GREAT SALE OF LADIES' & GENTS' FURS!

AT WHOLESALE PRICES ONLY.

From now until Christmas we purpose giving Great Bargains in all kinds of Manufactured Furs. Our stock is still large and the variety unsurpassed in this city. Our Show Rooms extend over four stores on Yonge street. The public have ample room and light to make their selections. We don't press any one to buy; people can come and go as they please. The bargains we offer, and which will pay any one to inspect, are in

SEALSKIN MANTLES, SEALSKIN MUFFS, CAPS AND GLOVES, PERSIAN LAMB MANTLES, MUFFS, CAPS AND GAUNTLETS, ASTRACHAN DOGSKIN MANTLES,

The finest stock in the city; cut from Paris and New York patterns and made by the best hands. Every Jacket warranted. Sold at wholesale from $25 to $30. Our best Mantle is sold at $35, usual retail price $45. Good Astrachan Muffs reduced to $3; we sold them wholesale early in the season at $3,75; retail price was $4.50. We have a fine lot of Mink Muffs reduced to $5. A lot of Black and Brown Coney Muffs at $1.50 300 BLACK FUR CAPES at $3, $3.50 and $4.50, sold retail at a considerable advance CHILDREN'S WHITE LAMBSKIN COATS reduced to $9 and $10. WHITE RABBIT COATS for Children $5 and $6.

Fur-Lined Circulars. We carry a very full stock. We have them in Silk, Satin, Cashmere, Brocade, etc., lined with various kinds of Fur Linings. We have Ciruclars from $7.50 to $50. We sell a good Ottoman Silk Circular lined with genuine Squirrel Heads at $25. Good Heavy Cashmere, lined with White and Grey Squirrel, at $15, retail price was $20. MEN'S FUR CAPS. PERSIAN LAMB CAPS $5, $6.50, and the very finest at $8.50. OUR OWN MAKE. Men's Fur Caps in Astrachan, Coney, Baltic Seal, Russian Lamb, etc., from $2.50 to $4.00. Imitation fur caps for boys and men at 50c, 75c, $1 00, or one Cap sold Retail as cheap as you can buy a dozen. Men's fur coats, robes, rugs, gauntlets, fur caps, plain and adjustable fur collars and cuffs, moccasins, Etc., Etc. ALL AT WHOLESALE PRICE TILL CHRISTMAS. We carry a stock of fifty thousand dollars' Worth of Made up FURS, as well as a very heavy stock of Skins of all kinds. Fur trimmings in bearskin, beaver, otter and other fashionable furs in stock or cut to order.

We have done the largest trade this season that was ever done since the opening of our House 21 years ago. We are still determined to keep up with all the requirements of the Trade. We have lots of capital to run our business---able at all times to take advantage of the market and pay SPOT CASH. We have all the facilities for manufacturing and at all times giving the public the best value that money and experience can produce.

W. & D. DINEEN

COR. KING AND YONGE STREETS, TORONTO.

POOR DICK WARRINGTON.

He had been a gentleman once, and a scholar, who had won honors at Cambridge, and was regarded as one of the best men in a college at that time unusually rich in promise. He had just seen one familiar companion of his in the old days pass into the new law cathedral, outside whose gates he was lounging. The famous judge gave a glance at the disreputable loafer as he went by, but never recognized him; if he had done so, he would probably have spoken, for he was a kindly-hearted man. But this very fact made the reprobate more better. If his old friend had cut him, there would have been some ground for declaiming against the hollowness of mankind; but Dick Warrington knew well enough that he himself had sunk out of recognition, and one's own worthlessness is not so cheering a subject of meditation as the worthlessness of other people.

