THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

A SHOWER of rain in June, and a fine afternoon to follow, is a combination of circumstances which, in the country, means much to the farmer, much to the gardener, much to the sportsman, much to the lover. Now if she could be sure of the weather, Vanessa would tell you how very fond she was of Reginald Brandon.

It was in the garden, from John Brandon, that Vanessa had learnt to hear Vanessa's story, but John knew no more of her than he chose to allow his friend to know.

Vanessa, blushed, beautifully to his mind, at the mention of her name, blushed still more beautifully to her own consciousness, paused for a moment speechless and confused, then, as he smiled and addressed her with the easy grace of a man of the world; she responded with the diffidence and confusion of a woman who for the first time in her life meets a man with any pretension to being her lover.

For its part lies purple in the heart of the country; the hottest excursion she ever made from the place of her birth was to a small town twenty miles distant. And yet only once, now that she has risen, John Brandon, that she is tall, "divinely tall"; as she himself, which is not far from five feet eight. But she is so exquisitely proportioned that, far from looking too tall, she would make any other woman, were one present, appear too short.

"I am afraid I startled you," says Brandon, standing at the gate of that paradise of which the Peri is inside. "May I come in and explain?"

And, without waiting for the permission which she is too embarrassed to give, he enters.

"I came to see Mr. Wentworth, but he is out, and I was told that if I would 'step down the garden,' I should find you. I rode over from L——; my name is Brandon. You may have heard your father speak of me. We were very great friends once."

Vanessa is embarrassed. She knows nothing of society nor its ways, but her innate good breeding suggests to her that it will not be complimentary to her guest to tell him that, until this moment, his name has never fallen on her ear.

"My father lives so much in his books," she says, half apologetically.

"Ah!" and there is a slight pause. "We were bosom friends at Oxford—they used to call us David and Jonathan, and afterward, we travelled together. But that is twenty years ago. Somehow we drifted apart. I don't think, though, that he will have forgotten me. It was only yesterday that I heard his name mentioned, and I felt quite sure there could not be two Ivan Wentworths, so, on the strength of that, I rode over to-day."

"Yes!"

"I dare say papa will not be very long," Vanessa says; and even while she speaks there is a sound of the crunching of gravel, and in another moment the friends of yore are face to face. There is a grasp of hands, a light in both men's eyes, as if the parting had been of twenty weeks or twenty days, instead of twenty years. Ah! those friendships made at public school and college are cemented by something stronger than laterday bonds! Men who were friends as boys are pretty sure to be friends to their dying day—unless a woman comes between them, and even then they reunite when the cause of estrangement is vanished and forgotten.

Vanessa steals away—not because she is afraid to stay, but that a sense of delicacy and shyness makes her feel de trop; as she walks off toward the house, Mr. John Brandon's eyes regretfully follow her graceful, rather stately movements.

Vanessa's way is at once to the old-fashioned, low, latticed-windowed room where she is certain of finding Susan. Susan is nurse, housekeeper, cook, groom of the chambers, friend, confidante, all in one—the loyal, delightful old friends and servants whose irreparable loss at an advanced age is mourned occasionally now in the columns of the *Times*; who used to be in almost every household, and who, in twenty years' time, will be no more than legendary ghosts; traditions remembered from the lips of forgotten things by some great-grandmother.

"Susan," says the beautiful young mistress, as she advances with quickened steps to where her nurse, spectacled and busy, sits repairing the household linen—"Susan, what do you think?"

Susan looks up over her glasses with an expression of affectionate interest.

"There is a gentleman in the garden with papa!"

And Vanessa's large dark blue eyes dilate as she recounts this extraordinary fact. Is it extraordinary enough to make Susan drop her work into her lap, cry, "Lor, my dear!" and remain for a minute, with her mouth half open, regarding her nursling.

