

AT WHAT A COST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CALLED BACK," "DARK DAYS," ETC. It was late at night. The fire had gradually settled down until it became a steady glowing mass of red, giving plenty of heat, but little flame. The shaded lamp from the table threw a circle of light widening until it reached the floor, where it lay, a luminous disk, and left all out side in sombre gloom. The room was evidently a library, as tall cases of books lined the walls, and the massive table in the centre was strewn with pamphlets and writing materials. On a low chair, near the fire, partly in light and partly in darkness, sat a woman. She might have been about 45 years of age and was still beautiful. Her hands, with the fingers interlaced, rested upon her lap and her head leaned wearily against the side of the mantelpiece. Her attitude, even without the traces of recent toil upon her face, betokened extreme grief.

Well indeed might she grieve, for in the room above her lay a dead man—her husband. She had had her household leave her and retire to rest, and her hour sounded as she sat by the fire and mourned in solitude. True, the man who had died that day had not been her first love; not the one she had once hoped was destined to link his with hers. She had married him for esteem, friendship, respect and many other admirable reasons; but her heart was with one who had died many years ago. Yet they had been man and wife for twenty years, and his unwavering love, his kindness, the homage he had ever paid her, had earned, as with a woman, ever most, their reward, and as with sorrowful eyes he gazed into the fire and lived again those twenty placid years, she felt that death had that day decreed a void in her life which would never again be filled.

And yet the dead man had not been the most cheerful companion to a woman in the prime of life and beauty. He was ever sad, at times gloomy; but he never words to her had ever crossed his lips even in his most dreary moods. He had lived a fair and noble life, doing in a quiet, secret way much good to the world; he was spent, good, the extent of which she knew, only knew. And as she thought of these things and of the poor white face up-stairs, another flood of tears came to her relief. She would see it once more, to-night; and by the side of that motionless form kneel down and say, "If I have done all that I could; if I promised." With this intention she rose from her seat, and rising, an object on the mantelpiece attracted her attention. It was a small key; and that morning, even as she died, her husband, with his fingers, placed it in her hand, whispering with a yearning look on his face, "Read and forgive."

In the agitation of that terrible hour she had taken little notice of those mysterious words—the little, indeed, he spoke—but now she remembered them. There, there was something he wanted her to know. The key, she was aware, gave access to a secret in which her husband kept his private papers. She raised the shade from the lamp, and its light, hitherto concentrated, spread over and illumined the room, in a corner of which stood the walnut bureau with its antique brass handles. She opened it, and after a few moments' search found what she knew intuitively was the document designed for her perusal. It was a bulky packet, sealed and addressed: "For my wife, Private."

Wondering, even in her grief, what its contents could be, she opened it, and why the inscription to read it was coupled with that plea for forgiveness, she returned to her former seat, and after testing the light broke open the seals and commenced the perusal of the manuscript. Womanlike, she turned over several pages rapidly as if to catch some glimpse of the general tenor of the revelation, and as in the cursory glance she took she saw names, well-known names, written frequently, a feeling of fear thrilled her, and with a low cry of pain and horror she set her lips firmly and with eager eyes devoured the closely written lines. A message from the man who lay dead ran thus:

My wife—when you read this I shall be dead, and you will, I have little doubt, be still in the prime of womanhood. Whether the love I have ever borne you, whether the remembrance of those years, which, at least happily, under this roof together, will enable you after reading this to think of me without ceasing my name, I know not. Yet, I dare not say and make no sign. I dare not let the grave cover the secret which is fretting my life out—which has trained for years around my heart like a snake, and which will at last still its beating—a secret that even you in your wildest dreams never suspected.

A Coffee Brunkard.

Philadelphia. Press reporter as he leaned against the cashier's desk of a restaurant near the public buildings one day last week. The man in question had paid a 10c check and slipped out of the door with a jerky movement and a swinging of the cane he carried which decidedly endangered the people's peace.

"What a coffee brunkard," said the Philadelphia Press reporter as he leaned against the cashier's desk of a restaurant near the public buildings one day last week. The man in question had paid a 10c check and slipped out of the door with a jerky movement and a swinging of the cane he carried which decidedly endangered the people's peace.

Restoration of Edinburgh Castle. From the London Times. William Nelson, the senior partner of the publishing firm of Thomas Nelson & Sons, has offered to defray the cost of restoring externally the little Norman church within the walls of Edinburgh castle, known as Queen Margaret's chapel, to as near as possible its original condition. This interesting fabric, at one time degraded into a powder magazine, is one of the oldest ecclesiastical structures in Scotland, having been built by Queen (or Saint) Margaret, wife of Malcolm Canmore, toward the end of the eleventh century. Internally the building was restored many years ago under the auspices of Prof. Daniel Wilson, now of Toronto, who recommends the fine Romanesque church of Daney as a model in proceeding with the present work. Mr. Nelson's wish has been communicated to the government, and will doubtless be welcomed as a fitting memorial to the efforts of the late St. Giles' cathedral was some years ago.

A Cure For Brunkards. Opium, morphine and kindred habits keep and valuable treasure sent free. The medicine can be given in a cup of tea or coffee and without the knowledge of the person taking it if so desired. Send 3c stamp for full particulars and testimonials. Address M. J. Loring, agency 47 Wellesley St. East, Toronto, Canada. ed

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stopped? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. There is nothing he wanted her to know. The key, she was aware, gave access to a secret in which her husband kept his private papers. She raised the shade from the lamp, and its light, hitherto concentrated, spread over and illumined the room, in a corner of which stood the walnut bureau with its antique brass handles. She opened it, and after a few moments' search found what she knew intuitively was the document designed for her perusal. It was a bulky packet, sealed and addressed: "For my wife, Private."

Wondering, even in her grief, what its contents could be, she opened it, and why the inscription to read it was coupled with that plea for forgiveness, she returned to her former seat, and after testing the light broke open the seals and commenced the perusal of the manuscript. Womanlike, she turned over several pages rapidly as if to catch some glimpse of the general tenor of the revelation, and as in the cursory glance she took she saw names, well-known names, written frequently, a feeling of fear thrilled her, and with a low cry of pain and horror she set her lips firmly and with eager eyes devoured the closely written lines. A message from the man who lay dead ran thus:

My wife—when you read this I shall be dead, and you will, I have little doubt, be still in the prime of womanhood. Whether the love I have ever borne you, whether the remembrance of those years, which, at least happily, under this roof together, will enable you after reading this to think of me without ceasing my name, I know not. Yet, I dare not say and make no sign. I dare not let the grave cover the secret which is fretting my life out—which has trained for years around my heart like a snake, and which will at last still its beating—a secret that even you in your wildest dreams never suspected.

As you read these pages you will weep, but not for me. You will call for one who can never return, but the name you utter will not be mine. Widowed though you are, it is not your husband you will mourn. Yes, when this is written my mind will be more at ease, although I know the condition which may lighten my remorse. I little lay a heavy burden on you. At least forgive me this. How shall I begin? As I left here to-night, a prematurely aged man, I look back through the long years—so long, so weary to me—and see myself in this same room, a young man of twenty-five, with all that could make life pleasant as my command. Kindness and friends—youth and health—and, as I fondly hoped, a career of time, love, that sooner or later, would be mine. Here I sat, I remember, one winter's evening, with my favorite companion even then, my mother. Was I reading, or was I dreaming of what might be? I know not.

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of Ayer's Pills.

Ayer's Pills are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of all disorders of the stomach and bowels. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of August mails close and are due as follows:

U.S. N. Y. ... 8.00 a.m. ... 10.30 a.m. ... U.S. Western States ... 6.00 a.m. ... 8.30 a.m. ...

Volunteers, Attention! Volunteers wishing to join the Government Scrip, should apply to COX & CO., 26 TORONTO STREET.

CHEESE. New Roquefort, New Gorgonzola just received. Also Cream, Langhans Rap, Sultana, etc. Rolled, Curried, Holland, Herting, Spanish Olives in bulk. Salt Water Dills.

I. E. KINGSBURY, GROCER AND IMPORTER, 105 GERRARD ST. TELEPHONE 57.

TENTS! P. BURNS

Makes a Great Reduction in Hard Coal, and will sell in Celebrated SCRANTON COAL FOR PRESENT DELIVERY AT \$5.50 PER TON FOR STOVE AND CHESTNUT \$5.25 " " " EGG AND GRATE

Remember this is the only Reliable Coal, Free from Damage by Fire. All Coal guaranteed to weigh 2,000 pounds to the ton.

WE ARE RECEIVING DAILY BY RAIL IN BOX CARS, DIRECT FROM MINES, NEWLY MINED COAL In First-Class Condition. QUALITY GUARANTEED. ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY. J.R. BAILEY & CO.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO. TORONTO. BUTLER PITTSTON COAL. In universally acknowledged to be THE VERY BEST.

For present delivery, Stove & Nut, \$5.50. Egg & Grate, \$5.25. BEST WOOD ALL KINDS, LOWEST PRICES. HEAD OFFICE, 20 KING STREET WEST. OFFICES: 413 Yonge Street.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO. MINERS AND SHIPPERS. WHOLESALE AND RETAILERS. TORONTO COAL EXCHANGE.

For a limited time only the price of Hard Coal will be reduced to \$5.50 for Stove and Nut, and \$5.25 for Egg and Grate for cash and immediate delivery.

Also the Coal slightly damaged by the recent fire will be sold by all members of the Exchange at \$4.50 per ton.

TO DYSPEPTICS.

The most common signs of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of Ayer's Pills.

Ayer's Pills are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of all disorders of the stomach and bowels. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of August mails close and are due as follows:

U.S. N. Y. ... 8.00 a.m. ... 10.30 a.m. ... U.S. Western States ... 6.00 a.m. ... 8.30 a.m. ...

Volunteers, Attention! Volunteers wishing to join the Government Scrip, should apply to COX & CO., 26 TORONTO STREET.

CHEESE. New Roquefort, New Gorgonzola just received. Also Cream, Langhans Rap, Sultana, etc. Rolled, Curried, Holland, Herting, Spanish Olives in bulk. Salt Water Dills.

I. E. KINGSBURY, GROCER AND IMPORTER, 105 GERRARD ST. TELEPHONE 57.

TENTS! P. BURNS

Makes a Great Reduction in Hard Coal, and will sell in Celebrated SCRANTON COAL FOR PRESENT DELIVERY AT \$5.50 PER TON FOR STOVE AND CHESTNUT \$5.25 " " " EGG AND GRATE

Remember this is the only Reliable Coal, Free from Damage by Fire. All Coal guaranteed to weigh 2,000 pounds to the ton.

WE ARE RECEIVING DAILY BY RAIL IN BOX CARS, DIRECT FROM MINES, NEWLY MINED COAL In First-Class Condition. QUALITY GUARANTEED. ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY. J.R. BAILEY & CO.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO. TORONTO. BUTLER PITTSTON COAL. In universally acknowledged to be THE VERY BEST.

For present delivery, Stove & Nut, \$5.50. Egg & Grate, \$5.25. BEST WOOD ALL KINDS, LOWEST PRICES. HEAD OFFICE, 20 KING STREET WEST. OFFICES: 413 Yonge Street.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO. MINERS AND SHIPPERS. WHOLESALE AND RETAILERS. TORONTO COAL EXCHANGE.

For a limited time only the price of Hard Coal will be reduced to \$5.50 for Stove and Nut, and \$5.25 for Egg and Grate for cash and immediate delivery.

Also the Coal slightly damaged by the recent fire will be sold by all members of the Exchange at \$4.50 per ton.

TO DYSPEPTICS.

The most common signs of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of Ayer's Pills.

Ayer's Pills are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of all disorders of the stomach and bowels. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE. During the month of August mails close and are due as follows:

U.S. N. Y. ... 8.00 a.m. ... 10.30 a.m. ... U.S. Western States ... 6.00 a.m. ... 8.30 a.m. ...

Volunteers, Attention! Volunteers wishing to join the Government Scrip, should apply to COX & CO., 26 TORONTO STREET.

CHEESE. New Roquefort, New Gorgonzola just received. Also Cream, Langhans Rap, Sultana, etc. Rolled, Curried, Holland, Herting, Spanish Olives in bulk. Salt Water Dills.

I. E. KINGSBURY, GROCER AND IMPORTER, 105 GERRARD ST. TELEPHONE 57.

TENTS! P. BURNS

Makes a Great Reduction in Hard Coal, and will sell in Celebrated SCRANTON COAL FOR PRESENT DELIVERY AT \$5.50 PER TON FOR STOVE AND CHESTNUT \$5.25 " " " EGG AND GRATE

Remember this is the only Reliable Coal, Free from Damage by Fire. All Coal guaranteed to weigh 2,000 pounds to the ton.

WE ARE RECEIVING DAILY BY RAIL IN BOX CARS, DIRECT FROM MINES, NEWLY MINED COAL In First-Class Condition. QUALITY GUARANTEED. ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY. J.R. BAILEY & CO.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO. TORONTO. BUTLER PITTSTON COAL. In universally acknowledged to be THE VERY BEST.

For present delivery, Stove & Nut, \$5.50. Egg & Grate, \$5.25. BEST WOOD ALL KINDS, LOWEST PRICES. HEAD OFFICE, 20 KING STREET WEST. OFFICES: 413 Yonge Street.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO. MINERS AND SHIPPERS. WHOLESALE AND RETAILERS. TORONTO COAL EXCHANGE.

For a limited time only the price of Hard Coal will be reduced to \$5.50 for Stove and Nut, and \$5.25 for Egg and Grate for cash and immediate delivery.

Also the Coal slightly damaged by the recent fire will be sold by all members of the Exchange at \$4.50 per ton.