A BACK UP

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E. N. HUNT

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FAITHFUL TILL THE END

Her manner has grown a little feverish now, and a hot, brilliant spot is forming on her cheeks.

"It is growing late, Cissy," says Nell, very gently. "You know you have some people coming to luncheon, and there are others coming in the afternoon to tea—and scandal." She smiles faintly at Philip. "I think we ought to be going home."

"Yes—yes, of course," agrees Cecilia, eagerly. "I am so stupid, I always forget things. I hope," hurriedly, and without looking at him, however, "you will come to luncheon, Philip."

"I am afraid not. The McGregors are having some people also. Perhaps later on I may look in."

"Yes—do," says Cecilia.

"We must not steal him altogether from the McGregors, Cissy," says Nell, as lightly as she can manage.

No one makes any reply to this poor little hint, but Cecilia presently holds out her hand to bid Stairs good-bye.

Nell, full of the knowledge that it is her duty to see the farewell said, for all that turns abruptly away. A great disgust of her own position is humiliating her to the ground. What miserable fate has thrust her into it? To feel that they wish her out of the way, that they believe she is acting the spy with regard to them, drives her half mad. And yet——

She has no more time for further fears. Cecilia has slipped her arm into hers. There had been a moment, when Nell had so impatiently moved on, in which Stairs' and her hands had met, when they had looked into each other's eyes, and now Cecilia, because of that quick glance and pressure, is happy once again, forgetful of her terrors of a moment since, and ready to believe them vain. After all, of course, Nellie does not suspect that she still has a little (only a very little) love for poor, poor Phil! If she had, she would not have gone away, leaving them to bid each other good-bye. No, Nell thinks of nothing but that Philip is an old friend. And, indeed, what else is there to think of? And once she, Cecilia, has had an opportunity of fully explaining to him that nothing in their past was caused by her fault, he must go away.

She has arranged it all delightfully, and very indefinitely. He must go certainly—not now—not soon—not until he has paid his promised visit to them—but go, of course, he will.

What a glorious day—what a heavenly sky! She chatters gaily to Nell all the way home, passing from topic to topic—from the merriest laughter over Mrs. Cutforth-Boss' costume of last night to one of Mickey's latest sayings and all in the lightest vein. Talking a little fast, a little too persistently, perhaps, and always oblivious of the girl's few answers, and fewer smiles.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Luncheon has been quite a success. Never had Cecilia been so brilliant, so enchanting. Nell glancing at her now and then wonders whether after all she had not been mistaken—whether the fact of Cecilia and Philip having been both down at the sea this morning was anything but a bare coincidence. Had she even been mistaken about last night? However it is, she feels a little comforted; had Cecilia anything very unhappy in her mind she could not possibly laugh and talk like that.

She is glad when they all rise from the table and saunter idly towards the drawing-room and the veranda beyond. As she, a little separated from the others, is crossing the hall, one of the servants gives her a long, slim, carefully tied-up parcel.

"Looks like a golf stick," thinks she, puzzled, and then:

"Who is it from, James?"

"Sir Stephen Wortley, ma'am."

"Oh," says Nell, carelessly, and straightway turns and goes to her room. To snip the string that binds this mysterious parcel takes but a minute, and now before her is one of the loveliest parasols she has ever seen. All white silk and white lace, and little flounces! She flings it from her on to the lounge that stands by the side of the fireplace in winter, but is now pushed sideways against the wall. An angry frown is puckering her brows.

"How hateful of him! How impertinent! As if she would accept anything from him, even though he had broken that other! And where did he get it? Not in Bigley-on-Sea, certainly. Oh!" she almost stamps her foot. "Why, he must have driven post-haste into Wharton, eight miles away, to get it for her! Now what venom that showed! Nothing but venom—nothing at all! He was determined to show her that he would not be for one second in fault where she was concerned! Well she can show him, too."

She picks up the poor innocent parasol again with the tips of her fingers as if loathing it, but once in her fingers it seems impossible not to see how it looks when open. Her right hand slips half unconsciously up the beautiful ivory handle, and in another second she is standing before a long mirror, with the dainty white silk treasure held over her head. It suits her admirably, she looks so entirely charming beneath it, that in spite of her anger she laughs at her own reflection in the glass.