"They were friends together at Oxford," pursues Vanessa, her excitement rather growing than decreasing; "they used to be called David and Jonathan, and they traveled together, and he heard papa's name mentioned somewhere and he knew it must be papa, and so he rode over."

"Lor', my dear!" reiterates Susan.

"Well? Do you think? What's the gentleman's name?"

Vanessa makes a thoughtful little pucker in her brow.

"He told me," she says musingly. "But I was so surprised I didn't quite catch it."

"Did he come in along of your pa?" inquires Susan, with deepest interest.

"No. That reminds me. He said some one told him to meet him down the garden. Who could it have been? It wasn't you?"

"Me, my dear!" and Susan bridles a bit. "Well, I hope I haven't forgotten my manners so far, though we don't see company, as to send a visitor off by himself to look for the lady of the house. It can't have been Hepzibah, because though she's gawk enough to have done it, she'd have been sure to run to me with her mouth wide open if she'd seen a stranger. It must have been old Peter, who's got no more manners than a pig."

"Of course I ought to have apologized," says Vanessa, rather concerned. "It was very rude and unceremonious; but he didn't seem to think anything of it, and I was so taken by surprise."

"I dare say you'll see him again, and you must tell him then," returns Susan, musingly. "But," as if struck by a sudden thought, "if he was at college with your pa, he can't be a very young gentleman."

"No," says Vanessa, musingly, "I suppose not. And yet, somehow, he did not seem old—not as old as papa by ever so much."

Susan looks up shrewdly.

"Is he a married gentleman, my dear?"

Vanessa's face falls a little.

"I don't know. I shouldn't think so," she says, cheerfully.

"Coming up the walk, [illegible] rising and [illegible] I shouldn't [illegible] hurries [illegible] to dine [illegible] people, [illegible] sir, she [illegible] fully 8 [illegible] right to dine [illegible] people present. [illegible] must be going back to [illegible]."

Vanessa departs, almost sorry [illegible] tempted to offer hospitable [illegible] stingy capabilities [illegible]

[illegible] Vanessa, obstinately, "we [illegible] for the first time."

"Why, [illegible] my dear, of course I want to see him, and I'm sure your pa wouldn't stand for a lot of ceremony with an old friend. Why, I remember [illegible] as if it was yesterday, when your pa [illegible] Oxford."

"Do, do, [illegible] take a basket," [illegible] Susan; "it wouldn't look well if the gentleman were to see you carrying one up and bring it back with you. Why, I can find twenty things to put into the basket."

It is a warm afternoon, and Vanessa is nearly three-quarters of a mile on her way to the Hall. The drive from the lodge-gates to the house is half a mile long. By the time she reaches the gardener's door she feels and looks as if she is uncomfortably warm. She does not go to the front door, but round to the window of the housekeeper's room. Inside, she sees the pretty figure of Mrs. Marter, or Mary Ann, as Susan calls her, for they are sisters.

"Why, my dear," she cries, at sight of Vanessa standing at the open window, "is that you?"

Even Susan herself has not a warmer love or admiration for the child both have been known and petted from infancy than Mrs. Marter.

"Yes," answers Vanessa, sitting on the ledge and letting herself down into the room.

"Why, how warm you are! Now, why do you go leaving about on a day fit to bring the life out of you?"

"Because something happened," says Vanessa, mysteriously. "Only think, Mary Ann, we've got company! a gentleman from London to dine and stay the night!"

"Why, whatever will you do!" cries Mrs. Marter. "I do hope now Susan's got something to give him to eat."

"There's a chicken and a hand of pork and a pudding," says Vanessa.

"Why, don't tell me that's all!" ejaculates Mary Ann, who has the strong sense of the proprieties that befits a housekeeper in a "high family."

"Yes, that's all there is, but Susan thought that perhaps you could lend something. Of course," rather loftily, "we shall return it."

