

There's No Lottery

About a Purchase.

"SALADA"
CEYLON TEA
Is Always Rich, Delicious
and Economical.Lead Packets Only. Black and
Mixed. All Grocers.

A Brother's Error.

Seeing that they stood, the grizzly roars again on his haunches and surveyed them with fierce eyes. They were about to fly on again. A huge rock on the canyon wall rose a short distance ahead, and at the same instant only be turned by going back. But it was too late to retreat their steps. They stood, white-faced, and clasped in each other's arms, resigned to their fate, when they heard a ringing voice from the other side of the chasm.

"Come closer to the canyon—out on that projecting rock."

They saw the rock and obeyed the voice.

"Lie down! Lie down and do not fear," rang out the same confident tones.

This was the opportunity the young riflemen sought. With a rapidity that gave the explosions almost a continuous roar, Henry Kyle discharged his repeating rifle. The animal remained erect during this deadly fusillade.

As they lay down Clara looked across the abyss and saw Henry Kyle standing like a statue with his rifle to his shoulder. The grizzly came on—came so close that they imagined they could feel his hot, foetid breath in their faces. At a halloo from over the canyon the bear roared again on its haunches, and just on the brink of the wall that dropped with a sheer perpendicular fall of a thousand feet below. The rifle cracked. The bear tottered as it attempted to bring down its ponderous fore feet. The blood spurted from its mouth. It tried to cling from the angular rock; but, falling, it sent up an awful roar, and plunged into the black abyss.

"Get back!" shouted Henry Kyle. "That danger is over."

The sisters obeyed him, and with the impassable chasm between them and him, they looked at each other in silence. Alice was the first to speak.

"For myself and sister, let me thank you for this brave and most opportune act," she said, with a gracious bow.

"Opportunity it certainly was, but from my position I could hardly call it brave. I can assure you, however, that had I not been there, you would have acted in just the same way," replied Henry Kyle.

Alice was beginning to feel that they could trust the man who had thus secured them from an awful fate.

"Take this course," said Henry Kyle, pointing in the direction opposite to that from which the captain was expected. "And halt when it is dark. Before daylight you will find a friend who will take you to your father."

"But what if we take the other course?"

"I can hardly expect you to believe me when I say that if you take the other course you will be in Bouton's power again before the sun sets."

Henry Kyle shouldered his rifle and moved as if anxious to continue his march.

"We shall remain here," said Alice, "and think over what you have told us."

Henry Kyle made no reply to this. He hesitated for a moment, then raised his cap, and with a salute to the girls among the rocks. The sisters sat down in the shadow of a rock and discussed the situation. As usual, Alice had her way, but curiously enough, this way lay in the course suggested by Henry Kyle. At heart she believed that the young man wanted to befriend them.

If anything, the air seemed to grow hotter. They were on foot, and not accustomed to walk. They were hungry, and their thirst became a torture. Hand in hand they struggled on, the sharp rocks cutting their shoes, and the sun blinding their faces and hands. A short time before sunset they discovered some water in the hollow of a rock, and though it was anything but cool, they drank it and bathed their faces in it with a sense of satisfaction and relief such as they had never before experienced.

They rose to their feet and were about to resume their indefinite march when they heard the tramping of horses and the unrestrained voices of men down the hill. Their recent familiarity with danger had wonderfully increased their self-possession. Secreting themselves as well as they could, they reached a position from which they could see the slope of a mountain stretching away beneath them till lost in the distance of the valley. They saw Black Eagle and

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Most delicious delicacies
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teas—ORANGE SLICES
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PECAN WAFERS,Just arrived from New York.
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his warriors, and in that night they
saw the prisoner, Louis Kyle.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Aware that his brother Louis was a prisoner in the hands of Bouton's Indian allies, and anxious to rescue him, Henry Kyle was in search of Black Eagle's band when he so opportunely came to the rescue of Alice Blanchard and her sister. After leaving the girls he went to where his horse was grazing and rode over the hills. His object now was to reach the opposite side of the canyon, and, without forgetting his brother, to do as he could for the girl that he loved and her sister. He headed his horse for the valley, whose every surrounding was so familiar to him, and stood on the rocky rim just as the sun was setting. The horse also recognized the place and seemed anxious to go down. Giving the animal loose rein, Henry Kyle was soon galloping across the meadows and along the shore of the lake in the center of the valley. With his quick observation, he saw that there were no cattle, horses or sheep where hitherto the green expanse warned them. This struck him as strange. He urged on his horse, dashed into the grove in which the home that had ever welcomed him stood, and reined in beside the heap that marked the site of his father's house.

The stillness of death hung over grove and meadows. Every thing seemed to have flown from the trees, through which the evening breezes went sighing like a requiem. With a cry of agony Henry Kyle flung himself from his saddle and gazed wildly about him. The old home was gone, but in the rush of feelings he could not think of the house. Where were the occupants?

"Mother! Mother!" he cried, and the rocks behind the woods trembled, like the ghost of his own voice, the echo.

"Mother! Mother!"

He shouted for his father, he shouted for Nora, but only the echoes, like a mockery, replied:

"Oh, God! Oh, God!" he wailed, "this is my doing!"

His first thought was that this had been done by Indians. He looked about him, and his trained eyes soon discovered in the soft, trampled ground the impress of white men's feet.

There was not a moccasin track among them. He knelt down and read the impressions as a scholar would read a simple book, and leaping to his feet, he cried:

"Bouton has been here. Bouton came here when he left me in charge of the camp."

"Yes, Bouton has been here," shouted a voice behind him.

"Who is that?" he demanded as he clutched his rifle and tried to discover the speaker through the increasing darkness.

"Who would die for you—Kushat!"

As the Indian girl uttered her own name she sprang forward and threw her arms about Henry Kyle.

"You, Kushat!" he said, gently disengaging himself.

"Yes, and I thank the Spirit of the Mountains that you have come here."

"When was this done?" he asked, pointing to the ruin.

"Last night."

"And my mother and father?"

"They are fugitives in the mountains."

"And Nora?"

"Alas! she is a captive."

"A captive?"

"A captive in the hands of Bouton!"

"O God!"

"Yes, call upon your God, Henry Kyle, but he will not hear your cry, for his ears were closed to your father's lamentations and your mother's wailing. Your companions have done this thing yet I will not blame you. I cannot denounce the idol I have so long worshipped."

To be Continued.

About the Liver.

A lazy, slow or torpid liver influences the whole system, causing biliousness, sick headache, salivary congestion, languor and dullness. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the liver, purifies the secretions and cures all forms of liver troubles. We say so and here is the proof:

I hereby wish to thank you for the great benefit derived by me from your Burdock Blood Bitters. For three years I was troubled with liver complaint and tried everything to no purpose. I had almost given up hope, until one day I determined to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I can say now that marked improvement resulted from the use of the first bottle, and at the end of the sixth bottle I discontinued its use, being completely cured.

GEO. NICHOL, Seaford, Ont.

I can certify to the above in every particular.

W. G. McLENNAN, Seaford, Ont.

Are we not like the actor of old times, who wore his mask so long that his face took the likeness?—L. E. Landon.

"Have tried others, but like Ayer's best" is the statement made over and over again by those who testify to the benefit derived from the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Disease never had a greater enemy than this powerful blood-purifier. It makes the weak strong.

A Buda-Pesth journal notes the fact that 32,000 season tickets were sold for the millennium exposition in that city while at the last Paris exposition only 19,000 were sold.

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it.

It is the great restorer of a worn-out brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

The wool clip of Robert Taylor, of Casper, Wyo., for the present year is 150,000 pounds. Mr. Taylor is believed to be the largest individual wool grower in the United States.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles! SYMPTOMS—Moisture, intense itching and stinging, mostly at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue, tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Eswayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, 50 cents. Dr. Eswayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Nations, like individuals, are powerful in the degree that they command the sympathies of their neighbors.—Bovee.

Mrs. Seleste Coon, Syracuse, N.Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmentier's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose without distressing me in the least." These pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

Epoch Arden Up to Date.

Moritz, Waalburg's Wife Marries a
Second Time.Second Husband Dies, and the First
One, Now Well-to-Do Finds His
Wife Destitute.

New York, July 23.—Esther Rosenberg was a ship of a girl when, twenty years ago, she was married to Moritz Waalburg, a stalwart young tanner's assistant. The honeymoon had hardly passed when the young bridegroom met reverses which reduced him to poverty. The five years that followed were one long struggle for existence on the part of the young people. Two children were born to them, and shortly after the birth of the second the father emigrated to America. He left his devoted wife with the assurance that he would send for her and the children as soon as he was able. Two years passed and the anxious wife had heard nothing from her husband. Then she, too, came to America with friends in hope of learning something of him.