Then she sighs.

"Vanity! Thy name is Woman!" says she scornfully. She closes the parasol reluctantly, and reties it in its packings. Then she sighs again, and this time more profoundly. She looks singularly like Cecilia at this moment.

Half an hour later Sir Stephen receives the parasol back again from the hands of a mounted groom from Gaveston Park.

* * * * * *

It is now just 4 o'clock, and many friends and acquaintances have come to talk over last night's triumphs. Everyone has been feeling a little flat, and the general invitation that Cecilia had given to everybody, as they left in the small hours of the morning—to come again to tea in the afternoon and discuss the affair—though received with doubt when given—had been hailed with rapture later on.

Amongst others Gaveston had put up Trent and Manners for the dance, and now the former, looking even a little more in want of chin than usual, is holding forth to Nell upon the terrace, where an extra tea-table has been arranged, round which—or near it—Grant and his sister, with some others, are sitting.

Trent is maundering on; Nell, whose mind is preoccupied, is apparently lost in admiration of his theories. He has now come to the conclusion that she is the cleverest girl he has ever met. The fact of her listening to him has secured her this tribute. The real fact, however, is that she has almost forgotten his existence, and is listening all over again to certain angry words said some hours ago, and grinding her little teeth over them, too.

"In my opinion," Trent is saying, in his high, squeaky voice, "society is going to the bad." He manages to say this as though he has not heard it before. Perhaps he hadn't.

"A poor compliment to the little fraction of it you see here," says Nell, rousing partly from her dreams, and smiling.

"Society, in my opinion, is just as good and just as bad as it has been since the beginning of the world," says Mrs. Wilding, with a hitch of her lean shoulders. "There are always half this way, and half that! Ten foolish virgins, you know, but ten wise also! And as it appears, it seems safer to back the ten wise."

"To which do you belong?" asks Mrs. Chance, with her friendliest smile, and quite a little touch of humor meant to carry off the sting of her remark.

Mrs. Wilding sticks her glass in her eye.

"Hard to say," says she, "but I'd back myself against you, anyway."

This interlude has happily passed unheard. Bella retires smiling, Mrs. Wilding drops her glass, and all is smooth once more.

Mr. McNamara having successfully tucked away all the maccaroons, to which form of confection he is specially addicted, is now giving his attention to the seed cake.

"What do you think about the decadence of society, Mickey?" asks Nell, giving him a little unseen pinch. Everything is getting a little slow, some way, and Mickey, if dragged into it, might make a diversion.

"What's the good of thinking about it?" says McNamara, leaning back luxuriantly in his chair with the last bit of seed-cake between his fingers. "I've thought until I'm nearly blind." He glances pathetically at Nell. "Did you know I was going blind? Seen my new glasses?"

"No!" with concern. "Oh, Mickey, I am sorry!"

"You needn't be! I haven't seen 'em, either!" says Mr. McNamara. "They're coming—in the sweet bime-bye! We must be on the lookout for them. As for society, we all know what's the matter with that."

"No, we don't," say Mrs. Chance and Mrs. Wilding in a breath. "And," continues Mrs. Wilding, "I don't believe you know, either."

"You wish me to speak?" Mr. McNamara looks round with a deprecating smile. He draws himself up in a dignified fashion, and half puts away from him the bit of cake he is holding, then, thinking better of it, finishes it. After this he leans forward, very much forward, coughs consumptively, interlaces his fingers, and begins:

"But for women, there would be no society at all! This, my friends, I think you will all allow. But the struggle by women of the present day to equal or excel men in their own departments, especially those of physical prowess, though merely a revolt against the over-civilization of the nineteenth century, is a step on the backward road to that state of savagedom in which women performed all the manual labor and men spent their lives in various congenial forms of amusement. Glass of water, please!"

"Not one, if you were to die for it!" says Nell, indignantly.

"More cake, then," sadly.

"You've eaten it all!"

"It's a poor world!" says Mr. McNamara.

[To be Continued.]

