sale and Retail ealers in BRIDS

INES & LIOUORS

Yonge Street RONTO.

Pelce Island Wines

BANG. URLING TONGS. TACK HAMMER! ages of tacks in the handle

LTY CORKSCREW.

epers' Emporium. NGE STREFT,

ODGERS & SONS cket and Table

TRO-PLATED ORKS & SPOONS.

EWIS & SON ing St. E., Toronto.

DINNING

YONGE ST. TED PLACE FOR

Sugar-Cured Hams. kled Tongues, Etc., ultry and Vegeta-of the season.

TION WINE VAULTS. Restaurant. der Lane and King street, H. E. HUGHES.

K& CO. BROKERS.

e Torento Stock Exchange commission for cash or on ties dealt in on the ontreal, New York EXCHANGES. ate orders on the

Board of Trade and Provisions. ock bought for each or on

NTO STREET.

KERR. onto Stock Exchange commission Stocks, Bond rders from the country wil

TRY PASSAGES. WITH COMFORT.

rs. This accommodation rs. This accommodation is electric light and every desides the advantage of cent ship, passengers will entilation and many other oon on some ocean steam sails from New York for enstown on the 28th Aug-

ONES, General Agent, 23 YORK ST. Toronto. BENNETT.

DELAIDE ST. EAST, numerous customers that ted business at 140 Queen with prompt attention and heir Favorite Goods, she turther patronage. 4-6-2

BUTCHERS.

TTON, PORK, Beef. etc. no a Specialty.

and all large dealers

COMMUNICATION. d 15 St. Lawrence VENGEANCE EVADED.

"Robbed me, has she? We will see who laughs last in this game of hearts.

This may be your day, Martha Converse; to morrow will be mine!"

The only person who heard these words was a young girl of 18, one of the occupants of a lady's boudoir in a certain mansion which, but a few years ago, was the pride of the famous blue-grass region of Kentucky.

Estelle Hammond and Margie Storms were friends, and Margie was the young girl mentioned above.

Estelle carried off the palm as the beauty of the neighborhood.

She was beautiful, and to her youthful companion and confidante she had never appeared so dazzling as now, when she

eared so dazzling as now, when she stood in front of the sweeping mirror of her boudeir, with hands clenched and eyes flashing fire as her mad words dropped

Colonel Hammond was everywhere known and famed for his riches, hospitality and—his beautiful, but spoiled child,

"Don't forget it, Margie," Excelle went on. "To-morrow will be my day. Martha Converse, without a trace of beauty, to make him love you. I wish I held your hopes in the hollow of my hand. I'd like to crush them!"

"You will not strike openly, Estelle?"
ventured the confidante.
"Why not? I am mad enough to do it!
Yor know Marge that I love at last. I lave played with hearts long enough. I worship Carylon Morgan. I would give my hopes of eternal bliss to stand beside him at the altar. When you love as I do, Margie, you will know what passion is, but the woman who has stepped between me and the altar—this Converse girl—she has robbed me of Carylon Morgan; but she shall not keep the prize. I could take my riding whip, go to her house across the fields and cut her face to shreds!"
Margie Storms essayed a smile.

Margie Storms essayed a smile.
"Didn't he submit to the robbery?" "Yes; and that's what makes me hate him!" flashed Estelle. "Wait till I see him. If there be no hope for me, I'll creete a sensation in the blue-grass

Country."

Estelle Hammond's hot words passed the night wor Estelle Hammond's hot words passed from Margie's mind ere the night wore away, and she did not recall them when she saw the queenly woman the centre of an admiring throng of men and women, who filled the splendid Hammond mansion on the anniversary of the colonel's highlight. The wealth, beauty, and gallantry of

The wealth, beauty, and gallantry of the blue-grass region were there, and the delighted guests were already prophesying that the occasion had never been surpassed by anything of the kind in the country. The woman so cordially hated by Estelle, however, was not there.

Not one of the elegant satin invitations had penetrated Martha Converse's home across the fields."

Rufus Converse, her father, occupied a few acres of the Hammond estate, and she had not reached, in Estelle's estimation, that round of the social ladder which entitled her to become one of the favored Estelle did not know that on his way to

The person addressed was a cold, hard man, with iron gray hair and cork screw whiskers, and with that stern look in his eye which prompts a man to go elsewhere to borrow a dollar. He was stitting in his office reading the morning paper.

I cannot say here." And before Carylon Morgan could answer her, Estelle was gone.

