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A SIMPLE STORY.

BY G. M. HOLLOWELL.

I used to see him pass every day—not that I watched for him—but I won't deny that after a time I looked out to see if he was coming. One cannot sit at a window and shut one's eyes to everything going on outside. It was a very cold day when I first saw him. I remember how I pitied the poor old gentleman, the incarnation of respectability and pomposity, when he fell on the glassy bricks with a force that sent his silk hat flying, and showed him there were falls outside of stocks. As I was turning away, he came along and walked over the ice without the slightest fear. We all admire courage; was it immodest in me to look after him?

Then I sat down and sighed as I took up my work. Forty years I had spent beneath this roof, never repining at my lot, My days were passed rendering others more attractive in order that they might more easily win the love and happiness I never dreamed of, never hoped to possess. Why should I? I am no imbecile. No one pauses long before a rose tree, undecided whether to pluck the half-opened bud or the withering, full-blown blossom. Hitherto I had been happy enough in my cozy little home; I was proud of it, and content to have my life-history written in the words: "Stitch, stitch, stitch!"

But that morning when I saw him, I felt the void in my life, and I said boldly: "Sarah Smith, if he were yours you would be happy!" You see, I did not call it love; a boarding-school miss might, but I knew it was hardly that. True, I was considerably older than he, but I hoped he would overlook the disparity in age.

How could I win him? He was a perfect stranger to me, but I knew he had gone into the next house, where a Mrs Brown kept boarders. Ah, I had it! I would go in after tea; it was only neighborly. And I did; and she was such a pleasant chatty boby that we talked of one thing and another as women will, and I was delighted with her. All the time I watched him. He was the only other one in the room except ourselves, and sat on a lounge near the fire. He was handsomer than I thought. His large eyes were full of melancholy, and he had beautiful, silky hair, and, though he wore no moustache, his whiskers were simply wonderful. He was elegantly dressed, too, in exquisite taste. Every moment my fancy grew stronger. It is well said that pity is akin to love. Have I told you he was dumb, poor, poor fellow?

Mrs. Brown was enthusiastic over him; she could not have cared more for a son. As I rose to go I urged her to call soon and be sure to bring Dannie Norton with her. She did not call him Mr. Norton and I did not wish to seem correcting her. Besides he had lived in her family since the very first, having lost all his relatives in a terrible drowning catastrophe.

At last I went conscious I had made a good impression. The next day as he passed by, he looked up at my window with that inexpressible look in his eyes. One morning Mrs. Brown said, confidentially—from the first she seemed to divine it all—that she would come that very evening, he would never come alone, his his affliction made him so bashful.

I made great preparations for the event which might be so important to me. A young girl would have spent the greater part of the time before her mirror; I did not, for I was singularly free from vanity. I made my sittingroom a perfect bower, and prepared a tempting little supper. He looked pleased and surprised, then sunk pensively upon the cushioned chair before the fire. We had a delightful time, the first of a pleasant series. In short, he became so attached to me that he would rise and sit by me, and often put his head on my shoulder. Don't be shocked; he knew nothing of the cold formalities of society, and was as innocent as a child.

At last he became mine; I use the expression because my poor dumb Dannie seemed so helpless, bereft of the God-given power of speech. I determined he should never regret it, and oh, how happy we were! My pen lingers over that blissful period when he sat by my side, when the curtains were drawn, and the tea-kettle simmered, and the shaded lamp diffused its mellow radiance over the crimson room—oh, it was just the brightest little nook imaginable!

Gradually he fell into the habit of staying out evenings, but I felt no uneasiness; poor, blind fool! One evening I parted with him at the door and stood gazing after him as he entered Mrs. Brown's. I was very busy, or I would have gone myself; so busy that when the clock struck eleven I started in surprise. He had not come in. I waited quite a while. Pride prevented my seeking him at Mrs. Brown's; she might think me fussy. So leaving the door open—I wasn't a bit afraid of burglars—I went to my room. I don't know how long I slept when I was awakened by an appalling sound as if all the toot-horns ever manufactured had joined partnership with innumerable steam-whistles for the production of this infernal racket.

