
And tip your prospects over.

And still it's possible that man
With wond'rous greed for plunder
May try to grasp its tail, and when
They've pulled the vault asunder,
They'll pick up stars and rainbow chips,
And try, with dreadful malice,
To steal the very paint which tips
Aurora borealis.

A bare suggestion let me make,
And place its claims before you,
Lest you be found by some mistake
To let this comet o'er you;
Have fire protection all complete,
With double pressure on it,
And if the thing drops in your beat,
Put out the measley comet.

A Guide to Matrimony.

The right kind of candy; the right kind of nerve;
A carriage kept handy; good dinners to serve;
A theatre party; the jeweler's gold;
A mien blithe and hearty—a trifle too bold;
The right kind of chaffing; the right kind of sense;
The joke that sets laughing; the ardor intense;
With these little trifles any man can
Win love—if he's really the right kind of man.
—*Chicago News.*

LADY CARAVEN;

Or Married Above Her Station.

"Have no fear," she said sarcastically; "it is not of myself that I wish to speak."

"I was just going out," he told her hastily.

"Lord Caraven," she said gently, "I promise that I will not detain you long. Will you come with me to my room?"

The Earl threw up his eyes with an expression of resignation. Only Sir Raoul saw it and felt annoyed.

"I will follow," he said to his wife; and she led the way to her boudoir. It was a pretty octagon-shaped room; the ceiling was painted, the walls were beautifully decorated, the hangings were of rich rose silk and lace, a profusion of flowers perfumed the room.

"Lord Caraven," she said, "I have a favor to ask from you—a great favor. Will you grant it?"

"I will hear first what it is," he replied.

Then she told him. Her heart sank as she saw his face grow dark and angry.

"Which of the servants told you that woman was here?"

"Will you tell me why you wish to know, Lord Caraven?"

"Yes; the moment I know I shall dismiss him without a character for disobedience."

"If he disobeyed you," she said, "I am sorry for it. But pray do not allow that to influence you against my petition."

He turned around angrily.

"Plainly speaking, Hildred," he said, "I have quite enough annoyance with my tenants without interference from you, and I cannot allow——"

"Lord Caraven," she interposed, eagerly, "do believe me—I have not the least wish to interfere; but this poor woman—if you had seen her pale, hungry face and sad eyes!"

"It is easy enough to look hungry," he said, impatiently.

"You do not mean that. I know you have pity and compassion for the unfortunate—I have seen you kind and generous to them; and this poor woman's husband—and she loved him, mind—her husband, Lord Caraven, died to save your birds. Think—a man killed that a few birds may live!"

"That is your way of looking at the matter. Do you know that you are attacking the very base of society?"

"What am I attacking in this case?" she [illegible]

[illegible] Game Laws—the most glorious part [illegible] Constitution. John Woodruff [illegible] of the Game Laws, not for [illegible]

[illegible] will," she said gently. "You [illegible] things of that kind better than [illegible] only know how sorry I felt for the [illegible] woman, who loved her husband—loved [illegible] and lost him."

"[illegible] Hildred, you must not ask me to interfere. It does not do to give way to one's [illegible] always. I cannot interfere [illegible] my tenants. They must pay their [illegible]."

"Will you let me pay the rent for her [illegible]?" she asked.

"If you do, we shall raise it to three hundred a year. Seriously speaking, Hildred, you must not interfere—it will not do. It would be a fatal precedent, I must absolutely forbid you to say any more."

She turned from him, her face growing pale, her lips quivering with anger. He saw [illegible], and felt almost sorry.

"I regret to refuse you, Hildred," he said, rising to quit the room. "It is the first favor you have asked of me, and I should have liked to grant it. But I promised Blantyre faithfully that I would not interfere. We must make what we can of the estate, and we shall never do it if we interfere with Blantyre."

She raised her head with a charming air of pique and disdain.

"Pray, my lord," she said, "may I ask if you have left your conscience in Mr. Blantyre's hands?"

"He would not have much [illegible]," laughed the Earl. "My conscience would go into a small space."

Her face flushed, her eyes shone brightly.

"Let me ask you, my lord," she said, "have you ever remembered that all this wealth was given to you, not for your own especial self-indulgence, but for the poor and the needy?"

"I should like you to tell Blantyre that," sneered the Earl. "I have never remembered anything of the kind."

"Then let me tell you it is true. I would sooner be the poorest beggar turned from your door than I would be you, with your title, your estates, your wealth, your dead conscience, and your dead heart. Good-morning, my lord."

And with an air of dignity the young Countess swept from the room, leaving him dumb with rage.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Lady Caraven was not naturally prone to anger, but now she trembled with rage that she should be so cruelly insulted, denied the first favor she had ever asked—denied because she took a generous interest in surely the lowliest creature on her husband's estate. It was unheard of. She did not give vent to her anger by any loud outburst of emotion. She did not pace up and down the room, clenching her hands; but she stood silent, her face pale as death, her eyes filled with angry fire. That he should have listened with that satirical smile on his face, perhaps laughing at her in his heart! She shrank from herself.

"Heaven help me," she said, "but I am afraid that I hate him!"

Her hands trembled slightly.

"I am in a passion," she said to herself—"and no wonder. Was ever wife refused such a trifle?"

While she stood trying to stem the wild current of anger and to cool the fire that seemed to burn her heart and brain, a servant, her own maid, entered.

"My lady," she said, "the Earl is seeking you. Shall I tell him that you are here?"

"If you please," she replied.

She neither moved nor stirred when the Earl came in. She neither turned her beautiful head nor raised her proud eyes. He looked at the tall slender figure, so unbending, so defiant.

"Hildred," he said sharply, "I wish to speak to you."

"I should like to ask you," he said, "why you dislike Mr. Blantyre so much. You have seen little of him, yet you distrust him."

"I do," she replied quietly. "I did the first time I saw him. He commits positive cruelties in your name, and then lays all at your door. 'It is the Earl's orders,' he says; 'and under the sanction of your name—a name that ought to be honored and revered—I say that great cruelties, acts of great injustice are committed.'

"How am I to know that it is true?" he asked.

"Go yourself among the people and ask. You will see men with large families and eighteen shillings a week to support them [illegible] rents have been raised one [illegible] their rents, not their wages; [illegible] employed on your [illegible] wood and drawers of [illegible] wretched class [illegible]

[illegible] fault. You would [illegible]," he said, interested [illegible] the passion of her [illegible]

[illegible] Blantyre's fault.

