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ght and Passenger Agent,
Block, York Street, Toronto.
D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.
, May 28th 1884. 71 6

THE FIRST SHADOW.

BY O. T.

It was evening. Arthur Roberts and his pretty bride, Belle, had that day taken the vows which had constituted them one. For the first time since that event Arthur found himself alone with his bride for a moment. Prompted by an impulse he could not restrain, he kissed her tenderly, and then as he pressed her to his bosom, whispered:

"Darling, you are my own now, and we will be very happy all our lives; will we not, dear wife?"

"Oh, I so much hope so," the fond wife answered, bowing her head upon his shoulder, and looking up into his face with an expression of tender love. "But still, Arthur, I almost tremble when I recollect how many of my dearest friends have entered married life with promises almost as bright as mine, only to have them all crushed and trampled into domestic unhappiness."

"Do you fear that we shall be unhappy?" the young man asked.

For a moment he seemed suspicious that all was not right with his fair young bride; but her very attitude was enough to drive away such thoughts from his mind, and he added, a moment later:

"I know you have no fears, Belle; nor have I. 'Tis true there are many unhappy marriages, but we will show all our unfortunate friends how to have peace and happiness in their households."

Belle uttered her assurance that they should be very happy, and then they moved away to rejoin their friends.

Arthur Roberts had not made a mistake in supposing that the keys of happiness in the household circle lay in his own possession.

During his minority his father died, leaving all his hard-earned accumulation in trust for him, so that upon reaching his majority he found himself with a good business knowledge and several thousand dollars capital to develop that knowledge.

For three years he had been engaged in business, and during that time his course had been one of success. Finally, therefore, he felt justified in taking the beautiful Belle to his home.

Arthur believed he had studied human nature deeply, that he had traced out all the sources of misery and uncongeniality in wedded life. Hence arose his positiveness upon the subject.

For some time everything moved along perfectly, and all was happiness about the young merchant's hearthstone. Arthur was in an ecstasy.

He knew the secret of happy married life, and many a brief lesson did he deliver to his bachelor friends upon this his new favorite theme. But he did not consider that no cause of sorrow or trial had yet come to them.

When the moment arrived, he was to learn that perfect theories might not always succeed. In fact, an obstacle which many a less philosophic husband might have made an element of more perfect strength, was to throw a more passing shadow upon their happiness.

It was some distance from his store to his residence, and during the busiest of the season it was seldom he returned till evening, taking a lunch at the nearest restaurant.

Then it was so pleasant to be met when he returned by the smiling Belle, with his slippers and dressing gown, and to enjoy the nice tea, served up as he prided himself only his wife could do it.

Yes; it was very pleasant, but as the time passed he began to consider it his right rather than privilege. The kind acknowledgments with which these little offices had been received at first were finally disregarded, and he came to receive them as only his just deserts.

Yet this model husband knew not that he was rapidly paring the happiness of his entire life. Arthur was but human, and tis human to err

One evening he returned at the usual time, but there were no quick steps to meet him, and he was even obliged to ring for admittance. The servant girl opened the door, and he pushed in without a word. He was weary and vexed with the duties of the day, and wondered why she was not waiting for him.

"Where is Belle?" he asked, pushing into the little sitting room, where they were accustomed to spend their evenings.

"'Deed, sir, I don't know, 'less she's in her own room. The dear woman's not a bit well herself, and she may have dropped asleep."

There was a dissatisfied expression upon the young merchant's face, but he threw open the window, and continued:

"If you please, Mary, you can bring my dressing gown and slippers."

"'Deed I will, sir. Where'll I find them?"

Here was a poser. Arthur did not know. Belle always brought them and took them away again. He suggested several places, from which they were not forthcoming.

"Never mind," he said; "I suppose tea is ready?"

"'Deed, sir, it is not. I was going to ask Mrs. Roberts about it. I'll go now."

"No, no; you see to getting it ready, and I'll find her. Pretty work, this," he mused as the servant disappeared.

He turned toward the stairway, but before reaching it the door was opened and Belle entered. There were pain marks upon her pallid face, and the most careless observer must have seen that she suffered deeply.

"Oh, you've come!" the husband exclaimed; but he did not turn to meet her, or exhibit any pleasure at her appearance.

"Really, I did not think it so late," she said, in low tones. "My side and head have ached fearfully this afternoon, and when they became a little easier I fell asleep and did not wake in time. I am sorry to have kept you waiting."

"But you might have instructed Mary to have tea, and placed my dressing-gown and slippers where they could be found!"

Arthur did not speak as pleasantly as he might, nor was it his manner alone which brought tears to Belle's eyes.

Without a word she turned to a small closet opening out of the apartment and produced the articles mentioned. Placing them beside his easy chair she hastened to the kitchen.

