

THE BATTLE WON.

CHAPTER I.

"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

The Lecture Hall and Literary Institute, Monkton—a long, rectangular room, lit with six gas jets on hanging T-shaped fittings; the drab walls decorated with half a dozen maps; the coloured representation in section of a very early steam engine; an ethnological chart; and other instructive works of art. At one end a small stage, opening 14 ft. x 8 ft., flanked by red curtains, and furnished with six footlights and a drop scene, showing Athens, the worse for many falls; a grand piano below the proscenium by way of orchestra. The body of the hall ranged in parallel lines with red-cushioned row seats, on which are closely pressed the relations and friends of pupils connected with Mrs. Vicary Shepherd's High School and Academy for the daughters of gentlemen. An overflow of bashful youths line the walls right and left. Three very warm-looking gentlemen, each with a packet of programmes in his hand and a white favour in his buttonhole, are endeavouring, with smiling assiduity, to find places for a gang of late comers; while two more, similarly distinguished, are striving at the entrance to make an honest working man, slightly the worse for liquor, understand that he cannot possibly be admitted without a ticket; these are the professors, who "have kindly volunteered their services as stewards on this occasion."

There is a general inspection of pink programmes, and a buzzing is heard. Even the professors speak in hushed tones, for the general effect of the hall, despite the stage, is that of a Methodist chapel. A lady explains to a gentleman—who seems, by some accident, to have come there without knowing why—that is toward:—

"It's a High School, you know. Mrs. Vicary Shepherd—I'm sorry to see that she's not here; she is indisposed, I'm told—I hope it's nothing contagious—is a lady of the most advanced modern views, and this entertainment has been got up to demonstrate the advantage of the elocution and department class."

"Oh, I see,"

"She wrote to the great tragedian—what is his name?—on the subject. Here is his reply on the back of the programme. It was he who suggested what should be acted."

"You don't say so? And what is the play he recommends?"

"She stoops to conquer. My little Milly takes the part of Diggory. She's only twelve, you know. Mrs. Vicary Shepherd assured me that, if she had only been a year or two older, she should have asked me to let her play old Marlow."

"Ah, indeed! Then all the performers are—eh—young ladies?"

"Oh, of course; and, naturally, Mrs. Vicary Shepherd has carefully revised the play for the use of her pupils. Ah! that is Miss Tinkleton, the music mistress. It's going to begin now."

Miss Tinkleton plays an elaborate sonata of Schumann's—brilliant, but rather long; not long enough, however, for the completion of arrangements behind the curtain. An awkward pause, in which the humming of feet, some giggling, and a confusion of whispering tongues are heard coming from the other side of Athens. A voice from the same remote part asks, "Are you ready now, young ladies?" to which a general reply of "No, no! not yet, not yet!" in accents of terror, creates a titter amongst the audience. Miss Tinkleton, with admirable presence of mind, attacks another sonata; but before she gets to the foot of her page, a bell rings, and the curtain rises in three spasmodic jerks. Applause from the parents and friends of the young ladies, who are discovered in the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Hardcastle, facing each other, and in doubt whether they ought to begin before Miss Tinkleton has gone through her sonata. Miss Tinkleton steps in the middle of a bar with confusion. The play proceeds, the rigid Mr. Hardcastle and the rigid Mrs. Hardcastle exchanging their *quid pro quo* with the regular intonation of a well-learned lesson, and the audience already assuming an air of calm repose and resignation, when a vociferous voice halloo beyond the red curtain, followed by the brisk entrance of Tony Lumpkin on the scene, fairly galvanises the audience into life. The entrance is clearly unprepared, for Mrs. Hardcastle incontinently forgets her part. What does that matter? Every one is occupied with Tony, and he has the sense to turn the silence to effect. There he stands a strapping black-eyed young fellow with a red wig, standing astraddle, looking audaciously at the audience as he cracks his riding whip and whistles through a long row of white teeth. Suddenly, as if recollecting an engagement, hesays, "I'm off," and crosses the stage with an unseemly wink to Mrs. Hardcastle, and a quickly-whispered line that she is to take up. As he goes off bawling stoutly with Mrs. Hardcastle at the end of the scene, every one in the audience consults the programme, and (in whispered exclamation) "Surely that cannot be Miss Vanessa Grahame!" is on every one's lips. But it is, though—Nessa herself, who, taking advantage of Mrs. Vicary Shepherd's absence, has determined to play the part as she conceives Goldsmith intended it to be played, and in defiance of Mrs. Vicary Shepherd's express injunction that she should not disgrace herself, has painted her pretty face—and especially her dainty nose—with ochre and rouge, and hidden her pretty waving chestnut hair with a red wig sent down with the costumes from Bow Street. What is more, she has got hold of an unabridged copy of the play, and is determined to say every word of it, big D's and all.

