## For a Father's Life.

your side.

"Better had Cato left us both lying there to die, and gone off in the boat himself. But he revived me. I laid you down gently, and propped up your head, but never again dared to defile you with the tone.

This time Beatrice would not let Brandon row while the sun was up. They rowed at night, and by day tried to get under the shadow of the shore. At last a wind sprang up; they now sailed along swiftly for two or three days. At the end of that time they saw European houses, beyond which arose some roofs and spires. It was Sierra Leone. Brandon's conjectures had been right. On landing that, they had some beginning in the should replace it, and be devoted to the purpose which you had undertaken. This time Beatrice would not let Brandon row while the sun was up. They rowed at night, and by day tried to get under the shadow of the shore. At last a wind sprang up; they now sailed along swiftly for two or three days. At the end of that time they saw European houses, beyond which arose, some roofs and spires. It was Sierra Leone, Brandon's conjectures had been right. On landing here Brandon simply said that they had been wrecked in the Falcon, and had escaped on the boat, all the rest having perished. He gave his name as Wheeler. The authorities received these unfortunate ones with great kindness, and Brandon heard that a ship would leave for England on the 6th of March.

The close connection which had existed between them for so many weeks was now severed, and Brandon thought that this might perhaps remove that extraordinary power which he felt that she exerted over him. Not so. In her absence he found, himself constantly looking forward toward a meeting with

absence he found himself constantly looking forward toward a meeting with her again. When with her he found the joy that flowed from her presence to be more intense, since it was more concentrated. He began to feel alarmed at

more Intense, since it was more concentrated. He began to feel alarmed at his own weakness.

The 6th of March came, and they left in the skip Juno for London.

Now their intercourse was like that of the old days on board the Falcon.

"It is like the Falcon," said Beatrice, on the first evening, "Let us forget all about the journey over the sea, and our stay on the island."

"I can never forget that; I owe my life to you," said Brandon vehemently.

"And I," rejoiced Beatrice, with kindling eyes, which yet were softened by a certain emotion of indescribable tenderness—"I—how can I—forget?

Twice you saved me from a fearful death, and then you toiled to save my life till your own sank under it."

"I would gladly give up a thousand lives"—said Erandou, in a low voice, while his eyes were illumined with a passion which had never, before been permitted to get Beyond control, but now rose visibly, and irresistibly.

"If you have a life to give," said Beatrice calmly, returning his fevered gaze with a look full of tender sympathy—"if you have a life to give, it it be given to that purpose of yours to which you are devoted."

"You refuse it, then!" cyled Brandon

you are devoted."
"You refuse it, then!" cried Brandon rehemently and reproachfully.
Beatrice returned his reproachful gaze with one equally reproachful, and raising her calm eyes to heaven, said in a

You have no right to say so-least "You have no right to say so-least of all to me. I said what you feel and know: said it is this, that others require your life, in comparison with whom I am mothing. Ah, my friend" she continued, in tones of unutterable sadness, "let us he friends here at least, on the sea, for when we reach England we must be expained for evermore!"

"For evermore?" cried Brandon, in

agony. "For evermore!"- repeated Beatrice, in equal anguish.
"Do you feel very eager to get to
England?" asked Brandon, after a long

"Because I know that there is sorrow for me there."
"If our boat had been destroyed on the shore of that island," he asked, in almost an imploring voice, "would you have grieved?"
"Nb."

e present is better than the future. "The present is better than the future. Oh, that my dream had continued forever, and that I had never awaked to the bitterness of life!"

"That," said Beatrice, with a mournful smile, "is a represent to me, for watching you."

"Yet that moment of awaking was sweet beyond all thought," continued Brandon, in a massing voice, "for I had lost all memory of all things except you."

lost all memory of all things except you."

They stood in silence, sometimes looking at one another, sometimes at the sea, while the dark shadows of the future swept gloomily before their eyes.

The voyage passed on until at last the English shores were seen, and they sailed so the channel amid the thronging ships that pass to and fro from the metropolis of the world.

"To-morrow was part," said Beatrice, as she stool with Brandon on the quarter-deck.

