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THE QUEEN OF
THE SEASON

"Why not say to Sir Innis at once, because you dare not?" asked a sharp voice at the door; and Lady Esselyn, crimson with wrath, came into the room, looking daggers at both her startled hearers. "I have been so carefully kept in the dark," the angry countess went on to say, "that I was quite by chance I discovered the drama you good people are enacting; but I am in time to wind it up. And so, Sir Innis, if my thoughtless step-daughter has been encouraging you to address her, take your reply from my lips. She is already promised to another."

"Sir Innis," she continued, "I will withdraw my suit," answered Sir Innis, with dignity. "But unless she does so, you must pardon me, madam, if I decline to relinquish the sweet hope of yet calling her mine."

"Speak to this obstinate gentleman yourself, child," cried the countess, impatiently, "and tell him that you cannot be his."

"But Vivien sat like one turned to stone, and if she heard she answered not. There was something so strange in the fixed glare of her eyes, that Sir Innis stepped hastily towards her, but Lady Esselyn was too quick for him, and placed herself between them."

"Vivien is too sensitive for these scenes," she exclaimed. "If you have any consideration for her, sir, you will leave us. She has nothing to add to what I have already told you. She thanks you for the honor you have done her, but cannot accept the proposal."

Sir Innis was undecided how to act. Relinquish the woman he loved at the command of her shrewish step-mother he would not; yet unless Vivien herself would smother his remaining hope, how could he do so? He sought in vain to catch her eye and be guided by her wishes, but she had fallen back in her chair, and covered her face with her handkerchief.

While he stood thus perplexed, a voice was heard without, and a step approached the door. It was Lord Esselyn returning, and the brow of his friend began to clear.

"To Lady Vivien's brother, her nearest relative, I must, with all due deference to your ladyship, now appeal," he said firmly. "It is with his sanction I have addressed his sister, and I hope, when you have heard him, you will withdraw your objection."

"Then Aymer is to be arrayed against me?" cried the countess, spitefully. "I have no doubt that it is owing to your interference, Sir Innis, I have no doubt that I have endured his opposition to my plans. In this case I should advise you, for your own sake, to make no mischief between the earl and me. For your own sake, I repeat, let your foolish fancy for Lady Vivien die a natural death, for she is already betrothed, and the banner which began to flutter at her strange condition, uttered a thankful exclamation as Lord Esselyn, who had been giving some directions to the steward, came into the room."

"Will you speak, or must I?" Sir Innis heard the countess hiss into the ear of her step-daughter.

Vivien raised her face now; it was white with agony, and the uneasy baronet caught with some difficulty the reply she gasped:

"Be merciful—in heaven's name, be merciful! Spare me, and—and him!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

Aymer, glancing from one to another as he drew nearer, saw, in the bearded aspect of his step-daughter, what was amiss, and hotly and angrily interfered.

"It is as well that you are here, madam, that you may be apprised of Vivien's approaching marriage. She consents to become the wife of my dear old friend, Innis Hatherfield."

"I think not," answered the countess, with a malevolent smile. "Dear Vivien, more than I myself, consult me in this matter, and agree to be guided by my wishes."

But Aymer, rendered irritable by his anxiety respecting the lost Marie, took Vivien by the hands and compelled her to stand up, thus withdrawing her from the half embrace of Lady Esselyn.

"Hatherfield," he said, in the deep and deliberate tones of an angry man who is sternly controlling his wrath, "my sister loves you. A false shame, or an excess of modesty, has led her to deny and disguise it. I am not an hour since she betrayed to me the true state of her feelings. Take her, then; if she trifles with you now, and permits anyone to come between you, by all I hold holy she shall be sister of mine no longer!"

"The words of a madman!" cried Lady Esselyn shrilly. "Do you hear him, Vivien? Will you permit yourself to be thrown at any man's head in this delicate manner?"

"Take Vivien away," her brother said

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to Sir Innis. "If these are extreme measures, they are forced upon me by Lady Esselyn's incomprehensible endeavors to usurp an authority she does not possess."

"Before Sir Innis leads his bride-elect hence, and encourages her to set me at defiance," sneered the countess, shaking her finger at the pale, statue-like girl, "you shall all hear why I have opposed this marriage."

