

DUNNING,
ONLY BUTCHER,
31 YONGE ST.
NOTED PLACE FOR
of Sugar-Cured Hams,
pickled Tongues, Etc.,
country and Vegeta-
of the season-
communication.

RODGER'S & SONS'
Pocket and Table
TLERY.
METRO-PLATED
FORKS & SPOONS.
LEWIS & SON,
King St. E., Toronto.

PROF. B. W. BROWN'S
FERTILIZERS
REDUCES
COST OF LADIES
ready relief of
natural growth of
the face and
of the hair
r Destroyer. It
ens the complexion
and painless.

When he left her he smiled a bitter,
grim smile.

"I had quite forgotten the significance
of apple blossoms. 'Preference'! What
a mockery that she should give them to me
when her preference is given to another!"
So Alene stayed on for awhile with her
aunt in Elberly hall. Alene's mother was
living, but her father had long been dead,
and left them but a scanty income.

Her aunt, Mrs. Elberly, was also in
moderate circumstances, for the hall had
now a heavy mortgage upon it, and it cost
the old lady a struggle to maintain the old
place that had grown so dear to her.

So Alene was not an heiress, or even a
young lady with rich relatives, but a
girl who lived at all, she had every reason
to believe, loved her for herself alone.
And for Alene, well, she was altogether
too headless and frank even to think twice
when she fell in love.

The creature of romance, possessing the
keen love of pleasure natural to youth,
whether her lover owned bonds or estates,
would be thought of only as belonging to
that surrounding halo of circumstances
which made him a man in her eyes.

Her aunt had called Raymond Oger a
"cultivated gentleman." Again, she had
called Bob Willis a "goofish fop."

Two days after Raymond Oger's de-
parture Alene astounded her aunt by saying
she wished to go home. This announcement
set Aunt Elberly pondering many things,
for her niece usually went to prolong her
visits to the hall. Bob Willis had been
there only that afternoon, and she had
seen him going down the gravelled
walk with a remarkably crest-fallen air
for such a young braggart as she considered
him.

"He is a prodigious numskull, but his
father is worth a mint," Aunt Elberly had
said to herself.

Whatever conclusion the good lady ar-
rived at concerning the state of affairs,
she said to Alene the next morning at
breakfast.

"You see, dear, I am thinking of selling
the hall (I have had a fair offer for it), and
going to live with Mr. and Mrs. Elberly."
Boss was her daughter, married, and living
in Paris.

Alene started.

"Why, Aunt Nan, I thought you never
meant to sell the place."

"Well, Boss urges me to come, and the
care I have here is ageing me, so I think
I shall go. And, child, you may do along if
your mother can pay the expense of your
voyage there. After that, between us,
your mother and I will manage to keep
you there a season at least."

So within six weeks Alene and her aunt
were well off on the dark blue sea. It was
the month of July, a little past the popular
season for travel, yet the steamers were
still crowded, and almost the first person
they encountered on board was Mr.
Bob Willis. "Whatever 'set down' Miss
Alene had once given him, she was civil to
him now, and his esteem for the young
lady seemed in no wise lessened from the
fact that she was en route to the old
world.

One day Mr. Bob found it necessary,
from decrease of temperature, to put on
thicker coat than he had been wearing.
Leaving his stateroom hurriedly, he unconsciously
dropped from one of his pockets
some papers.

Some one, treading the passage shortly
afterwards, saw this trail of literature,
and stopping, picked them up. This
some one chanced to be Miss Alene Elberly.
One of these papers was flattened and
dust-worn.

Certainly Miss Alene knew better than
to read what did not belong to her, yet
here she was perusing with wide-open eyes
the writing on this soiled paper. First she
had been attracted because the chiro-
graphy seemed to resemble her own,
next when she saw her own name ap-
peared.

Well, since the same is there, we will
read, too.

Dear Bob—You have surprised me, yet I
confess I am not wholly displeased at your
proposal. Please call this evening, on
my return.

ALEX. ELBERLY.

This was re-written again and again all
over the sheet, each copy growing nearer
and nearer to a likeness to her own hand.
She dropped the paper and thought.
Then she looked again at the date and
drew a great sigh. It was dated May 14,
the day before Raymond Oger bade her
good-by.

