

Remnants...

We are cleaning up our stock of Wall Paper after the rush of home-cleaning, and have some great bargains in remnants to offer. Write for your room and see what we have to offer.

E. N. HUNT, 190 Dundas Street.

JESSAMINE.

The emphasis was faint, yet perceptible, and he shut his clammy fingers feebly upon those Jessie slipped within them, as she obeyed Dr. Baxter's injunction to join her right hand with that of her betrothed. She felt their loose hold more plainly than she did the warm, strong grasp that signified loving protection, tenderest sympathy.

It was a strange, sad rite—strange and more melancholy than burials usually are. The bride's gaze never left the shrunken face and closed eyes that rested among the pillows, and her assent to the interrogations put to her was so slight as to create a passing doubt in the mind of the officiant as to whether she had given any. The mountain storm burst overhead in thunder, wind, and rain, and the bridegroom spoke his reverent and steadfast response, and when the benediction was pronounced, Jessie stooped to kiss her father, apparently forgetful that Roy's was the paramount right to the token of affection.

"Dear papa! It is your little Jessie! I have done as you wished. Will you not bless me?"

The cry sounded in the ear deadened by the death stupor as a faint and far-off call. Mr. Kirke's eyelids quivered without rising, and the muscles of the mouth were moved. Then the gray calm settled down again upon his countenance.

"He must speak to me! I must be sure that he hears me—that he understands that I have obeyed him!" said Jessie, frantically. "He must!" to the physicians who advanced to the bedside with restoratives.

They were useless. The dying man was beyond the reach of human skill. The lips were parted, the throat did not contract. Dr. Winters shook his head despairingly and turned from his old friend and pastor, the untasted glass of brandy in his hand.

"He does not see or hear me!" cried the daughter, throwing up her arms in a passion of despair. "I did it for him, and he will never know it!"

She sank to her knees beside the bed, and buried her face in the coverings. Roy leaned over her and whispered something the rest did not hear. He might as well have addressed her father with words of consolation. When he touched her to recall her attention, she shivered violently, but gave no other sign of consciousness of his presence.

"I am glad you are here, Mr. Fordham—heartyly rejoiced and greatly relieved," said Dr. Winters, as Roy attended him down the stairs. "Your wife needs very delicate and judicious treatment just now. Her whole nervous system is unstrung. I saw it in her manner and eyes this forenoon. When the unnatural strain is released, she will break down completely. I am afraid."

Mr. Kirke died at midnight. He had noticed no one, and said nothing since his feeble rejoinder to Dr. Baxter's query whether the marriage should proceed, until half an hour before he breathed his last, when those about him saw a change in the face that, in stillness and beauty, resembled a fine Greek mask. Jessie perceived it first; was quick to take advantage of the tinge of color, the gleam of features.

"Papa!" she prayed, raising his head to a resting place on her arm; can you hear me; if you can, kiss me."

The stiff lips moved under the pressure of hers, and a smile, ineffable in radiance and tenderness, remained when the kiss had been given.

"You do know me—do you not?" said his daughter, breathless. "Who is it that is speaking to you?"

All present heard the reply.

"Ginevra!"

CHAPTER XVII.

The "breaking down" predicted by Dr. Winters, took the form, not of hysterical emotion, but of a cold, but of physical languor and spiritual apathy, which were more alarming. Jessie moved, spoke, and thought like one in a trance; acquiescing in every proposal made by her sister and Roy, obeying every request without demur or inquiry. If left to herself she asked nothing except to be allowed to sit or lie passive for hours together; her great eyes closed or blank; her countenance set in a gloomy weariness that had marked it from the moment her hand had left her dead father's forehead—a look that plainly said she had henceforward nothing to hope for or to fear in this world.

Few husbands would have had tolerance with this excessive grief for the loss of a parent, however beloved, and worthy of filial attachment. One might search far and long without finding a man whose sympathy with the demonstration of this would incite him to warmer love and fonder care for her, who, for the time, overlooked his claim to supreme regard in her devotion to a memory.

"You could not mourn more bitterly for me!" I once heard a man say in impatient reproach, upon surprising his wife in tears within a week after she had committed an indifferent and dearly loved parent to the grave.

