

2 Oz. Lead Packets, "For Those in Doubt"

Thousands have become converts to the daily use of



through this medium, as a "Tea Pot" test, sets doubt at rest. Ask your Grocer for a packet.

THE BRIDE OF THE DARRAN

The Darran stood on the side of the Grayling, a mountain in a land of mountains. Peak rose behind peak, hill was folded behind hill. Rather a barren district. Nature here showed herself in a wild, fantastic mood. It was her pleasure, oftentimes, to wrap herself in mist, and the great hills loomed through—melancholy in their grandeur on sunless November or drear December days.

The valleys between were wooded with trees of the hardier kinds; oak, larch, pine.

There were meadows where cattle fed, but no orchards, and but few gardens.

The village of Pontivior consisted mainly of square stone cottages, with strong, unpicturesque, slated roofs. There was a church, of gray stone, built near the river, which ran through the valley. The parsonage stood near. In the main street were two general shops, a large school-room, a chemist's shop, and three or four public houses.

Many of the mountain sides that shut in this valley were pierced here and there, and yawning black and ugly at the passers-by, for Pontivior village lies in a mining district; levels and pits of coal abound. What the land lacks in fertility it makes up in mineral treasures.

We begin this story by saying that the Darran stood on the side of the Grayling.

The Darran was a large and elegant mansion, surrounded by exquisite gardens, which again were fringed with rich plantations. The Darran woods were the glory of the bare and bleak village; and the gardens, with their hot-houses, greenhouses, orangeries, pineries, were the pride of their owner's heart. The house was furnished in exquisite taste, and in the costliest manner. Nothing was too expensive or too rare for the rich man who dwelt there.

Mr. Crosby owned the chief mines in the neighborhood. His wealth was enormous. He was counted a just but a hard man; one who would neither rob you of a farthing, or give you one.

His wife was a cold and haughty dame; her family was superior to her husband's, but she had brought him no fortune; this he had never cared for, for his wife was fair and accomplished. But as years followed years, and no heir to the Darran was born, Mr. Crosby began to feel disappointed, and at last he told his wife that he intended to adopt a boy.

"Mrs. Crosby" was not willing. We will give her reasons in her own words: "Boys are so tiresome, so noisy, wear such thick shoes. A boy will be no comfort whatever to me."

"You can make him wear slippers in the house, Anna."

But Mrs. Crosby shook her head. "No," she said, "if you adopt a child let it be a girl. I should take pride in a pretty, elegant girl, but she must be well-born and very pretty. Surely we might easily find a child of gentle, poor parents, who would be thankful to us for adopting her."

Mr. Crosby submitted to his wife. They advertised, and received many answers to the advertisements. At last, from a long, low, parsonage house, in beautiful North Devon, the Crosbys brought home a little treasure.

Catherine Hillard was just 2 years old; her mother had died a few days after this, the youngest of seven children, was born.

The Rev. Mr. Hillard was a poor parson; the Norman blood in his veins did not warm him on wintry days, when his overcoat was thin. He found it hard lines with his seven young and motherless children; and he married a brisk, bustling second wife, with money.

Just a month after her marriage, the new Mrs. Hillard saw the Crosby's advertisement. Believing that the infant Catherine answered in every respect to the demands of the advertisers—she was well-born and a marvel of beauty—the vicar's wife answered the advertisement. The Crosbys came, were delighted with Catherine, and at once took her away from her motherless home to the luxurious Darran, where she was immediately installed as their daughter and heiress.

The child soon won her adopted father's love. With her adopted mother she was less fortunate. Mrs. Crosby was a woman with a terrible heart, to use an old figure of speech. This lady

loved nothing—never had loved anything in her life. She was a blonde, and had been a brilliant belle—flaxen-haired and blue-eyed. Mrs. Crosby was proud of Catherine's beauty, elegance, and spirit; also she admired the child's cleverness and capacity for learning, and accomplishments; but it was out of her power to give her what would not grow in her marble heart—love. Catherine went to a London school to "finish," after having had a governess, foreign and English, for years in the house. She returned at 18 an accomplished young lady, and then commenced such a round of visiting as the neighborhood of the Darran afforded.

There were county families who did not disdain to visit at the Darran, notwithstanding that Mr. Crosby owned collieries; and the ambitious heart of Mrs. Crosby beat high with joy when a certain Mr. Oliver Leslie, the son of a Sir James Leslie, and heir to the baronetcy, called with his two sisters one morning, and went through the conservatories after Catherine, listening to her gay remarks, and joking with her merry laughter, as if he had never heard or seen a fairer enchantress in his life.