"Take as much I can," cries Mary Ann, busy with her thoughts. "Now it's just lucky that Sir Bertram's coming home today and I've got something in the house. Now," commencing, "there's a fine bit of salmon—a slice off it won't be missed, and I could spare half of one of my entrays easy."

"Oh, no," interposes Vanessa; "it must only be something that we can return."

After a good deal of discussion, in which Vanessa stoutly opposes Mary Ann's generous wishes, it is settled that she will take a slice of salmon, a *mate de foie gras*, a dish of strawberries, and nothing more.

"Now then, I'll get one of the men to carry the basket down to the vicarage," says Mrs. Marter. "He'll be there as soon as you."

But Vanessa insists on carrying the treasures home herself. She is a proud young lady who does not at all like the idea of borrowing provisions from the Hall, and she feels that were any of the servants to know of this little episode, she would be lowered forever in their eyes. So, in spite of all Mary Ann can say, Vanessa hangs the basket on her arm and proceeds, half triumphant, half ashamed, on her way home. She feels as though every man, woman or child whom she may meet will know that she is carrying off the squire's property, and even the knowledge that it is to be religiously restored to the uttermost farthing, except, of course, the strawberries, does not quite console her.

What, then, is her consternation when, half-way down the drive, she perceives Sir Bertram's carriage rolling rapidly toward her! The instinct of Mother Eve to hide herself possesses her panic-stricken soul; but there is no place to give her shelter. Fain would she conceal the basket, but it is a great, big, unconcealable affair, and she wears only her close-fitting cotton frock. Her face crimsons; she looks straight in front of her as the carriage dashes past, making no acknowledgement of the salutes of the men on the box, nor glancing at the inside of the brougham to give a bow of welcome to the returning squire.

It is the first time in her life that she has ever felt the emotion of shame, and now she wishes from her heart that they had rather set bread and cheese before the stranger than descended to the ignominy of borrowing his dinner.

When the carriage has passed she breathes again; the violent beating of her heart subsides. She is still hot with a heat that even the July sun is not responsible for; but she feels that the worst is over.

Is it? To whom, then, belongs the tall commanding form just issuing from the lodge at the gates—to whom if not to the squire, Sir Bertram himself.

CHAPTER II.

He is within fifty yards of her—s e cannot turn aside or retrace her steps—a criminal detected in a heinous offence could feel more abjectly wretched and guilty than proud Vanessa. Sir Bertram, as he approaches, lifts his hat with stiff courtesy and stops to speak to her. Until this moment he has simply thought of her as the vicar's daughter; occasional playmate of his granddaughters, but, in the blushing, embarrassed girl before him, he for the first time recognises a charming and beautiful woman. And Sir Bertram, though he despises women, has a great eye for beauty, and is always willing to look upon the sex as toys, more or less expensive. He has never before been at the pains to show Vanessa any courtesy or attention beyond the civil patronage of the squire to the vicar's daughter, and how thankfully would she to-day have dispensed with his politeness.

"That basket is too heavy for you," he says; "let me take it."

At any other time Vanessa would have been struck dumb by such condescension—now it only adds to her agony. She stands blushing and stammering, but holding fast to her burden. Enviable in her eyes would have seemed the Spartan boy who possessed a cloak wherewith to conceal his shame and his sufferings. But Sir Bertram, in his irresistible, autocratic way, lays his hand upon the basket and takes it from her. The most absent of men could scarcely fail to perceive Vanessa's confusion, and Sir Bertram has the eye of a lynx. He is pretty sure that her embarrassment is in some way connected with the basket. Is she carrying off some of his peaches? Doubtless; since the beginning of the world her sex have been fruit-stealers. Once of the lodge-keeper's boys is within hail. Sir Bertram summons him by a gesture.

"Carry that to the vicarage *carefully*," he says, and the lad departs, holding it with ostentatious care, as though it were a cup brimful of liquid.

Now that the possibility of the squire seeing the contents is removed, Vanessa breathes more freely, but there is something forced and unnatural in her manner which does not escape her companion.