" said Brandon: "there will be "No," said Brandon; "there will be no one to meet you here. I must take you to your home."
"To my home! "You?" cried Bentrice, starting back. "You dare not."
"I dare."
"Do you know what it is?"
"I do not srek to know. I do not sak; but yet I think I know."
"And yet you offer to go?"
"I must go. I must see you to the grey last."
"Be it so," said Bentrice, in a solemn woice, "since it is the yery last."

voice, "since it is the very last." Suddenly she looked at him with the solemin gaze of one whose soul was filled with thoughts that overpowered every common feeling. It was a glance lofty and serene and unimpassioned, like that of some spirit which has passed beyond human cares, but sad as that of some prophet of wee. "Louis Brandon!"

"Louis Brandon,"
At this mention of his name a flash of
unspeakable surprise passed over Brandon's face. She held out her hand,
"Take my hand," said she calmly, "and
hold it so that I may have strength to
tronk"."

nold it so that I may have strength to speak."

"Louis Brandon!" said she, "there was a time on that African Island when you lay under the trees and I was sure that you were dead. There was no beating to your heart, and no perceptible breath. The last test failed, the last hope left me, and I knelt by your head, and took you in my arms and went in my despair. At your feet Cato knelt and mourned in his Hindu fashion. Then, mechanically and hopelessly, he made a last trial to see if you were really dead, so that he might prepare your grave. He put his hand under your clothes, against your heart. He held it there for a long time. Your heart gave no answer. He withdrew it, and in doing so took something away that and in doing so took something away that was suspended about your neck. This was a motallic case and a package wrapped in oiled silk. He gave them to

Beatrice had spoken with a sad, measmees in prayer-a passionless monotone, without agitation and without shame.

Brandon answered not a word. "Take my hand," she said, "or I cannot go through. This only can give me

e clasped it tightly in both of his. drew a long breath and continued: "I thought you dead, and knew the full measure of despair. Now, when ach as far as the village of Brandon.
the inn he engaged a carriage to
ke her up to her father's house. It
as Brandon Hall, as he very well

Bpt little was said during all this time. Words were useless. Silence formed the best communion for them. He took her hand at parting. She spoke not a word; her lips moved, but no audible sound escaped. Yet in their eyes, as they fastened themselves on one another in an intense gaze, there was read all that unutterable passion of love, of longing, and of sorrow that each felt. The carriage drove off. Brandon watched it. "Now farewell, Love, forever," he murmured, "and welcome Vengeanee!"

FLOGGED WITH BAMBOOS. Chinese Prisoners Beaten Till the Blood

replace it, and be devoted to the purpose which you had undertaken.

"I opened first the metallic case. It was under the dim shade of the African forest, and while holding on my knees the head of the man who had laid down his life for me. You know what I read there. I read of a father's love and agony. I read there the name of the one who had driven him to death. The shadows of the forest grew darker around me; as the full meaning of that revelation came over my soul they deepened into blackness, and I fell senseless by your side.

The haugdog scoundrel moved to the centre of the cleared space, and tremblingly unfastened his loose, baggy breeches.

The haugdog scoundrel moved to the Believes becoming to him. 'Tis the same With men as other monkeys—all their shulls from the believes the baggy of the bagger of

breeches.

Then two policemen seized him; one wound some string around his legs, and sat upon them; another knelt on his shoulders. His chest was flat on the ground, but his hips were turned sideways, with the right third uppermost. A policeman squatted on his haunches behind the prisoner and facing the magistrate, and began his work.

The bamboo whistled through the air, and at the same moment began the most prolonged how! I ever heard in my life. There seemed no stoppage for breath; the bamboo and howl continued in unison.

whack! whack! whack!

whack! whack! whack! About eighty strokes to the minute. All the blows were delivered high up on the right thigh, on a space which could be covered by an ordinary sauer. The first blow left a deep, red mark, and soon blood and skin were flipped away at every blow. I counted the strokes. At the end of every fifty the weider of the bamboo was relieved by another man. Four men took their turn af this fellow, making in the aggregate two hundred strokes. When the blows ceased so did the how!.

Three other prisoners were each in turn treated to one hundred strokes; they howled also.

When the fifth man was stripped and knelt upon he made no sound. Hitherto I had borne the punishment with extreme fortitude, but during this last correction something seemed to have gone wrong with me. To prevent any extreme disturbance. I left the court has

himself. But he revived me. I laid you down gently, and propped up your head, but never again dared to defile you with the touch of one so infamous as I.

"There still remained the other package, which I read—how you reached that island, and how you got that MS., I neither know nor seek to discover; I only know that all my spirit awaked within me as I read those words. A strange, inexplicable feeling arose. I forgot all about you and your griefs, My whole soul was fixed on the figure of that bereaved and solitary man, who thus drifted to his fate. He seemed to speak to me. A fancy, born out of frenzy, no doubt, for all that horror well-nigh drove me mad—a fancy came to me that this voice, which had come from a distance of eighteen years, had spoken to me; a wild fancy, because I was connected with fhese eighteen years, filled my whole soul. I thought that this MS. was mine, and the other one yours. I read it over and over, and over yet again, till every word forced itself into my memory—till you and your sorrows sank into oblivion beside the woes of this man.

"I sat near you all that night. The palms sighed in the air. I dared not touch you. My brain whirled. I thought I heard voices out at set, and figures appeared in the glooms I thought I saw before me the form of Colonel Despard. He looked at me with sadness unutterable, yet with soft pity and affection, and extended his hand as though to bless me. Madder fancies than ever then rushed through my brain. But when morning came and the excitement had passed I knew that I had been delirious. "When that morning came I went over to look at you. To my amazement, you were breathing. Your life was renewed of itself. I knell down and praised God for stills, but did not dare to touch you. If folded up the treusues and told Cato to put them again around your neck. Then I watched you till you recovered.

"But on that night, and after reading those\_MS., I seemed to have passed into mother stage of being, I can say things to you now which I would not have dared to say bef

THEY ALL LOOKED When Sam Jones Presented the 27 Biggest

An amusing incident occurred at the lose 'of Sam Jones' sermon at Pulask folding his hands across his breast, and boking solemnly over the audience, the great revivalist said:

"I want all the women in this crowd who have not spoken a harsh word or harbored an unkind thought toward their husband for a month past to stand One old woman, apparently on the shady side of 60, stood up.
"Come forward and give me your land," said the preacher.
The woman did so, whereupon Jones

Iwenty-seven great big strapping fel-wows hopped out of the andience with all he alacrity of champagne corks. "Come forward and give me your ands, my dear boys," Jones gave each one a vigorous shake, fter which he ranged all of them side y side in front of the pulpit-and facing he andience. He looked them over care-ally and solemnly and then, turning round to the audience, he said: "I want you all to take a good look at he twenty-seven biggest liars in the tate of Tennessee."

Brandon had held her hand in silence, and with a convisive pressure during these words. As she stopped she made a faint effort to withdraw it. He would not let her. He raised it to his lips and pressed it there.

Three times he made an effort to speak, and each time failed. At last, with a strong exertion, he muttered in a hoarse voice and broken tones:

"O Beatrice! Beatrice! how I love you!" THREE GOOD OYSTER DISHES.

To Fry Oysters.—Use the largest and best oysters; lay them in a row upon a clean cloth and press another upon them, to absorb the moisture; have ready several beaten eggs, and in another dish some linely crashed crackers; in the some linely crashed crackers; in the first into the eggs, then into the crackers; rolling it or them over that they may become well encrusted; drop into the granite frying pan and fry quickly on a light brown. Serve dry and let the dish be warm.

Oyster Pates.—Line small results and leaves the hook behind it.

A flirt is a fish that ents all the bait and leaves the hook behind it.

One who retaining love as a game, stakes unfairly counters against gold.

A player who acts Exp part of love in the ever-varying draffa of life.

One coatent rather to play with love than win it, wearying of the monotony of a listing or wanton graces, designed, not to capture, but to captivate.

One who plays at love.

One who plays at love.

One who plays at love.

you."
"I know it," said she, in the same monotone which she had used before—a tone of infinite mourningness—"I have known it long, and I would say also, 'Louis Brandon, I love you,' if it were not that this would be the last infamy; that you, Brandon, of Brandon Hally should be loved by one who bears my name." name. The hours of the night passed away. They stood watching the English shores, speaking little. Brandon clung to her hand. They were sailing up the Thamès. It was about 4 in the morning. "We shall soon be there," said he; "sing to me for the last time. Sing, and forget for a moment that we must part." Then, in a low voice, of soft, but penetrating tones, which thrilled through every fibre of Brandon's being, Beatrice began to sing:

"Love made us one; our unity Is indissoluble by act of thine, For were this mortal being ended, And our freed spirits in the world And our freed spirits in the world above,
Love, passing o'er the grave would join us there.
As once he joined us here:
And the sad memory of the life below a Would but unite us closer evermore.
No act of thine may loose
Thee from the eternal, bond,
Nor shall Revenge have power
To disunite us there!"
In the eign sou

On that same day they landed in Lon-on. The Governor's lady at Sierra don. The Governor's lady at Sierra Leone had insisted on replenishing Bea-trice's wardrobe, so that she showed no

akes will accept the blow of revenge."
Brandon had held her hand in silence,

appearance of having gone through the troubles which had afflicted her on sea disease, and shore.

Brandon took her to a hotel and then went to his agent's. He also examined the papers for the last four months. He read-in the morning journals a notice which had already appeared of the statement that three of the pass-ngers of the Falcon had reached Sierra Leone. He communicated to the owners of the Falcon the particulars of the loss of the ship, and earned their thanks, for they were able to get their insurance without waiting a year, as is necessary where nothing is heard of a missing vessel.

He travelled with Beatrice by rail and disease, blood.

Mrs. Lend to may be a she is en what she what she is en what she is en the ship, and earned their insurance without waiting a year, as is necessary where nothing is heard of a missing vessel.

He travelled with Beatrice by rail and

was Brandon Hall, as he very well knew.

But little was said during all this

(To be continued,)

The policemen and officials, hitherto mpassive spectators of the scene, began to move about the court, and three or four of them made selections from among the bamboo laths. They weighed them, felt their balance, and sprung them against the ground.

blingly breeches.

wrong with me. To prevent any ex-treme disturbance I left the court hur-riedly, not waiting to see how the pirate and the others were treated.— The Century. The Century.

Stepping down from the pulpit

is given me to tell you all this before we part for evermore.

"I have awakened to infamy; for what is infamy if it be not this, to bear the name I bear? Something more than pride or vanity has been the foundation of that feeling of shame and hate with which I have always regarded it. And I have now died to my former life, and awakened to a new one.

"Louis Brandon, the agonies which may be suffered by those whom you seek to avenge I can conjecture, but I wish never to hear. I pray God that I may never know what it might break my heart to learn. You must save them, you are know what it might break my heart to learn. You must save them, you are strike your blow will be crushing. "But I must go and bear my lot among those you strike; I will wait on among those you strike; I will wait on among them, have not spoken a hard word or mandy my dear boys."

Twenty-seven great big strapping fellows hopped out of the addience with all the alacrity of champagne corpus hake, after which he ranged all of them side the man away. I will think of those dear ones of yours who have suffered, and for their sakes will accept the blow of revenge."

Brandon had held her hand in silences.

the dish be warm.

Oyster Pates,—Line small pate pans with pulf paste; roll cover somewhat thicker than lining; put in each of the pans a piece of bread to support the cover while baking. Make a white tablespoons flour and one pint of cream.

Cut the oysters into small bits and tablespoons flour and one pint of cream. Cut the oysters into small bits and cook them in the sauce over boiling water. Carefully remove the upper crusts; take out the pieces of bread; fill with the hot oysters and serve at once.

Oyster Salad.—Take half a gallon of fresh oysters, the yolks on six hardboiled eggs, one raw egg well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, a tablespoonful of mustard, with pepper and salt, a teacup of vinegar and four bunches of celery. Drain the liquid from the oysters and put some hot vinegar over them; set on the fire five minutes; let cool; mash the yolks of the eggs and mix all the sensonings together and pour over the oysters and celery.

\* RINGING NOISES

In the ears, sometimes a roaring, buzzing sound, are caused by catarrh, that exceedingly disagreatle and very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing also result from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is a peculiarly successful remedy for this disease, which it cures by purifying the blood.

Hood's Pills are the best after ding pills, assist digestion, prevent constipation.

Mrs. Lease declares she does not in-Mrs. Lease declares she does not tend to start a newspaper. Whatever may be said of Mary Elizabeth's speeches she is entitled to credit for clinging to what she had earned.

Boys' and Gents' Fine Fur Caps; the best and cheapest assortment in the city, at Treble's, corner King and James THE SOCIAL WORLD.

(By Ambrose Bierce, the "Poet Butcher.") "The Social World!" O, what a world it Where full grown men cut capers in the german, billon, waltz or that you will, and Cotillo williz And spin and the and sprawl about like mermen the mermen the Grant or Sherman As these you has pass their time is

I know they tell us about Waterloo,
How, "foremost fighting, fell" the
evening's dancers,
I don't believe it! I regard it true
That soldiers who are skilful in "the

often die of cannon than of can-Less often die of cannon than of can-cers, foreover, I am half persuaded, too, That David, when he danced before the ark, Had the reporter's word to keep it dark,

Dancing young man, you tire! Your name, Like maidens' bangs is in the papers daily.

You think it, doubtless, honorable fame, Contemplating the cheap distinction As does the monkey the blue-painted tail he

Crave eminence on any kind of poles. But cynics (barking tribe!) are all agreed That monkeys upon poles performing

are not exalted; they are only treed,
A glory that is kindled by the papers
Is transient as the phosphorescent va-That shine in graveyards and are seen, But while the bodies that supply the

Are turning into weeds to feed an One can but wonder sometimes how it To be an ass-a beast to beat condiguly.

Because, like yours, him he is in his heels.

And he is prone to use them unbenignly.

The Indies (bless them!) say you dance

divinely,"
St. Vitus' better though, who I like St. deals His feet about him with a grace more just, on hops, not for he will, but for he

Doubtless it gratifies you to observe Elbowy girls and adipose mammas All looking adoration as you swerve This way and that; but presperous

papas Laugh in their sleeves at you, and their hashas If heard would somewhat agitate your And dames and maidens who keep you on their shelves Don't seem to want a closer tie them-

Gods! What a life you live! by day To your exacting back and urgent belly; neen to earn and vigilant to save— By night, attired so slightly and so smelly

smelly, With countenance as luminous as jelly, Sobbing and bowing! King of hearts And knave Of diamends, I'll bet a silver brick II your brains were trumps you'd never take a trick.

WHAT IS A FLIRT? A Variety of Definitions Gathered From

whom love is play until play ends Or one who plays at love till all love ends in playing. one who, pretending to make "true overs' knots," only makes "slip knots," A triffer who sets to any partner in the game of love. Aphilanthropist. An utterer of the counterfeit coin of

masquerader in love's livery. ne who loves to captivate, but cap-

is successful when

A flirt is a forger on the bank of Cupid.
A fiirt is like an insect that sips the toney from many flowers, but never tives it. angler, who baits his book with ery and feigned love, and fishes for

An angler, which can a man angler, which can be admiration.
One who plays at love-making.
A flirt, male or female, is one who makes toys of other people's hearts and feelings for their own amusement.
One who plays with love, and who is sometimes punished by love playing with the can be a sometime.

Eyes for all, heart for none, Only a man-trap set in fun.

Ities.
One who plays at love.
A trifler with love, and satisfied with
s counterfeit.
One who exhibits all the outward and
isible signs of love-making with little ible signs of love-making with little none of its inward and spiritual real-

UNITY LODGE OFFICERS. UNITY LODGE OFFICERS.

At the regular meeting of Unity Lodge, I. O. Q. F. Jast evening, the following officers were installed: Thos. Morris, jun., J. P., G.; W. Anderson, N. G.; W. J. Evans, V. G.; R. Douglas, R. S.; A. McCandlish, P. S.; Alex. McKay, M. P., Treasurer; George Peene, Warden: G. Webb, Conductor; W. Amor, Chaplain; G. Culver, R. S. N. G.; P. Stranger, L. S. N. G.; K. Mathison, R. S. V. G.; S. Stipe, L. S. V. G.; alex. Johnson, I. G.; W. Harper, O. G.; E. Jeffrey, Organist; O. Beatty, R. S. S.; A. C. Blake, L. S. S.; Dr. Lafferty, Physician; P. McCandlish, J. M. Iredale and W. Amor, Trustees, Unity Lodge is the largest lodge of Oddfellows in the city, having over 320 members. It is the third largest in the Dominion.

PURE COD LIVER OIL.

You will find a great difference in it. We have imported direct a specially pure oil, which is almost tasteless and odorless, and which we sell at the same price as inferior oils. Try a 25c. sample bottle. teo. Parke, druggist, corner MacNab and York streets.

THE TIME TO DECLINE. "Strange about May. She doesn't tet married because she doesn't know ow to say no."
"Indeed?"

"Yes, when fellows ask her to sing for them she always complies."

Derangement of the liver, with consti-ation, injures the eguplexions induces imples, sallow skin. Remove the cause y using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Try them.

PRINDENT.

He seized her slim white fingers in an ecstasy of adoration.
"Ah!" he murmured, "I could die "An 'ne murmured, "I could die for you!"

A' perceptible pallor overapread her countenance. "Goodness!" she said, "I hope you won't think of such a thing till we are married and I have the right to inherit."

COTTOLENE.

Your husband will notice a great improvement in your cooking,

YOU USE COTTOLENE Your house will not be filled with

the odor of hot lard, when

You use Offolene Your doctor will lose some of his

Dyspepsia cases, when YOU USE OTTOLENE

Your children can safely eat the same food as yourself, when TOU USE COTTOLENE

Your money will be saved, and your cooking praised, when

YOU USE COTTOLENE Famous cooks, prominent physicians and thousands of everyday housekeepers endorse it. Will you give it a trial?

Sold in 3 and 5 pound pails, by all grocers. Made only by The N. K. Fairbank Company, Weilington and Ann Sts.

PROVISIONS

MONTREAL

## MAMMOTH CHEESE.

We lead in Canada in supplying the wants of the cheese trade. In our cellars, which are heated and ventilated for the proper development of the finest qualities of cheese, we have now a large stock of the best that Canadian factories can produce. There are the very old, the medium, and choice mild. We have them in all sizes, from the 2pound Grnyere and 10-pound Stilton to the mammoth 600-pound Cheese, which we had made at one of the best factories, in imitation of the World's Fair

Cheese. Our GILT EDGE CHEESE Is noted all over Canada as very mild and soft cutting. These Cheese are now displayed in our store and ready for

your inspection. F. W. FEARMAN,

17 MacNab street north. COAL AND WOOD.

COAL,

PEOPLE'S COAL CO. Head office, Barton street and Fergusor Branch office, 31 King street west. Telephone 978

Yards-278 York street. 168 Ferguson avenue north. J. M. PEREGRINE.

MISCELLANEOUS

PORTLAND CEMENT,

Water Lime, Fire Brick, Fire Clay, Calcined Plaster, Plastering Hair (cleaned), Lath and Shingles and Cedar Posts. H&J. DOW

GET your CALLING CARDS and INVITATIONS

TEC. 771-81 MAIN ST. WEST.

printed at the TIMES office, and you will be pleased with them. We turn out nothing but first-class work.

Basy CATARRH-CURE, Complete For \$1.59 Dr. Pusbeck's HOMEOPATHIC HOME CURES and "ELECTRO-HOMEOPATHY" are the most certain easy and economic. Send for free pamphlets easy and economic. Sand for free pumphlets Scientific and most successful services of the same services of the sam

Merchants, if your desire is to reach the public, advertise in the TIMES.

FANCY GOODS.

It's just this: We have been in the knitting business for such a long time we are fully alive to the wants of the people and can suit ang in the way of Knitted Woolen Goods. Our idea long ago to put in and keep it up, to ase only the very best quality of woolen yarns has placed our goods with con-fidence to all who have used them. We can make to your order. can make to your order any line of

Woolen Garments: Shirte Drawers. Cardigans, Leggins, Armlets,

Etc.

Overstockings, Hosiery, Mittens, Cuffs, Overdrawers, Eic.

lish fingering. Ladies' Woolen Mittens. Children's Woo'en Mittens. Boys' Woolen Mittens. Men's Woolen Mittens.

Made single and double yarns.

In all we use the finest grade of Eng-

INFANTS' HOODS, VEILS, ETG.

We have a special department for baby and can fit you in any line wanted.

STANDARD PAPER PATTERNS. We have a full stock of paper patterns, and the trage we are having is a good guarantee that they are right up to date. We should like your name on our list for our monthly Standard Delineator sent to your home for \$1 per year. Every number has a colored plate of the latest things in ladies, earnwaits also as also as the set of the latest things in ladies, earnwaits also as also as the set of the latest things in ladies, earnwaits hings in ladies' garments, also a colorec plate of millinery novelties. We publish also the Standard Magazine at 50: per year, sent to your homes, post paid. with one of our monthly sheets. Our monthly sheets are published from the 5th to 10th of every month. These are free. Call and get one at these

AMES SCO King Street East.

STAMPING-Our own special designs

MEDICAL.

A CETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN NERVOUS DISEASES.

A CETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN May 2nd, 1894.—My DEAR Sins.—I may say that I have used your Acetecura with great results in my family. It has given great relief, especially in Nervous Affections and Rheumatism, and I can confidently recommend it to any troubled with these complaints. I amyour truly, J. A. Honderson, M. A. Principal of Collegiate Institute, St. Catharines. Coutts & sons.

A CETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN

A CETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN

A CETOCURA TOUCHES THE SPOT IN Mrs. B. M. Hall, Fernwood, Ill., U. S. A., August 15 h, 1894 writes:—"I am 61 years old. For two years I had been afflicted with partial paralysis of the lower limbs, rendering me unable to walk a block without come tet exhaustion. After using Acetocura for five days the pain had entirely disapposared, permit ing me to enjoy a good night's rest, and af er ten days' treatment I was able to walk two miles without fattigue."

Write for gratis pamphlet to COUTTS & SONS, 72 Victoria street, Toronto. Head offices—London, Glasgow and Manchester (G. B.); Cologne, Germany; Aaran, Switzerland.

Local agents -GARLAND & RUTHERFORD,
7 and 9 King street east, Hamilton

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.
The Great English Remedy.
Slx Packages Guaranteed to promptly and permanently eure all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emissions, Spermaterrica, Impotency and effects of Abuse or Excesses, effects of Abuse or Excesses,
Mental Worry, excessive use
Before and After. lants, which soon lead to In-

firmity, Insanity, Consumption and an early grave.
Has been prescribed over 35 years in thousands of
cases; is the only Eclable and Honest Medicine
known. Ask druggist for Wood's Phosphodine; if he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, inclose price in letter, and we will send by return mail. Price, one package, \$1; six, \$5. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlets free to any address.
The Wood Company,

Windsor, Ont., Canada. Sold in Hamilton and everywhere by all responsible druggiste. APHYLNE BLOOD COOK HIMES CO. POISON

NERVE overy that cure the worst cases of Nervous Debility. Lost Vigor and Failing Manhood; restores the reakness of body or mind caused by over-work, or the errors or ex-esses of youth. This Remedy ab-t, obstimate cases when all other BEANS

Mustard - THAT'S - Mustard

Sold in Hamilton by GEORGE PARAM cor er York and MacNap streets.

MADE ABSOLUTELY PURE FROM RICH FLAVOURED ENGLISH SEED SOLD IN Bc. and 10c. TINS. Ask for Dunn's Pure Mustard