To a heaven far away.
Went the red rose when she died;
So I heard the white rose say,
As she swayed from side to side
In the chill october blast.
In the garden leaves fall fast—
This of roses is the last.

Said the white rose, "O, my red rose, O my rose so fair to see, When like thee I am a dead rose, Shall I in that heaven be?" O the dread October blast! In the garden leaves tail tast— This of roses is the last.

"From that heavenly place last night,
To me in a dream she came—
Stood there in the pale moonlight,
And she seemed my rose, the same."
O the chill O tober blast!
In the garden la yes fall fast—
This of roses is the last.

"Only it may be perchance,
That her leaves were redder grown,
And they seemed to thrill and dance
As by gentic breezes blown."
O the dread October blast!
In the garden leaves fall fast—
This of roses is the last.

"An I she told me, sweetly singing.
Of that heavenly place afar
Where the air with song is ringing.
Where the souls of all flowers are.
O the chill October blast!
In the garden leaves fall fast—
This of roses is the last.

And she bade me not to fail her, Not to lose my heart with fear, Not to lose my heart with fear, Seeing that the skies turned paler, With the sickness of the year— I should be beyond the blast And the leaves now failing fast In that heavenly place at last. -Philip Bourke Marston

ELEGANT TOM.

To speak of Tom Dillar in any other way than by his pseudonym of Elegant would be like speaking of Harold Hare-foot, Edwin the Fair, the Black Prince, or Louis the Debonnaire, without their distinguishing adjectives. Tom Dillar was known to his acquaintances only as Elegant Tom, and he was well en-titled to the epithet, for he was elegant in looks manners and style. He was one of those happy persons who seem to have come into the world for the sole purpose of eating the sunny side of ripe peaches. There were no deficiencies in Elegant Tom Dillar, and if one could have the ordering of his own antecedents, they could not be superior to Tom's. On the side of his father, he was connected with the best English families in the state; and, by the mother's side, he could boast of the purest Dutch descent. He inherited a large fortune from his father, and, what was much better, a healthy constitution and a handsome person. Being independent in his circumstances, he was not educated for a profession; but, being apt to learn was taught a good many accomplishments that are not generally bestowed upon American youths. He could dance much better than most professors of that elegant art, and in music he was something more than a proficient upon the guitar, the piano and the violin. Then he had a fine voice, a delicious tenor, and those who had the good fortune to hear him sing used to past of it, as though a piece of rare luck had befallen them. Tom was good-natured too, and as amiable as though it were necessary for him to conciliate the world, that his presence might not be considered an intrusion But, of all men, he was least likely to

He went abroad, and came back as amiable and unpretending as he went, but with more accomplishments than he carried away. He was invited everywhere, and he might have married any girl he chose to honor in that manner; but, as often happens in such cases, he seemed never to have been touched in his heart by any of the beautiful creatures who surrounded citizen, of the eminent firm of Ormolu There was Fanny Ormolu, the only daughter of the great auctioneer, who, they used to say, was dying for him; and it was said that her father was so fearful of the effects of Tom's indifference on his daughter's health that he was guilty of the indelicacy of offering to settle a hundred thousand dollars on him if he would marry her. But Tom had never known what it was to want money, and, like an honorable, high-minded fellow as he was, refused to sell himself, even at so high a figure, and to so beautiful a pur-

be considered de trop in the world.

They say that old Ormolu was so exasperated and indignant at Tom's refusal that he swore he would have satisfaction for the insult; and he was as good as his word. He did not challenge Tom, nor, indeed, permit him to know that he entertained any ill-will against him; for, if he had, he probably would not have been able to accomplish his purpose. Ormolu was a commercial gentleman, and his man ner of getting satisfaction was a business transaction; in fact. the old fellow did not understand any He set himself deliberately to work to ruin Tom by getting away all his money. As this would have been the severest punishment that could have been inflicted upon himself, he naturally and very sensibly imagined that he could inflict no greater wrong upon another than by making him bankrupt.

