Now wead about the efalunt

He took her outstretched hand and held it. "Good-bye—if it must be so," he said. "You are really going away by the next

"You are really going away by the held mail?"

"Yes."

"And not coming back again?"

"Idon't know."

"Well," he said, "you are rich, and a great lady now. I can only wish with all my heart for your happiness—I cannot hope that I shall ever be privileged to contribute to it again. I am out of it now, Miss Patty."

to it again. I am out of it now, Miss Patty.

She left her right hand in his, and with the other put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Why should you be out of it?" she sobbed. "Your father is not out of it. It is you who have deserted us—we should never have deserted you."

"I thought you threw me over that day on the racecourse, and I have only tried to keep my place."

"But I have told you I never meant that."

that."
"Yes, thank God! Whatever happens,

on the racecourse, and I have only tried to keep my place."

"But I have told you I never mean that."

"Yes, thank God! Whatever happens, I shall have this day to remember—that you came to me voluntarily to tell me that you had never been unworthy of yourself. You have asked me to forgive you, but it is the you had never been unworthy of yourself. You have asked me to forgive you, but it is I that want to be forgiven—and grandeur you by thinking out change you."

"They will never change me," said Patty, who had broken down altogether, and was making no secret of her tears. In fact, they were past making a secret of. She had determined to have no tender sentiment when she sought this interview, but she found herself powerless to resist the pathos of the situation. To be parting from Paul Brion—and it seemed as if it over really going to be a parting—was too heart breaking to bear as she would have liked to hear with the seemed as if it over really going to be a parting—was too heart breaking to bear as she would have liked to hear with the seemed as if it over really going to be a parting—was too heart breaking to bear as she would have liked to hear with the seemed as if it over really going to be a parting—was too heart breaking to bear as she would have liked to hear with the seemed as if it over really going to be a parting—was too heart breaking to bear as she would have liked to hear with the seemed as if it over really going to be a parting—was too heart breaking to bear as she would have liked to hear with the seemed as if it over the see

thing you have ever done. To come nere and drive me wild like this, and then go and leave me as if I were Mrs. McIntyre or the landlord you were paying off next door.

I wonder what you think I am made of? I have stood everything—I have stood all your snubs, and slights, and hard usago of me—I have been humbe and patient as I nevre was to anybody who treated me so in my life before—but that doesn't mean that I am made of wood or stone. There are limits to one's powers of endurance, and, though I have borne so much, I can't bear this. I tell you fairly it is trying me too far." He stood at the table fluttering his papers with a hand as unsteady as that of a drunkard, and glaring at her, not straight into her eyes—which, indeed, were cast abjectly on the floor—but all over her pretty, folloring ure, shrinking and cowering before him.

"You are kind enough to everybody else," he went on; "you might at least how some common humanity to me. I am show some common humanity to me. I am some contains the mainty in the mainty of the conservation and settle possible and the opportunity; turning her head thoughtful and far-sighted as you. It is only that you don't know Patty the prefect management of such a crisis in another girl's laffairs is likely not to succeed with her—just simply and only straight into her eyes—which, in deed, were cast abjectly on the floor—but all over her pretty, folloring the property of the property

that only she could hear.

"Yes"—breathlessly—"I think so."
"I went to take an invitation from Mrs. Duff-Scott."
"Yes?"
"I had a pleasant talk. I am very glad I went. He is coming to dine here to night."
"Is he?"
"I had a pleasant talk. I am very glad I went. He is coming to dine here to night."
"Is he?"
"I do so like really interesting an intellectual young men, who don't give them selves any airs about it," she said to nobody in particular, when she strolled back to the drawing-room with her three girls; "and one does so very seldom meet with them?" She threw herself into a low chair, snatched up a fan, and began to fan herself vigorously. The discovery that a press writer of Paul Brion's standing meant acultured man of the world impressed her strongly; she thought of him as a new son for herself, clever, enterprising, active minded as she was—a man to be governed, perhaps, in a motherly way, and to be a proud of whether he let himself be governed or not—danced tantalizingly through her brain. She felt it necessary to put a very strong cheek upon herself to keep her from being foolish.

She escaped that danger, however. A high sense of duty to Patty held her back from foolishness. Still she could not help being kind to the young couple while she and the opportunity: turning her head when they strolled into the conservatory after the men came in from the dining-room, and otherwise shutting her eyes to their joint proceedings. And they had a peace in land and and happy time, by her gracious favor, for two days and a half—until the mail ship carried one of them to England, and left the other behind.

