

BASIS ON SOLID MERIT



Are the offers we are now making to clear out the balance of our Wall Papers, Picture Frames, Window Shades, Artists' Materials, etc., in a few secured several job lines in above goods, and are prepared to offer wonderful bargains. Do not fail to secure some of them.

E. N. HUNT,
190 Dundas Street.

HIS DIPLOMACY.

"Oh! you here, Tom?"

"My dear, is there anything so very extraordinary in my being in my wife's drawing-room?" replied Mr. Jocelyn, smiling.

"Of course not, only—Oh, dear, how tired I am," she continued, dropping into a low wicker chair, "everything is such an unpleasant rush."

"You'll simply knock yourself up, Beryl, tearing about in this way. It is perfectly ridiculous."

Mrs. Jocelyn did not answer, but tossed her big hat on to a chair beside her, and resting her dark head against a cushion, closed her eyes. She was perfectly well aware that against the background of dark amber her delicately-tinted oval face looked very best. Her husband watched her a moment in silence.

"I wish you'd take more care of yourself, Beryl," he said, with a slight frown; "what's the use of burning the candle at both ends like this?"

"Oh, Tom, it is a great deal too hot for amateur sermonizing! Besides, I've got to decide about my gloves for tonight. I can't quite make up my mind what color I shall wear."

"Why, I thought you had refused Mrs. Merydith's invitation?"

"Refused it? Certainly not. It is one of the jolliest houses in London."

"I hate your going to the house of such a woman as that. Why, any day her name may be public property, and—"

"Yes, dear; but meantime, she's the rage, and gives the most perfect dances I know of. What does anything else matter nowadays? Well, I'm going to talk to Clarissa about those gloves." And Mrs. Jocelyn rose, and noticed for the first time that her husband held an open letter in his hand.

"Anything interesting in that?" she asked, pointing to it.

"Well, yes—rather. It's from Alicia Villiers."

"Oh!" and Mrs. Jocelyn's lip went down into an unpleasant little smile. "You'd better read it," said Tom, handing it to her.

"Dear Old Tom, I've got some news for you, news which, as yet, is an absolute secret; but somehow, I feel I'd like to tell you, my oldest friend, you that gossip! Did it ever occur to you that Alicia Villiers would change her name a second time? Well, so it is; but tell it not in Gath, neither proclaim it on the house-tops of Mayfair. I am engaged to it. No, on second thoughts I won't write it; I'll wait to tell you his name till I see you. I hope you're awfully curious; got Mrs. Jocelyn to help you to solve the mystery, a man never got to the bottom of anything of that sort yet, by himself. Wish we could both of you!"

"What an extraordinary letter!" she said, handing it back to him.

"Just like Alicia, don't you think?"

"Oh, of course you know Lady Alicia much better than I do. So she's going to marry again?"

"I wonder who the man is?"

Mrs. Jocelyn shrugged her shoulders with fine indifference.

"I can't say I feel any wild curiosity, but no doubt the affair has more interest for you."

Tom Jocelyn laughed.

"I do verily believe, Beryl, that deep down in your heart you are jealous of Alicia."

"? Jealous of a woman on the wrong side of 30, who takes seven in gloves, and dresses like a housemaid?"

"Oh, come, that's too bad; Alicia always looks a lady."

"You think I don't know her manners are also most refined?"

"There's nothing the matter with her manners as far as I can see."

"Possibly, my dear Tom, but where Lady Alicia is concerned, you can never see very far."

"What utter nonsense you are talking, Beryl. I can tell you one thing I never heard Alicia say a spiteful thing about any one, and that's more than one can say for most people."

"What don't you tell me at once that she's an epitome of all the cardinal virtues?"

"Because she is very much the reverse," he answered with a laugh. "Only you can't expect me to stand by and hear you abuse a girl I've known since her pinafore days without putting in a word for her. Poor little Alicia! I hope she'll be luckier this time. I don't fancy that her five years of conjugal bliss with Villiers were absolutely cloudless."

Mrs. Jocelyn had sat down again, and was very evidently not listening to her husband. He glanced at her as he finished speaking, and noticed how bright her eyes were, and that her usually pale cheeks were slightly flushed.

"You do look tired, child," he said, anxiously; "it's a good thing the 17th is only ten days off; you want the quiet to set you up again."