"I've seen her take them out of there fifty times at least," mused Arthur. "But for the life of me I could not tell where to look for them."

He proceeded to put them on, but from some cause they did not feel as comfortable as usual. Then he sat down by the window and tried to read, but could not feel interested and threw down the paper as Belle entered to announce tea.

The meal was partaken of in silence, and after it was ended, and they repaired to the sitting-room, the same silence prevailed. A shadow—the first—had fallen across the household.

The little room was just as pleasant as ever; the gas burned as brightly; but the inmates were changed.

Arthur took up the evening paper and read it again and again till every paragraph was stamped upon his mind. Then he held it before his eyes and tried to think of business matters; but that effort was in vain. Finally throwing down the paper he exclaimed rather fretfully;

"How dull it is here! Can't you play and sing something?"

"Perhaps I can play," the gentle wife responded, endeavoring to be cheerful; "but singing is out of my power to-night."

"Well, let's have the music then. Anything for the sake of a change."

Her heart swelling with the first unhappiness of her married life, the young wife took her way to the piano and commenced running her fingers over the keys.

She was a finished player, but in her present state she realized her inability to perform well. Accordingly she commenced playing a beautiful though simple march.

Roberts listened a few moments, and then turned the music with an impatient, dissatisfied air.

"Do let's have something a little livelier than that old humdrum piece," he said.

He selected a wild fantasia, and placed it upon the instrument. The knowledge that she could not render it properly, added to the poor woman's embarrassment. She made frequent mistakes, and finally became quite confused, stopping short in one of the most intricate and delicious passages.

"Never mind," Arthur observed. "If you can't play, let it alone."

A mighty effort enabled the wife to suppress her tears, and she still endeavored to be cheerful.

When morning came, Belle was nervous and weak, but she would utter no complaint, and the moment his breakfast was disposed of, Arthur started for his store.

The day was dull, and its gloom irritated the feelings of the merchant. Trade was but trifling, and he had good opportunity for reflection.

At times he felt that he had been wrong the evening before in allowing his vexation to be so apparent, but he could devise many a good excuse, so that he felt, or tried to feel, justified in the course he had taken.

But all this while conscience was whispering that he had been very unjust, and wounded his wife's feelings without any cause.

He could not drive away the whispering monitor. He took his lunch as usual, and then returned to pace up and down the store.

He had never felt so unpleasant before, and to increase the trouble, he saw not how the unpleasantness would end.

Just as the store was about being closed, for it was kept open very seldom of an evening, some business came to hand which required his immediate attention, and Arthur and his book-keeper were detained an hour beyond the usual time. When it was completed they closed the store and walked away in company, as their route was the same for several blocks.

A short distance from Roberts' store they passed another, which was closed and the door draped with crape.

"A sad case, that, of Mrs. Parks," the book-keeper remarked, nodding in the direction of the door.

"In what respect, Jared?"

"The manner of the lady's death, sir. Parks and I were school-boys together. He has only been married six months. When he left home yesterday morning she was rather indisposed, but he thought nothing of it, and came down town as usual. Before noon they sent for him, as she was dying, and when he reached the house she was dead. Singular, wasn't it?"

"Very."

Arthur Roberts thought for a moment of the man whose household had been thus thrown into mourning, and then his thoughts traveled quickly to his own. He remembered of the illness of his own wife. Could it be that she was very sick? He started at the thought as though struck by a shot. Possibly she was dangerously ill—perchance he should never speak to her again! How bitterly he recollected his heartless words of the night previous!

Fortunately their ways diverged at this point, and forgetting all save the pale face of his suffering wife, Arthur started forward at a run. Block after block was passed, but he seemed to be no nearer. How long the distance seemed. He reached the door at length and burst it open. No one came to meet him. The little sitting room was deserted, but he heard the heavy tread of the servant ascending the kitchen stairs. Turning upon his heel he sought Belle's room. A thousand distinct emotions were experienced as he approached her door, careful lest a rude step should disturb her. He swung the door open, for it was ajar, and stepped inside. The wife lay upon the bed sleeping, the pain marks still deeply stamped upon her features. He saw at once that she was quite ill, and tears, which did no discredit to his manhood, sprang to his eyes. As he would have turned away there was a slight movement, and the sleeper awoke.

"You are much worse, my dear Belle," he said tenderly, as the blue eyes unclosed.

"Oh, no," she answered, quickly; "I feel much better now. I have been in pain, and weak and foolish, and so became nervous."

"I don't blame you, my dear Belle, for getting nervous," he said. "I was a brute to you last night, but I have been very unhappy to day, for I saw my mistake, and if you'll forgive me we'll try once more."

There was a happy greeting, a softly whispered assurance that all was forgiven, and the first shadow vanished more quickly than it had appeared.