Patty went "home," and stayed there for two years : but, it was never home to the country house with all possible haste.

"I was afraid she would get talking and exerting herself too much if she had you all about her," he replied, with his imperturable same.

"I was afraid she would get talking and exerting herself too much if she had you all about her," he replied, with his imperturable same.

"I was afraid she wou

the content of the co

if a man has any business to take upon himself to meddle at all in such matters! It is not fair to Elizabeth. She has a right to have us with her. I gave way about the wedding, but here I must draw the line. She is in her own house, and I shall go to her at once. Tell your maid to pack up, dears—we will start to-morrow."

But they did not. They stayed in London, with what patience they could, subsisting on daily letters and telegrams, until the season there was over, and the baby at Yelverton was three weeks old. Then, though no explanations were made, they became aware that they would be no longer considered de trop by the baby's father, and rushed from the town to the country house with all possible haste.

"You are a tyrant," said Mrs. Duff. socott, when the master came forth to meet her. "I always said so, and now I know it." I was afraid she would get talking and

as far as possible."
"O yes, I know" "-laughing and brushing past him—" all you think of is to get your own way. Well, let us see the poor dear girl now we are here. I know how she must have been pining to show her baby to her sisters all this while, when you wouldn't let her." (To be continued.)

Robert Geo. Watts, M. A., M. D., M. R. C. S., of Albion House, Quadrant Road, Canonbury, N., London, Eng., writes: "I cannot refrain from testifying to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia."

Must Get Out and Hustle.

All this rot about Grover Cleveland's baby is a parody on American institutions. The birth of a prince in England or a more despotic country might be the signal for salvos of artillery, military display and general rejoicing, all of which is spurred on more or less by fear. But in America, thank God, we have no princes or princesses. No matter how high born, or who the parents are, the child must get out into the world and hustle to achieve greatness. Grover Cleveland's baby may be bright and pretty and all that, but she is no better than thousands of babies throughout this broad land, and Baby McKee will not be one whit more successful in life from having one whit more successful in life from having been nurtured in the White House than he would had he been born and bred in an Indiana back township or on an Illinois prairie, as was Abraham Lincoln. It is time for this disgusting display of toadyisms to cease.—Toledo Blade.

Take frequent recreation.
Keep free of intense excitements.
Insist upon an abundance of regular sleep
Preserve the feelings and habits of youth
Keep a clear conscience and lead a life
oid of offence.

You have catarrh, and other remedies have failed you—then give Nasal Balm a fair trial. There is no case of catarrh it wil not cure if the directions are faithfully followed. _____

she had a bound them yet in the school of th

Detective John T. Norris is in the city, and as usual, has a new firearm to display. Detective Norris has a hobby of collecting odd weapons of various kinds, but his latest acquisition is probably the most formidable of his whole collection. It is a cane of about three feet two inches long and seemingly harmless. It has a rather long steel-pointed ferrule, which, when the cane is used in walking, keeps its owner from slipping, but when he is cornered by a crowd it can be turned to use as a bayonet. The cane, with this exception, shows no signs of being the dangerous weapon it is. By a simple device the long steel ferrule can be loosened in a second and in its place appears the barrel of a 32-calibre gun. Another second suffices to pull back the handle of the cane and the weapon is cocked and loaded. The detective can kill a sparrow off the top of the tallest telegraph pole of hit his man a square away with this little Winchester. If the first loss doesn't bring him there are five more cartridges in the handle which can be fired with lightning-like rapidity. The hammer and trigger are just at the beginning of the curve in the handle of the cane. The whole barrel of the gun and the curved handle as well are covered with thousands of feet of plaited fish lines, the work of Evan Jones, a watchman of the snag-boat C. S. Senter, which plies up and down the Mississispi River.— Cincinnati Enquirer.

inst at the beginning of the curve in the handle of the cane. The whole barrel of the gun and the curved handle as well are covered with thousands of feet of plaited fish lines, the work of Evan Jones, a watchman of the snag-boat C. S. Senter, which plies up and down the Mississippi River.—

Cineimati Enquirer.

Musbands Priviteges.