I listened; all had become silent. Pshaw! it was a nightmare. No; a long, low, moaning tone, then a gradual swell and it burst upon the night air.

"As all the fiends from heaven that fell,
Had pealed the banner cry of hell."

I rushed to the window. Oh, how mistaken I had been! It was a serenade! That was why he had remained away so long, arranging to give me a pleasant surprise.

I could just discern the performers. They were in the midst of a duet, I think, at least one would begin, and when he finished another would take it up, then all join in the chorus that made the welkin ring. Something from a new opera, may be; I had been to the opera once, and this sounded just like it. Now, I am not fond of serenades, and I have some temper—most women have—and I began to speak very fast; but at the first word they all ran away as fast as they could.

I was quite angry, threw myself into my little rocker, and waited for him to come in, but instead I heard the melody at a distance. I grew tired and at last dropped asleep. I have deep feelings, but am not sentimental.

When morning came he was still absent. This was too much, and I was going in search of him, when Mrs. Brown's errand boy entered. He told me Daniel had come to their house with a party, and serenaded them, and an odious new servant had thrown a flat-iron at them and hit one. In the morning they found the body of my wounded darling in the yard.

I wept. When I became calm I gave him a quarter to bury Daniel under my apple tree. I will plant lilies at his head; violets shall bloom at his feet.

I will never keep another cat—no, never. No other shall enter the temple sacred to his memory.—Chicago Current.

The Execution of Campi.

From a Paris correspondent of the Philadelphia Times.

"Campi! Campi! The governor calls his name aloud twice before he hears it. At last he awakens, sits up on his cot and rubs his eyes. "Your appeal has been dismissed and your application for a pardon refused," says the governor. "Now, my lad, be brave." Campi turns deathly pale. After a minute or so he tries to collect his thoughts and goes down on his knees on the bed. But a nervous spasm convulses his limbs; his breathing becomes labored, the sweat pours from his ghastly face in streams. Another minute—Campi grinds his teeth to stop their chattering, takes his seat again on the mattress to pull on his socks, dresses himself partially, and slides off the bed to the floor.

The worst is over. A few minutes more and he masters himself completely. Water is given him and he washes his pallid face. Everybody leaves the cell except the priest, who tries to console him. Campi kneels and listens attentively, but suddenly interrupts him.

"What o'clock is it?"

"Half past four."

Campi glances at the grated window and sees that it is day; his eyes fill with tears. "Well," he says, "I am ready." He rises to his feet at a bound. Two turnkeys advance to take hold of him. He waves them away with a threatening gesture. They think he will resist. Bauquesne whispers a few words to quiet him and his features relax, but he still remains on the defensive. "I can walk alone—I am not afraid." A sudden idea strikes him. "Any newspaper man here?" he asks, and his face assumes a frightful scowl as he examines the bystanders. If a newspaper man had been pointed out to him he would have sprung at his throat. They soothe him by telling him "No," and he is led to the office to hear the sentence read. The chaplain, who walks at his side, continues his exhortations and gives him absolution.

He is quiet now, and the priest asks him if he is thirsty.

He says "Yes," and drinks about half a glassful of white wine.

"Your hands," says the executioner's assistant, and Campi holds them up to be bound. "Not so tight," he exclaims, "you hurt me."

The chief of police tells him there is a magistrate in readiness in case he has any statement to make. "Magistrate!" replies Campi, with a loud laugh. "Oh, la, la!"

At this moment the overcoat given to him by ex-Chief of Police Mace, which he wore at the trial, was thrown over his shoulder. He rose—the "toilet of the guillotine" was over. "Never mind going with me to the scaffold," said Campi to the priest. "It will only grieve you." Then he crossed the vestibule, with a firm tread, his head thrown back defiantly. Beside him walked the priest. All at once he stopped and turned to ask: "Where is the executioner?" Deibler was pointed out and he looked at him with a smile of mingled pity and disdain. The prison doors were thrown open, and the command of the officer of dragoons rang out on the clear air like the sound of a trumpet: "Draw sabres!"