"I have come down London-to-day," he says, affably, turning to walk with her. "I saw your friends Mabel and Edith last night."

"Are they quite well? I suppose they are enjoying the season very much," hazards Vanessa.

"The boy is out of sight now, thank heaven!

"As much as your sex always enjoy excitement and dissipation," replies Sir Bertram. He is surprised to find himself talking to her as though she were a woman of the world. "I have no doubt you," looking specially at her, "would think yourself in paradise if you could have a glimpse of town and society."

Vanessa turns her beautiful eyes to him with a quite solemn look.

"I think I should," she says, and sighs, as she not had dreams and cravings after pleasure and society and the good things of the world!

"Some day perhaps it may be your turn," he says, briskly.

She makes no answer to this impossible speech.

[illegible] takes in her company [illegible] himself more impressed [illegible] beauty.

[illegible] her face, with an approach to [illegible] which Vanessa had [illegible] "I hope [illegible] my [illegible] will not [illegible]

[illegible] Vanessa, with unaccustomed quickness, [illegible] back her chair, and she, more red than ever, leaves the room. It is with considerable chagrin that Mrs. Brandon, on being roused by his boot into the dining-room, finds only two covers laid. All the time that he has been talking to the vicar his eyes have furtively been making the tour of a chair in the distance, and, though the conversation has been interesting enough, he has been somewhat anxious for the dinner-hour, when he should see and speak to that shy, beautiful creature again.

"I hope I have not driven Miss Wentworth away," he says to the vicar, with an intonation of disappointment that shrewd Susan, mistressful of Hepzibah, has elected to wait at dinner, thinking only of her master's honor and glory, and nothing of her own dignity.

"Where is my daughter?" asks Mr. Wentworth, looking inquiringly at Susan.

"Miss Wentworth is rather feeling the heat, sir, replies that excellent woman mendaciously. "She asks to be excused from dining tonight."

The vicar's face, as he doot and one of the gardeners from the Hall appears with the squire's offerings and his polite message.

As Susan says, with more emphasis than originality, you might have knocked her down with a feather, so great was her surprise at suddenly missing from the the railroad, the *Star* determined to see him and get a confirmation of the story afloat as to the cure of Pink Pills. On seeing Mr. Moss and getting the story from him, we found that his story was even more astonishing than the one which had been going the local rounds. Mr. Moss had not only been troubled with rheumatism, but sciatica of a most painful type, and had also been afflicted with bronchitis, which he had come to regard as chronic.

THE PATIENT'S STORY.

"What you have heard is quite true," said Mr. Moss in reply to our query, "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with wonderful results. For years I had been a sufferer from rheumatism and bronchitis, and had come to look upon both as chronic. Last spring I met with further trouble, when I had the misfortune to be afflicted with a severe attack of sciatica. I became so bad that I was laid up, and for some weeks was unable even to move. Many of the men on the line can tell you of the condition I was in. There was an accident on the road and I had to be carried to a hand car that I might be brought to the scene of the occurrence, in order that a proper report might be made to the railway authorities. I believe I would still have been helpless in my house, or perhaps with the silent majority, if a friend had not told me of the great merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and urged me to try them. All other remedies had failed, physicians were entirely unable to cure me, and I had given them up in despair. You can imagine the despondent condition I was in when Mr. Rainey, of Grand Valley, mentioned Pink Pills to me. I had little hope that they would benefit me, but drowning men clutch at straws, and that was my frame of mind when I purchased the first supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had not used the Pink Pills long when I began to find relief, and this naturally made me hopeful, and I persevered in their use until the cure was complete. The change wrought in me by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is as delightful as it is marvellous, and for the first time in years I find myself free from pain. I was weak, helpless and hopeless—doctors and other remedies had done me no good, but Pink Pills have restored me to health and strength. The sciatica disappeared, the rheumatism went with it, but stranger still, I am cured of the bronchitis I had come to regard as incurable. I say stranger still, because I notice in the list of ailments for which Dr. Williams' claims his remedy beneficial, bronchitis is not mentioned, and this forces me to the conclusion that Pink Pills have even more marvellous properties than they have been credited with. My case seems almost incredible but there are so many here who are witnesses of my cure that even the most sceptical must be convinced, and I firmly believe that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure any trouble with which man is afflicted. This may seem to be enthusiasm, but I have the right to be enthusiastic after what they have done for me, and I strongly urge those afflicted with sickness of any kind to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—the greatest of modern medicines."