Oliver had been abroad. He spoke two or three languages; he had seen foreign cities, and mixed freely with men. He was clever, accomplished, handsome—so handsome, and noble, and striking, that people turned in the street to look after him and admire him. He was tall, and dark, and slender, with piercing, loving eyes and a winning smile.

Catherine thought him the ideal of a hero. Within a month he had proposed, and was accepted. Oliver Leslie and Catherine Hillard were affianced to the delight of all their friends.

Eighteen happy months followed, and then came clouds over the sunny landscape—clouds followed by storm and sorrow. It is a universally received axiom that blessings and misfortunes never come singly. Misfortunes gathered thickly over the handsome head of Oliver.

In the first place, a half-brother of his, whom he did not remember, and who was supposed to have perished by shipwreck fifteen years before, returned from his long, forced captivity in Central Africa, and was at once acknowledged by Sir James Leslie as his eldest son and heir. He had always, indeed, been the favorite son.

Oliver, then, to begin with, was no longer heir to the baronetcy; and Mrs. Crosby was actually overheard by Catherine regretting to her husband that the young girl had not waited till James Leslie returned! Now, James was a robust man, nearly 20 years older than Oliver. He was unpolished, practical, ugly, so Catherine said, and his girlish anger for her passionate, pure love was given to Oliver, and would not be given to another as long as she lived.

Oliver would still have a small fortune—a thousand a year or so; but he was ambitious. He did not wish to owe so much to his wife, and he began to read hard for the bar. Then came a terrible crash. Sir James Leslie had been secretly speculating in shares. One after another of these speculations failed. He then incurred fresh risks in the hope of regaining what he had lost; and the result was complete, overwhelming ruin.

So far the story has dealt with the retrospect. We now introduce to the reader Catherine and her adopted parents at the Darran, and they shall speak and act for themselves.

An exquisite breakfast-room, paneled in dark, polished wood, with here and there a landscape by Birket Foster, or a genre painting by some living artist, lighting up the wall. All the furniture was oak, and dark green velvet. The table was laid sumptuously; it glittered with crystal and silver and porcelain, as if it had been prepared for a royal visitor.

Mrs. Crosby, a fair, haughty dame in purple, presided. Mr. Crosby was reading the Times, and the vase of not-house flowers in the center of the table hid him from Catherine, who was opposite.

Catherine—the one too many in the poor parsonage house, now the heiress of a splendid fortune—how shall we describe her?—was not very tall, but exquisitely formed; the head small, large dark gray eyes, with long, black lashes; a complexion of "milk and roses"; so the old nurse said. For the rest, Catherine's gray eyes were full of soul; in a moment could their expression change from grave to gay, and then soon back again to grave. At the present moment she was smiling brightly, talking to a little pet dog at her side, and giving him morsels of bread-and-butter, which he caught with avidity.

Catherine wore black; her white collar was fastened by a plain gold brooch; she usually wore sober colors and few ornaments; her beauty was so brilliant that it needed a foil rather than extra adornment. The food brought Catherine a plate of muffs and some coffee, and then she began her breakfast. Scarcely a word was spoken by anybody during the meal. As soon as it was over, Catherine crossed the room and went and stood in the bay window. She looked straight across the park to where it sloped towards the woods. The woods were not visible from that wing of the house, but Catherine could see the face of the opposite mountain, large and grim, and snow-crowned. At the foot of that mountain was a deep coal-pit.

[To be Continued.]

The gas meter's claim to the champion of the medal is disputed by the bicycle cyclist.

Footsteps of God

As Seen in Creation—Characteristic Discourse by
Rev. Dr. Talmage.