"At the spring," he murmured, gazing strangely after her. "On the eve of my marriage with Martha. I have a clandestine meeting with the acknowledged belle of the blue-grass country. Well, my little one—the colonel's tenant, as Estelle calls you.—I will tell you all before morning," And laughing to himself, the young manleft the porch.

The person addressed was a cold, hard man, with iron gray hair and cork screw whiskers, and with that stern look in his eye which prompts a man to go elsewhere to borrow a dollar. He was stitling in his office reading the morning paper.

"Well, girl, what is it?" he replied, looking at the headlines of the Chicago grain market despatches.

"Father, Gerald has asked me to marry him, and I have accepted him."

"Yes, father, and I thought I would tell you, so it would not surprise you when he asked you for me."

"Don't worry yourself, girl. Don't worry yourself, girl. Don't worry yourself, supprised as Gerald will, my darling," and he reflectively threw his right leg over his left knee and ran bis hand carefully around the toe of his boot.

week in March.

"At the spring, is it?" said a young girl whose ears had caught the conversation on the porch. Estelle say, and how will he answer? I would like to know. There are several good hiding places at the spring and I am going to occupy one."

These words fell from the lips of Margie Storms, Estelle's confidante, and, unable to beat down the curiosity that had taken possession of her, she went for her cloak to

the wrap-room.

Before she crossed the threshold she looked back and saw Colonel Hammond and Carylon Morgan conversing together. "The colonel will keep him for awhile,"

she said, and seizing a garment that offered itself, she threw it over her shoul-

ders and passed out.

The eager girl did not notice the coat until she had left the house, and then with a start she saw that she had taken

For a moment she stopped in the path leading to the spring, and surveyed herself in the strange garb.

"If I had his hat I would make a passable Carylon Morgan!" she laughed.

"Why not go back and complete the metamorphosis? He will not hesitate to take another hat and springer start when

the estate, the spring was rather a gloomy

the vengeance of the woman you have transformed into a devil!"

Margie car. ght the gleam of the pistol barrel that was thrust forward, and in one dread second realized all.

She sprang forward, with hands uplified, and a cry welling to her lips, but the report drowned it.

There was a groan, as the false Carylon Morgan spun halway round, and when Estelle sped from the spot, with a smoking weapon in her hand, a figure lay across the path within a few feet of the sleeping water.

water.

Back toward the house by a different path fled Estelle Hammond.

She entered from the rear, crept up the steps to her boudoir, hid the revolver, surveyed her triumphant face and magnificent figure in the sweeping mirror, and then descended to the parlors.

Nobody had missed her; she had not been gone ten minutes; but in that brief time she had changed the aspect of more than one life.

than one life.

With no traces of excit-With no traces of excitement on her beautiful countenance, Estelle Hammond swept into the parlor.

The next moment she stopped, and a deathly pallor overspread her face.

A young man, catching sight of her, had come forward.

Great heavens!

Great heavens! It was Carylon Morgan!
"Your father has detained me, Estelle,"
e said. "If it is not too late we will go

to the spring together."

To the spring!

Estelle's look became a stare, and suddenly, with a wild cry, she reeled away.

"Who did I kill?" she walled. "My God! whose life has my mad jealousy brushed?" It was an hour of indescribable excite-nent. Men and women looked into each ther's eyes, and Estelle was borne to her

One man—Carylon Morgan—left the couse almost unperceived.

Five minutes later he came back with a eding and unconscious burden in his The white-faced crowd that instantly surrounded him saw his hat and coat, and shudderingly realized all.

One by one the guests took their depar-

Carylon Morgan was the last to leave.
He tarried behind until the surgeon assured him that the victim of Estelle's madness was not mortally wounded.
As for Estelle, he shuddered when he

thought of her.

She had failed, and the sceptre of belledom in the blue-grass region had by her own mad act been torn for ever from her hands.

Over the house of Hammond, from that

-Don't fill the system with quinine in effort to prevent or cure fever and ague. Ayer's Ague Cure is a far more potent preventive and remedy, with the advantage of leaving in the body no poisons to produce dizziness, deafness, headache, and other disorders. The proprietors warrant

"Fish?" asked the waiter of a country visitor at the seaside hotel. "Wall, I dunno," was the reply; "wait till I get suthin' ter eat, and then I'll talk with yer about goin' fishin'."

For a moment she stopped in the path leading to the spring, and surveyed herealf in the strange garb.