Now, Tom was no spendthrift, nor a gambler; but then he was the merest child in business matters, and had no idea about money transactions beyond drawing his dividends every six months, and contriving to make his income just meet his expenditure. Tom had often wished that his income was larger, for he had long been ambitious of owning a yacht, but was unable to indulge in that costly enjoyment; so, when his young friend, Pete Van Slicer, of the firm of Van Slicer, Son & Co., the great stockbrokers, of Wall street, one day said to him, as if accident, "Tom, how would you like to enter into a little speculation, by which you might make a hundred thousand dollars or so?" Tom opened his eyes, and eagerly replied he would like nothing better.

Pete then carelessly remarked that Bob So-and-so had made nearly double that sum a few days before, by a corner in Harlem, and that he could put Tom in the way of making at least that amount by a speculation in Pot-tawattamy Coal Stock. Tom, not being familiar with stock operations, asked how it could be done; whereupon Pete explained to him that certain parties having sold long in the stock were going to get up a corner, which would compel the shorts to buy in, and that the stock would then begin to rise, and there was no knowing where it would What Pete proposed that Tom stop. What Pete proposed that Tom should do was to buy in while it was down, and when the rise should reach its height to sell out, and pocket the profits.

"Can I rely on the rise taking place?" asked Tom, who had not a very clear notion of the nature of the transaction.

"Trust to me," replied Pete, with a knowing wink, which seemed to Tom so full of sagacity that he concluded to trust to him, and accordingly gave an order to the firm of Van Slicer, Son & Co., to purchase, for his account, about ten times as many shares of the Pottawattamy Coal Stock as he had the means to pay for, Pete undertaking to carry the stock, as he called it, for thirty days, in which time the rise was

sure to occur: Having made this little business arrangement with his Wall stree friend, Tom jumped into one of the Dry Dock stages, to go up to the ship yards and make inquiries about the cost of a yacht; and that night he dreamed of winning the Queen's cup at the Cowes regatta, and of lying in anchor at the harbor of Newport, and

other pleasant things connected with the manly sport of yachting. Tom did not know that his friend, Pete Van Slicer, was paying attention to Fanny Ormolu; and, even if he had, he could never have imagined that old Ormolu was making use of the young stockbroker to ruin his friend. But

such was the fact.

The next day Elegant Tom Dillar created a good deal of surprise among the motley throng of Jews and "lame ducks" that hover round the doors of the Stock Board in the third story of the Merchants' Exchange; and when a playful Hebrew knocked Tom's hat over his eyes, as he stood anxiously waiting to hear what Pottawattamy sold at, he was so engrossed in his new speculation that he never thought of resenting the affront. Pottawattamy went up one per cent. that day, but the next it went down ten, and the next ten more, and Tom received a brief note from Van Slicer, Son & Co informing him that he was their debtor for losses on Pottawattamy Coal Stock, in a sum that considerably exceeded his entire fortune.

A man who has never felt the actual cautery of poverty cannot have a very clear idea of what that word really means, and Tom did not, therefore feel half so badly as he ought to have done, when he had to confess to him self that he was a bankrupt.

There is nothing to be gained by going into the distressing particulars of Tom's settlement with his brokers, and therefore I will merely remark that on the very day upon which all his available property passed out of his own hands into those of Van Slicer, Son & Co., the junior member of that eminent firm was united in the holy bonds of matrimony, as the papers say to Fanny Ormolu, only daughter and so forth, of Jefferson Ormolu, Esq. our enterprising and esteemed fellow Bronze & Co.

11.

The ruin of Thomas Dillar, Esq. was complete. Wall street never witnessed a more decided cleaning out than in the case of my elegant friend. It was so smoothly and rapidly done that he was like the man who didn't know he was decapitated until he attempted to nod his head—so sharply, so adroitly, and so quickly had the blow been dealt. But it does not take long for a person to find out that he and Elegant Tom Dillar immediately began to have a "realiz ing sense of the true state of his He had nothing in the world left but his watch, and a few articles of jewelry, by which he could raise money enough to discharge the few debts he owed, and which were de manded with a rude pertinacity that he had never known before. He had to abandon the hotel in Broadway at which he had been living, and take cheap lodgings in Beekman street; and, instead of having more invitations to dine than he could accept, he suddenly found himself without any invitation at all; as to evening parties, although he had made up his mind not to go any more, he had the mortification of being cut by all his old friends and soon ceased to expect any attentions from them. Heretofore Tom had skimmed the cream of human existence; he had visited only the best circles, eaten the best dinners, drank the best wines, read the most amusing books, worn the best clothes, and had known nothing of the infelicities of human existence, except by hearsay But now his turn had come to feed on husks, and taste of hysson.