He pondered over neither, but only gazed moodily after the retreating figure of his old comrade, and then turned and sauntered into Long Acre. He was nearing his lodgings; they lay in a dingy court half a mile away, when it occurred to him that he had forgotten his mission. He had come out, with the idle good nature that seldom deserted him, to buy wine for his landlady's husband—dying, the doctors said, of consumption. Dick's quarterly pay had just arrived from the Social Hearth, for he contributed to that shady serial, which is a base imitation of the Family Herald, with none of its virtues and with all its vices. The Family Herald, indeed, has few vices; for it is an excellent periodical, and you may obtain from the editor, for nothing, advice on any earthly subject you choose to consult him upon, which advice will always be terse and definite, and improving. Also you may find essays on politics and social science therein, if you are intellectual—essays that inspire one with a wish that the editor of the Family Herald were happily controlling the destinies of our empire instead of the too patriotic cliques which control it at present. While, as for the tales—but this is no place to rhapsodize, even over the Family Herald.

Warrington was on the staff of the Social Hearth, which is, as everybody knows, a foolish and vulgar periodical, whose "criticism of life" is not worth twopence. It paid very badly; but he contributed more or less to several other journals, of which Bow Bells was the most respectable. It was a marvel how he with his talent could write badly enough to suit some of these editors. He said it took practice; but on the whole he succeeded admirably, and the stories and articles he furnished to the public showed better than anything else how far he had fallen. And yet there was a battered remnant of nobility in him, hardly conscious of its own existence. As some old picture may lie long in a dark lumber room hidden behind great masses of rubbish, till a kindly hand opens the shutter, lets in the fresh air and the sunshine, and disperses the piled-up lumber, a chance touch shakes away the covering from the forgotten picture, scatters its dusty veil, and, hardly dimmed by years, its beauty gleams into the light again—a Turner, a Velasquez So the spiritual virtuoso may come across strange treasure-trove, acts of chivalry, of self-forgetfulness in the most unexpected quarter, dear to his heart as the Elzevir to the bibliomaniac. We were human Elzevirs once, may be; but, like the shabby volumes the book hunter flings aside with disdain, we have been very much cut down.

Dick bought the wine and returned leisurely to his lodgings. He stole cautiously up the dark, crooked stairs into the narrow passage, and as he traversed it a strange thing happened. Through the venerable, ancient air of a London lodging house that landladies always seem to fancy improves with keeping—and, indeed, it does acquire a certain fine mellowness wherein are combined the essences of many different odors—there came to him the scent of heliotrope. With it returned the memory of a day when his sister had been to visit him at college, and with her one of her friends, a beautiful, light-hearted girl, whom Dick had cared for with a transient, boyish passion. He had bought bouquets for them, and among the flowers he gave to his sister's friends was a sprig of the dim, gray purple blossom.

He did not pause to wonder why the old scent came back to him in this widely different atmosphere, but, passing on, entered the invalid's room. Mrs. Hartley was not there, but he saw, standing at the bedside, a girl dressed in the garb of a private sisterhood, with a cluster of flowers at her brooch. Her figure was slender and graceful, and he could see readily enough that she was a lady. His acquaintance included several women who had taken the "craze for humanity and typhus fever," as he irreverently expressed it, and Iris Enderby's presence did not astonish him, though he noted her beauty with pleasure. The hair was the deep brown that has gleams of ruddier color, and her eyes were clear and honest, and regarded one with a very steady and fearless glance. She turned her head as Dick entered and took him in completely, so he fancied, in about a second. There was nothing impertinent in her scrutiny, but much that was painful to a man whose inner life had never been intended to bear investigation. Insight into character is all very well for the people who have the insight, but it is sometimes trying to the unlucky character; and so Dick felt as rather defiantly he met Iris Enderby's glance.

"She thinks," he said inwardly, "that I am one of the people it will not do to encourage." The girl had formulated no opinion so distinctly; but yet his guess was not far from the truth. For there was no denying that Dick, with his battered costume, his rather dingy hands, and the reckless, devil-may-care expression on a face grown coarse that had once been handsome, looked a disreputable character, with whom a refined girl could have nothing in common. Therefore Iris withdrew her eyes with calm indifference, and went on measuring some medical compound.