He was a good man, and an affectionate husband, but he could not endure the semblance of a divided allegiance.

Had Roy Fordham's love been of this sensitive and exclusive type, it would have been chafed and rebuffed before the honeymoon was over. The new bond between them, so sacred and honored entirely—not, it was evident, a willfulness or shyness, but because it had no place in her thoughts; was a matter of no moment in comparison with the event that steeped them both in despondency. It was well that neither he nor Eunice had any knowledge of the continuous warfare of the summer, the fiercer struggle of that early September day, the morrow of which had brought a fresh sorrow in her father's illness. Had they comprehended all this, superadded to their fears all the three weeks' watching and its finale had seriously affected her nervous system, they would have had small hope of the curative power of Nature and Love. She was, in reality, insane for the three days immediately succeeding her marriage, if lack of feeling, thought, and memory signify mental aberration.

In after years, this period was almost a blank in the retrospect, a confusing, dissolving view that defied her scrutiny. Whilst it lasted, it was a nightmare from which she had no strength to awaken.

When she was led by Roy to take a last look at her father's face as he lay in his coffin ready to be transported to the church, her eyes were vacant and dry, her features emotionless.

"He looks very natural!" she said slowly, like one trying to recall the conventional phrase in such circumstances.

When Eunice bent weepingly to kiss the frozen lips where still lingered the smile of ineffable peace with which he had named his wife, Jessie eyed her with a mixture of wonder and perplexity, and remarking again, "Very natural! almost life-like!" turned away with the air of one who had said and done all that could be required of her.

In an agony of alarm, Roy sought Dr. Winters, who had called to inquire after the health of the family, and to see if he could be of service in their affliction. Eunice had taken charge of her sister at night, and reported that what little sleep had visited the latter had been won by the use of anodynes. Had the physician asked the bridegroom—a sedative, potent enough to induce slumber for several hours, the after effect of which would be increased cerebral excitement? Come what might, Jessie must not witness the obsequies appointed for that forenoon. Her mind seemed, to him, to need but a touch of opium to its overwork. While the two gentlemen held counsel, Eunice entered with the welcome news that Jessie had, on leaving the parlor where the remains lay, gone voluntarily to her own room, and having shared her sister's since their common bereavement—thrown herself upon the bed and fallen into a deep sleep.

The church bell was not tolled for the pastor's funeral, and a band of trusty yeomen stationed fifty yards up and down the road, prevented vehicles from approaching the gate of Parsonage or churchyard. The reason was quickly disseminated, and the precaution universally admitted. Mingled with the tears that fell upon the bier of the faithful servant of God, were earnest prayers for the restoration of health and reason to the daughter—the people's joy and pet, as she had been his—the merry, popular "little Jessie," who was known to every household in the parish. Many wistful eyes sought the closed blinds, bemoaning the loss of a little bed wrapped in death-like slumber.

"The only hope for life and brain!" Dr. Winters had pronounced, and the dictum was repeated far and near with awed looks and subdued features.

Within the house, all was hushed and dark. Eunice sat with the sleeper while the service at the church went forward.

"Do not separate us this morning!" was her petition to Roy, who would have taken the post himself. "I have nobody left but her."

She interpreted correctly the meaning of the imperfect phrase that penetrated her seclusion—the funeral pall, the dull tramp of many feet from the front to the back of the church; the awful pause—like no other in her life—when the voice of prayer, sinking to its place—the voice of prayer, which the dear dust was committed to the keeping of the Lord of Life, through all the coming ages of Time—then, the muffled tumult of departing sob and sigh that the beloved living might not be disturbed; staying her heart upon the Father of the fatherless, the God whose goodness was expiring saint had charged his children never to forget.

(To be Continued.)

The girls in a Kentucky town have formed a society that have for their motto: "The lips that touch liquor shall never touch ours." There is a big demand for straws in that vicinity just now.