Well, Alene neither faintly nor did she
face Mr. Willis with a scolding
glance of scorn or any tragic phrases.
She only left the other papers where she
had found them, retreating into her ante-
room, with the one sheet tucked tight in her
little fist. Then she set her lips, stamped
her slim foot once, and ejaculated, with
her cheeks burning bright:

"I will never, never speak to the mean
little wretch again!"

"Dear me, what sad language, Miss
Alene! Yet you said that by yourself,
and we had no right to hear."

That night Alene astonished the worthy
relative who accompanied her by asking

her if she knew Mr. Raymond Oger's
address.

"No, my dear, I do not," was the re-
ply, and with the words she laid her
over again meeting Oger's valet.

For here she was speeding away over
the Atlantic, every minute bearing her
father and father from the man she
loved and with whom she had been com-
mand by which to communicate with him.
A year would doubtless elapse before
they would return, and what things might
not happen in a year?

A few days before Alene sailed for the
Old World Raymond Oger sat upon the
balcony of his hotel in Paris, and he
had been at that city three weeks;
for, after leaving Alene, he had unex-
pectedly found it necessary to start for
France immediately on business for the
firm.

Glad was he of this means of distraction
from what had cast a gloom over all his
prospects. Not as heretofore did he enter
upon the trip with energy and interest, but
to rise from bitter disappointment.

By his side to-night sat a lady, who had
done much to brighten his voyage thither,
and his sojourn in Paris. This was the
Countess Brittole, who had been visiting
some friends among the Americans.

The Countess was poor, and owned
nothing but an owl-headed chateau away
off somewhere where she never went, but
which she cherished as the sole remnant of
the past glory of the Brittole family.

Plainly she expressed her admiration for
the "elegant young man" of the
United States, and plainly had she
shown her admiration for this particular
young man by her side.

She was a widow, and quite his own age,
to be sure; but what did "sooth things matter,"
so long as people agreed and were
happy? And then her position gave her
such rare opportunities to advantage an
ambitious man. And, unconsciously, Ray-
mond found himself listening to this
woman, and when at parting for the night,
the Countess laid in his hand a tea-spoon
she had worn in her hair, he actually caught
himself murmuring some very unflattering
sentiment.

Fifteen minutes later, as he stood alone
in his chamber, he opened his memory
and took to make an entry therein:
something felt to the floor. As he bent to
find it, he saw only a dried, crinkled bunch
of apple blossoms. Yes, he was forgetful
of everything else, gazing upon it, until at
last two tears fell plump upon the little
dead petals.

Whatever he had thought of the
Countess, she was now forgotten, and in her
place he saw a fresh, slim girl in white,
with pink cheeks and pink lips, smiling
up behind him. He had that morning
decided, his business being now properly
adjusted, to take a run over to Switzer-
land as the Countess had said she should
do. But instead, he took up his newspaper
and looked at the steamship list. Within
twenty-four hours he had engaged a state-
room on a steamer bound for New York.

A jar, a crash, a shudder, felt from stem
to stern, and Alene was wide awake in
trance. People were rushing on deck—
everybody was frantic—what had happened?

They had collided with another steamer
and their own ship was slowly filling and
sinking.

At length it was discovered that the
other vessel was comparatively uninjured,
and boats were put out and the throng of
terrified passengers were conveyed as
rapidly as possible to the other ship.

With no baggage and little clothing, just
as they had fled from their state-rooms,
they were conveyed on board the waiting
steamer, a crowd of woe-begone, frenzied,
fainting people.

Warm-hearted passengers were waiting
to receive aid, and women and children
were being taken to the hospital.

Yes, Mr. Bob had had his own share of
welcome nooks of shelter provided for them.

One gentleman, a finely-dressed fellow of
about 30—stopped at the flickering
light of the cabin fell on the face of the
young girl he held. She had not fainted,
but she was weeping hysterically, and
heeding nothing about her.

"Her gold-brown hair fell in masses over
her white wrapper, and tangled in his
hands."

He staggered against the partition for an
instant, then, controlling himself, he was
about to go on, when some one dashed
past him. He steadied himself at once.
He seemed to realize the situation.

"Ah, Mr. Willis, here is your—wife."

"My what?" he asked, looking as if the
terror of the night had been such as to
leave him prepared for anything.

"Your wife."