Mr. Moss' narrative was certainly of absorbing interest, particularly as the reporter knew he was not a man who would exaggerate facts.

The story of the case was corroborated by many neighbors, among them Mr. Wm. Lomas, who had assisted in carrying Mr. Moss to the hand-car when taken to the scene of accident above mentioned and also Mr. Buchanan, the popular C. P. R. agent. The reporter returned to Grand Valley fully satisfied as to the great curative properties of Dr. William's wonderful discovery.

The *Star* interviewed the druggists of Grand Valley, and had the same answer from all, Pink Pills are the best selling and most popular remedy in their stores, and the sales are constantly increasing. Mr. Erskine, of Dr. Hopkins' drug store, and Mr. Stuckey, of Mr. Reith's establishment, told the *Star* they were amazed at the great and growing demand for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If the remedy is as popular in other parts as it is in around Grand Valley great indeed must be the good accomplished by this famous cure.

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"You must dun Jones again to-day for that bill," said the president to his office boy. "Yes, sir," said he, by the way, Smith, who lives next door to Jones, owes us an account also." "Oh, Smith is a man of means; we can let his account stand till he gets ready to pay."

Sweet girl—Is your love for me absolutely unselfish. Adorer—Absolutely. Sweet Girl—Then I wish you'd go somewhere else to-night. Jack Hanson promised to call.

A WALDEMAR MIRACLE

A C. P. R. Man Relates His Wonderful Escape.

Relation With Rheumatism and Sciatica—Many Years Suffering Had Fallen—The Story Corroborated by Neighbors.

Grand Valley Star.

There are few people in this vicinity who do not know Mr. Thos. Moss, of Waldemar. He has been a resident of the district for many years and has given run a respectable name in the community. His acquaintance who is thoroughly reliable and who would not tell a story to gain anything or injure anyone, he is very close. This by way of protests to an interesting story the *Star* has to tell. For some time past a great deal of novel and entertaining literature has appeared in the columns of the press throughout the country, giving the particulars of cures bordering on the miraculous, in various parts of the country. Those who read these narratives must have put them down either as clever and daring romances, or come to the conclusion that truth is indeed stranger than fiction. The *Star* was curious that it did not pay much attention to the reported miraculous cures until about a month ago, when it was told that a cure quite as notable as many of those published had been wrought within a few miles of Grand Valley. The fact is that great cures, or accidents, or tragedies, when they occur hundreds of miles away—no matter how exciting or how thrilling—do not usually arouse more than a passing interest when the actors or the central figures are entirely unknown. But let something occur in one's own neighborhood analogous to that reported from a distance, and with what different feelings is the news received. We had read of miracles wrought at Trenton, London, Hamilton and other places, through the use of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills for Pale People. But we were not acquainted with the parties restored to health; we were in the enjoyment of good health ourselves, and the memory of the great things done in other sections passed from our mind. When we are told, however, that we had only to drive down to the pretty village of Waldemar to get the full particulars of a miracle as striking as many that had been reported in the newspapers, we were at once interested. We were further told that Mr. Thos. Moss was the man, who owed his restoration to health to the use of Dr. Williams' famed Pink Pills. Remembering that Mr. Moss had been laid up with rheumatism at intervals for years, and that there was a time last spring and summer when his familiar face was entirely missing from the the railroad, the *Star* determined to see him and get a confirmation of the story afloat as to the cure of Pink Pills. On seeing Mr. Moss and getting the story from him, we found that his story was even more astonishing than the one which had been going the local rounds. Mr. Moss had not only been troubled with rheumatism, but sciatica of a most painful type, and had also been afflicted with bronchitis, which he had come to regard as chronic.