"If one of the children of a household goes wrong, it is not the hired servant who is to blame, but the father and mother. I know it is not Blantyre's fault; but at the great day, when the wasted lives and the broken hearts of these people cry for vengeance, we shall know whose fault it was."

He shrank from the clear gaze of the glowing eloquent eyes.

She did not wait to hear what reply he would make—it would have been better had she done so—but swept from the room.

It was a humiliation for her when Mary Woodruff came again, to tell her that she had failed in her mission—that even at her solicitations, the Earl had refused the little boon she asked. She would have given much if she could have shown even this poor widow some proof of his desire to please her—but she could not.

She was one of those people who never defer a disagreeable duty. She sent that same day for the poor creature, who came trembling for the fate of herself and her children. Lady Caraven received her very kindly, but entered at once into the matter.

"I am very sorry to tell you," she said, "that I have failed. Lord Caraven does not feel inclined to forgo the rent."

"It is not my lord," cried the woman. "I know it is not. It is Mr. Blantyre's fault; he said I should and must pay. But I cannot, my lady; I have not the means."

"I have thought it all over," said Lady Caraven. "I cannot get the cottage rent-free for you, but I can pay the rent. I will give it to you every month, but it must be on the condition that you tell no one. Lord Caraven might be displeased if he heard it."

It was humiliating at first to her to give charities unknown to her husband, and then to beg that they might be kept secret. The gratitude of the poor woman in some measure compensated her, and made her feel less miserable.

One of the Earl's most intimate friends—one indeed who knew all his affairs—was Sir Arthur Oldys; and Hildred overheard him, quite by chance, one day laying a heavy wager with the young Lieutenant. She looked at him calmly.

"Sir Arthur," she said, "I do not consider that is quite fair; Lieutenant Hilstone has no chance. You know more than he does when you lay such a wager—you know that you will win it."

She never forgot the sneer with which he greeted her.

"Lady Caraven," he said, "permit me to offer my congratulations. You understand money matters almost as well as your talented father."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Without replying to Sir Arthur Oldy's insult, without a word of comment, Lady Caraven instantly quitted the room, her heart burning with hot indignation. How well her husband's friends must know that he did not love her! They would never dare to speak to her as they did but for that knowledge. How well they must know it, when they dared to try to insult her through her father!

The pleasaunce must have been constructed by some one who knew how human nature longed for rest. Few of the Ravensmere people knew of its existence—the visitors did not. Some of the servants were in perfect ignorance as to its whereabouts. It was constructed for the sole and exclusive use of the Ladies Caraven. Rumor told stories of one of the daughters of the house who had been born with a deformity in the face so terrible that she was unfit for human eyes to gaze on. The Earl, her father never permitted her to leave the house, and this garden had been constructed entirely for her use. It was enclosed between four high walls, and those wall were covered with a luxuriant growth of ivy. No windows, no tower overlooking the garden. The paths were broad and straight, the whole place was a wilderness of flowers.

The young Countess bethought herself of this retreat. She had one key to the dark-green door that led to it; Sir Raoul had another. She would go thither, she said to herself, and look her life in the face, and then decide what to do with it. It was slowly dawning across her that she would not be able to bear her trials much longer; that she could not and would not endure them; that there was a brighter life somewhere which she was determined to find out; that she could not sacrifice her whole life to a shadow of duty; that, in fact, she would go forth free.

She went to the pleasaunce. If she were interrupted there, it could be only by her husband or Sir Raoul; there was no fear of other intruders. A sense of relief came to her when she found herself between the four high walls. The blue sky smiled down upon her, the languid air stirred faintly, the scent of roses came to her on the wind; it was like a reprieve to enter that quiet retreat and feel alone.

It was a dreary tangle, a miserable disappointment. She was tired and weary. Looking back, she thought she must have been mad to sacrifice herself as she had done; married for her money, sold for a title, her own will, her own womanhood had never asserted itself. Her handsome, indolent husband did nothing but treat her with indifference and contempt. She could do nothing for him. He was on the way to ruin. How could she arrest him? His whole life was a round of senseless pleasure from which she could never divert him. He had all that he wanted—her money. Now surely she could go free—free to lead a more congenial life, where she would not live in the midst of annoyances and vexations.

She would go and live in France or Italy—anywhere away from England. Her father might be angry. She would not heed it. He had shown but little love for her; she would not *consider him. The only regret she felt*—and it was a deep one—was for Sir Raoul. Sir Raoul, the only human being who cared for her—what would he say when he knew that she was going? He would miss her so terribly; but, even for his sake, dear as he was to her, she could not stay. He would miss her, he who loved her with a true, loyal love; but she would tell him how wretched she was, how utterly miserable, and then he would see that she must go.

She sobbed out the words. It was a relief to say them—a relief to say even to herself that she was miserable; she had been so proudly reticent, so self-restrained.

Suddenly a hand was laid upon her shoulder, and, looking up, she saw Sir Raoul standing by her side. In his pale face, worn with pain and suffering, she saw infinite pity, infinite love; compassion and tenderness shone in his eyes. He had never looked so true and so noble as he did just then. He bent over her.

"Hildred, poor child, is it so bad as this?" he asked.

"It is so bad," she said, "that it could not be worse, Raoul—nothing could be worse. I am tired of it. I am going away."

"Going away," he repeated slowly. "That is what I feared. Has your patience, your forbearance, come to an end at last, Hildred?"

"Yes," she replied truthfully, "it has, at last."

He was silent for a few minutes, and then, as she looked up at him, a great awe stole over her. His eyes were raised to the clear skies, his lips moved. Surely in a picture she had seen a figure something like his, with a serene light on the brow. Her anger, her impatience, her bitter contempt and dislike seemed to fall away from her, even from that one look at his face. She rose suddenly into something nobler than a weeping, vengeful, unhappy woman.

"You are going away, Hildred—you can bear it no longer? Poor child! This reminds me of an hour I spent once with a soldier who was determined to desert his post and fly."

"I am not a soldier," she said, with a more pitiful smile.

"We will talk it over," he replied, and he seated himself by the crimson carnation at her side. "I will tell you all I think," he said, "and we will talk it over; then you shall decide."

She was trying to harden her heart against him, to say to herself that, no matter what he thought, urged or said, it should make no difference—she would go away. He was sensitive and proud, he was tender of heart, but how could he understand her case? That which tortured her was nothing to him.

He looked at her with the same sweet, noble compassion that seemed to her almost more than human.