Washington, Oct. 16.—Dr. Talmage, in this discourse, takes us with him on a journey to the Pacific, and finds "the footsteps of the Creator" everywhere, as Hugh Miller found them in the Old Red Sandstone. Texts: Isaiah xxxv., 6: "Surely in this desert shall be a highway, and a road shall be called the way of holiness." Psalm civ., 32: "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

My first text means irrigation. It means the waters of the Himalaya, or the Pyrenees, or the Sierra Nevada, poured through canals and aqueducts for the fertilization of the valleys. It means the process by which the last mile of American barrenness will be made an apple orchard, or an orange grove, or a vineyard—streams in the desert. My second text means a volcano like Vesuvius or Cotopaxi, or it means the geysers of Yellowstone Park, or of California. You see a hill calm and still, and for ages immovable, but the Lord out of the heavens puts his finger on the top of it, and from it rise thick and impressive vapors. He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

Although my journey across the continent this summer was for the eighth time, more and more am I impressed with the divine hand in its construction, and with its greatness and grandeur, and more and more am I thrilled with the fact that it is all to be irrigated and fertilized. What a change from the time when Daniel Webster on yonder Capitol Hill said to the American senate in regard to the center of this continent, and to the regions on the Pacific coast: "What do you want with this vast, worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of rocks, of sand, of snow, and of prairie dogs? To what use could we ever put these great deserts, or these great mountains, impenetrable and covered with eternal snow? What can ever hope do with the water, even cold, rock-bound, useless, and uninviting, and not a harbor on it? I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer Boston than it is now."

But now, when the great statesman said that, the American senate in regard to the center of this continent, and to the regions on the Pacific coast: "What do you want with this vast, worthless area, this region of savages and wild beasts, of deserts, of rocks, of sand, of snow, and of prairie dogs? To what use could we ever put these great deserts, or these great mountains, impenetrable and covered with eternal snow? What can ever hope do with the water, even cold, rock-bound, useless, and uninviting, and not a harbor on it? I will never vote one cent from the public treasury to place the Pacific coast one inch nearer Boston than it is now."

Do you know what in some respects is the most remarkable thing between the Atlantic and Pacific? It is the figure of a cross on a mountain in Colorado. It is called the Mount of the Holy Cross. A horizontal crevice filled with perpetual snow, and a perpendicular crevice filled with snow, but both the horizontal line and the perpendicular line to the top of the mountain, that all who pass in the daytime within many miles are compelled to see. That cross on the Colorado mountain is not a human device, but an accident of the mountain, the work of an earthquake. The hand of God cut it there, and set it up for the nation to look at. Whether set up in rock before the cross of wood was set up on the bluff back of Jerusalem, or set up at some time before that, I do not know. I believe the Creator meant it to suggest the most notable event in all the history of this planet, and he hung it there over the heart of this continent, that we might see it, and hope for this nation in the cross on which the Immanuel died.

First, consider the immensity of this continental possession. If it were only a small tract of land, capable of supporting a few millions of people, with ability only to support prairie dogs, I should not have much enthusiasm in wanting Christ to have it added to his dominion. But its immensity and abundance of resources, and the fact that it has traversed it.

"But," says some one, "in calculating the immensity of our continental acreage you must remember that vast reaches of our public domain are unproductive. They are dry, and barren, and bad lands of Montana and the Great American Desert." I am glad you mentioned that. Within 25 years there will not be between the Atlantic and Pacific a cross of dry land, but a continuous belt of fertile soil, and the people will be gathered into great reservoirs, and through aqueducts let down where and when the people want them.

We have our freshets and our droughts, but in those lands which are to be scientifically irrigated there will be neither freshets nor droughts. As you take a pitcher and get it full of water, and then set it on a table, and take a drink out of it when you are thirsty, and never think of drinking a pitcherful at once, so Montana and Wyoming and Idaho will catch the main body of the water, and take up all the waters of the rivers, in great pitchers of reservoirs and refresh the land whenever they will. The work has already been grandly begun by the United States Government. Over 100 lakes have already been officially taken possession of by the nation for the great enterprise of irrigation. Rivers that have been rolling idly through these regions, doing nothing on their way to the sea, will be lassoed, and corralled and penned up until such time as the farmers need them.

But this continent is not more remarkable for its magnitude than for its wonders of construction. Yosemite and the adjoining California regions! Who that has seen them can think of them without having his blood tinged? Trees now standing there that were old when Christ lived! These monarchs of foliage reigned before Caesar or Alexander, and the next thousand years will not shatter their scepter! There are the masts of the continent, their canvas spread on the winds, while the old ship bears on its way through the great sea of the world.

That valley of the Yosemite is eight miles long, a half-mile wide, and three thousand feet deep. It seems as if it had been the meaning of Omnipotence to carve out a seat of power, a possible some of the most stupendous scenery of the world. Standing down in this great chasm of the valley you look up, and yonder is Cathedral Rock, vast, gloomy, minister, built for the silent worship of the mountains! Yonder, is Sentinel Rock, 3,270 feet high, bold, solitary, standing guard among the ages, its top seldom touched, until a bride one Fourth of July, mounted it and planted the Stars and Stripes, and the people down in the valley looked up and saw the head of the mountain, turbaned with stars and stripes!