"Oh!—ah!—you are mistaken, sir. Ah,
I see, old friend Oger! How dye do?
How dye do?" and the next instant he
was gone.

But Alene, from the moment Oger had
spoken, ceased her weeping, and was now
staring into the face above her own with
wide-open, rapt eyes. She knew that
voice, and all fear was gone, yet she was
much overwrought still. She had heard
what Oger had said, and remembered the
note.

"His wife? Never!" she cried fiercely.
"Do you think I would ever marry such
a creature as that?"

Then the comical side of the situation
struck her, she burst into hysterical
laughter, in which Oger joined, so over-
joyed was he at the discovery he had made.

Of course it had all been a mistake; yet,
had not Bob Willis intimated he was en-
gaged to this girl, and even shown him the
note of acceptance?

Yes, Mr. Bob had done all this in order
to rid himself of a formidable rival, and he
had succeeded; but his vanity had over-
leaped itself, and he had not found the
love and beautiful Miss Elberly so much in
love with himself or his money-bags as
with her memory of the absent.

After all, in these modern days, it is re-
freshing to meet with a little sentiment,
though there are those who are totally un-
prepared for it.

They must have broken it off, thought
Oger, as he finished his promenade
with Alene.

"Will you be my wife?" he whispered,
as they sat down. And now his tone is
sober enough, goodness knows!

And for answer Alene utters her poor,
foolish, tear-stained face and hides it on
his sleeve; for between laughing and crying,
she despairs of trusting her voice.

But she does not turn upon him the
look of scorn she had sent after Bob Willis,
and the movement bespeaks some little in-
terest in his companionship that is remark-
ably satisfactory to Raymond Oger.

Not until they were all on shore, and
Mr. Willis well away from them, does
Alene enter into the explanation her lover
craves.

It is right he should know she has never
sailed herself to a man she did not
love, as Oger had been supposing all this
while.

"It is all in my mind that blows no one
good," quotes Oger, "and whether it was
you or chance that thrust our vessels
together, we might, but for that accident,
never have met to unravel this well-tangled
skein."

And alas for the Countess Brittole, who
her faint proposal, what would have been
her feeling could she have seen Oger's face
at this moment?

A few years later and Mr. and Mrs.
Oger met her.

"Still a very attractive woman—for the

Countess would be charming—she had
succeeded in capturing a rich English
banker—a widower of 50, with seven robust
sons and daughters, ranging from 5 to 15.
But doubtless they agreed and were
happy."

What furniture can give such finish
to a room as a tender woman's face," asks
George Elliott. "Not say, we are happy to
answer, provided the giver is healthy and
the receiver is appreciative."

The pale,
anxious, bloodless face of the consumptive,
or the evident suffering of the dyspeptic,
induce feelings of sorrow and grief on our
part and compel us to tell them of Dr.
Elliott's "Golden Medical Discovery," the
sovereign remedy for consumption and
other diseases of the respiratory system as
well as dyspepsia and other digestive
troubles. Send everywhere.

A Good Season for Widows.
Newspaper society gossip affirms that
this is an exceptionally good season for young
widows. The fashionable watering places
are showing a better, brighter and gay-
er number of bereaved coquettes than for
many years. In their tasteful costumes of
many black materials, with enticing folds
and trimmings of black and white, their charm-
ingly little rise brown waists with fluffy
collars of Brussels net, or black straw poke
with their cool sleeves and gartered, "Bent
or white illusion, and their comfortable
preference for retired, flirtation plaza
places, they completely eclipse the giddy
girls of white flannel, lawn tennis, canvas
shoe and calloused hand afflictions.—St.
Louis Democrat.

—Mrs. George Stimpson, Toronto, says:
"I have suffered severely with cornea, and
was unable to get relief from treatment of
any kind until I was recommended to try
Raymond's Corn Cure. After applying it
for a few days it was so effective in re-
moving the corn, root and branch, no pain whatever,
and no inconvenience in using it. I can
heartily recommend it to all suffering from
corns."

Royal Breath.
Kaiser William and Kaiser Franz kissed
each other at parting, a few days ago.
After the occasion, Kaiser William
turned aside his head, wiped his mouth
with his coat sleeve and murmured, "Bent
and Limburger," while Kaiser Franz made
a wry face, expectorated, and murmured,
"Bill's been eating onions."