"Hildred," he said in a low voice, "will you trust me wholly? Will you tell me the true story of your marriage?"

"Do you not know it, Raoul? It seems to me so shameful, I have no wish to repeat it."

"I know something of it," he replied, "but not the whole truth. I know that you will tell it to me. I ask you as a physician asks. I must know the whole truth before I can advise. Tell me one thing. Did you love your husband at all before your marriage?"

"No," she replied; "not in the least."

"Will you tell me again why you, a woman naturally noble, naturally tender and true of heart, married without love?"

She glanced at him, her beautiful face full of perplexity; she had gathered a crimson carnation, and was holding it between her slender fingers.

"I will tell you, Raoul. I asked my father if love were necessary for happiness, and he said 'No.' I believed him; hence my mistake."

"Your father deceived you."

"He did deceive me," she replied.

He looked at the downcast face.

"Hildred," he said gently, "I do not remember that I have ever met with a more thorough woman than you. You have all a woman's tenderness of heart, quickness of instinct, fertility of imagination, grace of mind—your ideas and thoughts are all womanly and true. How could you be so false to your whole nature as to believe that, even when your father told it to you?"

"I cannot tell. As you say, my own innate perceptions ought to have told me it was false, but they did not. One reason is that I had thought so little of the matter, I loved study and books; romance seldom, if ever it came into my thoughts. I had no girl-friends to converse with. If ever I thought of love at all, it was as of some bright fairy-land that all the world sought, but few ever reached. I asked my father if one could live happily without love. He told me 'Yes'—even more happily—that love was a fever which burned and fretted. He said that the calmest, the most peaceful of lives were those in which love had no share."

"And you believed him?"

"Yes, I told him what poets and novelists said—how a great poet had said it was better 'to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.' He declared it was all nonsense, 'the poet's trade, the writer's art,' until—believe me, Raoul—I half thought it a noble thing to live without love. Then—let me be quite frank—the notion of being a countess pleased me. Let me be even more frank. I saw Lord Caraven, and I liked him. He looked handsome and fascinating—he seemed to differ from the German professors or the city men with whom I was familiar. I liked him, and I made a great mistake."

"Will you tell me what the mistake was, Hildred?"

"Yes. I knew nothing of money matters—I did not even know that I was a great heiress—and I was foolish enough to think that he must have seen me somewhere and have liked me—that he must have admired me, or he would not have wished to marry me."

"Poor child!" he said, with a grave, pitying face.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"I could not understand it," she continued; "no one was ever so puzzled. I could not help noticing his indifference and his reserve, but I thought that would all die away. Every day I was expecting to hear that he had had some reason for his coldness—some reason that had passed away. Every day I expected to hear the secret of his indifference. I hoped against hope—you see how frankly I am speaking, Sir Raoul—and then I awoke to the sure and certain conviction that he not only did not love me, but that he absolutely disliked me."

"Poor child!" said the grave voice again.

"I do not like speaking of it," she began. "You must see, Raoul, as well as I do—you must understand. How could any one help despising and disliking a man who lives for himself, who cares for nothing but his own pleasure, and leaves every duty neglected? How can I love a man who married me only for my money, despising me the while—Who has not since marriage shown me the ordinary civility that a gentleman never fails to show to a lady? He is selfish, indolent—oh, Raoul, I do not like saying this, but if you saw his cruel neglect, his cruel oppression, if you knew how carelessly he leaves everything to John Blantyre, how [illegible] he is as to the claims of justice, you would be sorry for me!"

"You have borne your fate bravely as yet, but now you have tired of it; your courage and patience have failed—you have told me so, and I can plainly see in your own mind you are seeking some means of escape. Is it not so?"

"Yes," she answered, "I must go away."

"That would be a commonplace ending after all, running away from your trouble. Hildred, I can see how you may make yourself a heroine—how you may rise from this, your girlish, dissatisfied life to the grandest heights of heroism. I see it, and, unless I am greatly mistaken in my estimation of your character, you will do it; it is better to die on the heights of heroism than in the depths of despair."

"I thought," she said, "that men affected to despise the influence of women?"

"Not true men. You may take it as a safe rule for guidance that when a man rails against women he is no gentleman. He may be a *parvenu*, a snob, an ignoramus; be sure of one thing—he is no gentleman. The first instinct of a gentleman is chivalry. The man who has none should lay no claim to that title. Believe me, Hildred, most great and wise men owe the greater part of their wisdom to the influence of good and noble women. It is the grandest influence in the world"—and the soldier raised his noble head proudly. "I need not quote history to you—you are better versed in it than I am. I need not quote biography or poetry, nor point to the man who said that he owed all his success in life to his mother, nor to the man who owned that he owed all his goodness to his wife. It is the same story. I feel inclined sometimes to think that the grandest of God's gifts to this fair earth is the influence of good and noble women."

His eyes brightened, his face flushed, he spoke like a *knight of old*. She looked at him with wondering awe.

"You may run away and leave your home, Hildred; but that will be a commonplace ending. Do that which is nobler, higher, better, resign yourself, submit to your fate and make the best of it. As a handsome and noble woman use your influence with your husband to rouse him from his slough of despond into a higher life."

She was looking at him in sheer wonder.

"How can I influence Lord Caraven?" she asked.

"You can do it by patience and perseverance. Say to yourself that the task of your life shall be to make him a good man. Instead of running away from it, devote yourself to it. There is much said of a woman's mission—let that be yours; and surely there can be no higher or holier mission than to rouse an indolent man to a sense of his duty, a selfish man from his self-indulgence."

"It would be a noble task," she said thoughtfully. "Could I accomplish it, Raoul?"

"With perseverance and self-control that would amount to heroism you might," he replied. "You must be the sculptor who from a mass of qualities, good and bad intermixed, must try to produce a perfect character."

"But," she said, half doubtfully, "he does not love me."

"That does not matter. I prophecy that he will love you in the end—that when you have roused his soul from its sleep it will turn to you naturally as the sunflower turns to the sun. Do you not foresee it, Hildred?" And an almost saintly enthusiasm shone on his face.

"It is possible, Raoul, but——"

"Nay, be brave. You must not even think of the word 'but.' You must be enthusiastic over it—nothing can be done without enthusiasm. You must give yourself up to it, as a missionary does to conversion of the heathen, as a martyr does to his death. You must work for it, live for it, die for it. Have you the courage and the constancy for this, Hildred?"

The light was deepening on her face, the fire in her eyes. The passion of his words was beginning to tell upon her.