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How Many Discover When It Is Too Late that the kidneys have literally been ground out by the little solid particles which are contained in the blood of all sufferers from kidney disease, and which accumulate in these organs. Common sense says, and medical science has proven it, that a liquid solvent which will dissolve these solids and eradicate them from the system is the only sure cure for kidney disorder. South American Kidney Cure is a solvent. It has been tested in almost hopeless cases, and there is yet to be recorded against it a failure to cure when it has had a faithful trial. Pills will not do it as they are not solvents. Don't trifle.

Sold by C. McCallum and B. A. Mitchell.

The typical Scotch sexton is not dead yet; he only jokes with more "defeeculty." At a funeral that took place in the village of A—— the other day the son of the deceased handed the grave-digger some hard cash, saying—"I suppose that will do." The worthy looked at it, and then remarked rather drily—"I suppose I'll be daein' wi't, but if yer faither had buried you he wid hae gi'en me a guinea."

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Very Valuable.

Geological Expert's Estimate of the Michipicoten Gold Field.

Another Large Party to Start for the Diggings on Monday.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Sept. 4.—Excitement here concerning the Michipicoten gold fields continues unabated, and another large party will leave on the next North Shore steamer Monday for the new El Dorado. A number expect to charter a yacht, and will depart at the earliest possible moment. Something like 200 people are now on the ground. Prof. Alex. McKenzie arrived down from the gold fields last evening, but was here only a short time. He immediately left for Montreal. Mr. McKenzie is the Canadian geological expert, who investigated the Mackey-Dickinson property for the Montreal capitalists who are interested. He says that the find is an extremely valuable one, and that during his many years' experience in mining throughout the Dominion he never encountered better gold prospects. He professes to believe that Rossland and other districts will not be in it with the new fields, and that the largest mining district in Canada will be developed there.

Prof. McKenzie asserts positively that the deposit is not an isolated one, and is convinced that a vast body of auriferous ore extends over a large territory there. He says that in character the gold is what is known as coarse, and is easily extracted from the quartz. While the first find is a very valuable one, Mr. McKenzie is of the opinion that the richest discoveries are yet to be made. He states that in going over between four and five hundred acres of the Mackey location paying quartz was found in at least forty different places. He says that western miners will go wild over a find of much less promise.

When Prof. McKenzie was first requested to go to Michipicoten he demurred, as he considered that the result would be a disappointment, in view of the fact that the fields back of the Canadian Soo had not turned out well. Then, too, he had been a member of the Canadian geological survey party which studied the formation through the new district several years ago, without making any remarkable discovery. He was astounded, he says, after shortly getting to work.

Applications have been filed for a number of claims, and the official surveyor and a large corps of assistants are on the ground. A mining camp of some pretensions has sprung up on the shore of Lake Wawa, where the first discovery was made. Many prominent business men of the two Soos are there.

A DETROIT MAN'S VIEW.

D.W. Anderson, Detroit, superintendent of construction of the Detroit Railway before the consolidation, is familiar with the Michipicoten region, having spent three seasons there as superintendent of construction for the contractor building the adjacent section of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. He says:

"Michipicoten, pronounced up there with the accent on the first and last syllables and with the 'ch' soft as in 'Michigan,' is a Hudson Bay Fur Company trading post, which for more than 40 years has been conducted by Peter Bell, the king in that region. About the post building are ordinarily grouped a few Indian huts. The post is five miles up the river from the Lake Superior shore, and steamers cannot get within that distance. There is absolutely no town, and no houses or settlement at the landing place.

"From the steamer to the post the trip must be made on foot over very rough country that prolongs the five miles to a day's journey, or else by batteaux up the shallow river.

"Lake Wawa, where the gold was found, is 95 miles from Lake Superior by the river. The country is wild and mountainous, and covered with a thick growth of pine and hemlock. It is the hunting ground of the Blackfeet and Iroquois Indians, who trade with Peter Bell, and except for the Indians there is no trace of men and their labor until Lake Wawa is reached. Across Lake Wawa and 29 miles beyond lies the Canadian Pacific Railroad. The station Lake Wawa on that road is merely a station house with two or three other buildings near by. The twenty miles between the station and lake is more than doubled for the tourist by the mountainous character of the country.