No trace of Waalburg, however, was to be found, and, disheartened, the little woman, with her children, settled among the people of her own race in New York, and, with her needle, eked out a precarious existence for herself and babes.

Eventually she went to Brownsville, L. I. There she met Simon Rosenberg, a widower, who kept a small tailor shop at No. 471 Watkins street. Rosenberg was a Jew, with the dark-faced Mrs. Waalburg, and the two were married—the woman believing her former husband dead. One child was born of this marriage.

About three years ago Rosenberg died, and his widow essayed to continue his business. She failed, however, and the little shop was sold out for a mere pittance.

The little woman went back to her needle and moved to cramped apartments on the top floor of the building. Work came slowly to her, and for a long time she has been dependent for the most part on the charity of her neighbors.

She was sitting in her dull and cheerless home Sunday morning, when a knock came at the door. Opening the door, she was confronted by a tall, broad-shouldered man, with a full brown beard. There was a mutual recognition.

"Esther, is it you?" said the man, striding across the threshold and catching the trembling woman in his arms.

"Moritz!—No, no, you mock me—it is not you!" exclaimed the woman, hysterically.

But it was Moritz, sure enough, and the two-for fifteen years dead to each other—were tears of joy as they sat for hours together and talked over the time that had elapsed between their parting in New York and their reunion in the squalid Brownsville tenement.

Faithful, when he came to this country, met indifferent success. He drifted to Pittsburgh. There he secured employment on a freight boat, and by dint of frugality and economy managed to buy a third interest in a river freight business.

He continued to prosper, and is now comfortably off. He claims to have written repeatedly to Warsaw, but could never get any intimation of their whereabouts. He believed her dead, but did not marry again.

Friday he came to New York on business, and on Sunday ran to Brownsville to visit an old townsman named Michel Lackowitz, who lives on Stone avenue. Lackowitz, who knew of Mrs. Rosenberg, told Waalburg her story and expressed the belief that she might be his wife. The two went together to the Watkins street house, and the happy reunion followed.

JOSEPH WESLEY HARPER

Death of the Senior Member of the Publishing Firm of Harper Brothers.

New York, July 23.—Joseph Wesley Harper died on Tuesday at his home, No. 562 Fifth avenue, after an illness of three weeks. He had long been a sufferer from gout. Up to last year he had been the senior member of the firm of Harper Brothers, publishers.

Mr. Harper was born in Brooklyn on March 16, 1839. After a preparatory course he entered Columbia College and was graduated in 1861, the Rev. Morgan Dix being one of his classmates. In 1860 young Harper started in business, after having mastered the art preservative. He entered the firm of Harper & Brothers in 1869.

Mr. Harper's father, Joseph Wesley Harper, sen., was one of the four brothers who founded the original firm. He leaves three children, Harry P., William A. and Josephine, wife of Lieut. Fisk, of the United States navy.

AERONAUT FELL TO DEATH.

Charles Raymond, Lost His Hold and
Dropped 200 Feet.

Jersey City, July 22.—At Washington Park, N. J., there were about 40,000 excursionists from Woodbury and surrounding towns. As part of their amusement Charles Raymond, known as the "Boy Aeronaut," ascended in his balloon.

Raymond cut loose the parachute, and in his descent amused the crowd with acrobatic feats. When he was about 200 feet from the ground he lost his hold on the bar and fell to the ground. When picked up he was unconscious and doctors were hastily summoned.

The aeronaut was carried into one of the pavilions. His injuries were found to be a broken arm, dislocated knee and internal injuries. The doctors said he could not recover.

THREE TOLLGATES GO!

Relics of Old-Fogysm in Essex F
Fry to the Torch.

Windsor, Ont., July 23.—There was a popular uprising against tollgates in Essex county Tuesday night, and three of them, together with the residences of the toll-takers, were burned down. It is said to have been the work of the farmers in the vicinity, some eighteen or twenty of whom drove down without any attempt at disguise or concealment, and in an orderly way as possible turned the toll-takers out of their houses, removed the furniture to the side of the road, poured kerosene liberally over the floors and walls, and applied the torch.

The Essex tollgate was the first visited. It was burned down a few weeks ago, and had been rebuilt only a week ago. The building was said to be fire-proof, but a liberal application of kerosene removed all difficulties in that respect, and it was soon blazing merrily.