"If I had his hast I would make a passable Carylon Morgan!" she laughed.
"Will had his hast I would make a passable Carylon Morgan!" she laughed.
"Will had his hast I would make a passable Carylon Morgan!" she laughed between safely and intense about good and an opposite the real hours after eating. I was recommending it to our clay, to try Northrop & Lyman's Vegethrow Eatle into each summer again."

It was the work of a mumor again."

It was the work of a mumor

BOUND NOT TO DO IT.

Him and He Did.

From the Detroit Free Press.

The railroad passenger who leaves from any depot in Detroit must show his ticket at the gate. The idea is to keep deadads off the trains and prevent people from making mistakes, but it's a poor day when a dozen kickers don't show ap.

Yesterday moraing a man with a very, very iron jaw and lots of width between the eyes reached one of the gates with a parcel under each arm.

"Ticket, sir,"
"In my pocket."
"Show your ticket!"
"Can't you take my word that I've got

"Please show your ticket."
"Am I a ltar?" demanded the passenger.
"Ticket, sir; show your ticket."
"I'll be hanged if I do."
"All right; please stand back."
"Look a-here," said the man with the metal in his jaw, "I'll stay here a thou-sand years before I'll show my ticket at sand years before I'll show my ticket at that gate."

A dozen people laughed at him, but he let the train go out and walked around with his parcels under his arm. He got no consolation for a long two hours. Then a chap with a battered white plug hat, rundown boots and last-year's clothes slouched

"Pardner, put it thar! Both of us dead-broke. Both of us want to get out o' here. Both of us got left at the gate. Pardner, I'll toss up to see whether you pawn your red whiskers or I spout my old hat for two schooners of beer!"

The wide-eyed man laid down his bundles and kicked the other with such force that he fell flat. When he had picked up his bundles he walked straight to the gate exhibited his ticket and passed through with the remark:

'There it is—there it is! but I'll beat the conductor or die with my boots on!"

—Mrs. George Simpson, Toronto, says:

"I have suffered severely with corns, and
was unable to get relief from treatment of
any kind until I was recommended to try
Holloway's Corn Cure. After applying it
for a few days I was enabled to remove the
corn, root and branch—no pain whatever,
and no inconvenience in using it. I can
heartily recommend it to all suffering from
corns." orns.

The admirers of a Lagrange street pugilist recently presented him with a clock, and when they were placing it in position, so impressive were the surroundings that the clock put up its hands and struck two.

—Indiscretions in diet bring on dyspep-sia and irregularity of the bowels. Eat only wholesome food, and if the trouble has become permanent—as it is very prone become permanent—as it is very pror nas become permanent—as it is very prone to do—try a course of Northrop & Ly-man's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The combined effects astonish and delight the sufferer, who soon begins to digest well, regain functional regularity and improve in appetite; the blood be-comes pure, and good health is restored. The Corpse Deceives.

From the Arkansaw Traveler. The cruelty of woman's criticism sometimes goes beyond life. "Did you ever see a more natural corpse than Mrs. Podson?" asked a lady of a friend. "Such a con-

suests.

Estelle did not know that on his way to her house that very night Carylon Morgan had stopped at the Converse home to chat a few moments with Martha, and to depart with a land a promise to give her on file way back a full account of the "doings" at the Hammond mansion.

Martha Converse, gentle, though not beautiful, had won the young man's heart, which Estelle, with all the arts of a dazzling beauty, had assaulted in vain.

This discovery—accidental, but the more startling for that matter—had maddened the woman who had loved and worshipped in vain, and, ready to commit any raisifeed that would break Martha's triumph, she watched Carylon Morgan, as he moved hither, and thither among her father's guests.

At last he approached her when she was alone.

She could not speak, but stood before him where were an arrow that had gone had, whose white nails bruised her creany hands.

She was a mile on his face.

She knew what was coming; he was going to announce Martha Converse's victory,

And to her—Estelle!

"Set, sught at last," he continued, taking so a set of the volcano which was reending her heart. "Need I tell you who has expured me?!"

Thus spoke a fair young girl, about whose sweet young face there clustered a marker of the volcano which was reending her heart. "Need I tell you who has expured me?!"

The spoke a fair young girl, about whose sweet young face there clustered a marker of the volcano which was reending her heart. "Need I tell you who has expured me?!"