"The quiet! what do you mean?"

"There won't be much chance for wild excitement on Uncle Lawrence's yacht, you know."

"Oh, I meant to tell you, we can't possibly go there; at least, I can't. You must write and tell your uncle."

"You can't go? why on earth not? my dear Beryl; we can't treat the old gentleman in the cavalier fashion. One does not indulge in caprices with a relation who has signified his intention of leaving you half a million of money."

"Well, I'm sorry, but I have made other arrangements."

Jocelyn gazed at her in amazement. She was perfectly serious, and had, moreover, a certain expression on her pretty face which he had learned to know meant mischief.

"Will you be good enough to tell me what those arrangements are?" he asked coolly.

The Comte de la Vielle-Roche has asked me to sit for him for my picture, and I have promised to do so."

"You will please to retract that promise as soon as possible. I do not wish your portrait to be painted by that gentleman."

"I am sorry, for I am perfectly determined that it shall be."

"You must be reasonable, Beryl. You don't quite understand what you are doing. It seems all very delightful to you to be run after and admired, but you don't quite see where you are going. The Comte de la Vielle-Roche may be a very charming man and an excellent artist, but all the same I don't choose that my wife's name should be coupled with his. The count has been a good deal too conspicuous in your company lately, and this picture business is quite out of the question. If you want your portrait painted, wait till we come back, and then go to any artist you like; but the idea of your going to the Vielle-Roche's studio is impossible."

"Not at all. I've been there this afternoon."

Beryl bit her lips; the words had slipped out almost against her will, and the expression of her husband's face was not reassuring.

"You have been to his studio this afternoon?"

"Yes," she said defiantly.

"Will you kindly explain yourself?"

Tom was, as a rule, the easiest conceivable person to manage, but she had never heard him speak in this voice before.

"I thought you knew," she answered with assumed carelessness. "Didn't you hear him last night at Lady Falmouth's telling us of the wonderful collection of Japanese curios he had at his studio. He promised to show them to Molly Merydith and me if we would go to Kensington one afternoon and have tea. I met Mrs. Merydith after lunch and we thought we would go."

"Mrs. Merydith! I'm not sure that her chaperonage does not make the business worse!"

"But she did not come!" put in Beryl, eagerly.

"Do you mean to say you went alone?"

"Yes. When we got half-way there, she remembered that she had an appointment at Kate Kelly's, and had to go back; but I thought as I'd got so far I might as well go on, and—well, there's the whole story."

(To be Continued.)

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(To be Continued.)

MARK TWAIN'S DAUGHTER

Her Health Broke Down While She Was Studying for Grand Opera.

Olivia Susan Clemens, eldest daughter of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain), who died last week at her father's home on Farmington avenue, Hartford, Conn., was a graduate of Bryn Mawr College, and was 24 years old. After graduation Miss Clemens went to Paris and studied vocal music under Mme. Maroncelli, who pronounced her soprano voice of great promise. Miss Clemens was studying for grand opera, and it was her ambition to complete her education and take such position in the musical world as to recoup her father's fortune. It nearly prostrated her when ill-health compelled her to abandon her music. She returned to America last year, and while her parents and sisters Clara and Jean were on Mr. Clemens' lecturing tour she was trying to regain her health at Hartford. She would have joined the family in England, but was unable to stand the journey. Miss Clemens' illness developed into meningitis, which caused her death. The burial was at Elmira, N. Y.

Feed the Nerves

Upon pure, rich blood and you need not fear nervous prostration. Nerves are weak when they are improperly and insufficiently nourished. Pure blood is their proper food, and pure blood comes by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is thus the greatest and best nerve tonic. It also builds up the whole system.

HOOD'S PILLS

are the favorite family cathartic, easy to take, easy to operate.

Mme. Antoinette Sterling, the famous contralto, who has not been in this country for twenty years, is making a visit to Brooklyn, where she was noted as soloist in Plymouth Church during the pastorate of Henry Ward Beecher.

LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron writes: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine and less than half a bottle cured me. I certainly believed it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

When Goethe was first in love he carved upon a tree in a neighboring forest a couple of heart united by a scroll, and a little later received a sound thrashing from the forester for damaging the tree.

Prominent Lawyer Says

"I have eight children, every one in good health, not one of whom has taken Scott's Emulsion, in which my wife has boundless confidence."