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THEY FRAME

Which is the best to try, if you have Catarrh—a medicine that claims to have cured others, or a medicine that is backed by a guarantee? The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy agree to cure your Catarrh, promptly and permanently, or they'll pay you $500 in cash.

A STRANGE CONTRACT.

That Which King Charles of Roumania Has Signed.

The marriage of Princess Marie, of Edinburgh, to Prince Ferdinand, of Roumania, will take place January 10th. The principal parties to the contract are already in Coburg, and many of the royal relatives are assembled at Berlin, where the marriage is to take place. It is said that the Duke of Edinburgh, before consenting to the marriage, forced King Charles, uncle of the groom, to sign a document, in which he agreed not to interfere in the case of the death of "Carmen Sylvia," so that his daughter's accession to the throne should not be obstructed by any possible later issue of the king. King Charles signed this strange document, as he considered the wedding a political necessity.

As Jan. 10th is the anniversary of the death of the Duke of Clarence, the Queen will not be present, but will be represented by Sir Edward Malet, the British Ambassador at Berlin. The marriage is to be performed by Prince Ghika, the Russian Ambassador at Berlin. Kaiser William and King Charles will probably be the only crowned heads present, as the Czar will be represented by the Grand Dukes Vladimir and Alexis, Emperor Franz Joseph by an Archduke, and King Humbert by the Duke of Genoa.

Queen Elizabeth (Carmen Sylvia) it is believed, has vowed never to return to Bucharest, and has refused to attend the marriage. She wrote to the Prince that she never wanted to hear from him again, and has since buried herself in the lonely Castle of Neuwied.

How to Determine Distance at Sea.

The rule for determining the distance of objects seen at sea are very simple and should be known by all. Suppose that the eye of the observer is 18 feet above the level of the ocean. In that case we double 18, which gives us 36, the square root of which is 6. Therefore, the horizon lies at a distance of 6 miles when the observer sees it from an elevation of 18 feet. From a height of 36 feet (which is about that of the eye of an observer on a vessel the size of the City of Rome) we double the distance of the eye above sea level, which gives us 60, the square root of which is 7.7. Hence an object may be seen at a distance of 7.7 miles from a steamer of the size mentioned. If the depth of the part of a distant ship's hull below the horizon is known, the distance of that ship beyond the horizon is obtained in the same way. Then, suppose the depth of the part concealed to be 12 feet, then we take the square root of twice 12, or 24, giving 48; showing that the ship's distance beyond the horizon is 4.9 miles. Hence if a ship is seen with 12 feet of the hull down (that is with 12 feet of the hull invisible), the observations being taken from the deck of a steamer of the size of the "City of Rome," we may correctly infer that its distance is 4.9 miles beyond the distance of the horizon (which, by the figures alone is proved to be at a distance of 7.7 miles) We add the two of figures together and find that the incoming or outgoing vessel is 12 3-5 miles away.

Oscillation by Telephone.

The wires were crossed the other night when a *Journal* reporter tried to get a railroad office, and this conversation was heard:

He—Yes, I guess I'll be there. Say, Nan! Nan! Wait a minute. Listen. (Smack! smack! smack!) Hear that?

She—Yes.

He—Well, now, you kiss me.

She—(Smack!)

He—That's good. Good-by.

How the Tale Ended.

Guide—In this castle, gentlemen, lived the Knight Dagobert and his beautiful wife. The Knight's prowess was well——

Tourist—Oh, do spare us a long-winded story. Tell us the conclusion and that will be enough.