Vivien winced, and turned towards her brother with such an appealing cry that he sprang towards her to know the meaning of it, and soothe the distress she was evincing. When he looked round again, Sir Innis and the countess had disappeared, the baronet having, with gentle but irresistible force, compelled Lady Esselyn to accompany him to an adjoining room.

On Vivien discovering this she dried her tears and suddenly became quite calm. It was the tranquillity of despair. All the bitterness and secrets of her life were on the point of being revealed to Sir Innis by this detestable woman, who had traded on them to enforce her obedience. The heartless countess would not scruple to tell him how the high-born girl he was engaged to marry had been beset from her home for a night and day, and, worse still, had been ashamed to say whether she had gone, or who was her companion during that period.

Nor was this all. Before Vivien quitted the room with her step-mother, she had made another effort to discover if Aymer were still in the city, and what had drawn him there; and the agent she employed had brought to her a report of her brother's proceedings that made her blush with shame. But when, refusing to hear him out, she had paid and dismissed him, the overwhelmed Vivien struggled with her doubts, and assured herself that the dreadful tale must be false.

"One look, one word, when we meet, will convince me of his innocence," she said; but when the countess told her that place, and Aymer's eyes were a flush mounted to his brow, she glanced at him inquiringly, her faint hopes that she had been deceived vanished for ever.

The brother of whom she had been so proud had debased himself, and was false to all the traditions of his honorable and ancient race; and for a little while she felt as if it would be impossible to forgive him for the stain he had cast upon her as well as himself. But soon kinder thoughts prevailed. He was so young, she reminded herself, his tutor had been so incompetent, and the temptations assailing a generous, thoughtless lad are always so great that many excuses might be made for his errors; and Vivien resolved not only to keep her evil-minded step-mother in ignorance of what he had done, but to do so carefully concealing from him how much she herself knew.

[To be Continued.]

A STRANGE
MILLIONAIRE

Death of James Tyson, a Remarkable Australian.

Started Life a Poor Boy and Earned Great Riches.

Lived a Lonely Life—His Attitude Toward Women—Sketch of His Career.

[London Times.]

In Mr. James Tyson, the millionaire, whose death was reported from Sydney a few days ago, Australia has lost a remarkable personality and a citizen whose career was so typical in some of its leading characteristics as almost to epitomize in itself the history of the pastoral industry in Australia. Mr. Tyson was as a lad, and remained to the end of his life, a bushman pure and simple. Though he accumulated great wealth he recognized none of the ordinary civilized uses of money. He maintained throughout his career the frugal habits of the beginning, working no less continuously than he had worked at 17, wearing habitually a shabby suit of ready-made clothes, with a silver watch, of which a bootlace formed the guard, and eating only the same hard-baked bread that had served him, when, as a young laborer, he took the position of "leading scythe" on the station of two brothers of the name of Vine. His life was lived in the open air, and as a man of over 70 years of age he was able to perform the same work as he had never entered a church, or a theater, or a public-house, that he had never tasted beer, wine nor spirits, that he had never washed with soap—he used sand instead of soap, and a white shirt, or a glove. He was of splendid, though somewhat spare and hard, physique, and at 17 stood 6 feet 4 in his stockings. His figure, as known more familiarly of late years, was that of a square-shouldered, slightly stooping, but active man, with a keen face below a crop of iron-gray hair, and distinguished by particularly bright, deep-set gray eyes.

HIS PARENTAGE.

He was born in Australia in 1822, his father being a Cumberland man of reputed Flemish or Belgian descent, and his mother an English woman of the name of Coates. Mr. Tyson was interested towards the end of his life to learn that the translation of his French name was "firebrand," and observed

thoughtfully, "If I could have set the world on fire a bit, too, it would have been a different channel. He was essentially a man of peace. The most offensive weapon that he was ever known to have carried was the scythe, and he himself attributed his success in the world to the simple fact that, having begun life as a mowman, he mowed longer and stronger than other men."

HIS EARLY LIFE AND MISFORTUNE.