"The best way to get to the gold field is by the Canadian Pacific. The 95-mile batteau trip by the river from Lake Superior is extremely difficult and protracted.

"A man going in there ought to take a big supply of provisions with him. Of course, supplies can be put in fast enough over the Canadian Pacific road, but mountain traveling in midwinter is not comfortable in that climate unless a man is used to it and knows how to protect himself. It is no Klondike, of course, but there is plenty of snow and ice up there in the winter, and the season is long. Nothing can be obtained from the Hudson Bay post—not a solitary thing. The nearest point to Lake Wawa, where other gold findings have been made, is 180 miles distant. Gold has been found at Black bay, Jackfish bay, Monroe harbor, Otter cove, Otter head, Peninsular harbor and McKay harbor. Michipicoten means 'heavenly rest.'"

BOYS KILL A CATAMOUNT

The Animal Had Attacked One of Them and Was Tearing Him to Pieces.

Caney, Kan., Sept. 4.—Tom Morris and Fred Allen, boys, left this city early in the morning in search of squirrels in the heavy timber skirting Bee Creek. Morris was armed with a 32-calibre revolver, while Allen carried a No. 16 shotgun. They reached Bee Creek at about 6 o'clock, and immediately separated, Morris going on the one side and Allen on the other. They had gone but a short distance when Allen came upon a large catamount stretched out at full length on the limb of a tree, and calling Morris to his assistance, Allen pulled up his gun (which was loaded with small-size squirrel shot) and blazed away at the sleeping animal.

The big cat, which was hurt just enough by the shot to be thoroughly enraged, sprang upon Allen, and after tearing nearly all the clothes from his body picked him up and shook him as a terrier would a rat. It was at this time that Morris, who had been attracted hither by Allen's screams, appeared on the scene. Dropping on his knee he took aim at the spot over the catamount's heart and fired. The animal loosened his hold upon Allen and fell back dead. Allen, although badly lacerated about the shoulders and arms, will probably recover.

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CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

ONTARIO'S GOLD FIELDS.

At Last They May Come to the Front in the Great English Market.

From London, England, Financial Bulletin.

Our oft-repeated prediction that there would be considerable activity in the gold mining districts of Ontario this autumn is being verified. We can justly claim to having been the first of financial journals to draw the attention of the investing public to this gold field, situated as it is in British territory, where, owing to a good climate, cheap labor, abundance of fuel and water, gold-bearing quartz can be treated at a cost of three and a half to four pennyweights a ton.

The Financial News has, during the last month, taken Ontario under its wing, and in a very able letter from its Winnipeg correspondent demonstrates that from Nov. 1, 1897, no less a sum than one million sterling will be produced from Ontario.

We have one fault to find with our contemporary, which is the statement that out of fourteen well known mines in this district only one has so far found a footing on the London market. There have been dealings for the last two years in the Regina and Dominion mines, and later the shares of the Mikado have been sold at £3 10s for the £1 share. At the same time we must acknowledge that little energy has been shown in bringing attention to Ontario, British Columbia and Klondike have been puffed ad nauseam by the Yankee and British press, and companies formed for obtaining money on a sort of "do as best we can" principle. Meanwhile, in Ontario, the Lake of the Woods and Seine River districts are slowly but surely being developed by American and provincial investors, and on the strict quiet by some of the South African millionaires, who deem it prudent to transfer some of their capital to a country where, under the British flag, they knowthat their rights will be maintained.

The principal companies working in Western Ontario are the Sultana, Regina, Gold Hill, Pine Portage, Triumph, Scramble, Norway, Dominion, Mascot, Foley, Ferguson, Lucky Coon, Olive, Harold, Sawbill, Yum Yum, Cornucopia, Gold Coin, Monarch, Gold Mountain, Monte Cristo and Ontario, Limited.

The Sultana, Regina and Mikado have been proved beyond possible doubt.

FALL FAIRS.

Where and When the Exhibitions Will Take Place.