The greatest danger to life in the city is not the car with its clanging gong, but those silent invisible foes, the germs of disease. The prevalence of consumption in cities is stated to be largely due to the frequent expectoration of diseased persons, whose dried sputa, mixed with dust and blown into the air, is inhaled by some luckless man or woman. Sanitation may minimize these perils, but can never obliterate them. The essential thing is to educate every person to the knowledge that the germ can find no permanent lodgment in a healthy body. Keep the blood pure, the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition in sound health and you are practically germ proof.

This disease resisting condition is obtained by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It purifies the blood, strengthens the stomach, nourishes the nerves, and heals the lungs. Even when there is obstinate cough, bronchitis, spitting of blood and other conditions, which, if neglected, lead to consumption, the faithful use of Golden Medical Discovery will, in almost every instance, effect a cure.

"I was taken sick in July last year, and was not able to do any kind of work until November," writes Mr. Noel W. Orvin, of Langley, Alken Co., S. C. "I had been coughing up small, hard lumps of phlegm for about a year before I was taken down. I then called on a doctor, who said that one-half of my left lung was gone, and advised me to leave my home and go to the country. I wrote to you for advice. I took four bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which I sincerely believe has done me more good than all the other medicines I have ever taken."

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MOWED DOWN
HIS LITTLE SON

Did Not Know of His Presence Until Knives Struck Him.

Old Man Killed at a Railway Crossing—Fatal Fall.

Lakefield, Ont., July 11.—Willie Moore, only son of W. H. Moore, barrister, of Peterboro, was drowned in Stony Lake on Thursday. The body was only recovered yesterday.

FATAL FALL.

Toronto, Ont., July 11.—Thomas Williams, 41 years of age, a derrick man at the new Gowanus-Kent building, who fell from his derrick 45 feet yesterday morning, injuring his spine, died at the Emergency Hospital in the afternoon.

KILLED AT A CROSSING.

Montreal, Que., July 11.—Thomas Mohun, 65 years old, met with a frightful death at the Charlevoix street crossing of the Grand Trunk Railway at Point St. Charles yesterday. Mohun attempted to get over the crossing after the barrier was down, and was struck by the Intercolonial express and mortally wounded.

KILLED BY A MOWER.

Middleton, N. Y., July 11.—A two-year-old son of R. W. Stead, a farmer, of Guilford, died today as a result of being run over by his father, in charge of a machine. Mr. Stead was running a mowing machine in a field near his home yesterday, when his little son left the house to meet him. The father did not know of the child's presence in the grass until he uttered a scream falling before the knives, which severed one of his legs.

Springing from the machine the father caught the child, mangled form and hastened to the house. A physician was quickly summoned, but before he arrived the child had suffered such a loss of blood that he died soon after the amputation. The father is nearly prostrated by the death of the child.

POISONING CASE.

Toronto, July 11.—The sequel to the accidental poisoning of a young girl named Annie Pollard, at St. Michael's Hospital, through a mistake regarding her medicine, is an action entered on behalf of her father against Dr. Sweetman and Stenhouse for damages. He claims that they performed an operation without his consent, and that his daughter would not have required to take medicine at all, and therefore would not have been poisoned had the operation not been performed.

BATCH OF BRANTFORD ACCIDENTS.

Brantford, Ont., July 11.—Sunday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Birkett and Miss Birkett were driving to Mohawk Church, when the horse shied, overturning the occupants of the buggy in a ditch about eight feet deep. Mrs. Birkett's collar was broken, and Miss Birkett had some ribs broken, but Miss Birkett escaped with a few bruises.

While attending a fire, Fireman Thomas Dawson received injuries to his back which necessitated his being taken to the hospital.

Miss Tracey, an employee of the binder twine factory, had her arm caught in the machinery and broken above the elbow.

At the Waterous Engine Works yesterday morning an employee named Brett had his forearm broken by the breaking of a shaft.

FATAL FIRE.

New York, July 11.—Abraham Finkelshtein was fatally burned yesterday by the explosion of some material in his painter's supplies and wall paper shop at Forsythe and Hester streets, this city. The explosion sent fire to the store and Finkelshtein was hurled by the flames. The bodies of Mrs. Finkelshtein and her son, Isadore, were subsequently found in the hall at the foot of the stairs leading to the Hester street entrance. Both had been burned to death.