The toll-takers then drove to

Maldstone, where two men were stationed. They used a beam as a battering ram on the back of the house, and before the third stroke the occupants rushed out and took to flight. When Cherry and the other toll-takers action was taken in the case of the one at Oldcastle, but in no case was anyone injured or any damage done to furniture. There still remained one tollgate to be burned, the one at Windsor, but they did not go near it. The offense is punishable with imprisonment for life.

New York Slums.

Some Forty-Two Houses to Be
Destroyed.Fully 2,000 People Live in These
Rookeries.

Forty-two rear tenement houses in Thompson, Greenwich, Mulberry, Clark, Cherry and other slum districts have been condemned by the Board of Health and must be vacated by the tenants within five days. About 200 other tenements will be condemned soon.

Human wretchedness never dwelt in quarters squalid and more forbidding than these rear tenements. Their condition is appalling. Damp cellars, bulging walls, spaces between buildings where even ventilation is barred, living rooms where the sun's rays never enter, air that is reeking with pestilential odors—these are the agencies of death that are to be removed.

Representatives of the wealthy estates and individuals who own these hovels appeared before the health board and protested against condemnation. Their protests were disregarded. They may appeal, but probably in vain.

Over 2,000 people are serving death sentences in these houses. The rate of mortality, which averages 20 in the thousand in the whole city, shows such figures as 52, 58 and 75 in these places. The last year in 119 Mulberry street, owned by G. R. and R. A. D. Wendel. It is a four-story rear tenement of brick. The first floor is partly below the level of the yard.

Beneath is a dark, damp and badly ventilated cellar. The house is built within three feet of the depth of the lot. The rear rooms have windows which open into the air space of three feet into which the sunlight scarcely enters. The rooms are badly ventilated. The house is old, and the walls, halls and beams are in bad condition. Eight families of Italians live in these wretched quarters.

The buildings at 36 and 38 Gotham Court were strangely enough built in 1875 by Silas Wood, a Quaker merchant, with the idea of furnishing better homes for the poor. The buildings cost \$50,000, exclusive of the land.

Clark street, No. 43, the last year, 34, now owned by Bernard Golden, was built by John Wood, a brother of Silas. He had trouble with Ald. Mullins, who had built a long tenement at No. 32, now known as Mullin's Court. Mr. Wood, for revenge, put up a building that shut off the light from his neighbor's tenement. The death rate there is 22.02. It is the healthiest of the 42.—New York World.

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a line

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Sunlight
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Cleanse clothes and most everything else—with less labor and greater comfort.

Books for Wrappers For every 12 Wrappers sent to LEVER BROS., Ltd., 33, Scott St., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent.

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Watercolor Landscapes,
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AN ITCHING
HEAD

Is a source of great discomfort. It's annoying to yourself and disgusting to your friends.

Most times dandruff, scurf, or scales cause it, and these, if neglected, produce baldness. By using Hairene you can clean the scalp, relieve the itching, nourish the hair roots, and produce a vigorous growth of hair.

The Railways.

No Further O. T. R. Changes Are
Contemplated at Toronto.Sleeping Cars Can Be Manufactured
Cheaper Here Than in the
United States.

The Illinois Central has followed up the other roads in the grain rate war by cutting the existing rate of 6 and 7 cents a hundred weight to 5 cents.

The Illinois Central has severed its connection with the Vandalla. After Aug. 1 their Chicago-St. Louis trains will run on their own and the Big Four tracks.

The Chicago Railway Mail exchange after being in operation fifteen years, has been closed owing to the Postmaster-General's recent ruling that mail must be paid for.

Thomas Hay, formerly in charge of the Schreiber section of the Canadian Pacific, has been appointed general superintendent of the Ottawa division vice H. B. Spencer, resigned.

The Seaboard Air Line's cut of 40 per cent on passenger rates from New York to Atlanta will be met by the other roads. New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Richmond are in on the cut.

G. T. R. General Superintendent McGuigan says the management have made all the changes in Toronto that they contemplated. Mr. McGuigan also says that though ex-District Superintendent D. Morrice has not yet been given a new berth he will be looked after all right. Further, the general superintendent states that there is no intention on the part of the company to Americanize their staff. Some changes have been made in order to render the official force effective, but the employees of the road need not be frightened that any wholesale dismissals will take place.

American railway men cannot, as a rule, be enticed into Canada anyway as they got better salaries in the States.