No pause for the eye, no stopping place for the mind. Mountains hurled on mountains. Yonder is Yosemite Falls, dropping 2,634 feet, sixteen times

greater descent than that of Niagara. Yonder is Nevada Falls, plunging seven hundred feet.

But the most wonderful part of this American continent is the Yellowstone Park. Only two visits there made upon me an impression that will last forever. Go in by the Monmouth route, as we did this summer, and save 250 miles of railroading, your stage coach taking you through a day of scenery as captivating and sublime as the Yellowstone Park itself. After all poetry has exhausted itself concerning Yellowstone Park, and all the Morans and Blerstadts, and the other enchanting artists have completed their canvases, there will be other revelations to make and other stories of its beauty and wrath, splendor and agony, to be related. The Yellowstone Park is the geologist's paradise.

In some portions of it there seems to be the anarchy of the elements. Fire and water, and the vapor born of that marriage, terrific. Geyser cones or hills that cryal that have been over five thousand years growing! In places the earth, throbbing, sobbing, groaning, quaking with aqueous paroxysm. At the expiration of every thirty minutes one of the geysers tossing its boiling water 155 feet in the air, and then descending into swinging rainbows. "He toucheth the hills and they smoke."

But after you have wandered along the exquisite enchantment for days, and begin to feel that there can be nothing more of interest to see, you suddenly come upon the peroration of all majesty and grandness, the Grand Canyon. Here there it seems to me—and I speak it with reverence—Jehovah seems to have surpassed himself. It seems a great gulch let down into the eternities. Here, hung up and let down, and spread abroad, are all the elements of land and sea and sky. Upholstering of the Lord God Almighty. Best work of the Architect of worlds. Sculpturing by the Infinite. Masonry by an omnipotent trowel.

Standing there in the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone Park for the most part we held our peace, but after a while it flashed across me with such power I could not help but say to my comrades: "What a hall this would be for the last judgment!" See that mighty cascade with the rainbow at the foot of it! Those waters congealed and transfixed with the agonies of the day, what place they would make for the shining feet of the Judge of the quick and dead! And those rainbows look now like the crowns to be cast at his feet. At the bottom of this great canyon is a door on which the nations of earth might stand, and all up and down those galleries of rock the nations of heaven might sit. And what reverberation of archangels' trumpets there would be to tell all that stood from these caverns, and all over these heights. Why should not the greatest of all the days the world shall ever see close amid the grandest scenery Omnipotence ever built!

I have said these things about the magnitude of the continent, and given you a few specimens of some of its wonders, to let you know the comprehensiveness of Christ's dominion when he takes possession of this continent. Besides that the salvation of this continent means the salvation of Asia, for we are only 35 miles from Asia at the northwest. Only Bering Straits separates us from Asia, and these will be spanned by a great bridge.

The American-Asiatic bridge which will span those straits will make America, Asia, Europe and Africa one continent. So, you see, America evangelized Asia will be evangelized, Europe taking Asia from one side and your children will cross that bridge, America and Asia and Europe all one, what subtraction from the pangs of seasickness! and the prophecies in Revelation will be fulfilled, "there shall be no more sea." But do I mean literally that this American continent is going to be all geospatial? I do. Christopher Columbus, when he went ashore in the Santa Maria, and his second brother, Alonzo, when he went ashore from the Pinta, and his third brother, Vincent, when he went ashore from the Nina, took possession of the country in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. Satan has no more right to this country than I have to your pocketbook. But how is this continent to be geospatial? The pulpit and a Christian printing-press harnessing every man, woman and child to the first plow. Not by the power of



The Story Teller. In eastern countries, in place of our story-tellers, they have professional story-tellers. It is their art to interest their listeners with tales of love, and marvelous adventures, and hair-breadth escapes, and magic cures. There's a story of a wonderful medicine that has made thousands of every woman should read or hear. To have heard it or to read it, may save a woman her own life or that of her husband.

