BT W. WHYTE. "Better take it, sir. A regular bar.

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street thrust his hands deep down into his trousers pockets and assumed the insinu ating grip that is supposed to facilitate

much," hesitated Ernest Eiton, a portly

sively broke in E. Jackolin, lowering his this?"

the trunk that wasn't his, toasting his feet

"Is this your trunk ?"

"What business is it of yours?" viru-

Miss Binder was mollified. Mrs. Elton unwillingly confessed herself in the wrong, and Mr. El on wiped the perspiration form his brow, wondering what on earth would have become of him if Miss Binder and the

An Italian priest affiliated with amendi

Blessed is the man whose water the con

Catarrh-A New Treatment.



and telegraphed to him that he Pact her to meet him at the Whiteport "Of course she'll go the rest of the route with me," pondered Mr. Elton. "Dear me, dcar me, why can't women be contented at home?"

expected to !" Mr. Elton was dislodged first.

a v-y over the pavements at a break-neck pace to number ninety-two, Box street, hare the celebrated family of Blackmore resided

Clasps, "Now, theo! One doltar, ma'am!" Miss Binder unlocked her trank in the presence of all four of her cousins.

bara uttered a shriek. "Meh's shirts!" oried she. Mr. Caleb recoiled.

S. & Patients