Thomas Cox, 72 years old, died Monday afternoon at his home in Walker-ville.

L. C. A. Casgrain's residence in Sandwich East was destroyed by fire Sunday. Loss \$12,000; fully insured.

Windsor's steam roller, which cost \$2,800, having proved satisfactory, an order for its payment has been made.

Mr. Hodgson, principal of Delhi public school, has been appointed principal of the public school at Norwich at a salary of \$650.

The amount of rain which has fallen in Oxford county during the past month has been very small, and consequently the crops have suffered very considerably.

The home of Mr. Cal McDonald, Waterford, with its contents, was burned to the ground Friday morning at about 6 o'clock. The fire had its origin in a defective flue. No insurance.

Detective Mahoney, of Windsor, left Monday afternoon for Toledo to bring back Samuel F. Harkness, wanted in Toledo on a charge of conspiracy with the Singer Sewing Machine Company.

The dining-room girls at the British-American Hotel, Windsor, went on strike Monday, demanding more money and less work. Proprietor McKee refused their demands and filed their places with young men.

George Montgomery, a harnessmaker in the employ of Robert McCully, St. Thomas, fell from a bridge on the Wabash Railway on Saturday evening, and sustained injuries from which he died today. Deceased leaves a wife and two children. He was about 50 years of age, and had resided in that city for a long time.

St. Catharines Star: A large and merry gathering of the brethren of Temple Lodge, No. 256, A. F. and A. M., was held at the Ellis house on Friday evening, the principal feature of the evening being the presentation to Dr. Leitch, who is about to leave the city to reside in St. Thomas, of a past master's jewel, and to bid farewell to one who has ever been a true and faithful member of the Masonic order.

COPPER STRIKE IN PARRY SOUND.

Toronto, July 11.—It is said a rich strike of copper ore has been found in the Parry Sound district, seven hours' journey from Toronto. The discovery is credited to an American mining expert named Forbes, and is said to be a promising rival to the great Anaconda.

A monkey may be brainless, but he gets a lot of cents by traveling with a hand-organ.

OTTAWA NOTES

The Postal Revenue Exceeding All Expectations.

The G. T. R. Agreement—Canadian Canal Competition Feared.

Ottawa, July 8.—The government has decided upon an important amendment to the Intercolonial-Grand Trunk agreement, which will entirely remove whatever appearance of justification there may have been for the criticism that the proposed 99 years' lease would give the Grand Trunk and its American connections practical control of the Intercolonial for that period, to the detriment of all Canadian competitors.

As was pointed out last week the real source from which the objection emanated laid it open to considerable suspicion, but even that apparent ground for objection—more imaginary than real—will now be removed. The proposed amendment will empower the government to terminate the freight transfer arrangements at any time by giving twelve months' notice to the company, though it does not give the same power to the railway. It may not be altogether desirable to give a government power to terminate an arrangement which has been so generally recognized as greatly to the advantage of the country, inasmuch as it will always leave a weak government open to the influence of the lobbyist at any time competing interests may desire to upset the arrangements. Unquestionably Canadian parliamentary history contains too many instances of the pernicious influence of the lobby, and the trend of legislation should be to lessen its power rather than the reverse. However, there is no immediate danger, at least not of a fatal nature, in its power, and it is wiser to make a partial concession than run the risk of having the entire agreement thrown out by the action of the senate.

EXCEEDING EXPECTATIONS.

Although the reduced postal rates have only been in operation six months, there are already indications, not only of the media according to the community at large—which were never seriously questioned—but also of the accuracy of the postmaster-general's predictions that the increase in business which would follow would very materially reduce the threatened excess of expenditure over receipts, if indeed it did not wipe it out altogether. The Toronto World, a Conservative journal, thus refers to the working of the new rates under the caption, "Two-Cent Postage a Success."

"It will undoubtedly be found, after a year or two's trial, that a two-cent rate for letters will produce as large a revenue as the former three-cent rate. The receipts under the new tariff have already exceeded the estimate of the postmaster-general, and the probabilities are that the deficit caused by the reduction will be entirely wiped out in the course of a couple of years."

