

THE TORONTO WORLD: SATURDAY MORNING, MARCH 21, 1885.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY!

WEST TORONTO JUNCTION!

The Reliable Rising Suburb, just outside the Queen City Toronto limit. It has now a population of some 200 to 300 people, two years ago it had not more than 50. Land sold in 1883 is now worth

AN ADVANCE OF 100 PER CENT. IN SOME LOCALITIES.

It has one of the largest and most commodious stations on the line of the C. P. R., with refreshment rooms and dining hall.

All passenger trains stop at this station, and all freight shipped by the C. P. R. is made up at the Junction for all points East, West, North and South. The 40 acres owned by the Company are being rapidly covered with buildings in connection with their ever-growing traffic.

ONE HUNDRED MORE DWELLINGS WILL BE BUILT THIS SPRING,

for houses are in great demand, so much so that as soon as the posts are put down two or three tenants are ready to take the house. Many predictions have been made as to the success of the Junction, but the only true one is that

West Toronto Junction will be the Great Railway Centre of CANADA,

That Land in proximity to the Railway Works will keep on Rising all the time as it has done in Chicago and other Railway Centres.

LOTS PURCHASED NOW MUST AND WILL INCREASE.

Lots to suit the Merchant, where he can erect a Palatial residence.

Lots to suit the Store-keeper, where he can erect a Store for any Business, for there are plenty of Good Openings for Live Men.

Lots for the Workingman, where he can have a Happy Home on the Instalment plan by

PAYING A SMALL SUM DOWN.

Apply Early before the Spring Opens and Prices Advance.

All Intending Purchasers will be taken out Free of Cost to see the Lands.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS APPLY TO

THOMAS UTTLEY, 45 ARCADE, YONGE STREET, TORONTO,

OR TO

GEORGE CLARKE, 295 YONGE STREET, TORONTO.

UNDECEIVED.

BY HARRY NOLAN.

"You are not going to send any more money, Laura?"

Mrs. Dalesworthy blushed like one detected in an arch-trick when her mother's stern, grating voice sounded on her ear, and it was only through a special interposition of providence that she did not trip over the inkstand with the start she gave.

"Mamma, it is only ten dollars, and you know he has so much more need of money than I can possibly have."

"Has he been asking you for it again, Laura?"

"He—he wrote that he was in very pressing need of money. His expenses are very great, you know."

"And so he consents to receive and use your poor little saving, Laura, I am more and more convinced that he is utterly unworthy of your love?"

Laura Dalesworthy sat silent, with drooping head and downcast eyes, but there was a sparkle beneath the long lashes which concealed those hazel-dark eyes, which said, plainer than any words, that her own mind remained unaltered, upon the momentous question.

"I am sure you misjudge him, mamma," she said, faintly.

"Child, child, there is a glamour over your eyes," persisted Mrs. Dalesworthy. "He has somehow contrived to bewitch you?"

"He is so handsome—so brilliant."

"Granted, my daughter, and so heartless, also?"

"Mamma?"

"Time will prove to you that I am right, Laura."

Mrs. Dalesworthy did not venture to argue the point with her mother. She was sure that Julian Vincent was a modern "chercher sans peur, et sans reproche."

And while she sat diligently at her dress-making, watching the little pitman's little share of which was sent weekly, as her absent lover in New York, she comforted herself by looking buoyantly forward to the time when, a prosperous city lawyer's bride, she should smile to remember the hardships of those chrysalis days.

"Mamma has no adequate idea of what he undoubtedly expects me to be," she thought to herself. "Of course he must board at a nice place, and dress like all other young lawyers, and keep up a certain style of life with his kind of position. A man like Julian should not lose any opportunity for lack of a little paltry money."

And so Laura Dalesworthy, seated in her petty earnings, and sewed away with a persistence which robbed the roses from her cheeks, and kept her mind, pale as a ghost, on the face of Julian Vincent.

"But it is all for Julian," she thought, and never regretted an hour of toil.

"Laura is looking very poorly," said Aunt Damaris.

"I hope she isn't going off in a decline, like R. and Ann Hawley," said Mrs. Jones.

"Rose Ann took on just exactly like Laura—got a cough—lost all her appetite—and died afore fall."

And Mrs. Jones nodded her head with a sort of gloomy relish at the dismal picture she had described, while Mrs. Dalesworthy shuddered slightly.

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" said Aunt Damaris. "Change is all she wants. Send her to my sister Perkins's for a new hand or two with her business, and Laura can be killing two birds with one stone that way."

Mrs. Dalesworthy looked doubtful.

"New York is a long way off," she began, but Laura interposed eagerly.

"Oh, mamma, I don't like it so much."

"Should you? Then you shall go."

And Laura packed her unpretending little trunk, and went accordingly.

In the simple country dressmaker Mrs. Perkins' establishment seemed gorgeous beyond description, with the Brussels carpeted parlor, the glass-enclosed billiard room full of pale sewing girls beyond, while through all the fashionable hours of the day entrance led to each other in front of the brown stone steps, and elegantly robed customers came and went.

And Laura contrived to secure a seat near the window, from which she occasionally stole a glance as she sewed, wondering, if by any chance she should spy, in the crowd of passing faces, the face of Julian Vincent.

But she never did, and she was just resolving to send him her address and ask him to call, when fate decided the question for her.

Mrs. Perkins bustled into the sewing-room one bright morning in September, and glanced her eagle eye among the group of girls.

"Miss Dalesworthy," she said at last, beckoning with a crooked finger toward Laura's corner. "I want you to take a note for me to the palace, hotel—room 21, Miss Dorking."

Laura rose, obediently.

"And mind you don't loiter by the way," said Mrs. Perkins, authoritatively.

"No, mamma," said Laura, starting a little; she was not used to being addressed after this fashion. But Mrs. Perkins had a habit of distrusting everybody.

The palace hotel was a large building, full of bewildering corridors, and halls that seemed to be built with the purpose of illustrating the old "fairyland" puzzle of her childhood's days—and Laura was weary with manifold stairs, when at last she ventured to ascend a white—pride—pride man who was bustling consequently past.

"Sit—if you please—began poor Laura, and the colored man apparently moved to a response by the civility of her address, stopped as suddenly as a skater checks himself on the ice.

"Room 21," faltered Laura showing the superscription on her note.

The colored man, who could not read a word, had it been to save his life, looked wisely at the letter.

"All right, miss," he said. "De la' room on de la' hand side."

And with an undulating motion of his hand toward the end of the hall, he bustled on again. While Laura, wondering at her own lack of observation, made her way toward the indicated door, upon which gleamed the figures "21" in silver lines on a white porcelain plate.

Instinctively drawing down her veil, she knocked softly.

"Come in," called out a hoarse voice, as unlike the probable accents of any Miss Dorking, as voice might be. But some ladies do have deep tones, and colds on the chest are also among human possibilities, so she opened the door and entered.

The room was scented with a sickening smell of brandy and tobacco—a box of cigars and two or three soiled packs of cards lay on the table, while a gorgeous Turkish patterned dressing gown and a pair of down at the heel slippers lay thrown on the floor, as if their owner had just stepped out of them. A short, stout man, with briefly, red hair and close-cut whiskers, sat on the edge of one of the crimson velvet chairs, with his hat tightly wedged between his knees. Laura looked enquiringly at him.

"Out," he said, nodding his head. "You'd better sit down and wait. I'll be back in half an hour."

Laura sat down, accordingly, wondering what it all meant.

"Owe you money?" asked the briefly-headed individual presently, as he desisted