A New York Magiskate, in lately disminishing a suit for divorce brought by a wife who complained that her husband had called her out of her name, took occasion to remark, in explanation of his action, that "good husbands even sometimes swear at their wives." The judicial announcement that a husband may demean himself in his parts of speech like a Jack the Ripper without detriment to his standing as a good husband before the law opens up some rather delicate legal and moral questions. If a good husband may do this "sometimes," the interesting question arises: How many times? At what precise number of expletives does the excess of virtue become a vice and an offence in law.

In less progressive days than these a somewhat different standard of good husbandry prevailed. It was even held in primitive times that the good husband was he who felt it to be especially his duty, when things went wrong about the house of with his meals, to moderate the tones of his varies in integer the word of sight while the World's Fair is in progressi te would be an acxpert on must onto the Chicago Times by General Fitz. Simons, who is said to be an expert on musuling in that city: Chicago is practically afloat. We are resting upon a semi-fluid mass which is covered by a crust only sixteen feet thick. The pressure of the tall buildings as a good husband may demean himself in his part of speech like a Jack the Ripper without detriment to his standing as a good husband may demean himself in his reparts of speech like a Jack the Ripper without detriment to his standing as a good husband and proven to the pretentions of a city a system of raising the beginning and mildings. The feet of the town and the talk of

legally free to say more than his prayers in short, to take on like an army in Flanders, provided he only does it some times—that is to say, not in an incessan stream. Happily for the interests of domestic tranquility and good morals, there is a higher law than that expounded by the magistracy; and while the Decalogue' place in politics may be somewhat hazy in the minds of many men, few of them will have the hardihood to assert that it is no a binding force in matrimony. If at time

difficult assumption that it is rather frowant of thought than from want of heart. Some Big Towns. The population of the English to

low are according to census of this year the others are recent :

Number of Stitches in a Shirt.

not cure if the directions are faithfully followed.

The average time consumed in sending a cable message to London and getting an answer is only four minutes.

A Hannibal man bought two pills and put them in his vest pocket. He also bought a small pearl collar button and put to take a pill he opened his mouth, shut his eyes and gulped one down. He was relieved ing. Afterward, having use for the collar, ing. Afterward, having use for the collar ing. Afterward, having use for the collar, 3,200 is titches; cross ends to the collar, 3,200 is stitches; cross ends to the collar, 3,200 is stitches; cross ends to the collar, 3,200 is titches; cross ends to the collar, 1,205; the same, 68; button holes in wristbands, 1,322 gends of the collar, 1,205; the same, 6 There are just 21,000. There are four rows of stitching in the collar, 3,200 stitches; cross ends to the collar, 550; button and buttonhole, 150; gathering the neck and sewing on the collar, 1,205; stitching wristbands, 1,328; ends of the same, 68; button holes in wristbands, 148; hemming slits, 264; gathering the sleeves, 840; setting on wristbands, 1,468; stitching on shouder straps, 1,889; hemming the bosom, 393; sewing in sleeves and making gussets, 3,050; sewing up seams of sleeves, 2,554; cording the bosom, 1,104; "tapping" the sleeves, 1,526; sewing up all other seams and setting the side gussets, 1,272. That represents the amount of labor that must be put into a shirt, and explains why the home-made article has gone out of fashion.

German

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown,
Wis. This is the opinion of a man
who keeps a drug store, sells all
medicines, comes in direct contact
with the patients and their families,
and knows better than anyone else
how remedies sell, and what true
merit they have. He hears of all
the failures and successes, and can
therefore judge: "I know of no
medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat,
or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my Coughs, family as Boschee's
Sore Throat, German Syrup. Last
winter a lady called
Hoarseness, at my store, who was

Hoarseness, at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief." 6

SHE WOULD BANCE.

Lady Clancarty Couldn't Resist a Lively Dance Tane.

Lady Clancarty, she that was Belle Bilton, a London dance-hall singer who was born Katie Flaherty, is finding it very hard to associate with the ladies of the English nobility according to the rules of ordinary society, to asy nothing of the conventions of the upper ten. Her boy husband calls her "Ducky" just as he did in those haloyon days when he was painting the town and he was kicking her earrings to suffered the suffered manner.

SHE WOELD DANCE.

SAMP Clancarty couldn't Resist a Myely Dance Tane.