Campi walked steadily on, but the head sinking on his left shoulder, the convulsive twitching of his mouth and his eyes, of which only the whites were visible, betrayed the anguish of his heart. His last attempt at bravado was when he caught sight of the guillotine. "Is that all?" he said. "Kiss me, my son," replied the priest. "If you wish," faltered Campi, and the man of God folded him in his arms. Taking him from that sacred embrace the executioner's assistant flung him on the plank.

It was exactly 4.45. Three seconds later Campi's head was lying in the basket. Monsieur Deibler's operation had been rapid and successful.

Bits of News.

The contents of a Mott street tenement room, New York city, as inventoried by a policeman were: A drunken father; a still more drunken mother; two empty whisky bottles; two equally empty children crying and moaning; and a neatly framed monogram with the legend, "God bless our home."

It is stated on good authority that Earl Cairns has attempted to secure the settlement of the breach of promise case against his son, Lord Garmoyle, by offering Miss Fortescue the sum of $50,000. The young lady, however, absolutely refused to consider the proposal.

Death of an M. P. P.

LENNOX, July 12.—A. H. Roe, M.P.P., died at noon to-day. He had been ill with heart disease since last session.

"Nip't in the Bud!"

—Sad to say, many a good thing attains to nothing more than a fair beginning. On the other hand it is a matter for congratulation that the growth of some evil things may be also promptly frustrated. A large proportion of the cases of the most wide-spread and fatal of diseases—consumption—have their inception in nasal catarrh. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is pleasant, soothing and effectual. Try it. It has cured thousands. All druggists.

A Budding Item.

"Are you the editor?" said a tall, gangling country fellow, coming into the sanctum sanctorum annexed to this office.

"Yes, sir. Don't we look like it?" responded the man at the desk.

"Well, yes, pretty much, all except that clean shirt. It looks a little unnatural."

"Come in next week and you won't think so."

"Can't do it. I'll take your word for it. Do you want an item?"

"Of course."

"A snake item?"

"Yes."

"Well, here's a bottle of Indiana whiskey," and he put it down and hurried away.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the most effective blood-purifier ever devised. It is recommended by the best physicians.

Great Head,

From the New York Graphic.

"I have a great head on me this morning," observed Mr. Auger to his wife as he bound a wet towel around his cranium.

"Heaven knows you need it bad enough," sympathetically replied that lady as she rolled over for another nap.

—Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer never fails in restoring grey hair to its youthful color, lustre and vitality. Dr. A. A. Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, endorses it, and all who give it a fair trial unite in grateful testimony to its many virtues.

In the Same Line of Business.

From the Chicago News.

A Banana Skin lay on the grocer's floor. "What are you doing there?" asked the Scales, peeking over the edge of the counter.

"Oh, I'm lying in wait for the grocer."

"Pshaw!" said the Scales; "I've been doing that for years."

—Within the past ten years not a dollar has been lost in purchasing lots in Toronto or its suburbs. On the contrary every dollar so invested has doubled itself in five years, some in three. West Toronto Junction is the rising suburb of the city and a few dollars invested in a lot there will soon double itself. Geo. Clarke of the Li-Quor Tea Co. is offering a few on terms that are acceptable to all. An entrance fee of $10, and $2 a week for 182 weeks will purchase a fine lot 50x150 at the Junction, including interest and taxes, just as well as though you had sent in singly. This is simply an inducement to get up clubs. We are sure our readers could not do better than to try their skill in hunting up these questions and competing for these rewards. Everything will be carried out exactly as promised.

Prizes in last competition went all over Canada and to many parts of the United States.

Address, Editor LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada.

$10,000.00.

IN

"LADIES' JOURNAL."

Bible Competition No. 7.

CLOSING SEPTEMBER 11th

Open to the World,

GREAT CLUB OFFER.