OUR DEEPENED WATERWAYS.

The opening of the Soulages Canal next month will complete the deep waterway down the St. Lawrence River and reduce the cost of carrying wheat from the western field to the seaport just about one-half. The value of this to Canadian shipping interests cannot be over-estimated, for as one Chicago paper declares, "the cost of transporting lake freight to tidewater was beyond the possibility of profitable competition by any other existing route." It is generally recognized in the markets of the world that the price of wheat is fixed at Liverpool, and consequently all that is saved on cost of transportation goes into the producer's pockets. The statement is made that the added returns to the farmers of the Northwest for the single item of wheat alone would amount to \$6,000,000, of which our own farmers would secure their share. The wisdom of the government, therefore, in hurrying on the work, which had dragged along so many years under their predecessors, needs no argument to establish.

AND NOT DEAD YET.

A Kansas paper tells of a Sante Fe section foreman who sent in the following report to the roadmaster: "MacWhorter's head struck the long siding and killed. We found him alongside the track and as he was not quite dead then I borrowed a gun and shot him three times, killing him again. Dennis Sullivan then struck him on the head and finished him. The bull is now dead." Commenting on this exciting anecdote the Toronto Globe remarks: "This resembles the terrible carnage that has attended the attacks on Mr. Sifton. Sir Hibbert killed him when he collided with him in his first speech. Sir Charles killed him again at Sherbrooke and Sir Hibbert finished him on Tuesday night. There is a slight difference in the two cases, however, Mr. Sifton is still alive."

BALLAD WRITER DEAD.

New York, July 11.—Charles Graham, the ballad writer, is dead in Bellevue Hospital. He is said to have died penniless. One of his greatest successes, "Two Little Girls in Blue," brought him only \$10. Mr. Graham was born in Boston, England, in 1863.

A man thinks himself superior to a hen, yet a hen can sit on an egg without getting mad.

Notwithstanding the watchfulness of the attendants the rain sometimes beats its way into the circus tent.

The Nerve Fluid Is the Fountain of Life.

Without the nerve force which runs the machinery of the body, there could be no motion of the limbs, no action of the heart; in short, there could be no life. The nerve fluid is the fountain of life, and so long as the nerves are healthy and well nourished, there are no aches or pains, the organs of the body perform their functions, and disease is ward off.

DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

increases the nerve fluid, or nerve force in the body, as no preparation was ever known to do. It creates new nerve cells and adds new tone and vigor to the whole system. It cures all nerve disorders in nature's way, by building up and revitalizing the wasted tissues. Put up in pill form, 50 cents a box, at all dealers, or Ed-manson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Winnipeg, Deloraine, Restoule, Estevan, Bismarck, Mooseman, Cowan, Regina, Moosejaw, Yorkton, Prince Albert, Calgary, Red Deer, Edmonton.

Going July 13, returning until Sept. 12. Going July 15, returning until Sept. 17. Tickets and all information, E. De La Hooke, C. P. and T. A., "Clock" corner Richmond and Dundas streets, M. C. Dickson, District Passenger Agent, Toronto.

ALLAN LINE

Royal Mail Steamships, For Liverpool, Calling at Moville, From Montreal.

Nunadima, Canadianian, Tainui, Parisian, From New York to Glasgow, Mongolian, July 21; State of Nebraska, Aug. 5.

RATES OF PASSAGE.

First cabin, \$20 and upwards. Second cabin, \$15. Steerage, \$2.50 and \$3.50. New York to Glasgow. First cabin, \$17.50 and upwards. Second cabin, \$12.50. Steerage, \$2.50. Reduction on first and second cabin return tickets. London agents—E. De La Hooke, T. R. Parker, F. B. Clarke.

Home-Seekers 60-Day Excursions

To the Canadian Northwest, At Return Fare, July 13 & 18.

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Without Dyeing the hands. How to secure a pleasant surprise with an absolutely fast, brilliant, quick, Home Dyer—Maypole Soap.

Why it is best to use—how to dye to any shade. Free Book all about Home Dyeing, by addressing the

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