Her face, with the indescribable air of fearless innocence about it that some faces will wear to the end, awoke in Dick a novel sense of embarrassment. He hesitated, but the desire to speak to her was too strong, and he crossed over to the invalid's side.

"Can I be of any use?" he asked politely.

"No, thank you," said the girl a trifle coldly; but her voice was very pleasant and musical. "Mrs. Hartley will be here presently." She turned a passing glance on him as she spoke, distrustful and yet indifferent. Evidently not the kind of girl to whom any one would offer impertinence in cold blood. But Dick paid no heed to the restraint; he spoke again, warming to the old manner.

"I have brought him some wine," he said, in a careless undertone, disburthening his hands as he spoke. "I thought it would be needed, and they have very little money. You see I have lodged here now for two years, and I am sorry he has broken down. There is no hope, I suppose?" he added, in a yet more guarded voice, though the patient was sleeping heavily.

The girl turned again, and looked him full in the face. He fancied he could trace in her eyes some regret for having judged him too harshly, and her voice was more cordial, though in all her intonations when she spoke to him, then and afterward, he thought there was a suspicion of disdain. He never blamed her, and he knew instinctively that if his old social standing had still been his, that element in her voice would have been rather more pronounced.

"There is very little hope, I am afraid," she said gravely. "Has Mrs. Hartley any friends who can help her? The doctor said he would require constant care."

"She has been earning for them both for some time," said Dick, "and her hands are full already. I do not think she has any friends who are likely to be of any use. If ever you are in need of a helping hand I hope you will rely upon me. I can easily sit up with him at nights and never feel it."' And, indeed, he looked as if he were so used to sitting up all night that few additional times would make no difference to him.

"Thank you," said Iris, and was silent again. The real or imagined hauteur in her voice annoyed Dick unaccountably.

"Unless you are too fastidious," he said, in a sudden tone of bitterness that astounded himself, "to take help at the hands of a poor blackguard like me."

The girl looked at her with a strange blending of compassion and repugnance in her eyes.

"You could have been a gentleman if you had wished," she said calmly. "If you are what you choose to be, why blame me for taking you at your own valuation?"

There was something terribly true and relentless about her words, and Dick winced under them as the most violent reproaches had ceased to make him wince.

"Thank you," he said. "You show me what I have to expect from people on a higher moral standard. And yet what right have you to assume that I am worthless?"

"It is your own epithet," she returned tranquilly. "But—forgive me—to a certain extent men write their characters in their faces."

Dick nearly swore a heavy oath, but he checked himself just in time, and spoke in tones of exceeding suavity.

"What excellent discrimination you have! Then you have ascertained that my character is too far gone to allow of my associating with you, to however small an extent, in a work of mercy."

A half smile broke over the girl's face, faint and transient, and yet it lit up the whole countenance and softened its youthful austerity.

"I did not say that," she returned, relentingly. "Who am I that I should look with scorn on any human being?" (This, by the way, she should have thought of before.) "Indeed, if you care to give it, I believe that we shall be grateful for your help."

"Thank you," said Dick, his anger melting as incomprehensibly as it had arisen, "I am at your service."

He sat up that night with Hartley, fulfilling mechanically whatever offices were required of him, but thinking very little of the invalid and a good deal about Iris Enderby and his own social status. He felt to drawing the most invidious comparisons—"trenchant parallels," as Henry Kingsley calls them—between himself and his old companions, who had walked in the light as persistently as he had walked in the darkness; between himself and his own relatives, leading unimpeachable, if prosaic, lives in the west end. When he gave place to Mrs. Hartley and slept at last, it was to dream of bishops, prayer books, and church institutes, everything calculated to awaken a sense of sneaking deficiency, and he woke still drawing invidious comparisons between himself and all of them. If Iris Enderby was to have this startling effect on his moral nature, he thought the less he saw of her the better; accordingly, he fell into a long and interesting speculation as to whether she could ever be persuaded to tolerate him. He would find out.