His first experience of earning his own bread outside the family circle began when he was 17, and lasted for two years and a half during which time he received wages at the rate of £30 a year. The position of leading scythe involved work too heavy for so young a man. His fellow-laborers were jealous of seeing him in the post of foreman, and to the end of his life he would tell of the days of a well-remembered battle how, through three mowing seasons, they tried to "cut him out," by taking a short swath, but he, being tall and strong, was able to take his full swath and still keep ahead. Such a tactical position was of course long before the days of improved machinery. At the end of two years and a half, with the loyal assistance, which he never forgot to mention, of the widowed mother who made and mended for him, he had saved £20. He then left his first home, where, in a remote district of the then little known interior, he lived absolutely alone, herding bullocks, and in constant danger of his life from the black men still unaccustomed to a white occupation of the country. On this station he remained for a year and a half, working again very hard, and saved £38. With the £38 thus carefully accumulated he proposed to set up with his brother on a cattle station of his own, but at this juncture the bank in which he deposited his first £20 failed, and though he was repaid a portion of the money, he had again to work for wages.

Once more heaved till, having accumulated, he was able to carry out his project, and established himself on a station on the Billyong River, in the back country of New South Wales. He had not yet surmounted his early misfortunes, for here in their first year they were overtaken by drought and all their newly-purchased cattle died, and he received at this time a letter to take care of some cattle on a system known as "thirds"—that is, the risk to the owner and a third of the increase to the caretaker. It was necessary to have some money for fire and pens, and in his anxiety he remembered that Sir John Hay, for whom he had a year or two previously driven cattle, owed him £5. He knew only with regard to Sir John Hay that he lived somewhere on the Murray River at a distance of about 200 miles, and to Sydney was practically trackless, but deciding that, if he followed the tributaries of the Billyong into the dividing range, the streams flowing down the other side of the hills must bring him to the Murray, he started on horseback to find his way. He found his way and he found his debt-horseback and exactly one shilling, and he took it with him together with some food. The way proved longer than he expected. After a day or two his food was finished, and for three days he kept himself alive by plucking and eating the fruit of the sweet grass and chewing it as he went along.

HIS ONLY LOVE AFFAIRS.

Mr. Tyson was never married, but even the bush has its possibilities of romance, and it was at this time that he met the lady in whose power it would seem to have lain to change the tenor of his life. He was then 23, and to realize her he described the incident with a vividness of detail which bore witness to the tenacity of the impression produced.

He had crossed the range, and being weak with hunger had found what he called a "one-night" man, and he might never find the house of Sir John Hay, when he perceived a cottage and an old man about to enter. He approached, wishing to ask his way, but hesitating in order to give a shy nod to the old man, who, throughout his life, caused him to shun intercourse with strangers. As he reluctantly drew near the door a young woman came suddenly out—a beautiful, young, bush-reared girl, dark, tiny and well grown. "He then," he had wished to ask his way. She looked at him and without answering his question bade him come in and eat. He refused. She then laid both hands upon his arm, and with gentle compulsion drew him in, saying, "You are hungry, are you not? Being 'well-famished' and supposing that you 'saw the truth in his face,' he let himself do as she bid. She called to her sister to help to get some food ready and in a few minutes he was sitting before a good breakfast. He was not in all more than fifteen minutes in the house, he never spoke to the girl again, but for 20 years he continued to visit the neighborhood and inquire after her until he learned that she was married. Then he thought he was time to do something for her. His story afterwards, kept him from seeking to speak to her again, but he added, "She was the only woman I ever thought of marrying."

ANOTHER START.

He did not obtain his £5, but returned hungry again from Sir John Hay's, not by way of the cottage, but following the river and the creek, and the ferry which took him back to his own side of the river, and having, notwithstanding his lack of funds, determined to accept the proposal of taking cattle on thirds, he was driving his herd to the station when he met the brother who told him that he had sold the station for £12. With this capital life had to be begun again. The two brothers drove the cattle far afield, and on July 8, 1846, Mr. Tyson being then nearly 24 years of age, they settled upon the Murrumbidgee on land which Mr. Tyson continued to hold for the rest of his life. Their cattle thrived and the beginning was made of the fortune which has since accumulated in Mr. Tyson's hands. It was in this way, by the adventure and the dangers of civilized occupation, that the pastoral settlement of Australia was in the early days effected.