The Majesty of the Law.
From the New York Sun.

"Can you get a whisky cocktail this morn-
ing?" asked a stranger, as he entered a
Chatham street restaurant and bar last
Sunday.

"No, sir; it's against the law to sell
liquor on Sunday. Just take a seat at
that table. He has waiter, bring a Ken-
ucky breakfast for me."

—It is a remarkable fact that Dr.
Thomas' Electric Oil is as good for in-
ternal as external use. For disease of the
lungs and throat, and for rheumatism, neural-
gia, cramp, colic, and indigestion, it is the
most tried and best known remedy, and much
trouble is saved by having it always on hand.

Jacob Lockman, Buffalo, says he has
been using it for rheumatism. He had
such a lame back that he could do nothing;
but one bottle entirely cured him.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is designed for
those who need a medicine to purify their
blood, strengthen their system, and rejuv-
enate their whole system. No other prepara-
tion so well meets this want. It touches the exact spot.
Its record of forty years is one of constant
triumph over disease.

It is in good taste to have a bouquet of
flowers with one's card when calling.

A married woman, having made a name,
gives up her name for a new one.

—What Toronto's well-known good
samaritan says: "I have been troubled
with dyspepsia and liver complaint for
over 20 years and have tried many
remedies, but never found an article that
has done me as much good as Northrop
& Lyman's Vegetable Compound Dys-
pepsia Cure." CLARA E. PORTER.

Steel tumors prevail largely among
novelists.

Black lace flounces are worn again over
white silk dresses.

—Don't fill the system with quinine in
effort to prevent or cure fever and ague.
Ayer's Cure is a far more potent
and effective remedy, with the advan-
tage of leaving the body no poisonous
residue. It cures biliousness, indiges-
tion, dizziness, deafness, headache, and
other disorders. The proprietors warrant it.

Boston's Ten Cent Dispensary.
Cor. New Orleans Times Democrat.

The Dispensary, which I fancy is al-
most indigenous to Boston, of going out on
the open street cars for pleasure. Now,
you must know the Boston street car has
the New England energy and enlightenment.
It is clean and bright and swift. There
is a peculiar, long, easy swing to the motion
on the first two front seats of the open
street car that is far more pleasant than
carriage driving. For the carriage must
rattle over rough stones on most of the
streets, where the car has the smooth
track, and after 6 in the evening you will
see every outlying line of street cars in
Boston loaded with people who are merely
out for a drive to the end of the line and
back. The car lines to Brookline, Jamaica
Plain and Dorchester Heights are the favorite
lines on which the passengers have
from four to five miles of this rapid motion
and cool breeze for five cents, and then the
same distance returning for a like sum.

—Great results are speedily accom-
plished by the leading alternative, Northrop
& Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dys-
pepsia Cure. Indigestion, constipation gives place
to regularity of the bowels in conse-
quence of taking it. Ladies suffering from com-
plaints peculiar to their sex experience
long waited relief from it, and im-
purities in the circulation no longer
trouble those who have sought this re-
medy. Give it a trial and you will not regret it.

Give Us a Rest.
No, we don't want any jokes about
book agents, lightning rod men, or girls
wanting ice cream, or the size of Chicago
girl's feet, or the old man and the back
garden gate, or Boston baked beans;
there have been so continually on duty
that they cannot stand alone now and
ought to have a rest as a reward for long
and faithful service.—Boston Bulletin.

Let the Prince be Thankful.
From the Bohemian Independent.

So long as Wales adheres to the pro-
gramme he has laid down, he will be
entitled to the support of this journal,
and he shall have it.

—If your children are troubled with
worms, give them Mother Gray's Worm
Expeller; safe, sure, and effectual.
Give it a trial and be convinced.