Lady Clancarty, she that was Belle Bilton, a London dance-hall singer who was born Katie Flaherty, is finding it very hard to associate with the ladies of the English nobility according to the rules of ordinary she was painting the most off the upper ten. Her boy husband calls halve made and pristing a postion have said in her the hearing that she was positively boorish; but Belle knows better than to believe them, for she knows that all the boys used to say sincerely that she was a "lolla." The Countess Belle Clancarty, Bilton Flaherty was at Homburg, a fashionable German Walkesha, last month. She had to be invited to the swell parties, and found herself one evening at a function of the Duchess of Rutland. In the course of the evening as the tempted to sit still a few moments beside her boy husband, the duke. She succeeded her undertaking until the band began to lay the theory which are up in mysical matters know, is a composition that is always played in a decided scherz ow manner, as its loaded to the muzzle with flipness and glee. Its razzle-dazzle influence was too much for Lady Clancarty, is, the gossips say, and springing to her feet she entertained the assemblage with a skirt camp meeting in 10 minutes. Her husband approached, as near as the flying heels would be her and said something pointed in French. During the remainder of the time consumed in playing "Get Your Hair Cut." it is rumored that Lady Clancarty kicked through five octavos instead of eight and this kept within the bounds of fashionable killing the contavor of the president proper should be shill the said something pointed in French. During the remainder of the time consumed in playing "Get Your Hair Cut." it is rumored that Lady Clancarty kicked through five octavos instead of eight and the kept within the bounds of fashionable killing the contavor of the president proper in the de

window a flat iron is apt to fly out at

parding house dinners anywhere else. Every man's house is his servant girl's astle. The race is not always to the horse you

ut your money on. A run in time saves the nine. If at first you don't succeed, lie, lie again. -Li/c.

Street-Corner Statuary.

Grim-by Independent: Why do you stand on the street corners anyway? There are but two proper places for boys on Sunday nights, and those are "at home" and at church. If you don't want to go to church stay at home. If you don 'want to stay at home go to church. But if you really will not or cannot do either of those, for goodness sake go for a walk or a ride, or go crazy, if you like, but don't stand on the street corners and squirt tobacc o juice!

Mothers, have pity on your pale and suf-fering daughters. Their system is "run down," and if neglected the consequences may be fatal. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will bring back their rosy checks and health and strongth.

She Had the Last Word.

New York Heraid? Wool—What is the trouble between you and Miss Fipps?

Van Pelt—I spoke to her without an introduction and she told me I was no gentleman. I told her she was no judge.

Wool—What did she say to that?

Van Pelt—She said it did not take one to tell.

She Thought It Strange. Clarissa-And young Freshleigh has pro

posed to you.

Ethel—He has.
Clarissa—Well, it is very strange.
Ethel—Why is it strange?
Clarissa—Well, you see, they have always and that he would be hard to suit. -Nothing to speak of-your neighbors

"Smart has married Miss Dasher."
"Yes, I heard so; it seems to me a rash
experiment." "Why so?" "Ho's a selfmade man and she's a tailor-made girl, and
it is doubtful if such a combination will
work well together."

work well together."

Lord Granville, speaking of Wilkes, said that on the occasion of an election his humor was unrivaled. "Once he asked an elector to vote for him. 'No,' replied the man, warmly; 'I'd rather vote for the devil.' 'Yes,' responded Wilkes, 'but in case your friend doesn't stand?'"

Cholly, with unwounted enthysisam. "Br.

Cholly, with unwonted enthusiasm: "By Jove! I see that some fellow has introduced a bill into the State Senate making it a misdemeanor to send annoying letters to anyone. Deuced clever law that. I'll have my tailor sent up for six months, by Jove!" tailor sent up for six months, by Jove!"

Lady Olivia Taylor, who is soon to become the bride of Lord Henry Cavendish
Bentinck, is considered one of the most
beautiful women in London society. Her
features are fine and regular and her figure
is tall and alight. Her hair is light—almost
golden—and she has a curious "white
feather" among her tresses. It is not
indicative of her character, however, for
she is a lady of very high spirit.

most graceful and winning crator, Mrs. Josephine Nichols, of Indianapolis. As woman is the autocrat of society, so in her is invested the power of leading a restraining influence. We cause of temperance. Social drinkin, wich is growing more and more customary mr ligeate cities, she traced to the society of to-day when men are enticed by women to become slaves of the wine cup. The responsibility which every woman must recognize was pictured in burning words. While the necessity of franchise is apparent, in order to do effective temperance work, the speaker urged that women may show their colors by refusing to entertain in their social circles the seller of liquor or he who persistently upholds the liquor traffic. "Women are culpable for allowing social drink to reach its popularity." said Mrs. Nichols. "By so doing they are giving tone to public sentiment, and helping to excite desires in a man's breast where they never before existed. Let women beware in using such means to lure" men to destruction. The tiny link, forged by a woman's hand, may be a link in a chain which will bind a man soul and body to the destroyer."