"I have both the courage and the constancy," she replied.

"Think of the difference in the ending," he said. "Imagine the Earl on his deathbed, tortured by the ghosts of those whom he has neglected, by the ghosts of duties left undone, ready to curse the young wife, who, by flying from him and leaving him to his own devices, had hastened his ruin, body and soul—picture that. Then fancy to yourself the Earl on his deathbed, blessing the dear wife, the noble woman who saved him from ruin, who woke his soul from its long sleep, who taught him how to live and to die. Could you hesitate for one moment between these two pictures?"

"No, not for one moment, Raoul. I do not hesitate—I will not hesitate. I will do my life's work."

"That is well said. You must resolve to overcome all difficulties—you must say to yourself from the beginning that nothing shall daunt you. You will think that I am preaching to you; but, although I have been only a rough soldier, I have seen a great deal of life, and I have come to the conclusion that if women, instead of studying medicine, quarelling over votes and attending public meetings, would devote themselves to cultivating the best qualities of their husbands, the world would be better than it is."

"Is it not unwomanly to seek for love which is not offered to you, Raoul?"

"It might be in a girl, it is not in a wife. I think a wife should aspire to win her husband, to make him love her with all his heart."

"Lord Caraven will never love me," she said. "I do not think that he has any heart to give; it is all wasted—he has had a hundred loves."

"But not one real one, Hildred. If you win his heart, take my word for it, you will be his first love. We will take our stand on something higher. To win love is pleasant, but you shall not devote your life to that. You shall devote yourself to the rousing of a soul, naturally noble, but long buried in self-indulgence and folly; you shall spend your life in making the Earl of Caraven worthy of the name he bears. You have promised."

"I wish," she said, "that you would tell me what to do first. I could go on if I only knew how to begin.'

He smiled gravely.

"Perhaps you will think my first lesson a very hard one," he said.

"I will do what you tell me, Raoul, let it be what it may."

"Then I shall suggest this. You wish to make a little advance—nothing very marked, but some trifling act of civility that will make amends, and show your desire to be what children call 'friends.'"

He did not know what an effort it cost her to say "Yes," but she did say it, and she meant it.

"Then this is what I suggest. It was about a spray of mignonette that you displeased Ulric last. Gather some beautiful sprays of it, the finest you can obtain, and take them to him. Say quite carelessly, 'You admire mignonette, so I have brought you this.'"

"And suppose," said Hildred, "that he repays me in kind by throwing it away?"

"Never mind—courage and patience must be your watchwords. Ah, Hildred, after all, our likes and dislikes should have little to do with our duties! You will not be alone in your struggles; I shall watch over you, I shall help you, and sympathy is sweet."

She caught his hand and kissed it. He saw her face clear, and a bright, earnest light shine in her eyes.

"Do you know, Raoul," she said, "that I feel happier even now before I have begun. I did not like the thought of running away; there was something very cowardly about it. Now I shall never think of it again. I shall endure to the very end. I am happier even for the resolve. I have something to live for—

Something to live for, life to begin;
Something to fight for, something to win;

I must be more patient than patience itself. I must be humble; all vanity and self-esteem must leave me before I begin the task that you have set me. I must rise from the commonplace to the heroic, and say to myself, It is for the good of a human soul."

In another minute the beautiful face had disappeared, and Sir Raoul was left in the pleasaunce alone.

"A man might lay down his life for such a woman as that," he said, with what was almost a sigh.

* * * * *

CHAPTER XXIX.

Lord Caraven stood in the billiard-room at Ravensmere; he had been playing with one of his friends, who, having received a telegram, had gone to answer it. He stood alone, leaning carelessly against the open veranda, something more than his usual indifference darkening his face; he never liked interruption during a game.

She would not reveal her hesitation, but went straight to him, smiling so that he little guessed how her heart beat. He raised his eyebrows as she drew nearer to him. What was going to happen? Before he had time to speak his face was buried in a soft, dewy mass of mignonette.

"There," said a laughing voice. "You said this morning that this was your favorite flower. I have been looking for the most fragrant sprays of this that I could find."

He could not believe the evidence of his senses; it was incredible that the laughing voice belonged to his cold, proud wife—the girl who had swept imperiously from the room when he saw her last. He looked at her in amazement. She would not see the surprise on his face or make the least difference because of it.

"You have the very pick of the garden here," she said; "every spray has its own special beauty."

He roused himself, and tried to recover from the wandering stupor that had overcome him.

"You really remembered, Hildred, what I said?" he began, with a pleased look.

"Yes, and I think you showed good taste," she replied. "I know no flower lovelier than fragrant mignonette."

"And you really think that I have good taste," he said.

"Yes. Why should that surprise you?" she asked, with a smile.

His face flushed and his eyes drooped.

"I fancied," he said hurriedly, "that you considered me altogether graceless and without one redeeming quality."

"Indeed I do not," she replied earnestly, thinking of all that Sir Raoul had said in his favor. "That is a great mistake of yours."

"There is one thing," he confessed, in a low tone—"I have shown the worst side of my character to you."

She felt frightened and inclined to run away.

"You will not lose my flowers or throw them away?" she said. And then she was startled, for his handsome indolent eyes were looking into hers with a new expression in their blue depths.

"Am I so wanting in chivalry and gallantry, Hildred?" he asked her. "I believe this is the first thing that you have ever given me of your own free will, is it not?"

"No," she replied, quietly, "it is not."

"Ah, pardon me," he said, with a quick change of face and voice—"you gave me your fortune!"

"Nay, Lord Caraven," she said gently, "you are quite wrong. I was not thinking of money. Gold is dross—I despise it—I could almost hate it for the mischief that it makes. I was thinking of something very different from money—something that money could not buy."

He was looking at her with keen curiosity.

"Something that money could not buy," he repeated. "I declare that you puzzle me. I thought gold was omnipotent."

"I do not think so—I do not like it. Omnipotent? Why, Lord Caraven, all the wealth of the world could not buy happiness or love."

(To be continued.)

THE MAN WHO LOVED CHILDREN.

Childish Innocence Always Melted His Old Heart, but He Had His Failings.

After she had seated herself in the ferry boat little Willie broke away from her and began rolling around in the dust and dirt, before us all.

"Ah, madam," whispered the old gentleman, "do not try to stop little Willie! I love to see the little child have fun."

"Yes, indeed."