The Leading Rewards are Lot 50 x 150 at Toronto Junction, Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Tea Sets, &c.

The proprietor of the *Ladies' Journal* now announces a magnificent list of rewards for correct answers to Bible questions. It is surprising how little is known of the Bible. The questions are not so difficult this time as last, and we should be glad if there was a hearty response so as to encourage the proprietor of the *Journal* to persevere in his good work. It was announced in the June issue of the *Ladies' Journal* that the competition which closed last month would be the last for the present, but it has been decided to try one more.

All money must be sent by post office or express. No information will be given to any one more than is stated here. So send on answers, and don't waste time writing. Do not send postage stamps unless six cents is added for the discount. Remit by post-office order, scrip or small coin.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1.—Is DIAMOND referred to in the Bible? If so, state first reference.
2.—Is EMERALD made mention of in the Bible? If so, state first reference.
3.—Is SAPPHIRE spoken of in the Bible? If so, state first reference.

These all refer to the precious stones.

Now, any one having a knowledge of the Scriptures ought to be able promptly to answer these questions with a little study, and so secure some one of those rewards. Bear in mind every one competing must send FIFTY CENTS with their answers, for which the *Ladies' Journal* will be sent one year to any address. If you answer each of these questions correctly, and your answers are in time you are sure to secure one of these costly rewards.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

1—One Elegant Rosewood Piano, a magnificent instrument	$525 00
2—One Fine Cabinet Organ, by Bell & Co., Guelph	250 00
3—One Beautiful quadruple plate, finely chased Silver Tea Service, six pieces	110 00
4—One Lady's Fine Gold Hunting Case genuine Elgin Watch	100 00
6 to 11—Seven heavy Black Silk Dress patterns	420 00
12 to 23—Twelve solid quadruple plate Ice Pitchers	440 00
24 to 47—Twenty-four Ladies' solid coin Silver Watches	600 00
48 to 61—Fourteen solid quadruple plate Cake Baskets	168 00
62 to 89—Twenty-eight Solid Quadruple Plate Cruet Stands, 6 bottles	280 00
90 to 111—Twenty-two renowned Waterbury Watches	111 00
112 to 179—Sixty-eight volumes of World's Cyclopædia—a library in itself	194 00
180 to 227—Forty-eight solid rolled gold Brooches, elegant patterns	144 00

The above two hundred and twenty-seven costly rewards will be given to the first two hundred and twenty-seven persons who send correct answers to the Bible questions given above. Then come the

MIDDLE REWARDS.

1—A lot 50x50 in excellent position at Toronto Junction; clear title, and will be shortly worth double or treble its present value	$250 00
2—A very fine Cabinet Organ, by Bell & Co.	235 00
3 to 10—Eight celebrated Williams Singer Sewing Machines	520 00
11 to 13—Three Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting-case Genuine Elgin Watches	300 00
14 to 20—Seven fine Heavy Black Silk Dresses	720 00
21 to 37—Seventeen solid quadruple-plate Ice Pitchers	480 00
37 to 58—Twenty-two Ladies' fine coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	550 00
59 to 81—Twenty-three beautiful heavy Silver-plate Cruets	315 00
82 to 211—One hundred and thirty volumes Chambers' Cyclopædia	325 30
212 to 479—Two hundred and sixty-eight solid Rolled Gold Brooches, beautiful patterns	670 00
480 to 532—Fifty-three Triple Silver-plate Butter Knives	53 00

The lot at West Toronto above described will be given to the person sending the middle correct answer *of the whole competition from first to last*, and the five hundred and thirty-one rewards following the middle one will be presented to the five hundred and thirty-one persons sending the next correct answers following the middle one. So you can compete any time and be almost sure to get something in addition to the *Ladies' Journal*, which is great value for the half dollar subscription. Then follow the