Thus good and the sceptification are been filted, and the sceptification are been to the right mind. When he sceptified her who was a sum of the scenario of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitions rare benefitted, while the patent medicines and other admits the heart of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitions are benefitted, while the patients presenting themselves to the regular practicions are benefitted, while the patients present greated and the section of the remedy had the soft monolight with c

Young beginners in life's morning,
Don't forget the rainy day;
Sunshine cannot last forever,
Or the heart be always gay.
Save the dime and then the dollar,
Lay up something as you roam—
Choose some blooming spot of beauty,
Some fair lot, and "plant a home."

You, too, who have babes around you, Coming up to take your place:
Give them something to remember,
Homestead memories let them trace.
Would you feel the pride of manhood,
Let the sun your dwelling greet,
Breate the blessed air of freedom,
Own the soil beneath your feet.

You, too, who perhapshave squandered Life's fair morn—'tis not too late! Start at once to woo bright Fortupe, Rail no more at 'o-called Fate, Sow the golden seeds of saving In the rich and quickening loam Spend your last days not with strangers, Enter Heaven's gate from home.

—Rev. J. McLaurin, Canadian haptist missionary to India, writes: During our stay in Canada we have used Dr. fhomas' Eclectric Oil with very great satisfaction. We are now returning to India, and would like very much to take some with us, for our own use and to give to the diseased heathen.

From the Philadelphia Call.

New York Hack Owner—I am going to discharge that new man, Mike, he is a regular thief.

Mrs. Hack Owner—Don't be hasty. Perhaps you are mistaken.
"Oh, no; I have positive proof."
"Indeed! What is it?"
"He never returns anything but the legal chance." gal change."

TORONTO RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

eparture and Arrival of Trains and at Union Station. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Departures, Main Line East 7.15 a. m.—Local for points east to Montre 8.30 a. m.—Fast express for Kingston, tawa, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, e 1 p.m.—Mixed for Kingston and interme-tic stations. to stations.
5.30 mm.—Local for Cobourg and intermete stations.
7.40 p.m.—Express for main points, Ottavanten, etc., runs daily.

Arrivals, Main Line East. 1 p.m.—Local from Cobourg.
9.15 a.m.—Express from Montreal, Ottawa and main local points.
11.30 a.m.—Fast express from Montreal, etc.
6.55 p.m.—Mixed from Kingston and intermediate stations. mediate stations. 10.30 p.m.—Express from Boston, Quebec Portland, Montreal, Ottawa, etc.

Departures, Main Line West.
7.55 s.m.—Local for all points west to De

7.55 a.m.-Mixed from Stratford and inte Departures, Great Western Division.
7.15 a.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo and ocal stations between Niagara Falls and

etc. 30 p.m.—Local stations between Toronto and Niagara Falls.

18.45 p.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, boston and all points east and west of Hamilton.

8.40 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroi 8.40 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit, Hamilton, etc.
10.15 a.m.—Express from London, St. Catharines, Hamilton, etc.
12.55 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Buffalo and all points east.
4.30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, London. etc., runs daily, 7.05 p.m.—Mail from Buffalo, Detroit, London, Hamilton and Intermediate stations.
7.25 p.m.—Express from Detroit, St. Louis,

Leave Toronto at 7.40,10.55 a.m., and 2.25 and 4.20 and 6.05 p.m. Returning leave Mimico 8.35 and 11.35 a.m., and 3.00, 4.55 and 7.25, calling at Queen's wharf, Parkdale, High park and the Humber, both going and returning. Sunday Trains, G. W. Division

Trains leaving Toronto for Hamilton at 12.2 nd arriving from Hamilton at 4.30 p.m., run n Sundays, but do not stop at intermediat 7.35 a.m.-Mixed-Blackwater and interest A. S. L.M. - MIXEG - BIRCK Water and Intermediate stations.
7 a.m. - Mail - Sutton, Midland, Orillia, Coboconk, Haliburton, Lindsay, Port Perry, Whitby, Peterboro, Lakefield, Port Hope, Madoc, Belleville, Hastings, Campbellford and intermediate stations.
4.10 p.m. - Mail - Sutton, Midland, Orillia, Coboconk, Lindsay, Port Perry, Whitby, Peterboro, Port Hope and intermediate stations. 4.55 p.m.-Mixed-Uxbridge and intermidiate stations. Arrivals, Midland Division

11.45 a.m.—Mail 9.45 a.m.—Mixed from Ux bridge and intermediate stations. 9 p.m.—Mail. 6.10 p.m.—Mixed. CANADIAN PACIFIC BAILWAY. Departures Credit Valley Section.
7.10 a.m.—St. Louis express, for all stations on main line and branches, and for Detroit, Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas city.
1.05 p.m.—Pacific express, for Galt, Woodstock, Ingersoil, St. Thomas, Detroit, Chicago, and all points west and north west,
4.50 p.m.—Local express for all points on main line, Orangeville and Elora branches. Arrivals, Credit Valley Section.