The medicine is the discovery of Dr. R. Pierce, an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief physician to the great Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. It is known as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It makes the appetite healthy, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and rich, the nerves steady, the brain clear and the body strong. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It cures 98 per cent of all cases of consumption and diseases of the air-passages. It cures nervous diseases and is the best medicine for overworked men and women. A woman may save her husband's life by giving him a bottle of it when he feels out of sorts. All men are heedless about their health. Medicines stores sell it. Doctor Pierce's reputation is world-wide, and his fellow townsmen, of Buffalo, N. Y., think so highly of him that they made him their representative in Congress, but his great forbidding passion caused him to resign that honorable position that he might devote the remainder of his life to the relief and cure of the sick.

Another good thing to have in the house is a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They cure biliousness and constipation and never gripe.



Follow the crowd tomorrow and it will lead you here. Come as early as possible. No matter how early you come there will be some ahead of you. We are busy as soon as the doors are open at 8 a.m.

Housefurnishing bargains of wondrous magnitude as to choice and values on our basement floor.

COAL HODS—Now is the time to look out for a good COAL HOD. We keep the best. They are not made of tin, gotten up to look nice, but are made of the most substantial iron, japanned and gilded, extra heavy iron handles, with or without hoods, 20c and 35c. Galvanized Hods, with hoods, 45c.

One lot of Granite Saucepans, in three sizes; bargain prices for Saturday and Monday only:

40c Saucepans for25c
35c Saucepans for20c
25c Saucepans for15c

Lamp Shades

Wire frames, covered with fancy paper, all complete, 10c.

Glassware

Cut Glass Fruit Dishes, large size, with or without stand; actual value 35c, our clearing price for Saturday and Monday 15c.

Cut Glass Nappies to match, 3c each.

Best Electric Cut Glass Fruit Dishes, 12d about two quarts; regular price 25c sale price 10c.

A lot of 15c Glass Nut and Candy Dishes, to be cleared out at 10c each.

Large size Glass Jelly Molds for 10c.

Teapots

Best white Porcelain Teapots, nothing the matter with the goods, only we are clearing out the line; regular price 35c and 40c; sale price 15c.

Plates

Pale Pink Bread and Butter Plates; regular price 5c each; Saturday and Monday price 3 1/2 for 10c.

Bread and Cake Plates, with fancy gilt tracing, to match bread and butter plates, 10c each.

Salad Bowls

Best White Mosaic Porcelain Salad Bowls, three sizes:

First size, regular price 10c, for 5c.
Second size, regular price 15c, for 7c.
Third size, regular price 20c, for 10c.

China—Basement

Six-Piece Toilet Set, best porcelain ware, assorted colors; sale price, per set, \$1 50.

Japanese Tableware

A shipment of the new Japanese Tableware called "Migoto," (in English it means beautiful); the decorations are very handsome; some colored floral figure and other designs on a delicate landscape background. The general effect is one of exceeding richness, mingled with exquisite artistic taste. Among the articles are cups and saucers, bread and butter plates, five o'clock tea sets, bon bon dishes, trays of every kind, teapots, cups and saucers, from 5c up.

SPECIAL HOUR SALE—From 9 to 11 in the morning, from 2 to 4 in the afternoon, Saturday and Monday.

JELLY GLASSES—Best Jelly Glasses, with tin tops, regular price 5c each, for Special Hour Sale we will sell six for 10c.

JARDINIERS—Large size Jardinieres, different shades, sold everywhere for 50c; our price was 35c, and for special hours we will sell them for 25c.

PURE CASTILE SOAP—Shell Brand, the purest Castile Soap made, called 3-pound bar, but actual weight is only 2 1/2 pounds; the bar only 15c.

cold, formalistic theology, not by ecclesiastical technicalities. I am not of them, and the world is sick of them. But it will be done by the warm-hearted, sympathetic presentation of the fact that Christ is ready to pardon all our sins and heal all our wounds, and save us both for this world and the next. Let your religion of glaciers crack off and fall into the Gulf Stream and get melted. Take all your creeds of all denominations and drop out of them all human phraseology, and put in only scriptural phraseology, and you will see how quick the people will jump after them.