"It does my old heart good," he went on, as Willie turned a double somersault; "it carries me back to the early days. I tell you, ma'am, there is nothing like youth."

"That is true, sir," she said sweetly.

"It recalls to me, madam, the old farm where I once romped, a care-free mortal all the livelong day."

"Willie is such a good boy," she ventured, as William yelled "rats" three times and threw up his hat.

The old gentleman suddenly let out a roar that echoed over the river.

"Wo-w!" he gasped, howling with pain.

"Mercy me!" exclaimed the woman staring.

"Why don't you teach your boy some manners? He has just stuck a pin in my leg!"

"But he is only a harmless child, sir.'

"Wo-w!"

"And his conduct carries you back to the early days."

"Wo-w!"

"And youth fades so quickly, sir."

"Wo-w, ma'am, wow-w, I say!"

"And it reminds you of the days down on the old farm."

"That will do, ma'am," he gasped, rising and glaring at us all. "I see, ma'am, that I am in the presence of a spoiled child, your sweet William. You expect we should all sing and dance, but you are mistaken, ma'am—mistaken to the utmost. I predict, ma'am, that your boy will grow up a burglar and a horse thief, and if he doesn't break his mother's heart before he is 21 my name is mud, ma'am—mud, I say!"

And he flung himself out the door. Then mamma took little Willie in her arms and did exactly what all mothers would under the circumstances.

She called William her darling boy and kissed him on the dirty nose.

By the law of Missouri a third conviction for larceny carries with it imprisonment for life.

LAUGH AND LEARN.

Counting the Steps.

"O, how many steps there are to take!"
Said Madge in her own sweet way;
"There are step, by step for baby and grandmamma,
And it's nothing but steps all day.
Now papa calls me, I must surely go,
And Tommy says, 'Find my ball;'
But the steps I take for you, mamma,
I never count them, all."

"And why does my darling never count
The steps that she takes for me?"
"Because," and closing her lips with a kiss,
"I love you so, don't you see?"

She drew away, but the tears ran fast
From the eyes that had weary grown;
For I had so long been counting the steps,
As I took them, one by one—
A child of his, yet needing to learn,
With so many steps to take,
Then, we never count them as we go,
When taken for Christ's own sake.

A chopping sea doesn't seem to make much impression on the seaboard.

The man who has not acquitted himself very creditably often expects the judge to acquit him.

Book agent—Where's the man of the house? Mr. Henpeckt—Over there. She's weedin' the garden.

"I say, waiter, I've dropped a sixpence. If you find it let me have it back; if you don't you can keep it."

Visitor—How does the land lie out this way? Native—Is ain't the land that lies, sir; it's the land agents.

Diner—Waiter, how long will my omelette be? Waiter—I can't tell exactly sir, but they average about 9 inches.

It is probable that J. M. Barrie, the noted Scotch author, will be brought to this country to read from some of his own works.

"Did Fred enjoy his football game yesterday?" "You just bet he did. This morning he can't see with one eye, and three of his ribs are broken."

Rheumatism laid Paderwiski on his back, which gave the doctors a chance for an enlarged bill and caused the cancellation of $45,000 of an engagements.

"This is the road to Cork, is it not?" asked a countryman of a Quaker he met?" "Friend," was the reply, "first you tell me a lie, then ask a question."

"Did you ever find a woman's letter in your husband's pocket?" "Yes, I found one of my own there the other day that I gave to him to mail a week ago."

Clerk—You can call him up on that telephone if you wish to talk to him. Stranger—How far is he from here? Clerk—About ten miles. Stranger—Well, I'd rather walk.

Barber—You don't come very often. Customer—It takes too much time. Barber—I cut hair in ten minutes. Customer—Yes, but it takes three weeks for it to grow enough to look respectable again.

"I hope Thomas keeps good company while he is away at school," said the young man's mother. "Well," replied his father, comfortingly, "it ought to be good, it certainly costs enough."

Madge—Poor Mr. Bently was just taken home in a carriage—he had a dreadful shock. Arthur—What was it? Madge—His wife made an appointment to meet him at a certain hour, and she was there right on the minute.

Every year a great many hero worshipers go to the house in which Carlyle was born and try on the sage's old hat, which is preserved as a relic of interest. Of the thousands of visitors in the past few years only 34 had heads large enough to fill the hat. And still among the 34 there was not one Carlyle.

Joseph Maynard, of Indianapolis, won his wife on the election of Cleveland. Papa McFadden did not want Joseph for a son-in-law and in order to get rid of him put the girl up against $100. After the election Mr. McFadden gave his consent to the wedding and also gave them $100.

Landlady—No, this room has no fire, but the last gentleman always left his door open and said it was well heated from the hall. Room-Hunter—It won't do, then. I had a friend who once occupied a room heated from the hall, and it was so hot he got the brain fever. I—— (But the landlady had fainted.)

One of the best ruses employed by Tennyson to escape visitors is that published by the Boston *Gazette* recently. People used to wait for him for hours whose pertinacity irritated him. He soon came to understand that most of them were satisfied with merely looking at him as he walked in the garden, and he used this means to satisfy them. He became wiser still, however, a little later on, and employed a servant to do the walking. The latter was togged out in clothes similar to those worn by the poet, and was instructed to assume an expression as dreamy and as intellectual as he could.

Her Fourth Birthday.

Poor 'itty baby sister May,
I's sorry now for you,
For, while I's four great big years old,
You's only just turned two.

Now stand up on your tip-top toes,
And don't you let it fall,
I'll give you some of my dessert
Although you are so small.

The result of an investigation of about four years' duration, by E. W. Bowditch, C. E., of Boston, into the methods employed in carrying on public business in the various city departments has led to the mapping out of a general plan for the reorganization of all the departments in question, and the placing of them under one management, which it is believed will make them of far greater efficacy as to the work to be performed, and producing greater economy in expenditures. Mr. Bowditch figures out a possible yearly saving of $450,000.

"No, I'm not superstitious," said a citizen in conversation, "but my wife is. She went out yesterday and forgot her parasol, so she came back and laid down her pocket-book to get her parasol, then went out and forgot the pocket-book; so back she came the second time and sat down." "'Aren't you going out?' I asked. "'Yes, but if I went out the second time without sitting down to break the real spell I would have bad luck.' "She got up and went out, and I saw that she had sat down on a brand new silk hat that cost me eight dollars, and had rained it. That was not very good luck for me."

Bayley—Why aren't you wearing an overcoat this cold day? Brace—On my way here it got such a soaking I had to take it off. Bayley—But it isn't raining. Brace—No-o; I—I soaked it myself.

