HERO'S LOVER.

"But, Uncle Royal, I am certain he will reform," said Hero Lewis. "He has promised me."

Uncle Royal looked down with a sort of mild, sublime pity from the height of his six feet two, upon his pretty niece, as he stroked her silky hair softly.

"My poor Hero," said he, "what is the word of a drunkard worth?"

"Oh, uncle, don't use that cruel word. Don't call him a drunkard!" cried the girl, shrinking as from a blow.

"I hardly know what other word is applicable to him, Hero. No, he will never reform. And I'd rather see you in your grave than married to a man who drinks."

"He has promised," pleaded the girl. "Uncle, ought I not to give him another chance?"

"My common sense, Hero, says No."

"I hate common sense!" flashed out Hero. "People always talk about common sense when they mean to be cold and hard and cruel. I love Harry Rivers, and I mean to marry him."

And Hero went away through the golden waving of the ears of ripening rye, her blue ribbon fluttering in the breeze.

Uncle Royal looked after her with a misgiving.

"Like all other girls," he said; "she is determined to have her own way. Well, if she will wreck herself, I can't help it."

"Do you expect Harry to-night?"

Miss Erminia Lewis was an old maid, but she was young enough at heart to sympathize in the love affairs of the sister fifteen years her junior, and she, too, had a soft spot in her heart for handsome, dissipated Harry Rivers. She spoke from the window, while Hero was leaning over the gate, a light scarlet shawl thrown across her shoulders.

"He said he would come," was the half-hesitating answer.

"It is getting late and cold," said Erminia. "Better come in to the fire. You know as well as I do that your throat isn't strong."

"I'll come in a minute," said Hero.

"They were telling me down at the Corners this afternoon," said Erminia, "that the railroad company are going to discharge him from their employ."

"To discharge him! What for?"

"For habitual intoxication. They say it is not a safe thing to employ a man—who is not always himself."

"It is a slander," cried Hero, hotly. "It is the work of some base villain who wants the post himself."

"Very probably," said Erminia, sadly. "Only Hero—don't be vexed with me, darling—but they say Harry has fallen in with that set of men from the mines, and is getting into wore habits than ever."

"Have you only evil tidings to tell me, Erminia?"

"I would that they were good, for your sake, sister! But the air is growing chill. Had you not better come in?"

"By-and-by. Don't tease me, Erminia!"

And Erminia said nothing more, sad, closing the casement, sat down to her needle-work by the light of the lamp.

At eleven o'clock she went to bed, after having ascertained, by a peep through the window, that Hero was still leaning on the gate, all alone in the autumn darkness, with red leaves raining down around her, and the melancholy cry of an owl in the distant woods lending an additional tinge of mournfulness to the night and the stillness.

No sooner did Hero perceive, by the disappearance of the light from her sister's window, that Erminia had sought her pillow, than, softly gliding through the gate, she hurried down the road, with a scarlet shawl drawn tightly over her head.

"I will not be so deceived and put off," she murmured to herself. "I will find out for myself whether he is to be trusted or not."

The Miner's Arms, at the corner of three roads, was all alight as she approached it, and from the open casements she could hear the uproarious chorus of a drinking song, and that harsh sound of boozed laughter. And lifting a trail of scarlet-leaved woodbines, which formed a natural curtain to one of the windows, Hero Lewis peeped in.

With a chill sensation of despair she saw Harry Rivers arise, staggering to his feet with a brimming glass in his hand and propose some toast, which was received with noisy applause. Hero did not wait to hear more. Dropping the woodbines once more, she hurried away with a white face.

"God help me!" she murmured. "For the idol whom I worshipped has fallen to the ground!"

Just at that moment the far-off whistle of a train smote through the silence of the night—a sudden, ghastly possibility took possession of Hero's heart.

"The midnight express!" she muttered to herself. "And he dead drunk in that barroom!"

Hurrying down a steep ravine, heedless of cruelly piercing thorns that rent her dress and drew blood from her tender skin, she sprang like a wild deer down the declivity, scarcely ever pausing for breath until she had reached the iron track in the valley below, where a side-rail marked the intersecting course of a little freight road that led away toward the north. At 6 every morning and evening the freight train passed over the road-bed, and it was among Harry Rivers' most important duties to turn the switch that connected this branch road with the main track, after the freight train had gone by.