The Vestry of Hawarden has accepted an offer by the family of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone to put a stained glass window in the parish church in honor of their father and mother.

To restore gray hair to its natural color as in youth, cause it to grow abundant and strong, there is no better preparation than Hall's Hair Renewer.

Childhood's Beauty,

Its Susceptibility to Impression and Its Powerful Influence.

Dr. Talmage Speaks of "A Shadow on the Harvest Field."

Washington, D. C., Aug. 25.—

While the reapers are busy in many parts of the land, and the harvests are being gathered, the scene brought before us in this subject is especially appropriate. The text is II. Kings, iv. 18, 19, 20: "And when the child was grown, it fell on a day that he went out to his father to the reapers. And he said unto his father, My head, my head! And he said to a lad, Carry him to his mother. And when he had taken him, and brought him to his mother, he sat on her knees till noon, and then died."

There is at least one happy home in Shunem. To the luxuriance and splendor of a great house had been given the advent of a child. Even when the Angel of Life brings a new soul to the poor man's hut, a star of joy shines over the manger. Infancy, with its helplessness and innocence, had passed away. Days of boyhood had come—days of laughter and frolic, days of sunshine and promise, days of strange questions and curiosity and quick development. One day there is the shout of reapers heard afar. A boy's heart always bounds at the sound of a distant scythe. No sooner have the harvesters cut a swath across the field than the lad joins them, and the swarthy reapers feel that they are not alone. Look down at that lad, as bright and beautiful as was Ruth in the harvest fields of Bethlehem gleaming after the reapers. But the sun was hot for him. Congestion of the brain seized on him. In the instant of consciousness he put his hands against his temples, and cried out: "My head! my head!"

And the father said: "Carry him to his mother," just as any father would have said; for his heart was too tender, and our voice is too harsh, and our foot is too loud to doctor a sick child. If there be in our home a gentler voice and a gentler hand and a gentler step, but all of no avail. While the reapers of Shunem were busy in the field, there came a stronger reaper that way, with keener scythe and for a richer harvest. He reaped only one sheaf, but O, what a golden sheaf was that! I do not want to know any more about that heart-breaking scene than I see in just this one pathetic sentence: "He sat on her knees till noon, and then died."

How hundreds of years have passed away since that boy skipped to the harvest field and then was brought home and died on his mother's lap, the story still thrills us. Indeed, childhood has changed its ways and everywhere. The morning comes out of the gates of the east, throwing its silver on the lake and its gold on the towers of the city, and the cloud; but it is not so bright and beautiful as the morning of life! There is no light like that which is kindled in a child's eye, no color like that which blooms on a child's cheek, no music like the sound of a child's voice. O, what a dull, stale, mean world this would be without the sportfulness of children. When I find people that do not like children I immediately doubt their moral and Christian character. But just this grace of God comes upon a child, how unspeakably attractive. When Samuel begins to pray, and Timothy begins to read the Scriptures, and Joseph shows himself invulnerable to temptation—how beautiful the scene!

I scout the idea that good children always die. Samuel, the great prophet, Christian Timothy, became a minister at Ephesus. Young Daniel, consecrated to God, became Prime Minister of all the realm, and there are hundreds in the schools and families of the country today who are to be foremost among the benefactors of the philanthropists and the reformers of the next century. The grace of God never kills anyone. A child will be more apt to grow up with religion than it will be apt to grow up without it. Length of days is promised to the righteous. The religion of Christ does not cause the spine to curve the spine or weaken the nerves. There are no malarials floating up from the river of life. The religion of Christ does not cause the heart to be changed to a heart of stone. The life of a child is a supernatural beauty. "Her ways are ways of righteousness, and all her paths are peace."

I pass on to consider the susceptibility of childhood. Men pride themselves on their unchangeability. It is charged to frailty or fraud when a man changes his sentiments in politics or in religion, and this determination of soul that so often drives back the Gospel from a man's heart. But childhood: how susceptible to example and to instruction! You are not surprised at the record: "Abraham begat Isaac, and Isaac begat Jacob"; for when religion starts in a family it is apt to go all through. Jezebel, a murderer, you are not surprised to find her son Jehoram attempting assassination. The musician touches the keys and the response of those keys is away off amid the pipes and the chords, and you wonder at the distance between the key and the chord. And so it is in life. If you touch a child, the results will come back from manhood or old age, telling just the same tune played, whether the dirge or a great sorrow, or the anthem of a great joy. The home and the school decide the republic or the despotism; the barbarism or the civilization; the upbuilding of an empire, or the overthrowing of it. Higher than Parliament or Congress are the school and the family, and the sound of a child's foot may mean more than the tramp of a host. What, then, are you doing for the purpose of bringing your children into the kingdom of God?