Guide—All right. Here is the conclusion: And now, gentlemen, as I have told you such a thrilling tale, I hope you will give me a trifle with which to drink your health.

We Should Live One Hundred Years.

We are century animals and have a perfect right to live out that period if we can. Many do so. Consumption has been killing off the flower of our youth through the centuries, but it will do so no more. Why? Because "Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil," whenever used, cures consumption and the cough and lung troubles which give rise to it. It will be like suicide to let a case of consumption in future if "Miller's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil" is within reach. In big bottles, 50c. and $1, at all drug stores.

Will Do the Square Thing.

Debtor—I have done well in business, and I have come back to clear up all the debts contracted by me. In fact, I have repented and intend henceforth to lead an honest life.

Creditor—That is good news.

Debtor—Now, what I want to know is, will you accept 20 cents on the dollar?

We Have Found

That no remedy in the market affords such prompt relief in toothache, neurgalia and rheumatism as Nerviline, and its action in cases of cramps, colic, etc., is simply marvellous. Remarking this to a physician of experience he stated that from his knowledge of the composition of Nerviline no remedy could surpass it as a family remedy, and that in every household a bottle of Nerviline should be available for emergent demands. Readers of this paper should try Nerviline.

An Infantile Pugilist.

Tommy—Say, they've a bully baby at Dinwiddie's. It's a regular prize fighter.

Dickey (incredulously)—Rats!

Tommy—Well, it's only three weeks old and it says it has put it's brother's nose out of joint already.

McCollom's Rheumatic Regellant

Is not a cure-all but is carefully prepared by W. A. McCollom, druggist, Tillsonburg, for the certain definite purpose of removing and curing rheumatism wherever located in the system. It operates with excellent effect on the kidneys, liver and blood. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists.

The Latest Man.

Harry—Who's that passing on the other side of the street?

Charley—Dear boy, you'll have to excuse me. I'm really too fatigued to look further than the middle of the street to-day.

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

Don't Forget

That to remove corns, warts, bunions in a few days, all that is required is to apply the old and well tested corn cure—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure, safe, painless. At druggists.

In the Swim.

"Yes," said the duck, waddling away with an air of importance. "I'm one of the swagger set, you know."

A Scotchman's Opinion.

"There must be a great deal of religious zeal in this town," said somebody seated on the box to the driver of a four-horse coach, "there are so many churches. But the shrewd old Scotchman said with much contempt, "It's no religious zeal ava; it's just curseedness of temper."—*Twenty-five Years of St. Andrews.*

MANITOBA.

Progress of the Prairie Province in Recent Years.

ITS RAILWAY FACILITIES.

Manitoba has now taken a place of importance among the Provinces of Confederation, and is looked to from all parts of the world and admired for the energy and enterprise of its inhabitants. Although only ten years have elapsed since the development of the resources of this fertile, rich like section of the Dominion began, today the inhabitants enjoy the comforts, conveniences and advantages of the most advanced civilization. In these few years settlers have provided themselves with comforts not attained by their forefathers after forty years of pioneer life in our Eastern Provinces. Railroads have been constructed through all parts of the Province, the C. P. R. having three lines crossing it from east to west, all of which are connected by two roads running north and south. The Northern Pacific now reaches Winnipeg, Portage la Prairie and Brandon, giving shipping facilities to a large district south and east from Brandon. The Manitoba & Northwestern main line and branches cover the northwestern portion of the Province and the Northwest Central is reaching out from Brandon to the western boundry. Towns are growing at convenient distances, each having grain elevators, shops, hotels, etc., according to the district furnishing business. The majority of Manitoba farmers have now a railway station within six miles of them, and it are are few who require to go more than ten miles to market. Those who have not had an opportunity to visit this promised land may have pictured to themselves as open, level, unbroken and uninteresting country. In this they are far from the mark and many are the expressions of surprise as the comments of passing travellers are noted. The province as a whole is a mammoth park with field and forest, hill and dale, lake, brook and river so distributed as to make an excursion over it, in the summer season, our grand panorama of beauty and interest. While broad fields are seen on every side and the furrows in many cases are a mile in length, these fields have as a centre a neat dwelling and outbuildings with a growing grove to the west and north. These groves are the ash-leafed maple which develop so rapidly from seed sown that a beautiful grove is formed after four years' growth.