There passed five strange, wild weeks, the most miserable, the most rapturous in Dick's life. It is not pleasant for a man to be scorned, knowing that he deserves scorn; but before a week was over Warrington was so madly in love with Iris Enderby that he thought he would rather be scorned by her than worshiped by any other woman. He did his utmost, humbly and persistently, to win her toleration. To do him justice, it was always her toleration, never her love. Dick had most of the vices in the calendar; but there was no cold-blooded calculation about him, and but little self-conceit. He knew that he had nothing to do with Iris Enderby, yet he was fain to conciliate her by word or action, by the delicate courtesies that please women. He had been a gentleman once, he said bitterly to himself; he would try to fall into the old ways again for the last time. It was easier than he had thought.

But Iris never changed. She was always courteous, sometimes kindly; but the look of scorn in her eyes seemed to Warrington's embittered vision never to pass away.

For five weeks he saw her daily—deft, tranquil, gentle, the light of that dark time; at the end of those weeks Hartley died. His death was sudden at the last, and old Warrington and his wife were with him. Iris, who was to have watched that night, came an hour later. When she entered with flowers in her hands, for she had brought fresh ones every day to please the invalid, Warrington was alone in the room. A dull pain was upon him, heavier than his grief for the dead man, the hard, bitter consciousness that he should see Iris no more. He rose as she entered, and though he did not speak his look warned her of the truth; and she glanced hastily at the quiet face on the pillow. Her lips quivered, and the roses dropped from her hands and were scattered, spots of glowing color on the dugy floor. Warrington, hardly knowing what he did, fell on his knees and began to gather them up, with a wild longing to speak at all hazards, to call her his saint, his divinity.

"Give me a rose," he said, huskily.

The girl's voice faltered as she answered him; but it had a ring of indignation in it that touched him to the quick.

"This is no time to talk of roses," she said passionately.

"Oh, you do not understand," he exclaimed hotly. "You have no pity for the living."

He did not glance up as he spoke, or he would have seen a strange look pass over her face. It passed like a shadow—was gone; she turned away, and the next moment he heard her voice, all sympathy, speaking to Mrs. Hartley. Then, feeling like an arrant coward, he slunk back to his own room.

Iris left an hour later. Some relatives of Mrs. Hartley's had come, and she could do little more. Dick reappeared as she was quitting the house, to offer his services as escort.

"Thank you," she said, not unkindly, but with quiet decision. "I would rather walk alone."

"It is very late," urged Dick.

"I am not nervous," she said in a cool tone of dismissal, and he fell back. But he was not to be baffled so easily. Iris might walk solitary if she liked; but she could not prevent his following at a suitable distance, at all events, till she reached the main street. He took no pains to keep under cover, for he was reckless; and, indeed, had she turned, his tall figure and careless gait would infallibly have betrayed him. But whether or not some instinct warned her of the truth, I cannot tell; but she never cast a glance behind, not even when her quick footsteps brought her into an alley rather too riotous for her liking, and he saw her hesitate once or twice. But further on, when they entered Garrick-street, he himself hastily lessened the distance between them, for things were beginning to look ominous. Half a dozen sailors, British and foreign, but all drunk, and all very much excited, had just poured out of one of the worst public houses in the quarter, and were commencing a free fight among themselves. A little throng gathered, cursing and cheering and obstructing the pathway, and Iris stopped, a good deal frightened. Dick noted one policeman on the extreme outskirts of the disturbance leisurely whistling for help; and then—it all happened in an instant—a drunken Lascar broke out of the throng and caught Iris by the arm. She uttered a low cry. The next moment that Lascar was lying on the pavement, to which Dick had flung him with perhaps unnecessary force.