"Are there many men unemployed in this town?" "I don't know." "If you can wait until to-morrow I'll tell you." "How will you know to-morrow?" "There's going to be a safe moved into a three-story building on the principal street."

It was a Connecticut girl who married a telegraph operator, "so that when ma died it wouldn't cost anything to telegraph the news to her uncle's folks in Ohio."

Trivvet—Dicer, I wish you would lend me $25. Dicer—This is an unreasonable time to try to borrow money. Trivvet—How so? Dicer—The days are getting so short, and time is money, you know.

"Have you seen Jones' wife?" asked McGinnis of Gus De Smith. "Yes, I saw her a few days ago." "Is she pretty?" "I don't like to express an opinion. All I know is that if it was a love match it settled the question in my mind about love being blind."

"I am almost certain that Ethel and Algernon will marry one of these days." "I thought they were only friends." "They are in love." "What makes you think so?" "They quarreled the other night and bade each other farewell for ever."

"Is there anything going on in the neighborhood?" asked a transient visitor of the postmistress at Persimmonville. "I really don't know," she replied. "People is puttin' on style now, an' writin' to each other in letters, 'stead o' usin' postal cards as they used to."

"My friends tell me that there is a magic spell about my writings," said the author, complacently, as the editor looked over some of his manuscript. "Yes, I guess there is, but I prefer Webster's style of orthography myself," replied the editor, as he handed the manuscript back.

The Mexicans evidently are opposed to the practice of "cutting." During the recent cholera scare a Pueblo undertaker advertised that he would make a reduction in his funeral charges and give better services than any of his competitors. He was promptly arrested and sent to jail.

The Empress of Russia's court dress, which is valued at £3,000, has only been worn on one occasion, viz., at the coronation of the present Emperor. It is covered with magnificent embroidery in real silver. The train alone cost £1,000, and is to be preserved in the State Museum as an historical curiosity.

Servant (pounding on door)—What ho! within there! Awake, awake! Dime Museum Owner—What means this turmoil? Why at the midnight hours do you arouse me from my slumbers? Servant—Peace, master, until you have heard the joyful news. I have hired a messenger boy who has never whistled "Ta-ra-ra Boom-de-ay."

It is said that two-colored veils are to be among the novelties for winter wear. There is some doubt as to the extent they will beautify the wearer. On a snapping cold day in winter, when one's nose is inclined to take on a rosy hue, possibly the imagination could fancy something prettier than the said nose screened by a veil which could only heighten the already vivid color effect.

Of the 25,000 children in the Edinburgh board schools during the past year only forty-seven, or less than two per 1,000, were withdrawn at their parents' request from religious instruction. And ninety per cent. of those in the higher classes, Professor Mackinnon says, could stand an exacting examination in the leading events of Old and New Testament history and in the Shorter Catechism.

First boy—You ought to come to the concert our music teacher is goin' to give. Second boy—You goin' to be in? "Yep. I'm one of the primmer donnas. We're goin' to give a cantata." "Wot's that?" "Oh, it's all about sunshine, and storms, and picnics, and harvesters, and all sorts of country things. It's great." "Do you sing all that?" "N—o. I'm only in the first scene, 'Early Mornin' on th' Farm.'" "Wot do you do?" "I crow."

Veils should be carefully selected. Do not buy one simply because it looks well on the shop girls who tries it on. The very coarse net ones are becoming to very few persons, while the fine veils look well on the majority of women and add very greatly to the appearance of the wearer. When you wear a large hat see that your veil is large enough to nearly cover the brim of your hat, and not a little scant one that makes your hat look too large for your head. A pretty effect is obtained by gathering the top of the veil in front so that it is full over the face.

Rowing.

E. J. Lambert, of the Nepean River, has issued a challenge to James Stanbury, the present holder, for the championship of the world. Lambert wants to have the race rowed on his own water, the Nepean, where Beach and Hanlan once met. He is a young and promising sculler, who has got into the first rank much in the fashion of O'Connor, who had beaten no really good scullers when he met Teemer. Lambert has not beaten any men who could be ranked better than second raters, but he has beaten everybody that he could get a match on with.

This new star in the rowing sky is a lad of less than 21 years of age, who has been rowing all his life. His first match was with Charles Rowe, from whom he won the championship of Nepean in light skiffs He rowed at the Leichardt regatta later, and, though he did not win, his performance was so good that the knowing ones began to watch him closely. Lambert beat A. Roberts in skiffs for £100 a side and then rowed his first race in shells with Chapman for a similar stake, which he also won. Roberts tried him again, this time in shells, but the result was the same. Before Dutch came to this country Lambert offered him a race, but Dutch wisely declined, and Lambert has had to fly at the highest game. Lambert's father is very proud of the boy, and has always been anxious to show him off. When O'Connor reached Australia Lambert, sen., wrote inviting him to visit the Nepean to see his son.

The Nepean is a fresh-water course, and about the best and fairest in Australia. It is only 22 miles from Sydney, and there is no current, so that when young Lambert was beating twenty minutes for 3 miles 330 yards it was quite natural that he should attract attention. Old Bill Beach had to break twenty minutes on the same course to beat Hanlan.

GAUDAUR'S POSITION.

J. G. Gaudaur has written as follows, re O'Connor and the championship of America:

I was surprised to see certain remarks in the Toronto papers of this morning regarding the sculling championship of America. I have no intention of claiming the title, holding that no man has the right to it unless he wins it on the water. What I shall do next spring is not for me to say now; but if I considered myself a thousand times champion, I could not, and would not, advance my claim until the late revered holder of the title was at rest in his grave. You will pardon me for diverging to express my greatest sorrow at the loss the world of professional oarsmenship has experienced in the death of one of my warmest friends, William J. O'Connor, a man in whom I always found the instincts of a gentleman and of a thorough sportsman. Canada cannot lose such a man without feeling she has received a severe blow. Upright, honest, considerate and courageous, and a stranger to everything that was not straightforward, he was an athlete of whom any nation in the world might have been proud.

HANLAN AND GAUDAUR DOUBLE.

The Toronto *Globe* of this morning says: The next double scull crew to represent Canada will probably be Hanlan and Gaudaur.

The Turf.