Western, London	Sept. 9 to 18
Industrial, Toronto	Aug. 30-Sept. 11
North Grey, Owen Sound	Sept. 14-16
Central, Guelph	Sept. 15-16
Northern, Walkerton	Sept. 15-16
Mornington, Milverton	Sept. 16-17
Central, Ottawa	Sept. 17-25
East Lambton, Watford	Sept. 21-22
North Waterloo, Berlin	Sept. 21-22
Great Northwestern, Goderich	Sept. 21-24
Southern, Brantford	Sept. 21-24
Peninsular, Chatham	Sept. 21-24
North Oxford, Woodstock	Sept. 22-23
Hay Agricultural Society, Zurich	Sept. 22-23
West Middlesex, Strathroy	Sept. 22-24
Horticultural, Clifford	Sept. 23-24
North Perth, Stratford	Sept. 23-24
Aylmer	Sept. 23-25
Palmerston, Palmerston	Sept. 27-28
Oxford, Kemptville	Sept. 27-28
Ontario and Durham, Whitby	Sept. 27-28
Blenheim, Drumbo	Sept. 28-29
South Oxford, Tilsonburg	Sept. 28-29
Zone and Bothwell	Sept. 28-29
Lambton, Sarnia	Sept. 29-30
Cayuga	Sept. 28-30
Essex	Sept. 28-30
North Bruce, Port Elgin	Sept. 30-Oct. 1
West Elgin, Wallacetown	Sept. 30-Oct. 1
Kinloss, Lucknow	Sept. 30-Oct. 1
East Nissouri	Oct. 1
London Township, Ilderton	Oct. 1
South Norwich, Otterville	Oct. 1-2
Brigden	Oct. 5
Comber	Oct. 5
Moss and Ekfrid	Oct. 5-6
Perth, South, St. Mary's	Oct. 5-6
Woolwich, Elmira	Oct. 5-6
North Brant, Paris	Oct. 5-6
N. and W. Oxford, Ingersoll	Oct. 5-6
Glencoe	Oct. 5-6
Westminster, Lambeth	Oct. 6
Alvinston, Alvinston	Oct. 6-7
Leamington	Oct. 6-8
Highgate	Oct. 7-8
Embro, Embro	Oct. 7
Petrolea, Petrolea	Oct. 8
West Nissouri, Thorndale	Oct. 8
Springfield	Oct. 8-9
Norwich, Norwich	Oct. 8-9
Howard	Oct. 11-13
Ridgetown	Oct. 11-13
Norfolk Union, Simcoe	Oct. 12-14
Delaware	Oct. 13
Rodney	Oct. 14-15

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WRAPPER COMPETITION, JULY, 1897.

The following are the Winners in District No. 1, Western Ontario:

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Mr. M. Hambly, 192 Dundas street, Toronto.

Winners of Gold Watches:

Mr. J. Milton Cork, 459 Dundas street, Toronto.

Sweet Bros., corner Elm and Elizabeth street, Toronto.

Mr. C. S. Philip, 39 McNab street, Hamilton.

Miss Georgia McKee, Bridgeburg.

Miss Annie Gander, 56 West Lodge avenue, Toronto.

The above competition will be continued each month of 1897.

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In less than a week we will throw open the finest and most extensive store in London, which will be a credit to the city, as well as a convenience to the public. Our large stocks in the different departments will be all new and thoroughly up to date in every respect, while our prices, as usual, will be found lower for the same class of goods than elsewhere.

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The few remaining days of the building sale will be marked by many bargains at every counter in the store, upstairs and down. Hotel and boarding-house keepers should remember this sale offers rare inducements in Sheetings, Towels, Napkins, Table Linens, Bed Spreads, Curtains, etc. Just the goods wanted at very special prices.

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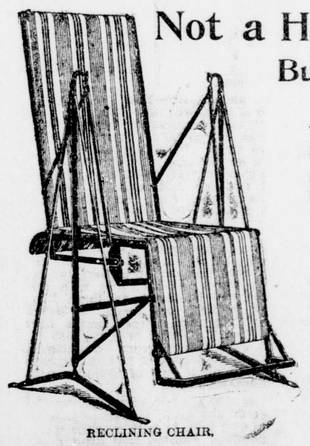

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