In a few days Belle was well again, for tenderness and love work decided cures sometimes.

Arthur Roberts had learnt a lesson he never forgot. It was bitter at the time, but it was needed. He learnt to govern any selfish feeling that might arise, and to prize the untiring kindness of his wife more and more deeply as time passed on.

"The Slough of Despondency"

—in which you are wallowing, on account of some of those diseases peculiar to you, madame, and which have robbed you of the rosy hue of health, and made life a burden to you, you can easily get out of. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will free you from all such troubles, and soon recall the rose-tint of health to your cheek, and the elasticity to your step. It is a most perfect specific for all the weaknesses and irregularities peculiar to your sex. It cures ulceration, displacements, "internal fever," bearing down sensations, removes the tendency to cancerous affections and corrects all unnatural discharges. By druggists.

England and Holland offer to raise the blockade off Tenom and give the rajah 100,000 rupees if he will release the crew of the British steamer Misero which was wrecked on his coast. If the rajah refuses he will be punished.

—J. H. Earl, West Shefford, P.Q., writes: "I have been troubled with liver complaint for several years, and have tried different medicines with little or no benefit, until I tried Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which gave me immediate relief, and I would say that I have used it since with the best effect. No one should be without it. I have tried it on my horse in cases of cuts, wounds, etc, and I think it equally as good for horse as for man."

"So your daughter has gone to Saratoga," said a neighbor to 'Squire McGill. "Yes." "Did she have a chaperone?" "Have a chap around? Gosh, yes. There was a half dozen chaps around when she took the cars."

—As age creeps on apace, the various functions of the body grow weaker in their performance. Old people who suffer from increasing indigestion, torpidity of the liver, and constipation, should give renewed impetus to the action of the stomach, bile-secreting organ and bowels, with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, from which aid is never sought in vain. It works wonders as a blood purifier.

—Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

Why do plumbers strike? Because they are led to it.

A learned anatomist has declared that, owing to the peculiar construction of the female form, a woman cannot jump. Perhaps he never saw an old maid jump at an offer.

—"Facts are stubborn things," and sufferers from chills and fever generally find their complaint a very stubborn fact, until they commence the use of Ayer's Ague Cure. That medicine eradicates the noxious poison from the system, and invariably cures even the worst cases.

"Going to sing in the chorus to-morrow?" asked one member of a choir of another. "Of course I am," was the answer, which nearly killed the questioner.

TORONTO RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Departure and Arrival of Trains from and at Union Station.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Departures, Main Line East.

7.15 a. m.—Local for points east to Montreal.
8.30 a. m.—Fast express for Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, etc.
1 p.m.—Mixed for Kingston and intermediate stations.
5.30 p.m.—Local for Cobourg and intermediate stations.
7.40 p.m.—Express for main points, Ottawa, Montreal, etc., runs daily.

Arrivals, Main Line East.

1 p.m.—Local from Cobourg.
9.15 a.m.—Express from Montreal, Ottawa and main local points.
11.30 a.m.—Fast express from Montreal, etc.
6.55 p.m.—Mixed from Kingston and intermediate stations.
10.30 p.m.—Express from Boston, Quebec, Portland, Montreal, Ottawa, etc.

Departures, Main Line West.

7.55 a.m.—Local for all points west to Detroit.
1 p.m.—Express for Port Huron, Detroit, Chicago and all western points.
4.00 p.m.—For Goderich, Stratford and local points north of Guelph.
6.25 p.m.—Mixed for Stratford and intermediate points.
11.15 p.m.—Express for Sarnia and western points; sleeping car for Detroit.

Arrivals, Main Line West.

7.55 a.m.—Mixed from Stratford and intermediate points.
8.10 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit, Port Huron, and all western points.
11.30 a.m.—Local from London, Goderich, etc.
7.10 p.m.—Express from all points west, Chicago, Detroit, etc.
11.15 p.m.—Local from London, Stratford, etc.

Departures, Great Western Division.

7.15 a.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo and local stations between Niagara Falls and Windsor.
9.25 a.m.—For Detroit, St. Louis and points in the southwest.
12.20 p.m.—For Detroit, Chicago and the west and all points east from Hamilton; runs daily.
3.55 p.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston and local stations between Hamilton and London, and Brantford, St. Thomas, etc.
6.20 p.m.—Local stations between Toronto and Niagara Falls.
10.45 p.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston and all points east and west of Hamilton.

Arrivals, Great Western Division.

8.40 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit, Hamilton, etc.
10.15 a.m.—Express from London, St. Catharines, Hamilton, etc.
12.55 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Buffalo and all points east.
4.30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, London, etc., runs daily.
7.05 p.m.—Mail from Buffalo, Detroit, London, Hamilton and intermediate stations.
7.25 p.m.—Express from Detroit, St. Louis, etc.
10.55 p.m.—Local from London and intermediate stations.