What Tom had suffered, or how he had struggled, none knew but himself, for he was too proud to complain, and, to all appearances, he was as hearted and cheerful as ever he had been in his most prosperous days. But, as the writer of these lines was one evening hurrying down Broadway, to escape from the clouds of blinding dust which a cold northwest wind was driving along the crowded avenue, he was suddenly arrested, near the corner of Canal street, by a tap on the shoulder. Turning round,

figure of speech, seedy.
"How are you?" said Tom, in
his usual elegant manner; but without waiting for a reply, he continued, "You needn't ask me how I am, for I can discern by your looks that you see how I am. I am hungry." Elegant Tem Dillar hungry!

was too much shocked by this humiliating confession from whom I had known and envied in his happier days to disguise my feelings. put my hand in my pocket to

feel for my purse.
"Thank you," said Tom, "it is very generous in you to anticipate my request. It is but a trifle that my request. It is but a trifle that I need; and I will repay you soon."

I offered him the contents of my

purse; but he would not take more than half a dollar. "At least," said I, 'allow me to treat you to a supper, since you say you are hungry.

"I will agree to that," he replied,
"upon the condition that you favor
me with your company, and allow me
to call for what I want."

Of course, I could not refuse his proposition, and, knowing what his former habits had been, I supposed he would go into some of the splendid restau-rants on Broadway, and call for such a supper as he had once been accustomed to indulge in. But, on the contrary, he led me into a very humble under-ground "Saloon," where he ordered a supper of cold meat and bread, and I could not prevail upon him to indulge in anything more.
"You know something of my his

tory," said Tom, "how I once lived, and how I left my property; but how I lived since, you do not know, and I shall not distress you by telling. "said he and he unbottoned his threadbare coat, when I saw that he had on neither vest nor shirt. "I am actually reduced to this extreme," said he, and his voice quivered as he spoke, "by trying to live honestly. Up to this very hour, until I met you, I have not stooped to beg; but now I was driven to it. I had nothing left by which I could raise a shilling, and had not tasted food to day."
"Good heavens!" said I "can this

be true? What, Elegant Tom Dillar, with all his accomplishments, his rich acquaintances, his knowledge of the world, and in a city like this, where employment is so readily obtained, re duced to starvation! It cannot be true

"But it is true," said Tom, "im possible as it may seem to you, and all because I was not brought up to a regular profession. My accomplishments were not of a kind to bring me money in an honorable way, and I made up my mind that if I could not live honorably, I would prefer not to live at all. I could easily have sold myself to unworthy or disreputable employments, or my former friends would probably have been glad to have had me sing for them, and have re-warded me by permitting me to live on their bounty, but I could no submit to such a position as that. I could never be a jack-pudding of society; and I would not disgrace my father's name by a dishonorable occupation.

As Tom spoke these words he looked more elegant in his shabby suit than ever he had done in his happier days ; and, in spite of his poverty, I could not but still admire his manly spirit and self-reliance. I actually felt poor beside him.

welcome to more.

"Because," replied Tom, "it is all I need. I think I have found a place, and after this, I shall be rich again. I wished his expectations might be realized, and, shaking his hand, I gave him my card, and begged he would send to me, if he should need any further assistance.

It was about three months after I parted from Tom in the cheap restaurant, that, as I entered the vestibule of the Astor House, I met him coming out I started back of that hotel. amazement as I saw him, for Tom was now dressed with greater splendor than I had ever before seen him; no obstrusively made up, but with an air of studied elegance that was new to him. Certainly he never looked better, nor better deserved to be called Elegant Tom Dillar. He appeared a little embarrassed when he first caught my eye, but his old manner soon re "I owe you a trifle, I think, said he; " let me pay it." And he pulled out a silk purse which seemed to be full of gold and silver, and reached me a half-dollar.

"That is the principal," said he "now do me the favor to accept this for interest;" and he took a handsome seal ring from his finger, which he put upon mine. As our initials were the same, I do not know whether he had had it cut for me or not; but, seeing my cipher on the agate, I fancied he had, and did not refuse it. I keep it among my most precious mementoes of friendship, for Tom Dillar is one of those persons whose acquaintance I regard as a feather in my cap.