Not for long. He was up again, with a demoniacal look of rage on his face, and he sprang at Dick like a wild beast. Something flashed in the crimson tavern lights. Then, as in a wild dream, the throng melted away, with fierce cries and ejaculations, and Iris was kneeling at Dick Warrington's side chafing his hands. There was a surgeon standing by, and one or two constables, looking down compassionately on the prostrate figure, and some one had said, "There is no hope." For the Lascar's aim was not made false by passion, and he had struck at the heart. A strange and wild dream, a life that she had tried to scorn, passing away for her sake into the darkness. Dick seemed to wake from a heavy sleep, with the sound of the sea in his ears as it thundered against far distant rocks. Stay, was it the sea or the tumult of the great city? The city was growing silent now, wrapt in an ever deepening tranquillity. Then memory came back to him; he knew what had come to pass; knew that he was dying. With a pang of regret at first, but when he raised his eyes, and saw Iris Enderby's face bending over him, he was well content. It was as colorless as his own; but there was a new expression mingled with its intentness, a look that he had dreamed of seeing there, but had never thought to see in waking life, that touched him with a vague fear.

"This is good of you," he said faintly. "I think it will not be for long."

"Can you forgive me?" said the girl in a low voice. "You have laid down your life for me."

Dick looked at her with amazed eyes. The surgeon had turned away; the two constables were speaking to each other in husky undertones.

"What have I got to forgive?" he asked wonderingly. "But I will never forget you. Ah, I wish my life had been worth your taking! A poor, poor failure! If I had known you sooner I might have had the heart to begin again; but I lost hope early—God knows why. You will never let it trouble you, this happy fate of mine?"

"It will trouble me," she said slowly, "all my life."

"Ah, no!" he said eagerly; and in that instant a strange look of nobility irradiated his face, a look it had not known for many a year.

"Forget it. I am not worthy of one regretful thought from you. Indeed, indeed, I am not worthy. And how could it end more happily? For if I had lived I should have sunk yet lower, and now I am not wholly base."

He paused. His words were growing incoherent.

"And you will give me the heliotrope you are wearing to take into the darkness, and I never shall be lonely."

"I have no heliotrope," said the girl clearly, though she shivered in the August night, "but I will give you a rose."

The rose she had worn was drooping now. She laid it in his hand; then, stooping suddenly, she kissed his forehead with a long, soft kiss.

A light flashed into his face, and an expression so brief, so transient, she never knew whether it had been of joy or pain. Then all grew dim.

For years after there was one street that never echoed to Iris Enderby's footsteps; but now, of all dreary haunts in London, she loves Garrick street the best, and the children have learned to wait for her coming there, with outstretched hands, and the scent of the heliotrope, as she passes, floats on the heavy air.

Tennyson's "May Queen."

—Who knows but if the beautiful girl who died so young had been blessed with Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" she might have reigned on many another bright May-day. The "Favorite Prescription" is a certain cure for all those disorders to which females are liable.

The Charm of Christmastide.

"It is marvelous, this charm of Christmas time, dear," remarked a lady to her husband. Age does not wither nor custom stale its infinite joyousness. It is earth's winter time, but the glorious summer of the soul. While the yule log burns, the ice of selfishness, hatred and malice disappears, and charity warm and glowing, fills the heart. We must warm ourselves in its radiant heat, for the ashes whiten soon enough—"

"Mamma," interrupted the lady's little daughter, "can I give Mary White a Christmas present?"

"Certainly not," was the reply. "She gave you nothing last year."

Debility.