I pass on to consider the power which children wield over the parental heart. You no more educate them than they educate you. With their little hands they have caught hold of your entire nature and you cannot wrench yourself away from their grasp. You are different men and women from what you were before they gave you the first lesson. They have revolutionized your soul. There are fountains of joy in your heart which never would have been discovered had they not discovered them. Life is to you a more stupendous thing than it was before that little feet started on the pathway to eternity. Oh, how many hopes, how many joys, how many solitudes that little one has created for you! You go to school every day—a school of self-denial, a school of patience, in which you are getting wiser day by day. You are getting the child over you will increase and increase; and though your children may die,

from the very throne of God they will reach down an influence to your soul, leading you on and leading you up until you mingle with their voices and their feet in the throng of the great which the child has over the parent's heart is seen in what the parent will do for the child. Storm and darkness and heat and cold are nothing to you if they stand between you and your child's welfare. What stream will you not swim, what cavern will you not enter, what battle will you not fight, what hunger will you not endure for your children? And, oh, when the last sickness comes, how you fight for the march of peace, and it is only after tremendous struggle that you surrender. And when the great spirit has fled, the great deed is broken up, and Rachel will not be comforted because her children are not, and David goes up the palace stairs, crying: "Oh, Absalom, my son, my son, Absalom, my son, my son, Absalom, my son, my son."

There is not a large family, or hardly a large family that has not been over such a treasure and lost it. In the family fold is there no dead lamb? I have seen many such cases of sorrow. There is one pre-eminence in my memory, and that is Scoville Haynes McCallum. The story of his death has brought hundreds of days of grief to my parish in the West. A thorough boy, 9 or 10 years of age. Nothing morbid, nothing dull about him. His voice the angels and his foot the swiftest on the playground. And yet he was a Christian, consecrated to God, keeping his commandments. That is the kind of childish piety I believe in. When the days of the summer suddenly and he was told that he could not get well, he said: "Jesus alone can save me. Jesus will save me. He has saved me. I cry, mamma, I shall go right straight up to heaven." And then he gave him a glass of water to cool his hot lips, and he said: "Mamma, I shall take a draught from the water of life after a while, of which if one drink, he shall never get thirsty again. I lay myself at Jesus' feet, and I want him to do just what he thinks best to do with me." In those days, "Rest for the weary" was a new hymn, and he had learned it; and in the ecstasy of soul, in his last hour, he cried out:

In the Christian's home in glory There remains a land of rest; There's my Saviour going before me To fulfill my soul's request; There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you.

Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory, Shout your triumphs as you go; Zion's gates are open for you, And the way is straight through. There is rest for the weary, There is rest for you.

"There is rest for you, papa; there is rest for you, mamma." And then putting his hands over his heart, he said: "Yes, there is rest for me. And then he asked them to read 'The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.' He maketh me to lie down in green pastures, and leadeth me beside still waters"; and he cried out: "O Death, where is thy sting? O Woe, where is thy victory? And so, with a peace indescribable, he passed away.

Oh, there is nothing sad about a child's death save the grief of the parent's heart. But the child goes right out from a world of sin and suffering to a world of joy. How many sorrows they escape, how many temptations, how many troubles. The brightest lights that can be kindled, Christ has kindled. Let us, old and young, rejoice that heaven is gathering up so much that is attractive. In that far land we are not strangers. There are those there that speak our name day by day, and they wonder why so long we have been absent. If I could count up the names of all those who have gone out from these families into the kingdom of heaven, it would take me all day and mention their names. A great multitude before the throne. You loved them once; you love them now; and ever and anon you think you hear their voices calling upward. Ah, yes, they have gone out from all these families, and you want no book to tell you of the dying experience of Christian children. You have heard it; it has been whispered in your ear. O father, O mother, O brother, O sister, toward that goal the all-Christians are bearing. This snapping of heart strings, this flight of years, this tread of the heart reminds us that we are passing away. Under spring blossoms, and through summer harvests, and across autumnal leaves, and through the wintry snow banks, we are passing on. O, rejoice at it, children of God, rejoice at it! Now we shall gather them up, the loved and the lost! Before we mount our throne, before we drink of the fountain, before we strike the harp of our eternal celebration, we will cry out: "Where are our loved and lost?" And then, how we shall gather them up!