Suburban Trains, Great Western Division.

Leave Toronto at 7.40, 10.55 a.m., and 2.25 and 4.20 and 6.05 p.m.

Returning leave Mimico 8.35 and 11.35 a.m., and 3.00, 4.35 and 7.25, calling at Queen's wharf, Parkdale, High park and the Humber, both going and returning.

Sunday Trains, G. W. Division.

Trains leaving Toronto for Hamilton at 12.20 and arriving from Hamilton at 4.30 p.m., run on Sundays, but do not stop at intermediate stations.

Departures, Midland Division.

7.35 a.m.—Mixed—Blackwater and intermediate stations.
7 a.m.—Mail—Sutton, Midland, Orillia, Cobocconk, Haliburton, Lindsay, Port Perry, Whitby, Peterboro, Lakefield, Port Hope, Madoc, Belleville, Hastings, Campbellford and intermediate stations.
4.10 p.m.—Mail—Sutton, Midland, Orillia, Cobocconk, Lindsay, Port Perry, Whitby, Peterboro, Port Hope and intermediate stations.
4.55 p.m.—Mixed—Uxbridge and intermediate stations.

Arrivals, Midland Division.

11.45 a.m.—Mail 9.45 a.m.—Mixed from Uxbridge and intermediate stations. 9 p.m.—Mail. 6.10 p.m.—Mixed.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Departures Credit Valley Section.

7.10 a.m.—St. Louis express, for all stations on main line and branches, and for Detroit, Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas city.
1.05 p.m.—Pacific express, for Galt, Woodstock, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, Detroit, Chicago, and all points west and north west.
4.50 p.m.—Local express for all points on main line, Orangeville and Elora 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 all points west and stations on main line.
7.00 p.m.—Montreal express—All stations on main line and branches.

Departures, Toronto, Grey and Bruce Section.

7.20 a.m.—Mail for Orangeville, Owen Sound, Teeswater and all intermediate stations.
11.30 a.m.—Steamboat express for Owen Sound Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday only.
4.40 p.m.—Express for Orangeville, Owen Sound and Teeswater.

Arrivals, Toronto, Grey and Bruce Section.

10.45 a.m.—Express from Owen Sound and intermediate stations.
1.30 p.m.—Steamboat Express from Owen Sound Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday only.
9.35 p.m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations.
4.15 p.m.—Mixed, arrives at Parkdale.

Ontario and Quebec Section.

Express leaves Toronto 4.50 p.m.
Express arrives at Toronto 10.45 a.m.
Mixed leaves Parkdale 6.10 a.m.
Mixed arrives at Parkdale 7.50 p.m.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Trains depart from and arrive at City hall station, stopping at Union and Brock street stations.

Departures.

7.45 a.m.—Mail for Muskoka wharf, Orillia, Meaford, Penetang and intermediate stations, making direct connections at Muskoka wharf with Muskoka boats.
12.00 noon—Steamboat express for Muskoka wharf, Collingwood and Meaford, making direct connections at Collingwood with steamers for Sault Ste. Marie and Port Arthur.
5.05 p.m.—Express for Collingwood, Penetang, Orillia and Barrie.
12.30 p.m.—Muskoka special express each Saturday during July and August for Muskoka wharf, connecting with steamers for Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph.

Arrivals.

10.15 a.m.—Express from Collingwood, Orillia, Barrie and intermediate points.
1.45 p.m.—Accommodation from Meaford, Collingwood, Penetang, Muskoka wharf, Orillia, Barrie and intermediate points.
8.15 p.m.—Mail from Penetang, Muskoka, Orillia, Barrie and intermediate stations.
1.55 p.m.—Muskoka special express, Mondays only—July and August.

IT LEADS ALL.

No other blood-purifying medicine is made, or has ever been prepared, which so completely meets the wants of physicians and the general public as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

It leads the list as a truly scientific preparation for all blood diseases. If there is a lurking taint of Scrofula about you, dislodge it and expel it from your system.

SCROFULA Ayer's Sarsaparilla will

For constitutional or scrofulous Catarrh, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the true remedy. It has cured numberless cases. It will stop the nauseous nasal discharges, and remove the sickening odor of the breath, which are indications of scrofulous origin.

CATARRH

"Hutto, Tex., Sept. 28, 1882.

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SORE EYES

Yours truly, B. F. JOHNSON."

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GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES.

Best 2 Cut Wood	$6.00	per cord.
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Best Long Wood	$5.50	per cord.
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Slabs	3.50	do.

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Telephone Communication all over. Special Rates on Coal.

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

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Best Hard Wood, Beech and Maple, dry or green, long at	$5.00
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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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