IV. The reappearance of Elegant Tom Dillar in what is called society was a topic of universal conversation in rather striking peculiarity, however, fashionable circles, and once more invitations began to pour in upon him, so that he might, if he had had the capacity, have eaten three dinners day nights, between the hours of seven daily at the very best houses in town, and ten. Every place of amusement and have danced in the most brilliant in the city was ransacked in vain, durcompany that New York could afford, ing these hours, but no sign of Tom nearly every night. But a great Dillar could anywhere be found, and

he saw Elegant Tom Dillar, with his change was perceptible in Tom's man-coat buttoned closely up to his throat, ner. He was the same elegant Tom and looking uncomfortably sharp, Dillar he had ever been; faultless in serious, and, to make use of a vulgar his manner, refined in his conver-that were surmised about him. his manner, refined in his conver-sation, incredible in dress, and hand-somer, if possible, than before his retirement. "But he is so subdued in retirement. "But he is so subdued in his style," was the remark of every-body. He never danced, and when he was pressed to sing he always evaded the request by pleading a slight hoarse-There used to be a slight dash of frivolity in Tom's conversation and conduct, and he would abandon himself to all kinds of merriment; but now he was rather grave, quiet and dignified, and several ambitious young men made most melancholy attempts to form themselves upon his style. Another of his changes was that he wore his hair cut very short, and his fine classical head was improved by it. In fact, Tom's new style was infinitely more interesting, becoming and dis-tingue than his old. Certain pious ladies got their heads together, and, after discussing the matter, came to the conclusion that Tom Dillar preparing himself for the ministry. The suspicion even gave a new interest to him, and he became more than ever an object of observation. But this theory was soon exploded; for, if Tom were engaged in so pious an occupation, under whose auspices was he studying? On hearing the report, Tom smiled sarcastically, and raised his eyebrows as people do when they are both surprised and amused, but did not deny it. But, if he was not studing for the ministry, what was he doing, and how did he live? did he get his money? for it was known that Tom paid as he went, and

> These questions began to grow extremely interesting and puzzling, for the manner in which Tom had been cleaned out by his speculation in Pottawattamy Coal Stock, by his friend, Pete Van Slicer, was as notorious as his subsequent poverty and retirement from the world. All sorts of expedients were resorted to for the purpose of dis covering the secret of Tom's income but the mystery baffled the keenes investigation, and the consequence was that the wildest conceivable stories were told about him, and he was regarded with looks of suspicion, and treated with cold disdain by certain ladies who had marriageable daughters. The excitement at last reached its calenture when it was discovered that Julia Laurens, daughter of the cele brated and wealthy physician of that name, and granddaughter of old Ormolu, the auctioneer, one of the most beautiful and fascinating girls in society, had actually fallen in love with Tom, and that he had been forbidden her father's house because he refused to tell how he gained his income.

not a soul of his acquaintance could

accuse him of borrowing.

The report of this interesting cir-cumstance invested the mystery of Tom's prosperity with a romantic interest, and the excitement became absolutely furious. It was impossible to enter a house without hearing the subdiscussed, and even merchants talked about it on Change. The dif-ferent theories which were broached were highly instructive, inasmuch as they revealed the many different methods by which a man may contrive to live without labor; but it so happened that not one of them came within a thousand miles of the truth. Tom had, in fact, discovered a placer, as he termed it, which he alone knew how to work; and most discreetly did he keep his secret, until, in a luckless moment, the merest accident revealed it.

"But," said I, "why will you not allow me to lend you a larger sum than creatures, knowing but little of the you have taken? You shall be heartily world, had their own innocent surmises about Tom, the most plausible of which was that he had entered into a league with the ——; some other ladies, who had a less practical acquaintance with human possibilities, believed that he got his money by writing poems for the magazines; while others said that he gambled. But Tom's regular habits and his placidity of temper were adverse to the last supposition. The men, of course, gave shrewder guesses and one party maintained, with some plausibility, that Tom Dillar was employed as a Russian spy. The diffi-culty in this case was that he never received any foreign letters, was notor iously ignorant of political movements, and never mingled in any society where he would be likely to pick u information that would interest any the Czar of Russia. Another party maintained that he speculated in stocks; but that theory was easily knocked in the head. Tom had not been in Wall street since his specula tion in the Pottawattamy Coal Stock Some ill-natures people hinted that he was employed in circulating counter feit money; but he was closely watched, and was never known to pass off a bad He was accused of picking bill. concerning himself, except that penetrable mystery of the source of his