O how we shall gather them up! In this dark world of sin and pain We only meet to part again; But when we reach the heavenly shore, We there shall meet to part no more.

The hope that we shall see that day, Should chase our present griefs away; These short hours of pain are past, We'll meet before the throne at last.

A. C. P. R. CONDUCTOR

After Two Years' Misery Was Cured by Ten Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Prescott, Aug. 24.—For a long time much sympathy had been felt and expressed for Mr. Wm. Freeman, a very popular conductor of the C.P.R., who had been rendered unfit for duty during the last few years by a peculiar and distressing form of kidney disease. It now transpires, much to the delight of his friends, that he has been enabled to resume his regular trips. He claims, as the result of using only ten boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, that he has entirely recovered, and that he never felt better in his life, and believes that these Pills have cured him to stay cured.

"SHE TOLD THE TRUTH"

When she told her neighbors that never in the 27 years of her married life had she tasted a TEA the equal of

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Lead Packets Only. Black or Mixed. All Grocers.

Western Ontario.

Fifty Bushels of Oats to the Acre in Kintyre.

Random Rifle Shots at Ridgetown—Farmers Suffer from Storms.

The Windsor Brewing Company is in financial difficulties.

The July cheese of the Underwood and Tiverton factories has been sold at 7 3-4 cents a pound.

Mr. Edward McKillop, of Kintyre, reports a yield of 50 bushels of oats from a sowing of 20 pounds of seed.

Rev. John Maxwell has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Riverside, Enniskillen and Kinross congregations.

There were two weddings in Leamington on Saturday. John Snider and Miss Mary Hoople, and Gordon Brown and Miss Sarah Parson.

Mr. Asa Cronk, collector of customs at Courtright, is establishing a printing office in that town. Mr. Cronk is an experienced newspaper man.

Chatham will celebrate Labor Day, reports a yield of 50 bushels of oats from a sowing of 20 pounds of seed.

A severe thunderstorm passed over Comber Saturday. Peter Rannels and Joseph Giroux, of Tibbly North, had their barns destroyed with all their contents.

Charles McKeehan, of Kent Bridge, is charged with indecently assaulting Violetta Gallopi. The alleged assault is said to have taken place while the prisoner was giving Miss Gallopi

a drive to her brother's residence. The case was sent for trial, bail being accepted.

The police of Detroit are inquiring for Harriet Jerome, for whom a large fortune is in prospect. The girl is a French-Canadian, and is believed to be in this neighborhood.

Frank Pollock, of Gorrie, formerly a school teacher, but who has given up teaching for journalism, goes to the Sudan as a special war correspondent for the Massey Magazine, of Toronto.

A little 3-year-old daughter of Rev. C. W. Finch, of Montreal, who has been visiting in St. Thomas, had a finger almost completely cut off by having it caught in the iron gate in front of the house.

Wm. Griffin, who works at Lettich's basket factory, Ridgetown, was accidentally shot through the leg while coming up town Friday evening. A rifle ball also entered a window in one of the cottages on Cunningham avenue one day last week.

Major Coogan, high constable, Chatham, has issued a warrant for the arrest of Annie Richards, complainant in a charge of indecent assault preferred against George Wilson, a well known colored man. Friends of the accused are supposed to have spirited the girl away.

Nelle Tapley, aged 16, the daughter of Chester Tapley, who lives near Mount Vernon, was handling a loaded revolver the other night, when it became discharged, and the bullet entered her left breast and passed to a point under the left arm, whence it was extracted. The pistol was left among some papers which Miss Tapley was removing. Unless blood poisoning intervenes, no serious results are expected.

There is hope for the man who doesn't have to fall down more than once to learn how to stand up.

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Sunlight * Soap * Wrappers

A pretty Colored Picture for every 12 "Sunlight" or every 6 "Lifebuoy" Soap wrappers. These pictures are well worth getting.

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