About five years later—Mr. Tyson and his brother having apparently dissolved their partnership in the meantime—gold was found in Victoria. The Bendigo diggings were opened, and Mr. Tyson began to supply the goldfields with meat. The profits made were very large, but the general anticipation was that the market would not last. Stock owners, intending to make hay while the sun shone, disposed of all their cattle, selling, but not buying. Mr. Tyson, forming a more accurate forecast of the position, believed, on the contrary, that the market would last. He kept himself informed of all the news of the diggings, and while he sold at Bendigo, he bought from the owners for ready money on the road. They, glad enough to take a fair profit, and save risk and travel, parted with their stock at a comparatively low price. He extended his operations first to the buying of cattle not only on the road, but as far north as Queensland,

and then to the buying of stations as well as stock in all parts of Australia. His stations were well stocked in animals, putting up fences, and introducing new stock. He came thus to be one of the richest and finally the largest landowner in the seven colonies. At the time of his death his freehold estate comprised more than half a million acres, and his leasehold extended over many thousands of square miles.

HAD NO USE FOR MONEY.

Having practically no use for money and spending none upon his personal requirements, his wealth accumulated to enormous proportions, and a few years before his death he was accredited with the possession of £5,000,000. His money did not interest him. He used to say of it, "I shall just leave it behind me when I go. I shall have done with it then, and it will not concern me afterwards." But, he would add, with a semi-exultant snap of his fingers, "Money is nothing. It is the little game that was the fun!" Being asked once what is the little game, he replied with an energy of concentration peculiar to him, "Fighting the desert." That was his work! I have been fighting the desert all my life and I have won! I have put water where there was no water, and beef where there were no fences, and roads where there were no roads. No cattle can undo what I have done, and millions will be happier for it after I am long dead and forgotten."

He was entirely Australian, and had no experience beyond the limits of the Australian colonies. At 71 years of age, having never had a holiday in his life, he was entertained for a time the thought of winding up his affairs and starting to see the world before he died, but finally condemned his own project as being too idle and self-indulgent.

HIS ATTITUDE TOWARDS WOMEN.

His life, except for the activity of his work, which obliged him to spend the greater part of his time in the open air, and of Australia, he formed no special friendships with men, and had the reputation of being a woman-hater. The reputation was probably no better founded than the reputation for misanthropy which he was also given. His attitude towards women, based avowedly upon a very narrow experience, was more properly to be described as indifference than hate. He thought that they needed more robustness and simplicity of body and mind. Wives generally, he held, were fond of dress and had cold temperaments, and were spiteful to other women. They seemed to him to be bred in such a way that they had their minds full of small things, and he summed it all up in the opinion that "it is a deal for husbands to bear." At the same time he described himself as one whom a woman, who had been any way kind to him, might have twisted round her finger. For which reason he thought married a wife would, he supposed, have wanted him to settle down and do as other men, and waste his time, which "would have been a pity, for my work would not have been done." He preferred to be alone, and had always considered, from first to last, single-handed. As for friendship, he would not take the time for it; he could not be wasting his days.

On questions of religion his creed was as simple and effective as his life. With theology he would not concern himself. "It ain't my business. I do what I think seriously right; I stand to take my chance; and I have no fear."

In his narrowness, his vigor, his total lack of aesthetic culture, his indifference to the use of the great financial instruments which he had created as a mere incident in his own career, but above all in his latent reserves of heroism and tenderness, he offered a remarkable specimen of the rough rock from which British character is hewn. If there had been no Englishmen of Mr. Tyson's stamp there would have been no British supremacy in the empire extending round the world.

COLLINGWOOD, ONT.

People of This Town Greatly Stirred Up Over the Many Cases of Recovery From Severe Heart and Nerve Troubles.

The Cure of Mr. J. Currie, the Well-Known Blacksmith Causing a Great Deal of Comment.

The little life savers have struck Collingwood, Ont. They've been greatly welcomed by the sick and suffering of that prosperous town, curing people whom other remedies failed to benefit.

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This is his story of how he was cured:

"For three years something has gone wrong with my heart. What it was I did not know, but it caused me great suffering from palpitation and shortness of breath. When I started to do anything in a hurry the trouble came on. I had to stop. During the last three years I have taken a number of different medicines for heart trouble, but nothing did me any good, until I fortunately commenced taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I got at E. R. Carpenter's drug store. Three boxes cured me, making me heart and nerve healthy and natural manner and restoring me to my former state of vigorous health. I am no longer annoyed with palpitation or shortness of breath, and can heartily say that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cannot be excelled as a medicine for all heart and nerve troubles. This is my own experience, and I recommend these pills to all who suffer as I did."

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