The second scene is set, and Tony is then found at the head of the table with a long churchwarden pipe in his mouth. It is a real pipe and real tobacco that Miss Grahame smokes, too, puffing out the smoke in a cloud, and never choking once—though she was giddy and sick enough after it when she went off at the end. And here, to the terror of Miss Tinkleton at the piano, she introduced the second verse in the song of the "Three Jolly Pigeons," which Mrs. Vicary Shepherd had cut out, without a moment's hesitation; and also restored the vulgar word "jorum" in the third verse, which had been changed to "goblet" by the careful lady. Moreover, she introduced a step dance in the final chorus of "Torroldie, torroldie, torrol," as if unable to contain the exuberance of her spirits. But that was not the worst. There is that dreadful part about Bet Bouncer, and here she slapped her leg and winked roughly at the Rev. Mr. Wholeforth, whom she seemed specially to

single out for that purpose; and when it came to describing the road to Quagmire Marsh, she put a particular emphasis on the words, "A damned long, dark, boggy, dirty, dangerous way," as if "very dark, etc.," as Mrs. Vicary Shepherd had written it, was not good enough!

The act is finished, and Athens is once more in view. There is commotion in the auditorium. The ladies are shocked and alarmed. They cannot understand how Mrs. Vicary Shepherd could allow such a performance to be given. Department and elocution were all very well in their way, and Oliver Goldsmith was, undoubtedly, very excellent writer, but really such language! And how Miss Grahame, a young lady who, in a few years, would have a position in society, with three thousand a year, however could she so forget herself! Little Milly's mamma is quite sure that her daughter would not have played the part in that dreadful manner. It is a most serious thing to have such a person in a school where her example, though, of course, contemned, might possibly influence her fellow pupils.

Paterfamilias listens with attentive gravity to the severe remarks of Materfamilias, but on the whole seems less displeased with the performance, and indeed ventures a few excuses; but the young gentlemen along the walls do not conceal their delight. They have already got the worst lines by heart, and there is chuckling all along the line. The professors withdraw into the entrance lobby to conceal their feelings. Here they are joined by Miss Tinkleton with tears in her eyes. She has tried in vain to get behind the scenes by the one door, which is locked. No one would answer her knock. She feels that she will be held responsible for the terrible behaviour of Miss Grahame, which will certainly ruin Mrs. Vicary Shepherd's reputation. What is to be done? The professors really do not know; but, as it is impossible to stop the performance, it is suggested that the wisest course is to let it go on. Miss Tinkleton returns to the piano, and strenuously endeavours to restore the credit of the High School by the accurate rendering of another sonata. However, the worst is past, and Nessa inflicts no fresh shock upon the sensibilities of her audience. Audacious she is, but not indelicate; certain expressions in the original she finds unseemly, and adroitly avoids them; but she abates nothing of her boisterous abandon, and throughout the play sustains admirably the part of Tony.

The audience sits out the performance with something more than patience; the dash of impropriety in Miss Grahame's acting gives something to think about and talk about when it is over; and the majority go away very well content. But there are some who never will forgive Nessa; these are the mammas of those young ladies whose light on the stage has been completely outshone by her.

They hear no name mentioned but that of Miss Grahame; and the fact that she is a born actress, and certainly saved the entertainment from being insufferably tedious, is dwelt upon in tones intended for their ears, and with malicious emphasis by those other mammas who had desired that their daughters might not take part in the play. There is not a word said about the youthful Milly in the part of Diggory, and her mamma taking the little darling home in a fury, and chiding her on the way for not speaking out so that she might be heard, sits down the moment she gets in to write a note informing Mrs. Vicary Shepherd that she cannot permit her daughter to commence another term if Miss Vanessa Grahame remains in her establishment.

Meanwhile, a couple of young gentlemen who have been madly in love with Nessa for the past two years, and three or four others who have seen her to-night for the first time and have not that excuse, loiter outside the hall to see her pass to the omnibus that is waiting to take her and herest of the board down to the school at Westham. She comes down after the small fry, with her arm linked in Miss Tinkleton's.

The full moon is right overhead; its light glistens on her white teeth and sparkles in her dark eyes as she laughs. She is clearly trying to make the poor governess forget her trouble, and indeed succeeds in raising a faint smile on her lugubrious countenance. But though she is laughing and full of fun, Nessa is neither boyish nor vulgar. Those who have not seen her before to-night can hardly believe that it was she who played Tony. They expected to find her a red-faced, romping, heavy-sided tomboy; they see a pale-faced young lady, dressed with striking elegance, whose every movement is graceful. But there's no mistaking those big, fearless eyes, and that capital set of white teeth.

CHAPTER II.

PREPARING FOR BATTLE.

Mrs. Vicary Shepherd accepted only a limited number of pupils as boarders—just as many, in fact, as could be stowed away in the six rooms on the second floor of Eagle House. Among the many duties of a single-spirited resident governess, Miss Tinkleton had each night to see the young ladies in bed before retiring to her own. She had visited five of the rooms and extinguished the light in them, when she came to the last in the corridor. That was Nessa's. Miss Tinkleton passed it with a slight cough and went down stairs, Nessa having long ago emancipated herself from a rule that was only to be suffered by children. Five minutes later, the doors up the passage began to creak, and heads were cautiously thrust out; then the white-robed young ladies, seeing the corners clear, crept out, treading on their soft, bare toes, clasping the wraps thrown over their shoulders with crossed hands on their bosoms, and made their way noiselessly towards the end room on a visit to their heroine, Nessa. With infinite precaution, one turned the handle, while the rest clustered together for common support, and did their best to keep from tittering audibly. But they ceased to giggle altogether when the door was opened, for there before them was the most unexpected spectacle to be found in this world of surprises. Nessa, who had never before been known to cry, was seated on her bed with a handkerchief up to her eyes, and her bosom heaving with stifled sobs. Her hat and jacket lay on a chair; but she had not begun, to undress. Two trunks were open, and her room, never too tidy, was littered from end to side with things taken from the open drawers and put down anywhere. "I can't help it," she said, brushing the tears away im-

patiently and heaving her breast with a long, fluttering sigh; "and now it's all over, I wish I hadn't done it. I like Mrs. Vic and old Tinkleton. Oh, Hoveyouall, and there's no one else in the world I care anything at all for, or any one who cares for me. I'm glad you've come. I've been trying to think what each of you would like best for a keepsake. Now you shall choose for yourselves. I know you like that pearl set, Dolly." She rose in her quick, impulsive way to get the trinkets, but Dolly restrained her, and clinging to her arm made her sit down again.

"You're not going away, dear," she said. "Oh, no," murmured the others, echoing her tone of remonstrance.

"Yes, I am," said Nessa; "that's why I'm such a goose. I can't bear to think of saying good-bye, it has been such a jolly term, hasn't it?"

"Do you think Mrs. Vic will be so very angry?"

"Of course she will. Tinkleton says I've ruined the reputation of the school."

"Oh, but you can make some excuse."

"I never did in my life." Nessa said, bristling up. "I will tell her I am very sorry—and so I am; but that isn't making an excuse."

"Oh, she won't let you go away."

"She cannot prevent my going, and she won't try to. I'm not a girl now; I'm a woman, and it's time I left school. I know all the professors can tell me; or at any rate all I choose to learn; and I'm unmanageable. How is Mrs. Vic to punish me when I do wrong? She can't put me in a corner, or send me to bed. And I always am doing wrong."

The voices mingled in unanimous dissent. "Mrs. Vic says I am. She tells me I encourage those horrid little wretches who stare at me in church, and dog us about, and throw letters into the garden; and those professors are quite as bad—if she only knew it, worse. I hate them. It's an insult to make love in that cowardly way. I think all men are mean and horrid, don't you, Dolly?"

"Nearly all," Dolly admitted with reluctance. "Of course, papa is nice, and so are brothers."

"And uncles," suggested another.

"And some cousins," hinted a third.

"Oh, they don't count," said Nessa. "I cannot remember my papa, and I don't know that I have a single relative in all the world."

"Not one?"

"No. A step-father is not a relative, and," she added, bending her pretty brows, "I'm glad of it, because I hate him myself with all heart."

"Oh, Nessa!"

"I know he is a coward, and I believe he is as wicked a man as ever lived. Ah, if you only knew!"

"Couldn't you tell us, dear?"

"Well, papa was a soldier—a general, you know, and he was killed in battle when I was quite a tiny little thing; and mamma was very young and very pretty; and very rich, because papa left her everything. And so when I was about six years old, she married again; and I believe Mr. Redmond only married her for her fortune, and really did not love her at all. I know she was unhappy; for whenever she came to see me at school, she cried over me as she held me in her arms. That made me cry too, and I used to ask her to take me home with her, so that we might live always together, but all she could answer between her kisses was—

"One of these days, love—one of these days. I remember that quite well. Though I was such a little thing, I used to think about her, and cry in the night, seeing her in imagination; always unhappy, always in tears, as I saw her when she came to me. She did not live two years after her second marriage; my step-father broke her heart."

"Oh, you don't know, dear."

"Yes, I do. I'm sure of it. I have seen Mr. Redmond, and he looks like a man who would break a woman's heart."

"Is he very ugly?"

"Oh, no! I daresay you would think him handsome. He is a fine tall man, dark, with a black moustache; but, oh, he has those long sleepy, treacherous eyes, and those lines down here by the mouth, don't you know? That people get who are always trying to conceal a wicked thought with a smile."

"Oh, I hate those people who are always smiling. They get a shiny look on their face, don't they? Go on, dear."

"I have only seen him four or five times, when I have been moved from one school to another; but that is often enough for me, and for him too. He knows what I think of him and hates me; and fears me too, I'm certain. That is why he has kept me all this time at school—why he would keep me here until he has no longer any legal control over me. He thinks he is safe while I am here—that in this artificial life I can learn nothing about the real world. But he is mistaken, as he shall find. Wait a moment."

Nessa went to one of the boxes, and returned with an imposing document tied with pink tape.

"Look at this," she said. The girls gathered closely round her, and looked at the blue foolscap in breathless awe. "This is a copy of mamma's will. I sent to London for it. It's very short. See, mamma leaves all her estate, 'real and personal,' to me, her only child, Vanessa Grahame. You see, she says 'I have been moved from one school to here,' turning the page with evident satisfaction in the crinkle it made, 'here is the codicil. Mamma has evidently been told that she must provide a guardian for me during my minority, and make some disposition of her property in case I should die before coming of age. And here she makes James Redmond my sole guardian, with power to draw eight hundred pounds a year from the invested capital, to provide for my education and personal requirements. And further, in the event of the said Vanessa Grahame dying before the age of twenty-one, I'm only eighteen now, you know—all the property goes to that horrid step-father, the aforesaid James Redmond. Now, what do you think of that?"

Your poor mamma could not have loved him, or she would have left him some money, wouldn't she, dear?" said Dolly.

"Of course she would; but how is it that leaving nothing to him in the will, she leaves me to his tender mercies in the codicil? Can you explain that, any of you?"

None of them could.

"I can explain it," said Nessa, raising her voice in excitement above the low whispering tone in which it had previously been pitched; "this codicil is a forgery!"

"Oh, Nessa!"

"It is, and it's just the sort of forgery a cunning coward would make. He had not the courage to forge a will making the whole estate his; but he had just enough to sub-

stitute his own name for one that mamma had written, and so get a nice little income for ever so many years out of the money for my schooling and clothes. He could do that without raising suspicion. What have I cost? Not two hundred a year; that puts him in possession of six hundred pounds, besides the use of my house, Grahame Towers."

The girls were lost in admiration of the heiress and her wonderful romance. It was quite like a story, and the part of heroine became her so well, with her pale face, her dark, fearless eyes, the soft hair flowing loosely over her well-shaped head, her beautiful young figure, and noble carriage! Their young eyes were not learned enough to see her weakness and vanity, or the faults which are inseparable from every character. She was not unconscious of their admiration or her own importance.

"When I received this," said she, folding up the paper with unction, I wrote to Mr. Redmond, saying that I desired to leave school, and asked what arrangement would be convenient to him to make for my accommodation during the three years that I was still nominally to be under his authority—for I am eighteen, you know. This was his reply."

She drew a letter from her pocket with the same impressive gravity, and opening it read: "My dear Nessa—what right has he to call me his dear Nessa?—I have not a nominal but an actual authority to control your movements, and while that authority is mine, I intend to keep you at Eagle House or some similar establishment. Yours, etc., etc., James Redmond." The letter is dated from my own house, Grahame Towers. It came this morning, just before we were going to the rehearsal. You can imagine my indignation."

"You did seem rather worried, dear."

"Oh, I didn't seem so, as you know. As Mrs. Vic had written it out it was simply ridiculous. Now when the dresser told me how she had seen it played, I saw what a capital part it might be made; and when I thought of this letter, I resolved to play it. So I sent to the station for a copy of Goldsmith, and studied it with the dresser, who promised to make me up exactly like the actor she had seen. Ha, ha! thought I, we will see if you are going to keep me at Eagle House, or some similar establishment, Mr. James Redmond. If I am expelled from one school, is it pretty certain that another won't take me when they hear what they are exposing themselves to?"

"But isn't it rather dreadful to be expelled, Nessa?"

"I shall not be expelled. I shall resign," said Nessa, loftily. "I have not studied the political history of the British constitution for nothing," she added, with a flash of humour in her eyes.

"When are you going to resign, dear?"

"The very first thing to-morrow morning. I made Tinkleton promise she would say nothing about the performance to Mrs. Vic to-night, in order that I myself might tell her in the morning. You may be sure she was glad to get out of it. There's another reason why I prefer to resign. If I were expelled, Mrs. Vic would get nothing out of Mr. Redmond; but if I resign, he must send her the payment for a term, and that will help to compensate the poor old soul for the injury I have done the school."

"And where shall you go when you leave here?"

"To Grahame Towers, of course."

"But aren't you afraid, Nessa?"

"Afraid of what—that coward? Not I. If I were a man, I'd be a soldier like my father. There's nothing I should like better than a good fight with that villain, Redmond."

"But are you sure he's a coward, dear?" asked one of the girls naively.

"I am certain that he is. I am anxious for to-morrow to come; but, oh!" she added, with a sudden drop in her voice as the tears sprang into her eyes, "I shall never have the heart to say good-bye to you, dears."

There were hugging and kissing all round, and then Nessa, bursting away, said "Come, let us get it over now. There, take these, Dolly; and now little witch, you're next. Choose what you would like."

But the "little witch," sitting on the bed with her face buried in her hands, shook her head and whimpered. She was a strangely small girl for her age, with long thin fingers, a dark complexion, and black hair, long and sleek as an Indian's. Her ways were odd and exclusive. Sometimes the girls found her seated in the dark, huddled up with her chin resting on her knees, and her weird vacant eyes half closed, as if her spirit was wandering in some other world. She could interper dream, and rake sense out of the greatest rubbish. She was an authority on all that concerned signs and tokens and palmistry, and had won a smuggled pack of cards limp in telling the girls' fortunes. Her title was not unmerited.

The girls gathered about her prepared for some new sensation in the romance of this night. Nessa alone seemed to be unawed.

"What's the matter, you little goose? Is there anything dreadful in giving presents?"

"Don't don't!" pleaded the little witch, without removing her hands. "It's like Naomi, my sister. When she was going to die she made us take things."

"But I am not going to die. Look at me—do I look like it?"

"You don't know all," said the girl, shivering, and whispering so low that her words were scarcely audible. "Not all that I know. I would not tell you, while it might do you harm to know, but I must now that it may save you. Oh, you must not go."

She raised herself suddenly, and threw her arms about Nessa's neck; "you, so beautiful and kind," she added, nestling herself in Nessa's ready embrace.

"Why dear, why?" whispered Nessa, coaxingly.

"You are in danger. Your life is not safe. There is going to be a great change, and there is peril in your path. I have seen it whenever I have looked—in the cards, in your hand. Your line of life is broken in the nineteenth year."

Nessa was the only one of all the little group who was not terrified into silence by the little witch's prophecy.

"Oh, come, this is too bad, after promising me last week that I should have riches and long life," she murmured, playfully, as she smoothed her cheeks upon the girl's sleek hair. "Two things can't be true, you know, and of the two I would prefer to believe your first promise."

"They are both true," said the girl with feverish eagerness; "you will be happy if you live; but there are three years of terrible danger before you. It was that I dared not tell you. Oh, do, do stay with us till the peril is past."

Nessa herself stood now in silence, sub-

dued with grave perplexity by the earnestness of her little friend. But suddenly a ray of intelligence gleamed in her face, and unclasping the girl's clinging arms from her neck, she put her away, holding her at arm's length.

"You little trickster!" she exclaimed, with mock disdain; "I have found you out. I see through your conjuring. You have been thinking about that clause in the codicil that puts Mr. Redmond in possession of my fortune if I die before twenty-one, and it struck you that he might murder me for my money if he got me under his hand in Grahame Towers. I forgive you, dear," she added, taking the child back to her bosom, and kissing her, "for your sweet love of me; but, oh, you are awfully mistaken if you think that fear would keep me from getting into difficulties."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Bermuda Bottled.
"You must go to Bermuda. If you do not, you will not be responsible for the consequences." But doctor, I can afford neither the time nor the money. "Well, if that is impossible, try

SCOTT'S EMULSION
OF PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL.
I sometimes call it Bermuda Bottled, and many cases of

CONSUMPTION,
Bronchitis, Cough
or Severe Cold

I have CURED with it, and the advantage is that the most sensitive stomach can take it. Another thing which commends it is the stimulating property of the Hypophosphites which it contains. You will find it for sale at your Druggists, in Sealed wrapper. Be sure you get the genuine.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

FENCE—The Cheapest, Strongest and Best Fence for Farm, Garden, Orchard or Town Lots. Prices from 15c per rod. (66 ft.) Send for price list. Toronto Picket Wire Fence Co., 221 River St., Toronto.

BIZ Bookkeeping, Banking, Penmanship, Shorthand, Typewriting, etc., at Canadian Business Agency & Shorthand Institute Public Library Bldg., Toronto. Circulars free. Thos. Bengough, Manager.

COOKS, HOUSEMAIDS, NURSES, GENERAL SERVANTS. Good places, highest wages. Canadian Domestic Employment Agency, 941 King St. W., Toronto. Write for circular.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS
J. DOAN & SON.
For Circular Address,
Northcote Ave. - Toronto

BEAVER LINE STEAMSHIPS.
Sailing Weekly between MONTREAL and LIVERPOOL. Saloon Tickets, \$40, \$50, and \$80. Return Tickets, \$80, \$90 and \$110, according to steamer and accommodation. Intermediate \$25, Steerage, \$20. Apply to H. E. McRAE, General Manager Canadian Shipping Co., 4 CUSTOM HOUSE SQUARE, MONTREAL, or to Local Agents in all TOWNS and CITIES.

Agents Wanted Throughout Canada FOR THE

Phoenix Insurance Co.
OF HARTFORD, CONN.
FIRE ONLY.
ESTABLISHED 1854.
Cash Capital \$2,000,000.00
Assets 5,305,001.00
Net Surplus 1,301,335.39
Estd.—CANADA BRANCH—1890.
Head office, 114 St. James St., Montreal
Gerald E. Hart, General Manager.

POND'S EXTRACT
THE LADIES' FRIEND THE PAIN DESTROYER

THE WONDER OF HEALING!
CURES CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, PILES, WOUNDS, BURNS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND HEMORRAGES OF ALL KINDS.
Used Internally & Externally. Price 25c. \$1. \$1.75
POND'S EXTRACT CO., New York & London

THE GREAT EUROPEAN DYE
TURKISH DYES

Unequalled for Richness and Beauty of Coloring. They are the ONLY DYES that

WILL NOT WASH OUT!
WILL NOT FADE OUT!
There is nothing like them for Strength, Coloring or Fastness.

ONE Package EQUALS TWO of any other Dye in the market. If you doubt it, try it! Your money will be refunded if you are not convinced after a trial. Fifty-four colors are made in Turkish Dyes, embracing all new shades, and others are added as soon as they become fashionable. They are warranted to dye more goods and do it better than any other Dye.

Same Price as Inferior Dye, 10 Cts.
Canada Branch: 461 St. Paul Street, Montreal.
Send postal for Sample Card and Book of Instructions.