Mr. C. A. Garcelon, general superintendent of the Pullman Car Company, who paid a visit to Montreal recently, is highly pleased with the sleeping cars which are being built in the Grand Trunk shops at Point St. Charles. The first car put out, the "Levi," has now been followed by the "Wyevale" and the "Lorne." The latter are both finished in walnut and vermillion wood, and are very tastefully decorated, the ceilings, which are finished in two shades of green, being especially delicate. The "Lorne" makes the third of the Pullman cars built in Montreal, and there are thirteen more in course of construction. The average cost of these cars is between \$18,000 and \$20,000 if they are manufactured in Montreal, a considerable saving on the cost of those made in the United States.

MRS. STOWE'S WILL

The Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Died
Worth \$42,000.

Hartford, Ct., July 23.—The will of Harriet Beecher Stowe has been filed for probate. It is dated Nov. 8, 1895, and is witnessed by Chas. E. Perkins, Mary Russell Perkins and Arthur Perkins. An inventory shows Mrs. Stowe's estate to be worth \$42,500.

To her son Charles is given the large silver ink-stand presented to the writer by the women of England. The silver tray and silver basket, also given to her by the women of England, are left to her two daughters, Harriet and Eliza. A gold bracelet, the gift of the Duchess of Sutherland, is bequeathed to her daughter, Georgina (now deceased), and the residue, one-third of all property is given to her son, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe, of Simsbury. The income of the remaining two-thirds is to be divided between the surviving daughters, Harriet and Eliza. By a codicil the Forest street house, which was so long the home of Mrs. Stowe, is also given to her daughters.

Paris congreles have received a blow by a law just passed in the Chamber of Deputies, punishing by a maximum of a year's imprisonment and \$100 the suppression or opening of private letters.



Make a Pie

Shorten it with Cottolene instead of lard and see what a crisp crust it will have; how delicious and wholesome it will be. Pie made with Cottolene will do a dyspeptic good. Do everybody good because it is good. There is only one secret in cooking with Cottolene—use but two-thirds as much as you would naturally use of lard. Follow this rule and Cottolene will do the rest.

Genuine is sold everywhere in tins with trade-marks. "Cottolene" and steel's head in cotton-plant wreath—on every tin. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Wellington and Ann Sts., MONTREAL.

STAG ISLAND TIME TABLE

Boat.	Leave Pt. Huron	Leave Sarnia	Arrive Island	Leave Island	Arrive Sarnia	Arrive Pt. Huron
Hiawatha.....	6:45 a.m.	6:55 a.m.	7:30 a.m.	7:50 a.m.	11:50 a.m.	12:40 p.m.
Clark.....	10:00 a.m.	10:10 a.m.	10:50 a.m.	11:10 a.m.	11:50 a.m.	12:40 p.m.
Hiawatha.....	11:30 a.m.	11:40 a.m.	12:20 p.m.	12:30 p.m.	1:30 p.m.	1:30 p.m.
Clark.....	2:00 p.m.	2:10 p.m.	2:50 p.m.	3:10 p.m.	3:50 p.m.	4:40 p.m.
Hiawatha.....	3:00 p.m.	3:10 p.m.	3:50 p.m.	4:10 p.m.	4:50 p.m.	5:40 p.m.
Clark.....	4:00 p.m.	4:10 p.m.	4:50 p.m.	5:10 p.m.	5:50 p.m.	6:40 p.m.
Hiawatha.....	5:00 p.m.	5:10 p.m.	5:50 p.m.	6:10 p.m.	6:50 p.m.	7:40 p.m.
Clark.....	6:00 p.m.	6:10 p.m.	6:50 p.m.	7:10 p.m.	7:50 p.m.	8:40 p.m.
Hiawatha.....	7:00 p.m.	7:10 p.m.	7:50 p.m.	8:10 p.m.	8:50 p.m.	9:40 p.m.
Clark.....	8:00 p.m.	8:10 p.m.	8:50 p.m.	9:10 p.m.	9:50 p.m.	10:40 p.m.

Saturday evenings Hiawatha leaves Island 7:30 p.m., and makes one extra trip; leaves Port Huron 8:30 p.m., Sarnia 9:40 p.m., arriving at Island 10:10 p.m.; leaving Island 10:10 p.m., arriving Sarnia 11 p.m., Port Huron 11:10 p.m.

SUNDAY TIME TABLE.

Boat.	Leave Pt. Huron	Leave Sarnia	Arrive Island	Leave Island	Arrive Sarnia	Arrive Pt. Huron
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Jeves' Sanitary Powder.