The speaker referred to drunken women,

money doing odd jobs for the neighbors.

Russell Sage was a clerk. He learned frugality in his brother's grocery store at

President Harrison found his first dollar

mering.

Henry Villard, who has so many ups and downs as a railroad man, earned his first money as a reporter.

John Archibald, one of the Standard Oil John Archibald, one of the Standard Oil Crossuses, was an office boy at Titusville, Pa., not many years ago, and is now reported to be worth fully \$15,000,000.

M. H. De Young, the California editor, started his first newspaper in San Francisco in 1865 on a capital of \$20, and that loaned him by a more prosperous acquaintance.

Thomas Hardy, the novelist, began his career as an architect in English Dorches-

career as an architect in English Dorches-ter, and his first published work was an essay on the use of colored brick and terra cotta in dwelling houses.

When you ask for Nasal Balm do not permit your dealer to give you some "just as good" substitute. It is the only remedy yet discovered that will thoroughly cure catarrh. Sold by all dealers.

The Smart Clerk.

Fair is in progress it would be an awful catastrophe.

In that case what would the government mortgage on \$5,000,060 of the gate money be worth?—Rochester Herald.

Improved Proverbs.

He laughs best with all what you wish and what you should have, has not yet been set down hard enough. He is still in the van of his guild. He meets you with a smile, and he smiles continuously. Even while telling you that you do not know your own mind he smiles and intimates that if you will accept his Herald: The clerk who knows it if you become restive and allow him to see that you have a preference for your taste, and prefer to spend your money in your own way, whether for your ultimate good or not, there is apt to be a momentary exhibition of his contempt for you. But he still smiles while he—politely as he fancies—crushes you with impertinence. You retreat determined not only not to submit to this rudeness again, but not to patronize the shop if you can do as well elsewhere. And who is the loser? ne restive and allow him to se

the loser?

Watermelons in London.

Boston Sunday Herald: Londoners have been revelling in watermelons, a large consignment of that precious fruit having been received from Cincinnati. It was a bright idea sending over the watermelons, for Cincinnati's wide-awake venture caused almost a revolution among the British gardeners. As far as can be learned, the noble Briton has taken kindly to the American fruit, and solemnly asks if it will be possible to cultivate it in that foggy and groggy little island. We don't believe it can be done. The watermelon is a mixture of hot sünshine and sugar and water, and that could never be got together in English soil. Several of the London dailies have given long and imposing editorials on the subject, but the true results of the exportation may be heard from in the Lancet.

Chicago Tribune: Street car conductor— You musn't use the floor of this car as

Dr.Williams FOR EOPLE

EVERY WOMAN should YOUNG MEN shot

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. These Prize will For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon eccipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing MED, CO.

you say something about the Mississippi river."

"Yes, I told him that I was going down the Mississippi in a flat boat and that we were carried over Niagara Falls and the whole family drowned but me."

"Great Scot, man I but you don't locate Niagara Falls on the Mississippi?"

"Yes I did. Ain't they there?"

"Why, no! They are up here, near Bufialo!"

"I hat a fact? I saw him give a little jump when I put the Falls 'way down there, but! fixed it all right."

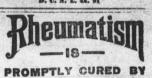
"Why, I remembered something about Buffalo, so I located it down below Vicksburg and hit him all right. Do boats go over the Falls?"

"Is that so? Well, no harm done. I can just as well sink my craft five miles above as to have her go over. The only object is to drown the family and lose my all, you know. Couldn't put 10 cents with this and help me reach my mother's bedside in Paterson before she dies, could you?"—

Chicago Globe.

A Judge in Glasgow has decided that the

A Judge in Glasgow has decided that the amount of copper used in tinned green peas was not dangerous, and that the process need not be stopped.



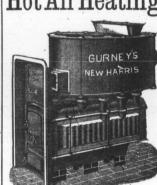
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