

MACK BROS.

sale and Retail
dealers in
SERIES,

INES &
LIQUORS

Yonge Street

ONTARIO

Pelce Island Wines
Marlin's Ales.

ELTIES!

BANG,
BURLING TONGS.

TACK HAMMER!

ages of tools in the hands

LTLY CORKSCREW.

A. COLLINS,
epers' Emporium.

NGE STREET.

ODGERS & SONS'

cket and Table

TLERY.

TRO-PLATED

ORKS & SPOONS.

EWIS & SON,
ing St. E., Toronto.

1877.

DUNNING,
Y BUTCHER.

YONGE ST.

OTED PLACE FOR

Sugar-Cured Hams,
ried Congees, Etc.,

ultry and Vegeta-

of the season.

communication.

ION WINE VAULTS,

AND

Restaurant,
der Lane and King

street.

H. E. HUGHES,

K & CO.

BROKERS.

to Toronto Stock Exchange

ommision for cash or on

dealers in the

ontreal, New York

EXCHANGES,

pute orders on the

Board of Trade

and Provisions.

tock bought for cash or on

ations received.

ONTO STREET.

HERE.

unto Stock Exchange,

an Assurance Building,

commission Stocks, Bonds

orders from the country will

TRY PASSAGES.

WITH COMFORT.

Steamship Adriatic of the

sea a dining room and state-

limited number of la-

VENGEANCE TAKEN.

"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 occu-

pants of a lady's boudoir in a certain man-

sion 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 had never

appeared so dazzling as now, when she

stood in front of the sweeping mirror of

her boudoir, with hands clenched and eyes

flashing fire as her mad words dropped

from her lips.

Colonel Hammond was everywhere

known and famed for his riches, hospital-

ity and his beautiful, but spoiled child,

Estelle.

"Don't forget it, Margie," Estelle 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!

You know Margie that I love her! I

have 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, 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.

"Don't be so sure of 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

create a sensation in the blue-grass

country."

Estelle Hammond's hot words passed

from Margie's mind as the night wore

on, 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 man-

sion on the anniversary of the colonel's

VENGEANCE TAKEN.

the estate, the spring was rather a gloomy

place after dark.

It was some distance from the mansion,

but a path, easily followed, led down to its

cool and limpid waters.

Margie felt that Estelle was already

there, waiting for and eager to meet the

man who had plighted her hopes and mad-

dened her by preferring her father's tenant

to her—the heiress.

It was near midnight when Margie

reached the outermost shadow of the

stately trees, and a cold wind was awaying

the ghostly branches, through which the

pale moon peeped.

All at once a figure stepped into Margie's

path, and she started back with a sharp

click that startled her.

"So you prefer the tenant to the

heiress?" blazed a voice, which instantly

halted the newcomer. "Carylon Morgan,

whitish lips she ever blazed. Take this

the vengeance of the woman you have

transformed into a devil!"

Margie caught the gleam of the pistol

barrel that was thrust forward, and in one

breath second realized all.

She sprang forward, with hands up,

and a cry welled to her lips, but the

report drowned it.

There was a groan, as the false Carylon

Morgan spun halfway round, and when

Estelle sped from the spot, with her

weapon in her hand, a figure lay across the

path within a few feet of the sleeping

girl.

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, and

surveyed her triumphant face and magi-

ficient figure in the sweeping mirror, and

then descended to the parlor.

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.

With no traces of excitement on her

beautiful countenance, Estelle Hammond

swayed 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! It was Carylon Morgan!

"Your father has detained me, Estelle,"

he said. "If it is not too late we will go

to the spring together."

To the spring!

Estelle's face became a stare, and sud-

denly, with wild cry, she reeled away.

BOUND NOT TO DO IT.

But a Happy Meeting and Idea Struck

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 dead-

heads off the trains and prevent people

from making mistakes, but it's a poor day

when a dozen hikers don't show up.

Yesterday morning a man with a very

very iron jaw and lots of wild hair, and

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

a ticket?"

"Please show your ticket."

"Am I late?" 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

that gate."

A dozen people laughed at him, but he

let the train go out and walked around

with his parcel. After a while he got

no consolation for a long two hours. Then

a chap with a battered white plug hat, run-

down boots and last year's clothes slouch-

ed up to him, held out a greasy paw and

said:

"Partner, put it back! I got it out of

both. Both of us want to get out of

here. Both of us got lost at the gate.

Partner, I'll toss up to see whether you

Holloway's Corn cure. After applying it

for a few days I was enabled to remove the

corn, root and branch—no pain whatever.

No inconvenience in using it. I can

heartily recommend it to all suffering from

corns."

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 surround-

ings that the clock put up its hands and

struck two.

Indiscreetness in diet bring on dyspepsia

and irregularity of the bowels. Eat

only wholesome food, and if the trouble

has become permanent—as it is very prone

to do—try a course of Northon's

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.

TORONTO RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Departure and Arrival of Trains from

and at Union Station.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Departures, Main Line East.

7.15 a.m.—Local for points east to Montreal.

8.30 a.m.—Fast express for Kingston, Ot-

tawa, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, etc.

1.15 p.m.—Mixed for Kingston and inter-

mediate stations.

5.30 p.m.—Local for Cobourg and inter-

mediate stations.

7.40 p.m.—Express for main points, Ottawa,

Montreal, etc., runs daily.

Arrivals, Main Line East.

1 p.m.—Local from Cobourg.

8.15 a.m.—Express from Montreal, Ottawa

and main local points.

11.30 a.m.—Fast express from Montreal, etc.

1.15 p.m.—Mixed from Kingston and inter-

mediate stations.

5.30 p.m.—Express from Boston, Quebec,

Portland, Montreal, Ottawa, etc.

Departures, Main Line West.

7.55 a.m.—Local for all points west to De-

troit.

9 p.m.—Express for Port Huron, Detroit,

Chicago and all western points.

4.30 p.m.—For Goderich, Stratford and local

stations.

6.25 p.m.—Mixed for Stratford and inter-

mediate stations.

11.45 p.m.—Express for Sarnia and western

points; leaving for Port Huron, Detroit,

Chicago and all western points.

Arrivals, Main Line West.

7.55 a.m.—Mixed from Stratford and inter-

mediate stations.

8.10 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit,