FOURS. ST W. J. FLORENCE.

A trim New England kitchen, with its graveyard. flor of knotty pine boards scoured to a and went with her pice to a distant state - I homas Myers Brac and went with her plece to a distant state where they could buy a little place and try flooting back the gleam of the crackling to earn their living by means of a market medicine I sell. It always gives satisfac snowy whiteness, the red brick hearth re-floating back the gleam of the crackling hickory logs and the dresser full of glitter. Where they could buy a little place and wy to earn their living by means of a market garden; and so they dwelt for two or three vers. hickory logs and the dresser fuil of glitter-ing tins put mathematically straight, after the coming meal—this was the scene upon which the autumn sun glowed red y for an instant through the narrow window panes, ere it went down behind a bank of slate-colored clouds in the west—and Miss Jemima Buxford, glancing up at the clock

on a little wooden shelf beneath the windows, saw that it was half past five o'clock. "Bless me, how the time does go on !" the sat of Miles Jemina's doorstep, medi-tatively chewing a straw. "I came through stid Miss Jemima. "And it don't seem there once, years ago, when I drove a ped-dler's cart." "Y u!" echoed E len—"a peddler's

runnio' arter your everlastin' whime, Eb- | cart : enezer l' Ebenezer Buxford, his autocratic sister's senior by 20 good years, looked deprecat ingly up from his cushioned nook in the

ingly up from his cushioned nook in the ohimney corner-a weak, feeble-kneed od man, with scanty gray haiten of his head

man, with scanty gray hairs brushed into a meak little wip on the top of his head, watery blue eyes and a complexion like "I know I'm adeal of trouble, Jemimy." said the old man, spolegetically, "but I try not to make any more than I can

"No, you don't neither !" snapped toothache, and a suntonnet tipped down "No, you don't neither !" snapped Jemms. "I hain't no patience with your old pipe, and your everlastin' smoke, smoke, smokin', till we all smell like an oli bar room, and therefain't a currin in the house that don't tell its own story. I tell ye what, E'encz r Buxtord, you've just g t to lesve d' that mislate hand!" Ebencz rehrafk instinctively at the hard, oruel tong "But-Jeminy_" "To in carbors, Evenezer." "But Eten D noison says_"

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*But—Jemimy—" *Ton the endowners, Expresser," *But Etten D anchowners, " *I could cate the openie of any finger what E len D anchowners, " *I could cate the openie of any finger what E len D anchowners, " *I could cate the openie of any finger what E len D anchowners, " into the lumber districts, where I expected to find a good market for that sort of thing. And here comes in the queer part of my story. When I was making up my pound packages of tobacco into small parcels, suit able to my traffe, I found in one of them, tied and prepared like the rest, a tin box with—" "Four hymerry and induly you in every whim, I don't—that's all there is to it I I all'." d'n't-that's all there is to it! I sin't "Four hundred dollars in bills in it

g ing to have this smokin' going on. You've just got to quit it !' Four hundred donars in onis in the Know. I sold you that ar' tobacco! And n've jist got to quit it ! 'I might as wein quit livin', Jemimy. know. I sold you that at those a never intended for you why didn't you bring it For forty seven year however, did not stay to back ?" Mas Jemina

hear the end of the speech, but burst out Gently, gently, Miss Buxford," said of the room, n-attering to herself sentences of which the import baded little good.

thought the spinster, "when he knows I've sold them there packets of Virguy tobacco he brought home on his last sea voyage. It's odd sman can keep voyagio' to furrin parts all his life and not lay up no nonev, arter all. But Epengar mayor no money, arter all. But Eben zer never was savin' like the rest o' the Buxfords."

im , who had never lived on the best o And Jemms went up stairs to rummage te ma with her neighbors. "Well seen in an old red chest where she kept her treasures for a hank of mixed yarn to finish pair of socks she had on hand.

 a pair of socks she had on hand.
O d' Eben zer waited patiently by the ki oben fire the while, until he heard a light forest-p on the door stone withou;
a d his face brunthand a fire be withou;
a d his face brunthand a fire br light forest-p on the door stone withou; a.d.hus face brightened as E len Deunison the house, while Eilen lits d her soft eyes

Site was a tall, fresh-complexioned girl, with a face which, if not absolutely pretty, was pleasing, and a light figure whose grade was not to be mine. Gauge 12 was preasing, and a light figure whose grade was parterned after the waving runnes by the riverside and the tall young else in the mailing by the side and the tall young "Well, uncle," she said, cheerily. eists in the meatow below. "Well, uncle," she said, cheerily. "Ive been waitin' for you, Eiler," the \$500 Not Catled For old man whispered, beckoning her to cone close to him. She-she won't bring me -It seems strange that it is nece sary t ersuade men that you gan cure their un no more jeacey, and I naven't had a whill who fails to reo ive be dit. And yet D. Sige undoubtedly oured thousands of case siper 4 o'clock.' E in bit her lip! I'd bring you some at once, Uncle obstinate catarrh wih his "Catarr Enn who would never have poli-"There ain't none left in the tin box !" medy. , him if it had not been for his offe it th went on the old man, detaining her with a grip of her neat calico dress. "You"l have ove sum for an incurable care. Who i the next bidder for cure or ca-h? to go to the packet o b ue paper in the cor ner cupberd upstairs-the genuine stuff I Intel igence of a Dog. brougen from old Virginy years and years ago, when I warn's the od wreck I am From the Yarmouth limes. A citiz n went into a store at Port Mai ard to buy a d zen eggs, but only elevel nos! Get the top package, Nell-the top one, remember !" cuid be fund and he sarted off with "Yes, nucle." And away tripped Ellen, carrying her lighted candie through the gloomy entries, like a rustic embodiment of Dawn, bearing her her ad a sar Yrs. uncle. her hera el star. Miss Jemima met her at the head of the firs fight of wooder, uncarpeted steps. * Waere a e you going, E en Denniso.?? out and left them on the road, took the basket home, and then went back and brought the remaining ears in his mouth. "Io get some tobacco for Uncle Eben-Ez sr." ". There ain't none left." "'There ain't none left." "Y s. there is, in the packet he brought f on N of filk in the Lively Silly." "But I tell you there ain't' reit ra'ed Miss Jenima. "I sold it yesterdsy-to a peddier that cause along. He gave metive dol yes for it." the Care for dyspepsis, impure blood, pim ples on the face, bili bushess as d consti, a-"You sold it?" Muss Jumima nodded her head defiantly. "Yes, I sold it, and you needn't sta e tion-such cases having come under my personal observation." at me as it i'd committed a state prison Eurglars who break into grocery stores offence, Miss. -I'd do the same this gover his win'er complain that the pies are no H. W. BOOTH, Manager, again. I mean to break up Ebenez i's mis-rable tri k of smokin'. An old man onger young. -Iron, potash, and the best vegetable diteratives, render Aver's Sarsaparilla un-qualed as a blood medicine. that's dependent on his relatives for his daily bread hain't no business with luxuries like tobacco-and he'li get no more in this A Cincipati ditor claims to have seen a petrified girl. Somebody probably told E len Dennison answered nothing, but she turned and went quietly down stairs, wish her checks flashed an indignant scarer there was no more pie. wich her checks flasher wed her. "Uacie," sait the girl, ca'mly, as the old man raised his bleard, expectant eyes toward her, "there is no tobacco there" "I've sold ut!" quoth Miss Jemima, put-"I've sold ut!" quoth Miss Jemima, put-toms of established indigestin, are dis-toms of established indigestin, are dis-toms of by this salutary corrective tonic and -Furred tongue and impure breath are wo concomitants of biliquaness rem died "You've-sold-my tobacco !. My blue toms of established indigestion, are dis-persed by this salutary corrective tonic and celebrated blood purifier. Yes, I have; and where's the harm I'd "I didn't dream you were going to have like to know? I wasn't goin' to have it clutteria' up my cupboard no longer, I've sold it for \$5" "Tuea," said Ebenezer, with a sort of stony calmas", "you've just got \$5 for a pack of the best Bue Virginia tobacco that -West Toronto Junction is within was ever put into a pipe bowl, and \$400 in mon y that was in a tin b x in the lowest few minutes of the Union station by the trains of either the Ontario and Quebec parcel but two. That's where I'd psrcel but two. That's where I'd away my little savin's. I thought be safe there—but they wasn's, it You've had your own way, Jem al I hope you feel better!" Jemima's lower j.w dr pped. tesaits ! why didn't ye teil me on stored away my little savin's. I thought they'd be safe there-but they wa-n't, it ima, and I hope you feel better !" Miss Jemuna's lower j.w dr. pped. S.Resalive ! why didn't ye tell me on The place to take a "proof of the pud ding" must be on the "cook's galley. it, Eben zer Buxtord ?" Because I ada't chone," said the old man bitterly. 'I'm sorry on E len's ao but pie is fr quently found in the "com count. I beaut she should have a little posi ion" room. money for her own, but as tor you, Jemimy, . I'm free to say that I believe it serves you -As an after-dinner pill, to promote easy digestion, Ayer's Puls are wonder, fully effective. Miss Jemima sank, rather than sat down * Promises are like pie crust, made to be broken," as ys the old adage, but this saying originated that saw evidently never tackled on a low enair by the table, letting her head tall into ber hards. To the griping, seemed a bright idoi to be worshipped and bewed down before, this loss was most — Mr. Peter Vermet -Mr. Peter Vermett. Hochelaga, PQ., writs: "Dr. Thomas' E lectric Oil cured me of theumatism after I tried many medidisastrous, and none the less so, because it hat been wrought through her own secret, spiceful'offriodances. The tears hard salt, and butter as he waters of the Dead are, one. Just think of it—you can relieve and bitter as he waters of the Dead ses, and bitter as he waters of the Dead ses, or z d, one by one, down her red eyelits, and tell on the table ; a low, choking sob his the croaking bird of prey, broke from his the croaking bird of prey, broke from her hps: Bit, slas! her repentance had come too costing only 25 cents. It is reported from New South Wales that rebuilt are no numerous there that late. Bas antenna wers basis on, and, when

Brat for some one who will promise to eac

-A field of corns.-Thomas Sabin o Eglington, says: "I have used Hollo way's Corn Cure with the best results having removed ten corns from my feet. I is not a half way cure or reliever, but mplete extinguisher, leaving the skin mooth and clear from the least appearance

t the corne The difference between propriety and appropriety is the difference between coman without a man and a woman with a man. It is only 'im.

- If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worn Exterminator; safe, sure, and effectual Give it a trial and be convinced.



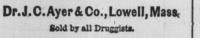
" Calvert, Texas, May 3, 1882. "I wish to express my appreciation of the valuable qualities of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy. "While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a severe cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on ou : march we came to a country store, where, o 1 asking for some remedy, I was urged to try AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. "I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since

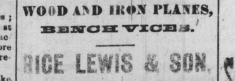
then I have kept the PECTORAL constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases. J. W. WHITLEY." Thousands of testimonials certify to the prompt cure of all bronchial and lung

affections, by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. PREPARED BY





SAWS.



SPECIAL NOTICE. fo the Inhabitants of the West End and Farkdale.

Wall & Taylor, 22 Adelaide St. E have opened a branch store at 1020 Queen at est near railway crossings, for the repairing of all kinds of watches, clocks and jewelry Lil work entrusted to them is warranted to drea witsfaction

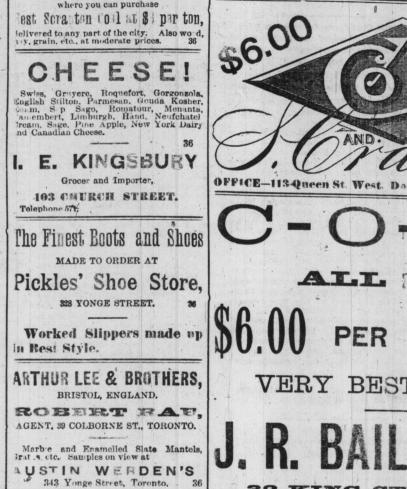
CALLAT T. MCCONNELL & CO.'S.

37 and 39 Sherbourne St. where you can purchase lest Scratton (oil at 8) par ton.

A ROBERTSON.

Toronto. Jobbing Gardener, attends to all odd jobs

3 Cumberland Street, North





GRATEFUL-COMFORTING EPPS'S COCOA BREAKFAST.

ENORMOUS SACRIFICE SALE. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural

good news.



C O P Y POOR.