—Perhaps you are weak and weary, all run down, get tired with slight exertion, feel faint and dizzy, or dull and languid, then you need a good tonic regulator to make pure blood circulate, and give you strength. Try Burdock Blood Bitters—it will not fail you. 246

—Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

—Malaria is the action of disease germs in bad air, poor drainage, swampy regions, etc., upon the system, producing chills, fever, neuralgia, and many dangerous diseases. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the bowels, liver and blood, and wards off and cures malaria. 246

—Mr. S. Lachance, a leading French druggist of Montreal, says: During my holiday trade the new perfume, the "Lotus of the Nile," was much called for, the result as I found of the ladies who had used it, talking so much about it to their friends. I never saw a perfume that seemed to please everybody so effectually. 36

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

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

—EVERYBODY SUFFERS PAIN.—It is the result of sin and violation of nature's laws. The great creator of the universe in His infinite mercy has done much to allay the suffering of his people by giving them out of nature's storehouse a "balm for every wound." Such is the pain-killer made by Perry Davis & Son; it stops pain almost instantly, is used both internally and externally, and is of all other pain remedies the oldest and best. 36

A Twelve Founder.

From the Baltimore Sun.

Mrs. E. H. Vanderfelt, wife of the leading man in the Modjeska company, has a fine boy, born Saturday noon at Guy's hotel. The mother is an English woman, a practising physician. She is a graduate of the medical college of Edinburgh, Scotland. She was a volunteer nurse in the Zulu war, and was decorated for services in the field by the English government. The child was born on the twelfth day of the twelfth month at 12 o'clock, weighed twelve pounds, and the father played the chief part in Twelfth Night Saturday evening. In consequence of all this the child has been entered on the register of the hotel and a great future predicted for him.

—Quick transit from a state of feebleness, bodily langour and nervous irritability—induced by dyspepsia—to a condition of vigor and physical comfort, follows the use of the standard regulating tonic and stomachic, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which speedily conquers indigestion, constipation, bilious complaints and female complaints, purifies the blood and reinforces the vital energy.

—Pleasant as syrup, nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

Drink and Drugs.

Several medical writers have lately called attention to the fact that although there is a marked diminution of drunkenness in England, the use of powerful narcotic and stimulating drugs has largely increased. Even nitro-glycerine—a comparatively new medicine—has found its devotees. The Lancet says: "Since the introduction of nitro-glycerine tablets into the British pharmacopœia the use of the drug has increased to an enormous extent, and it is to be feared that its manufacture is carried on surreptitiously."

—S. E. Burwell, of Fingall, Ont., writes: Last autumn I was suffering from a severe cold which settled on my lungs and produced a distressing cough for which I gave trial to a number of cough medicines, but without any profit. I at last tried one bottle of Allen's Lung Balsam, which I am happy to be able to state gave almost immediate relief, and performed a perfect cure in a short time. 36

—Thomas Myers, Bracebridge, writes: "Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is the best medicine I sell. It always gives satisfaction, and in cases of coughs, colds, sore throat, etc., immediate relief has been received by those who use it."

—If your lung trouble is of scrofulous origin, Ayer's Sarsaparilla will do you more good than any other medicine.

In the Fire.

Ah! that to careless words unmeant
She should have thus in scorn replied;
Or that my love were not content,
Outstrength a poison shaft have sent
To wound her love and pride,

With cheek to cheek, in close embrace,
We watch those thoughtless letters burn,
And so from memory every trace
Of foolish anger we efface,
That never shall return.

And from the glimmer of the fire
A living truth upon us flashes;
If anger rise, yet love is higher—
True love is warmer than our ire,
And turns it into ashes.

—*Richard Lew Dawson.*

IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been proposed, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the listas a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, AYER'S SARSAPARILLA will dislodge it and expel it from your system.

SCROFULA

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous catarrhal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

CATARRH

"Hatto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882.

ULCEROUS SORES

"At the age of two years one of my children was terribly afflicted with ulcerous running sores on its face and neck. At the same time its eyes were swollen, much inflamed, and very sore. Physicians told us that a powerful alterative medicine must be employed. They united in recommending AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. A few doses produced a perceptible improvement, which, by an adherence to your directions, was continued to a complete and permanent cure. No evidence has since appeared of the existence of any scrofulous tendencies; and no treatment of any disorder was ever attended by more prompt or effectual results.

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

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