No 2-year-old of this year has approached the record made by His Highness, the champion of that age of 1891, in the matter of winnings. His Highness won $109,400 last year, while Morello, who leads the list this year has only less than half that amount, $53,230 to his credit. This year's total winnings of 2-year-olds are the smallest of any year since 1888. There were 29 winners of over $5,000 each this year, against 47 last year. The 16 which have won over $10,000 each this year are:

Horses.	Starts.	Won.	Second.	Third.	Unplaced.	Am'nt won.
Morello	16	13	1	1	1	$53,230
Sir Francis	8	2	3	0	3	43,450
Sir Walter	8	5	0	1	2	41,745
Don Alonzo	11	4	6	0	1	36,565
Lady Violet	8	6	1	0	1	28,815
Chiswick	12	2	0	3	7	24,670
Elizabeth L.	8	2	4	1	1	22,480
Helen Nichols	12	11	0	0	1	20,375
Dr. Rice	11	4	2	2	3	18,005
G. W. Johnson	3	3	0	0	0	16,090
Ajax	20	5	2	5	8	13,920
King Lee	14	9	3	0	2	12,310
Miss Maude	11	2	4	2	3	11,205
Lovelace	14	4	2	2	6	11,100
Moyne gelding	11	6	1	0	4	10,610
Quiver	13	7	3	0	3	10,110

His Highness' winnings in 1891 are the largest ever secured by a two-year-old, beating Donovan's English winnings by $27,000. In two years, however, as a two and three-year-old, Donovan won $275,770, and is the champion winner, His Highness proving a failure as a three-year-old.

The earnings of American two-year-old winners of $5,000 and over, by years, since 1886 are tabled below:

Year.	No.	Races won.	Amount.
1887	22	115	$253,718
1888	28	104	349,653
1889	35	142	488,855
1890	37	167	545,682
1891	47	236	638,231
1892	29	150	463,825
Totals	198	914	$2,739,964

On the four Chicago tracks $831,040 has been distributed this season, as follows:

Tracks.	Days' Racing.	Purses.
Washington Park	25	$182,157
Hawthorne	117	377,962
Garfield Park	59	243,621
Roby	13	27,300
Totals	214	$831,040

Of this amount Ed. Corrigan has been the highest winner, with $50,213. The Gates brothers made $4,525 altogether.

The Talkative Girl.

She talks about the weather and she archly wonders whether it will rain when to the theatre she will go next week with me.

She says that she's been painting—feels quite weak, almost to fainting, but her tongue keeps right on moving just as lively as can be.

She asks if I'm a dancer—never stops to get an answer, but she tells me all excitement what exquisite times she had.

Asks me what I know of dresses, and in confidence confesses that the one she wore last evening was a fright and made her sad.

With nods she fairly bubbles, tells me all her girlish troubles, and her tongue keeps on a-wagging with a never-ceasing flow.

And thus for hours I'm sitting, with the golden minutes flitting, for she will not let me tell her that I think I'd better go.—*Life.*

Wife—Do you think this complexion mask has made any difference in my face? Husband—I thought you looked better just as soon as you put it on.

First Wife—Does your husband bet on the races? Second Wife—Never, except when he wins. But it's queer how often he has his pocket picked.

Mrs. Porkery—Mrs. Fulkson is so horribly vulgar, you know. Mrs. Tubsurcash—What makes you think so? "She says 'thank you' to her servants."

Extract from a sentimental young lady's letter: "Last night I sat in a gondola on Venice's Grand Canal drinking it all in, and life never seemed so full before."

MAD TO INSIST.

Requirements of the Kitchen Queen in Detroit Households.

The queenly creature sent by the intelligence office expressed herself as satisfied with $3 a week, with alternate evenings to herself and the privilege of utilizing the front parlor for the reception of company.

A look of ineffable calm pervaded her countenance.

"There is one thing more," she pleasantly observed, "of which I imagine it is not necessary for me to speak. I—"

She cleared her snowy throat.

"—assume that your husband—"

The lady of the house knit her brows anxiously.

"—builds the fire in the morning."

A sigh of relief escaped the lips of the mistress.

"Oh, certainly!" she cordially rejoined. "Yes, indeed."

The queenly creature expected as much as a matter of course.

"What I am getting at," she continued, "is to insist that he must never use kerosene oil to kindle with. I cannot tolerate such carelessness."

Loftily then she murmured an au revoir and departed, promising to return for duty the next day.—*Detroit Tribune.*

Done by Stealth.

There are some deeds taken note of only by Him who marks the sparrow as it falls and traces the courses of the stars, done by the stealthy right hand that lets not the left hand read its doings, that transcend those heroic actions which win the praise and plaudits of multitudes. The principal in this particular bit of life-acting was a girl, shabbily dressed, hurrying home after her hard day's work. She looked tired and self-absorbed. A blind man was sitting by the wayside, silently offering his wares to the heedless crowds. She passed him as did the rest. When half a block beyond where he sat she fumbled in her pocket, turned and walked back. Looking down into his face she waited a moment, but the blind eyes gave no sign. "Are you blind?" "Yes, ma'am." "Well, take this for the dear Lord's sake." It was a silver dollar. Then she retraced her steps, thinking no one had seen. It was a cheerless night, but the very air seemed balmier for a little. Ah, the blessedness, for her, of the Master's "Inasmuch!"—*Ex.*

Will Kill Consumption.

The Norwegian cod is destined to kill consumption. It has always been known that its oil, when properly prepared, contains all the potent elements for rebuilding wasting tissues in the human body. The difficulty has been to conserve the energies of the oil in its refining, and this has been accomplished by the manufacturers of "Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil." All who suffer with lung troubles, and of course, all who are threatened with consumption, should take it. In big bottles, 50c. and $1, at all Drug Stores.

The Wait.

Customer (to waiter)—I was at this restaurant one day last week and ordered an oyster stew.

Waiter—Yes, sir.

Customer—I came in to-day to see if it was ready yet.

The Lightning's Touch

Is scarcely more rapid than the lightning-like action of Nerviline in all kinds of pain. Is it neuralgia? relief is certain and rapid. Toothache is cured as if by magic. Rheumatism finds a master in a few applications of the powerful and penetrating Nerviline. In a word, pain, whether internal or external, finds a prompt antidote in Nerviline. Give Nerviline a trial. Druggists and dealers everywhere sell it, and it costs only 25 cents a bottle.

One Rat's Experience was Enough.

A certain grocer in Buffalo was overrun with rats. One day a barrel half full of molasses fell apart, or, at least, the bottom fell out, and the molasses ran over the floor. In some way one of the biggest rats in the vicinity got into the molasses, and, bedraggled and discouraged, was seen creeping laboriously away from the premises. Every rat disappeared at the same time, and not another one, or any evidence of one, has been seen about the place since.