pockets, of buying lottery tickets, and other disreputable practices; but the strict integrity of Tom's conduct, and his perfect frankness on all subjects income, put every ungenerous sus-picion to rest. He was watched when he went from a party, or the opera, and was always found to go directly to his lodgings, and there, too, would he be found in the morning. Julia Lauren's father had employed a police officer to dodge Tom's footsteps, and discover what his haunts were; but the man could learn nothing more than

was already known. There was one about Tom's movements, which might lead to the discovery of the mystery. Nobody had seen him, except on Sun-

Julia Laurens was a spirited girl, and she loved Tom the better, perhaps, because he was the object of unjust suspicion; and her father, the doctor, was charmed by Tom's intelli gence, his gentlemanly manners, his fine taste and his amiability; and most happy would he have acknowledge him as his son-in-law, but for the mysterious silence which h observed in respect to his income. But, as Tom was resolute in his silence, the father of Julia was inexorable, and there was nothing left for them but a clandestine marriage. The lady hinted at her willingness, but Tom told her, dearly as he loved her, he would not be guilty of a dishonorable act to obtain her. He would wait a little longer, and perhaps her father would relent.

To fully appreciate Tom's noble conduct, it should be known that Julia, in addition to her expectations from he father's property, which was already large, and rapidly increasing, had property of her own, valued at fifty thousand dollars, which had been bequeathed her by an aunt. All this Tom might have had, and the woman he loved besides, but for his highminded sense of honor.

Doctor Laurens, Julia's father, was most passionate lover of music, and you were always sure of seeing him in his box at the opera, in his bright-buttoned coat, with lorgnette in hand, listening to the prima donna as though she were a patient and he anticipated

fee at the close of the performance. He was so catholic in his tastes that he could enjoy one kind of music as well as another, and, when there was no opera, and his patients would permit it, he would go to hear the minstrels, and sit through the entire perform ance. In fact, the banjo was one of the doctor's weaknesses, and there were some people who were uncharitable enough to say that negro min strelsy was much better adapted to his musical talent than the Italian opera. But that was mere scandal, of course. for the doctor had been in Europe, and brought back with him, like many

other gentlemen who go abroad,

he did not carry with him.

taste for music and the fine arts, which

There was one member of the Ethi opian band where the doctor was in the habit of going, who had completely fascinated him, which was not much to be wondered at, for he had fascinated everybody else who heard him; and when he appeared, there was sure to be an overflowing house. The name of this incomparable singer was Higgins, and his talents, as a banjo player. as a dancer, and a personator of the negro character, particularly as the negro dandy, were equal to his splen-did abilities as a singer. The doctor never failed to drop into the Ethiopian opera, as it was called, whenever this public favorite appeared, which was nearly every night, and seeing his name upon the bills for a benefit, the

Doctor resolved to go. On reaching the hall he found the house so crowded that he could not even get his nose inside, but the doorkeeper recognized him, and, wishing to gratifying so distinguished a patron of the establishment, offered to show him round by a private entrance, so that he would be near the stage, and

might retire at his leisure.

The Doctor was delighted, and put something handsome into the hand of the doorkeeper, as an acknowledgement for the hand acknowledg edgement for the favor. He got a comfortable seat near the stage, and waited with impatience the appearance of the incomparable Higgins. The sham darkey was in splendid voice, and filled the audience with ecstatic pleasure by his happy imitations of Dandy Jim. But his most brilliant performance was in the plantation break down, in which he ravished the spectators by his unparalleled heeling and toeing. In the mids of the performance, when the frenzy of the spectators was at its height, a boy in the gallery threw a piece of orange-peel on the stage, and Higgins, by an unlucky step put his foot upon it, and fell with a tremendous crash. The audience at first thought it a part of the dance, and applauded tremendously. but it was soon discovered that the poor man had met with a serious accident. He was taken up by his com

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