9.20 à.m.—Express from all stations on main line and branches.

3.45 p.m.—Atlantic express from Chicago and all points west and stations on main line.

7.00 p.m.—Montreal express—All stations on main line and branches. main line and branches.

Departures, Torente, Grey and Bruce Section.

9.40 a.m.—Mail for Orangeville, Owen Sound, Teeswater and all intermediate stations.

8 a.m.—Mixed from Parkdale,
5.00 p.m.—Express for Orangeville, Owen Sound and Teeswater.

Arrivals, Toronto, Grey and Bruce Sec 1.00 p.m.—Express from Owen Sound and intermediate stations,
10.30 p.m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations.
6.50 p.m.—Mixed, arrives at Parkdale. Bepartures, Ontario and Quebec Section.

9.00 a.m.—Limited express for Peterboro, Nerwood. Perth. Smith's Falls, Ottawa, Montreal, and intermediate points.

4.30 p.m.—Express for Peterboro, Norwood and all intermediate stations,

7.40 p.m.—Montreal express for Peterboro, Norwood, Perth, Smith's Falls, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec and all points east. Arrivals, Ontario and Quebec Section. 9.15 a.m.—Express from Quebec, Montreal Ottawa, Brockville, Peterboro, and inter mediate points.

10.35 a.m.—From Peterboro, Norwood and intermediate points,
10.30 p.m.—Toronto express from (same as
9.15 and intermediate points).

NORTHERN RAILWAY. Trains depart from and arrive at City hall station, stopping at Union and Brock street stations.

Bepartures.

7.45 a.m.—Mail for Muskoka wharf, Orillia, Meaford, Penetang and intermediate stations, making direct connections at Muskoka wharf with Muskoka boats.

12.00 noon—Steamboat express for Muskoka wharf, Collingwood and Meaford, making direct connections at Collingwood with steamers for Sault Ste. Marie and Port Arthur.

5.05 p.m.—Express for Collingwood, Penetang, Orillia and Barrie.

12.30 p.m.—Muskoka special express each Saurday during July and August for Muskoka wharf, connecting with steamers for Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph.

Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph.

Arrivals.

10.15 a.m.—Express from Collingwood, Orillia, Barrie and intermediate points.

1.45 p.m.—Accommodation from Meaford, Collingwood. Penetang, Muskoka wharf, Orillia, Barrie and intermediate points.

8.15 p.m.—Mail from Penetang, Muskoka, Orillia, Barrie and intermediate stations.

1.56 p.m.—Muskoka special express, Mondays enly—July and August.



CARTS. —Messrs Mitchell & Platt, druggists, London, Ont., write Dec., 1881: We have sold Dr. Thomas' Eelectric Oil since its first introduction, and we can safely say no medicine on our shelves has had a larger sale, or gives better satisfaction. We always feel safe in recommending it to our customers.

Call and inspect our Line of Carts. Finest in the City. Ladies' Carts to carry two or four.

PARK CARTS,

VILLAGE CARTS,

SARATOGA CARTS,

AND

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

res, without help. I tried several remedies without help. I tried several remedies without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S ARRAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSA-PARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public.

E. F. HARRIES."

Public. E. F. HARRIS." River St., Buckland, Mass., May 13, 1882.

Dr.J. C. Aver & Co., Lowell, Mass.



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oodrow's London Light Felt Hats. Straw Hats at Cost. Children's Straw

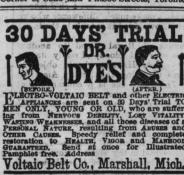
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SALT RHEUM. GEORGE ANDREWS, overseer in the Lowell carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

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(Zephyr Weight).

and Felt Hats.



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LOWEST RATES.

I will for one week deliver WOOD at fol-

lowing low prices: BEST SCRANTON COAL, ALL SIZES.

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dious Premises. KING STREET



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BREAKFAST. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradully built up until strong enough to resist every tendency: disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.

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Loss of Energy and Power, Disease of the Heart, Kidneys and Bladder. The local and constitutional Diseases of Women. Obstinate Skin Disease, and all Chrenic Medical and Surgical cases successfully treated.

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