Purely Vegetable.

Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is purely vegetable in composition. Putnam's Corn Extractor makes no sore spots; don't lay a man up for a week. Beware of acid substitutes. By druggists.

Where to Place a Safe.

In placing heavy weights on a floor, such, for instance, as a safe, it is often desired to know which is the best position for safety. This is easily determined. The floor boards will show the direction of the joists, and the safe should be placed in such a position that it rests on the ends of the joists, so that several of them support it. If the safe were placed against the middle of a wall to which the joists run parallel, the weight would all rest on two, or at the most three joists, and at the worst place, viz., the centre.—*Canadian Architect and Builder.*

McCollum's Rheumatic Repellant.

Why lose time and money by experimenting with so-called rheumatic remedies when the most infallible cure known and endorsed by thousands is within your reach? Prepared by W. A. McCollum, Tilsonburg, Ont. Sold by Wholesale Druggists of Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, and Retail Druggists generally.

Not Negotiable.

Rhymester—True, sir, I have not much ready money, but I own $30,000 worth of personal property.

Her Father—In what shape is this property?

Rhymester—In manuscript poems.

WHEN suffering from toothache use Gibbons' Toothache Gum. Sold by all druggists.

A Quick Verdict.

"What made the jury render a verdict so quickly?"

"Well, you see, one of the jurors began to tell us about the bright sayings of his 5 year-old boy."

FITS.—Al Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline' Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 tria bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Days Glide By.

"I used to find time hanging heavy on my hands, but I don't now. The days seem to fly."

"Then you are happy?'

"No, I'm not. I've a note coming due and don't know how to meet it."

Foes of Memory.

Scientists have discovered that the memory is stronger in summer than in winter. Among the worst foes of the memory are too much food, too much physical exercise, and, strangely enough, too much education.

Tennyson is believed to have made more money by his poetry than any other poet.

A provincial newspaper calls attention to a feeding-bottle (i. e., nursing-bottle) advertisement which concludes with the words: "When the baby is done drinking it must be unscrewed and laid in a cool place under a tap. If the baby does not thrive on fresh milk, it should be boiled." This, it is remarked, is a trifle hard on the baby.

Hello!" exclaimed the man from Chicago, as he stood before the Washington monument. "That's a pretty good elevator shaft. When are you going to put up the rest of the building?'

Miss Sentiment—Were you ever disappointed in love? Eligible widower—Two and a half times. Miss Sentiment—Two and a half times! Eligible widower—Yes; twice married and once rejected.

In time of trial nothing brings more comfort to a man than an acquittal.

Sweet Young Thing—And can I really believe, darling, that I am the only girl that you ever loved? Absent-Minded Lover—Of course, dearest. No girl that I've known has ever doubted it yet.

Rev. Dr. Taylor, who lately retired from the pulpit of the Broadway Tabernacle in New York, appears to have been pretty well cared for by his loving congregation. It has increased the endowment life policy which was to be paid, so that Dr. Taylor will receive $50,000 in cash, and it has also voted to make him pastor emeritus with a salary of $5,000 a year.

"Have you a mother-in-law?" asked the editor.

"I have," replied the funny man. "She's the sweetest, dearest old lady yet."——

"Help! help!" shouted the editor, wildly.

Parker—How in the world did Crooks ever kill a deer? Sykes—He was sitting on a log playing with his gun, didn't know it was loaded and ——Parker—Oh! I see.

ISSUE NO 49 1892

NOTE
In replying to any of these advertisements please mention this paper.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Manufactured only by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

THE Minnesota Saving Fund & Investment Co., of Minneapolis, Minn., is a safe place to deposit or invest money in any amount. Write.

VIRGINIA,
ALBEMARLE COUNTY
The great fruit, grain and stock-raising section of the State. Winters mild and short Scenery beautiful. Health fine. Near the great markets. Educational advantages unsurpassed.
Land Good! Prices Cheap Taxes Low
Farm and city property for sale. Write to
SAM'L B. WOODS,
Charlottesville, Va.

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE
TORONTO, Ont., and STRATFORD, Ont
Largest and best business colleges in Canada. Catalogues free
SHAW & ELLIOTT, PRINCIPALS.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR
MILLER'S EMULSION
OF PURE
NORWEGIAN
COD
LIVER OIL
WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA
Palatable as cream. No oily taste like others. In big bottles, 50c. and $1.00.

AGENTS WANTED
For our fast-selling Subscription Books, Bibles and Albums. Send for Circular. Address WM. BRIGGS, Publisher, Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED to sell Domestic Ointment for Horses, Cattle, Fowls. Sample box and terms, 1c. DOMESTIC OINTMENT CO., Adams N.Y.

THRILLING Detective Stories, 16 Complete love stories and 100 Popular Songs, 10 cents (silver). Ind. Nov. Co., Boylston, Ind.

A GOOD-LUCK-PREMIUM GOOD FOR $2.00 SEND TO US
"THE DOLLAR" MAKER
ASK YOUR SEWING MACHINE AGENT FOR IT – OR SEND A 3 CENT STAMP FOR PARTICULARS, PRICE LIST, SAMPLES, COTTON YARN, &c. OF OUR
KNITTING MACHINES
CREELMAN BROS. MFRS
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
D L Dec. 92

CONSUMPTION.
Valuable treatise and two bottles of medicine sent Free to any Sufferer. Give Express and Post Office address. T. A. SLOCUM & CO., 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ont.

MICHIGAN LANDS FOR SALE.
12,000 Acres of good Farming Lands, title perfect, on Michigan Central, Detroit & Alpena & Loon Lake Railroads at prices, ranging from $3 to $5 per acre. These lands are close to enterprising new towns, churches, schools, etc., and will be sold on most favorable terms Apply to R. M. PIERCE, West Bay City, or to J. W. CURTIS, Whitmore Mich. Please mention this paper when writing.

COME TO GLADWIN COUNTY, MICHIGAN
And buy a farm while land is cheap. Good soil, well watered, excellent crops, markets near at hand, schools plentiful and good society. Great opportunities for people with small means. Land sold on small payment down long time. Ten thousand acres to select from. For particulars address
EUGENE FOSTER, Gladwin, Mich.

80 ACRE FARM, 45 ACRES CLEARED house and barn, 3½ miles from railroad, for $1,400.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
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