The forests of spruce, of the greater extent, are found in the north on the Riding mountain. This timber is cut and floated down different streams and manufactured into lumber at many points, the greater quantity finding its way to Brandon, where millions of feet have been cut and shipped to all parts of the Province, coming into competition with Rat Portage and British Columbia pine. Poplar wood is obtainable in every portion of the Province, being found along the banks of the numerous streams. It makes good fuel and is of a nature suitable for many purposes, having been used by pioneers to construct bridges, make cart wheels, erect dwellings, etc. At present, cordwood is shipped from points on the C P. R. and N. P. throughout the Province at $2.40 and $3.50 per cord in car lots. The fuel question, however, is now practically settled, as the coal mines are being developed. The Souris mines, which are located to the southwest of the Province, one hundred and fifty miles from Brandon, have a force of men on night and day tryin to fill orders. According to arrangements made with the railways by the Local Government this coal is delivered in car lots to every station in the Province at $4 per ton, and at a less price to points nearer the mines. Hard coal, equal to the best American, is now brought to the Province from Anthracite, west of Calgary, which will soon push the American coal out of the market.

The present season has been one of great advancement, broad stretches of land being taken up, and more settlers received than any season since 1882 The crop throughout was a most satisfactory one, the greater portion of the wheat grading No. 2 hard.

It is computed that a flea can jump upward a distance equal to five hundred times its own height.

Courage is that quality of mind which makes us forget how afraid we are.

All the gold in the world, it is said could be stored in a room 24 feet square and 24 feet deep.

Altalie—How do you know he is a bachelor? Constance—Because he talked so positively about how all children should be trained.

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25 DOSES 25¢ THE GREAT COUGH CURE 25¢ 50¢ & $1.00

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SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat and Lungs. Sold by All Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

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Have you Catarrh? This Remedy will relieve and Cure you. Price 50 cents. This Injector for its successful treatment, free. Remember, Shiloh's Remedies are sold on a guarantee.

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We send the marvelous French Remedy CALTHOS Free, and a legal guarantee that CALTHOS will STOP Discharges & Emissions, CURE Spermatorrhœa, Varicocele and RESTORE Lost Vigor. *Use it and pay if satisfied.* Address, VON MOHL CO. Sole American Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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IF SO, *USE Dr. CLARK'S CATARRH CURE.* It never fails. IT CURES CATARRH IN THE HEAD THROAT AND NOSE, COLD IN THE HEAD, HAY FEVER, INFLAMED PALATE AND TONSILS, restores the sense of smell, and drives away the DULL HEADACHE experienced by all who have Catarrh. *One bottle will work wonders.* Price 50c. at Druggists. Sent by mail on receipt of price by addressing CLARK CHEMICAL CO., 186 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO.

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Can be cured by the use of

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of pure Cod Liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. A feeble stomach takes kindly to it, and its continued use adds flesh, and makes one feel strong and well.

"CAUTION"—Beware of substitutions. Procure genuine. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Belleville. Sold by all druggists. 50c. and $1.00.

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Whether troubled with PILES, INTERNAL OR INTERNAL, FISSURES, ULCERATION, ITCHING OR BLEEDING, or THE SCROTUM, or ANUS, DR. CLARK'S PILE OINTMENT gives immediate relief. In the hands of THOUSANDS it has proved perfectly invaluable. *It never fails*, even in cases of long standing. PRICE $1.00 at Druggists. Sent by mail, on receipt of price, by addressing CLARK CHEMICAL CO., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO.

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