On the Columbia River we saw the salmon jump clear out of the water in different places, I suppose for the purpose of getting the insects. After we went to fish for men we could only have right kind of bait, they will spring out above the flood of their sins and sorrows to reach it. The Young Men's Christian Associations of America will also do part of the work. They are going to take the young men of this nation for God. These institutions seem in better favor with God and man than ever before. Business men and capitalists are awakening to the fact that they can do nothing better in the way of living beneficence or in last will and testament than to do what Mr. Marquand did for Brooklyn when he made the Young Men's Christian Association possible. These institutions will get our young men all over the land into a stampede for heaven. Thus we will all in some way help on the work, you with your ten talents, I with five, somebody else with three. It is estimated that to irrigate the desert lands of America as they ought to be irrigated it will cost about \$100,000,000 to gather the waters into reservoirs. As much contribution and effort as that would irrigate with gospel influences all the waste places of this continent. Let us by prayer and contribution and right living all help to fill the reservoirs. You will carry a bucket, and you a cup, and even a thimbleful would help. And after a while God will send the floods of mercy so gathered pouring down over all the land, and some of us on earth and some of us in heaven will sing with Isaiah, "In the wilderness waters have broken out, and streams in the desert," and with David, "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the sight of God." Oh, fill up the reservoirs! America for God!

If you have catarrh, don't dally with local remedies, but purify and enrich your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Saturday and Monday

BARGAIN DAYS.

Ladies' and Children's Underwear

Read this list of prices for Ladies' Long Sleeve Woolen Vests:

15c each or 2 for25c
25c each or 2 for45c
30c each or 2 for50c
35c each or 2 for55c
40c each or 2 for60c
50c each or 2 for75c

Another lot of those All-Wool, Long Sleeve Ladies' Vests; regular price, \$1, for 75c.

LADIES' WOOL DRAWERS.

25c a pair, 2 for45c
30c a pair, 2 for50c
35c a pair, 2 for55c
40c a pair, 2 for60c

Three dozen Ladies' Hygiene Combination Suits, regular price, \$1 25; Saturday and Monday price, 90c.

Ladies' and Children's Combination Suits, all sizes and qualities.

Hosiery and Gloves

Ladies' All-Wool Cashmere Hosiery, in black, with double heel and toes; our special leader, 25c a pair.

Ladies' All-Wool Cashmere Hosiery, in black, with merino heels and toes; one that will give excellent satisfaction in wear; every pair is full; regular made, at 35c a pair, or 3 pairs for \$1.

Men's Black Cashmere Half-Hose, double heel and toes, in plain or ribbed; worth 35c a pair, our price 25c.

Men's Extra Fine Natural Wool Hose, sale price, 25c.

Men's Socks, best gray knit socks, extra heavy; regular price 15c a pair; Saturday and Monday price, 8 pairs for 25c.

Boys' Heavy Ribbed School Stockings; Children's Stockings; all sizes.

Mittens and Gloves

Almost every day new shipments are arriving—Ladies' Real Kid Gloves, Ladies' Cashmere Gloves, Ladies' Ringwood Gloves, Men's, Ladies' and Children's Mittens.

Brooms

Best Green Corn Brooms; regular price 10c; Saturday and Monday price, 3 brooms for 25c.

THE COLOR LINE

Is Still Strongly Marked in Old Kentucky.

Louisville, Ky., Oct. 21.—The Grand Lodge of Kentucky Masons, at its annual session here, unanimously adopted the resolution reported by its special committee, which recommends non-intercourse between the grand lodge of this state and the grand lodge of Washington, because of the action of the latter in recognizing negro lodges.

The motion to adopt was seconded by 50 master Masons. It was also decided to build a home for the aged and infirm Masons, \$40,000 of the necessary \$50,000 for this purpose having been raised, \$10,000 within the last year. The grand lodge pledges itself to donate \$1,000 for ten years in order to secure the remaining \$10,000.

Toronto Firemen Testify.

M. McCartney, Lombard street fire hall, Toronto dated March 4, 1897, states, "Am subject to very painful conditions of costiveness and other troubles resulting therefrom, but I do not say that I have found a perfect remedy in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. I trust this may be of benefit to others."

As early as the year 47 B. C. the great Alexandrian library contained over 40,000 valuable books.

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

Old-fashioned stones are much in vogue; the carbuncle, amethyst and topaz are seen on every hand.

THERE is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil—a pulmonary acknowledged efficacy. It cures soreness and lameness when applied externally, as well as swollen neck and crick in the back, and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claim to public confidence.

The United States manufacturers can make steel 25 per cent cheaper than it can be made in Glasgow.

"ALWAYS TAKE THE G. T. R. WHEN YOU CAN. S. S. S.—SAFETY SOENERY AND SPEED."

Look out for the Fly. 24 1/2

Fine Groceries

—PROMPT DELIVERY
—TO ALL PARTS
—OF THE CITY.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co

169 DUNDAS ST.

WE GIVE
IN
TRADING
STAMPS

pain in the