TORONTO RAILWAY TIME TABLE.
Departure and Arrival of Trains from
and at Union Stations.
GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
Departure, Main Line East.
7.15 a. m.—Local for points east to Montreal,
Ottawa, and other points.
8.30 a. m.—Fast express for Kingston, Ot-
tawa, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, etc.
11 p. m.—Mixed for Kingston and interme-
diate stations.
1.40 p. m.—Local for Cobourg and interme-
diate stations.
2.40 p. m.—Local for main line and other
points.
3.30 p. m.—Express from Montreal, Ottawa,
and other points.
4.45 p. m.—Mixed from Kingston and inter-
mediate stations.
5.30 p. m.—Express from Boston, Quebec,
Portland, Montreal, Ottawa, etc.
Departure, Main Line West.
7.55 a. m.—Local for all points west to De-
troit.
8.30 p. m.—Express for Port Huron, Detroit,
Chicago, and other points.
4.00 p. m.—For Goderich, Stratford and local
points.
6.35 p. m.—Mixed for Stratford and interme-
diate points.
7.55 a. m.—Mixed from Stratford and inter-
mediate points.
8.15 a. m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit,
Port Huron, and all western points.
7.10 p. m.—Express from Stratford, Goderich, etc.
11.15 p. m.—Local from London, Stratford, etc.
Departure, Great Western Division.
8.15 a. m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo and
local stations between Niagara Falls and
Windsor.
8.30 a. m.—For Detroit, St. Louis and points
in the southwest.
12.15 p. m.—For Detroit, Chicago and the
west and all points east from Hamilton; runs
daily, except on Sundays.
3.30 p. m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New
York, Boston and local stations between Ham-
ilton and London, and Stratford, St. Thomas,
etc.
6.30 p. m.—Local stations between Toronto
and Niagara Falls.
7.15 p. m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New
York, Boston and all points east and west of
Hamilton.
8.40 a. m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit,
and other points.
10.15 a. m.—Express from London, St. Cathar-
ines, Hamilton, etc.
12.15 p. m.—Express from New York, Boston,
Buffalo and all points east.
3.30 p. m.—Express for Detroit, Chicago, New
York, Boston, and other points.
7.00 p. m.—Express from Buffalo, Detroit, Lon-
don, Hamilton and intermediate stations.
7.45 p. m.—Express from Detroit, St. Louis,
etc.
10.55 p. m.—Local from London and inter-
mediate stations.
11.45 p. m.—Express from Montreal and interme-
diate stations.
Suburban Trains, Great Western Division.
Leave Toronto at 7.10, 10.55 a. m., and 2.55 and
7.55 p. m.
Returning leave Mimico 8.30 and 11.35 a. m.,
and 6.45 and 9.45 p. m., calling at Queen's
Wharf, Parkdale, High Park and the Hubber,
both going and returning.
Sundays from Toronto to W. Division.
Trains leaving Toronto for Hamilton at 12.30
and arriving from Hamilton at 4.30 p. m., run
on Sundays, but do not stop at intermediate
stations.

Departure, Midland Division.
7.30 a. m.—Mixed, Black Water and interme-
diate stations.
Sutton, Midland, Orlita, Co-
bock, Hamilton, Lindsay, Port Perry,
Whitby, and other points between Ham-
ilton, Midland, Hastings, Campbellford and in-
termediate stations.
6.10 p. m.—Mail—Sutton, Midland, Orlita,
Cobocock, Lindsay, Port Perry, Whitby,
and other points between Toronto and inter-
mediate stations.
8.30 p. m.—Mixed—Uxbridge and interme-
diate stations.

Arrivals, Midland Division.
11.45 a. m.—Mixed from Ux-
bridge and intermediate stations. 9 p. m.—
Mail. 6.10 p. m.—Mixed.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.
Departure, Credit Valley Section.
7.10 a. m.—St. Louis express, for all stations
on main line and branches, and for Detroit,
Chicago, and other points.
1.00 p. m.—Pacific express, for Galt, Wood-
stock, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, Detroit, Chicago,
and all points west and north west.
4.30 p. m.—Local express for all points on
main line, Grandville and Galt branches.
Arrivals, Credit Valley Section.
9.30 a. m.—Express from all stations on main
line and branches.
3.45 p. m.—Atlantic express from Chicago
and other points.
7.00 p. m.—Montreal express—All stations on
main line and branches.
Departure, Toronto, Grey and Bruce
Section.
8.40 a. m.—Mail for Orangeville, Owen
Sound, Teeswater and all intermediate sta-
tions.
8 a. m.—Mixed from Parkdale.
6.00 p. m.—Express for Orangeville, Owen
Sound and Teeswater.
Arrivals, Toronto, Grey and Bruce Sec-
tion.
1.00 p. m.—Express from Owen Sound and
intermediate stations.
10.30 p. m.—Mail from Owen Sound and in-
termediate stations.
6.00 p. m.—Mixed, arrives at Parkdale.