Had he remembered to do so to-night? Or was the express from the west now sweeping onward to certain death and destruction?

Hero knelt to feel of the track. The switch had not been altered since the freigt train came up at 6 o'clock.

A chill dew beaded her forehead; a sinking sensation struck to her heart. Were she gifted with the flying footsteps of Mercury's self she could not get to the Miner's Arms in time to avert the impending catastrophe. And even supposing that she could, was Harry Rivers in a condition to comprehend what was said to him?

Suddenly a gleam of hope shot athwart her brain. She knew where the switch key was kept—she remembered having seen Harry slip it under a projecting ledge of rock upon a sort of natural shelf, just beyond where she stood. What if she should attempt to save the lives of the doomed passengers every instant coming nearer to their fate? Snatching the key from its resting-place, she stooped in the faint starlight now beginning to glimmer through the breaking clouds, and strove with every force of her weak woman's strength to move the iron rails.

God be thanked! they stirred—they grated in their sockets—and, even at the moment in which the fevered eye of the approaching express train blazed in the foggy distance, Hero dragged the switch into its proper place.

Yet even then she could scarcely believe that it was flight, as she leaned panting against the rocks until with a shriek, the train swept by, and darkness and silence again settled down over all.

Hero Lewis neither fainted nor wept. She was not of the material that shrieks and swooners are made of. She knew that she had saved lives upon that express train; she knew that she had averted a great crime from Harry Rivers' soul, and that was enough for her.

As she climbed the hillside a few minutes later, she met Harry Rivers staggering down the road. She stopped him peremptorily.

"Harry, where are you going?"

"Don't get in my way, lass, for Heaven's sake," he cried, in a thick, uncertain voice. "It's the midnight express. I—I ain't quite certain about the switch."

"The midnight express passed by fifteen or twenty minutes ago," said Hero, firmly. "I heard the whistle!"

"The God have mercy on my soul!" cried Rivers, fairly sobered at last by the shock.

"You need have no fears," said Hero coldly. "I was there. I turned the switch!"

"You!"

"Yes, I. I knew where the key was kept."

"Hero!" cried Rivers, with a strong sob in his throat, "You are my guardian angel! Hero, you are a woman among a thousand. Kiss me, my darling!"

"Never again, Harry Rivers! This night has opened my eyes. Hereafter we are the merest strangers to one another."

The next day his formal dismissal from the service of the railway company came, and he accepted it without a protest.

As for Hero, she never saw him again.

But always within the depths of her own soul she kept the secret of the Midnight Express Train.

Brown's Little Joke.

—"Why, Brown, how short your coat is," said Jones cordially to his friend Brown, who wittily replied: "Yes; but it will be long enough before I get another." Some men spend so much for medicines that neither heal nor help them, that new clothes is with them like angels' visits—few and far between. Internal fevers, weakness of the lungs, shortness of breath and lingering coughs soon yield to the magic influence of that royal remedy, Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

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

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—Among the many remedies used for the cure of coughs and colds, none more speedily gains the confidence of the sufferer than "Hallamore's Expectorant." For hoarseness and bronchitis its rapid effect is surprising, in private sale during 25 years it has gained for itself an enviable reputation and produced wonderful results. In 25 cent bottles at all druggists. edx

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

—Mrs. Capt. Norman of Millbridge, Ontario, writes, Aug. 17, 1871: "Allen's Lung Balsam cured my son of a severe attack of congestion of the lungs. He took no other medicines. The Balsam acted wonderfully, taking away the fever, at once operating on the bowels, and sending matter up from off the lungs, in appearance dreadful beyond expression. There are several others who reside in this neighborhood, and have been cured by Allen's Lung Balsam, who would give certificate if asked." 36

—A. S. Smith, the hat manufacturer, has received the style of silk hat for spring both in American and English, in which he is prepared to fill orders either in the easy fitting wire brim or the regular solid brim. Ask your hatter for the wire brim hat in best quality. edx

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

Public Notice.

—All testimonials in favor of Hallamore's Expectorant are from well known residents of Toronto. Mr. S. J. Willcock, 129 Spadina avenue, says: "I have used Hallamore's Expectorant for coughs and colds for fifteen years, and would not be without it. It never fails to cure me." edx

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

—Mr. Richard Binks, a prominent Montreal druggist, writes: "I take pleasure in testifying to the general satisfaction the new perfume, the "Lotus of the Nile," is giving. My lady customers are delighted with it, and where a delicate and truly elegant perfume is desired I unhesitatingly recommend the "Lotus of the Nile." 36

It Acts Like a Charm.

—Ex-Ald. George Evans, 419 Queen street west, testifies to the efficacy of "Hallamore's Expectorant" as follows: "It is undoubtedly far superior to all other advertised remedies for coughs and colds, especially in the case of children, with whom it acts like a charm." edx

The First Clear.

From the St. Paul Globe.

The first smoke don't last as long as a case of sea sickness, but while it does last it is original and unique. The new smoker is no judge of cigars. He invariably takes a strong one. He goes a good deal by the box in which he finds the cigars. If a cigar has a fancy paper ring about it he will take it at any price. If he lives he will know better. Out on the shady side of the barn he takes himself and his cigar. He is afraid that some one will molest him. He lights the cigar, and holding it in the most awkward manner between his fingers puffs and expectorates. It seems manly to smoke, and he pictures himself narrating to his chums how well he handled himself and his first cigar. The sensation is not at all pleasant. He allows longer time to elapse between his puffs, and wishes that the cigar would burn up more rapidly. The mouth has a peculiar taste, which frequent expectorations will not remove. The old familiar fence is turning green. He sees everything circle around him. He is better after a while. Flat on his back on the green sward, he looks up at the blue heavens overhead and watches the fleecy white clouds float in many directions. Dinner has no attractions for him. Candy would not tempt him to get up. He hears his name called by an elder brother. It sounds way off, as if in a dream. Nearer and nearer it comes, and finally the owner of the voice comes around the corner of the barn. He guesses the cause, for he sees the half-smoked cigar. If he is a real good boy, with a box full of Sunday school tickets, he will tell his mother, and the young smoker will be taken to the house and lectured for the rest of his boyhood days. If he is a real bad boy, one whose badness insures his living to manhood's estate, he will get his sick brother up on the hay in the old barn, and will tell a fib at the table to excuse his absence. His kindness will cost the inexperienced smoker later on many marbles, much candy, and the best of everything. He will threaten to inform their parents many times of the first smoke, and will scare the smoker into many scrapes and much trouble.

—Mr. John Magwood, Victoria Road, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure is a splendid medicine. My customers say they never used anything so effectual. Good results immediately follow its use. I know its value from personal experience, having been troubled for 9 or 10 years with dyspepsia, and since using it digestion goes on without that depressed feeling so well known to dyspeptics. I have no hesitation in recommending it in any case of indigestion, constipation, heartburn, or troubles arising from a disordered stomach."

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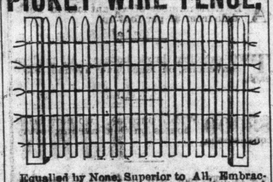
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	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
G. T. R., East	6.00	6.45	9.20	10.45
G. & Q. Ry.	8.00	6.45	8.50	10.40
G. T. R. West	8.20	3.00	12.30	7.20
N. & N. W.	6.30	4.00	10.00	3.10
T. G. & B.	6.00	3.45	11.00	5.5
Midland	6.00	3.30	12.40	9.30
C. V. R.	7.00	3.15	9.30	7.45
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
	8.00	11.30		9.00
G. W. R.	p.m.	p.m.	8.45	4.45
	2.45	9.30	10.30	7.20
				11.30
	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.	p.m.
U. S. N. Y.	6.00	2.45	8.40	
		9.45	10.50	4.50
U. S. Western States	6.00	6.50	8.30	4.40
				7.30

British mails depart as follows:
March 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 8, 10, 11, 12, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 21, 22, 24, 26, 27, 29, 31.
Mar. 1, 8, 15, 22, 29, 9 p.m. on all other days.
Time for closing English mails, 10 p.m., on Mar. 10, 17, 24, 31.