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

1—One gentleman's solid stem-winding and stem-setting genuine Elgin Watch	$ 100 00
2—One fine quadruple plate Silver Tea Set, 6 pieces	100 00
3—One ladies' solid gold stem-winding and stem-setting genuine Elgin Watch	95 00
4 to 7—Four fine, heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns	240 00
8 to 19—Twelve quadruple plate Ice Pitchers, finely chased	390 00
20 to 31—Twelve Genuine Coin Silver Hunting-case Ladies' Watches	360 00
32 to 50—Nineteen Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns	380 00
51 to 69—Nineteen fine quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets	228 00
70 to 100—Thirty-one beautifully bound volumes Hood's Poems	93 00
101 to 167—Fifty-seven fine rolled gold Brooches	171 00

This list of consolation rewards will be given to the *last* one hundred and fifty-seven persons who send correct answers to the Bible questions given above. But bear in mind, your letter must bear the postmark where mailed of 11th September, the closing day of this competition. Fifteen days will be allowed after closing day for letters from distant points to reach the *Ladies' Journal* office. But you can, of course, send in any time between now and the 11th September, and your letter will take its place at the publication office in the order it arrives there. All letters are carefully numbered as they arrive, and there can be no mistake. If your answers are correct, and they reach there in time, you will surely get some reward in addition to *The Ladies' Journal*, which alone is big value for the half dollar. If you don't get anything but the *Journal* you will be well pleased with your investment, as it consists of 20 pages of fashions illustrated, short and serial stories, poetry, newest music, household hints, etc., etc.; in fact, just the paper to suit every lady.

By subscribing in a club with your neighbors you will secure some considerable advantage—that is, there must be at least thirty of a club, and all who send correct answers to the Bible questions may have their choice of a handsome ring, heavily gold-plated ladies' gold brooch, which retails at about one dollar and a half, or a triple-plated butter knife. Either of these you may wish will be sent postage paid. You will thus secure to a certainty one or other of these two presents, and in addition will have as good an opportunity of gaining some one of the other large rewards in lists given above

An Old Soldier's

EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.

"I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

"I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY."

Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily.

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists.

NOW IS YOUR CHANCE.

Having decided to close up our Toronto Agency, No. 37 Queen street east, we are offering our samples of

Lawn Furniture, Iron Vases, Weather Vanes, Tower Ornaments, Cheese Safes, etc., etc.,

AT COST.

E. T. BARNUM,

WIRE & IRON WORKS,

H. W. BOOTH, Manager.

NEWS! NEWS! NEWS!

What is a Home without Light?

A Bona Fide Discount of 20 per cent to clear

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GAS FIXTURE EMPORIUM,

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15 & 17 RICHMOND ST. W.,

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SEMI-CENTENNIAL,

With an entirely New Stock, selected with great care, to make the Centennial a week to be remembered in the history of

TORONTO,

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Of the most Artistic and Beautiful Finish, will be shown at

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Secure bargains while they are going.

R. H. LEAR,

171 YONGE STREET.

THE CRITERION WINE VAULTS,

AND

Leader Restaurant,

Corner Leader Lane and King street,

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Open for contracts during next week without limit as to number.

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Work on view now executed by

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The Wonder of the Age.

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"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 to 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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Great Reduction in Wood direct from cars for present delivery.

Best long Beech and Maple (dry) delivered to any part of the city; also all kinds of

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Wood Cut and Split by Steam. Coal delivered in bags if required.

A TRIAL ORDER SOLICITED.

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VIENNA BREAD

From American Patent Process Flour.

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A Tonic Unequalled and Unexcelled.

TRADE MARK.

These bitters are guaranteed to be made entirely from the finest herbs and free from either chemicals or drugs.

For Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Nausea, and in fact for all derangements of the Stomach and Liver, Loss of Appetite, &c., it stands unequalled, being purely an Invigorating, Strengthening and Exhilarating Stomachic. Sold by all druggists, grocers and hotel-keepers.

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ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES are sent on 30 Days' Trial TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD, who are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VITALITY, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE, resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Speedy relief and complete restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD GUARANTEED. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address

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COAL AT LOWEST Summer Prices.