Departure, Ontario and Quebec Section.
6.00 a. m.—Limited express for Peterboro,
Newport, Perth, Smith's Falls, Ottawa, Mon-
triel, and other points.
4.30 p. m.—Express for Peterboro, New-
port and intermediate stations.
2.40 p. m.—Montreal express for Peterboro,
Newport, Perth, Smith's Falls, Ottawa, Mon-
triel, and other points.
Arrivals, Ontario and Quebec Section.
6.15 a. m.—Express from Quebec, Montreal,
Ottawa, Brockville, Peterboro, and in-
termediate points.
10.35 a. m.—From Peterboro, Newport and
intermediate points.
10.30 p. m.—Muskoque 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.

Departure.
7.45 a. m.—Mail for Muskoka wharf, Orlita,
Meaford, Penzance and intermediate stations,
making direct connections at Muskoka wharf
with Muskoka boats.
12.00 noon—Steamboat express for Muskoka
wharf, Meaford, and other points, making
direct connections at Collingwood with steam-
ers of the Grand Trunk and other lines.
3.00 p. m.—Express for Collingwood, Pen-
zance, Orlita and Barrie.
12.30 p. m.—Muskoka special express each
Saturday during July and August for Mus-
koka wharf, connecting with steamers for
Lakes Muskoka, Housatonic and Joseph.

Arrivals.
10.15 a. m.—Express from Collingwood, Orlita,
Barrie and intermediate points.
9.15 a. m.—Accommodation from Meaford,
Collingwood, Penzance, Muskoka wharf,
Orlita, Barrie and intermediate points.
8.15 p. m.—Mail from Penzance, Muskoka,
Orrita, Barrie and other points.
1.00 p. m.—Muskoka special express, Mon-
days only—July and August.

FROM THE PRESIDENT
OF BAYLOR UNIVERSITY.
"Independence, Texas, Sept. 20, 1882."
Gentlemen:
Ayer's Hair Vigor
Has been used in my household for three
years:—
1st. To prevent falling out of the hair.
2d. To prevent too rapid growth of color.
3d. As a dressing.
It has given entire satisfaction in every
instance. Yours respectfully,
"Wm. Carey Drake."

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is entirely free
from uncleanly, dangerous, or injurious sub-
stances. It prevents the hair from turning
gray, restores gray hair to its original color,
prevents baldness, preserves the hair and
promotes its growth, cures dandruff and
all diseases of the hair and scalp, and, at
the same time, a very superior and
desirable dressing.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

FURNITURE SALE
During the month of August I will offer over
\$10,000 worth of
New and Elegant Furniture
at Cost Prices.
The stock consists of Parlor, Bedroom, Dining
and Library and Drawing-Room
Suits in endless patterns and
styles, and every article
manufactured on the
premises and
warranted.

JAMES H. SAMO,
182 YONGE STREET. 1-35

WHO'S YOUR
HATTER
Christy's London Drab Hats,
(Zephyr Weight).
Woodrow's London
Light Felt Hats.
Straw Hats at Cost.
Children's Straw
and Felt Hats.

J. & J. LUGSDIN,
101 YONGE ST.
Semi-Centennial Bitters,
A Tonic Unequaled and Unexcelled.

SHAKE
TRADE MARK.
These bitters are guaranteed to be made en-
tirely from the finest herbs and free from
other chemical or drugs.
They are in fact for all derangements of the
Stomach and Liver, Loss of Appetite, &c. It stands
unequaled, being purely an Invigorating,
Strengthening and Exhilarating Stomach
Tonic. It is sold by all druggists, grocers and hotel-keepers.

Semi-Centennial Manufacturing Co.,
57 QUEEN ST. EAST.

ART!
G. BROWN,
183 1/2 QUEEN STREET WEST.
Whipple's Patent Air Brush.
The Wonder of the Age.
CALL AND SEE IT!
PERFECTION!
G. BROWN 183 1/2 QUEEN STREET WEST.

MATTHEWS BROS. & CO.,
93 Yonge Street.
Headquarters for High Quality
Gilt Mouldings, Walnut Mouldings,
German Mouldings, Gold Mouldings,
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