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Dry, Clean and Convenient Storage of Merchandise and Furniture. Low rates of insurance. Separate Lock-up rooms if desirable. Warehouse receipts given.

APPLY 26

PETER RYAN,

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14 K GOLD STEM-WINDING WATCH

ONLY $27,

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DAVIS BROS.,

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COAL & WOOD

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LOWEST RATES.

I will for one week deliver WOOD at following low prices:

	Per Cord.
Best Hard Wood, Beech and Maple, dry or green, long at	$5.00
Do. do. do. dry, cut and split at	6.50
2nd class do. do. dry, long at	4.00
Pine Wood, long . . . . . at	4.00
Slabs do. . . . . at	3.50

BEST SCRANTON COAL, ALL SIZES.

Orders left at Offices, corner Bathurst and Front streets, Yonge street wharf, 51 King street east, 390 Yonge street, and 534 Queen street west, will receive prompt attention.

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ELIAS ROGERS & CO.

Coal and Wood Merchants

HAVE REMOVED

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"HEADQUARTERS"

FOR BARGAINS.

TORONTO SHOE COMPANY

Corner King and Jarvis.

Boys' and Youths' Tie and Buckle Shoes,

All Sizes, worth $1.25 for 50c.

Boys' Lacrosse Shoes 65c. Men's do. 90c.

The Great and Only ONE-PRICE CASH Establishment in Toronto.

INVALUABLE TO EVERY LADY.

"May Dew"

The Great French Lotion for Beautifying the Face.

It conceals the evidence of age. One application will make the most stubbornly red and rough hands beautifully soft and white. Remember that "MAY DEW" is not a paint or powder that fills up the pores of the skin, and that is injurious to the skin, but a new and great discovery, a vegetable liquid that causes the cheek to glow with health, the neck, arms and hands to rival the Lily in whiteness. Impossible to detect in the beauty it confers any artificial character. It cures Greasy Skin, Freckles, Wrinkles, Pimples, Black Heads Crow's Feet, Blotches, Face Grubs, Sun Burn, Tan, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Sore or Chapped Lips, Barbers' Itch, Tetter, etc It frees the pores, oil glands, and tubes from the injurious effects of powders and cosmetic washes. By its use all redness and roughness are prevented; it beautifies the skin, and will make it soft, smooth and white; imparting a delicious softness; producing a perfectly healthy, natural and youthful appearance. The best face lotion that the world ever produced. We will send "A LARGE BOTTLE" to any address on receipt of price, $1. When ordering mention this paper.

Address all letters to the MAY DEW AGENCY, Room 4, 71 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

Parlors and Reception Rooms for Ladies.

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The Company offer lands within the Railway Belt along the main line, and in Southern Manitoba, at prices ranging from **$2.50 PER ACRE** upwards, with conditions requiring cultivation.

A rebate for cultivation of from $1.25 to $3.50 per acre, according to price paid for land, allowed on certain conditions. The Company also offer lands **without conditions Settlement or Cultivation.**

The Reserved Sections along the Main Line, *i. e.*, the odd numbered Sections within one mile of the Railway, are now offered for sale on advantageous terms, to parties prepared to undertake their immediate cultivation.

Terms of Payment—Purchasers may pay one-sixth in cash, and the balance in five annual instalments, with interest at SIX PER CENT. per annum, payable in advance.

Parties purchasing without conditions of cultivation, will receive a Deed of Conveyance time of purchase, if payment is made in full.

Payments may be made in LAND GRANT BONDS, which will be accepted at ten per cent. premium on their par value and accrued interest. These bonds can be obtained on application at the Bank of Montreal, Montreal; or at any of its agencies.

For Prices and Conditions of Sale and all information with respect to the purchase of Land apply to JOHN H. McTAVISH, Land Commissioner, Winnipeg.

By order of the Board,

CHARLES DRINKWATER,
SECRETARY.

Montreal, December 1884.