TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

A TALE OF THE LATIN QUARTER.

Continued.

"Your wild dissipations at Cambridge," I went on reading, "have shut you out from my affection; and until I hear that you never touch a drop of wine or any sort of ardent spirit you shall never be received again into my love or esteem."

"What a shame! How ridiculous! The old bear!" were the comments on this clause.

"I answer your request to live in Paris decidedly 'no!' You are not to go to Paris. The associations there are of the worst for anyone of your tendencies.

"I pray heaven daily for your depraved heart to change." (This was received with groans). Then came abruptly: "Your father, T. L. Kent." Over the date was printed, as I fortunately remembered, "The Deanery," and the name of a cathedral town in Devon.

There was a great deal more laughing and a great deal more wine and then we went to a ball. I think it was the Bullier and think I was rather confused; yet I know Manuel glowered when I waltzed with Louise and I know Bibi did some strange and beautiful tripping and posturing that brought rounds of applause. I recollect, too, that at the end of the dance Bibi picked up her brown cloak and hat, and walking straight to Arthur, said, in English:

"You must go home."

With a wild woop he sprang upon her like a demon, and whirled her into a mad waltz. But the girl gripped his arm with her strong little hand and insisted: "You shall go home."

Somehow, through all the tobacco smoke and confusion I saw Arthur and I can never forget how he looked His fair hair was damp and lying over his forehead in tipsy disorder, his cravat was untied, his eyes expressionless and bloodshot. Laughing and shaking a handkerchief high over his head, he sang in chorus with a crowd of girls:

"Nous etions trios d'moiselles de magasin.
Bonn's fil's aimant a'rire.
Nous avions chacune un petit cousin,
Car loraqui on est demoiselle il faut bien
Un cavalier—"

The refrain broke off, there was an outcry. Arthur had disappeared, and sunk down in the surging crowd and Bibi appealed to me:

"For pity's sake be sober enough to help me take him home. He's in a delirium."

I managed with two or three others to drag him to the door. Bibi called a coupe, and we took him home to his room when he fell into a nervous condition that was shocking to see.

"What a shame!" cried Bibi as she administered a sedative, "to see a man throw himself away like this."

"Mon Dieu!" croaked our landlady—Madame Aline—"he's a little tipsy. What's that? Nothing!"

Madame Aline, otherwise "the Siren," had lost a front tooth and the hole it left exercised a sort of spell upon the attention and kept one staring into it. La Sirene was deep and coarse as to voice and tremendous as to figure. She had dark a fringe upon the upper lip and her hands were fat and grimy, yet tradition said she was once a plump little beauty from Arles. La Sirene's views on moral questions were most broadly catholic and she declared cheerfully:

"Why, in my day, the student who went to bed sober while there were four sous in his pocket for a glass of cognac was a fellow no girl of spirit would speak to."

"Oh," said Bibi impatiently, "you know nothing about Arthur's case. He's a bundle of nerves, and cursed with a taste that is destroying him. Hush!"

"'Hush, I will not," returned Madame, "with proper spirit, 'and the medicine for him is ten sous of brandy."

"Yes, brandy; give me brandy," echoed Arthur stupidly as he caught the word.

"Not a drop. Lie down," commanded Bibi.

"Come, Mam'selle Bibi," said Madame angrily; "you think you're quite a somebody in the Quartier Latin. Bah! in my day I was twice as pretty as you. I had a duel fought about me, too—that was before '37 when they made the stupid new laws. It happened in this very house—in this very room. Ah! they were lovely young men—one English, one Parisian. Mon Dieu!" chuckled the old creature, "but it does me good to think of it. Here, as it might be, was Adolphe, a pretty fellow, with black, curly hair. This was his room and, what more natural, he was giving me a nice supper. Some other friends were present, too, and who comes stalking in but Theodore, a little drunk and very jealous. Yousee, Adolphe's arm was around my waist, and my waist belts measured hardly fifty centimeters then," she cackled, putting her two fat hands on the roundity which so dainty a girdle had once spanned—"hardly fifty centimeters and "

"Oh!" cried Arthur, in a lucid moment, "stop the tongue of La Sirene. She'll drive me mad about that duel. I've heard the story a thousand times. Out of the way, Bibi. I'm going back to the ball." And he struggled up, only to fall back shivering again.

"I wish," said Bibi, in English, "that I were the sort of a woman to straighten out this poor fellow's life."

"And why not, Bibi?" I asked.

"Nonsense" she answered, "he needs some good influence—a mother's, or wife's."

"He has no mother," said I; he has told me that."

"Yes," added Bibi, "and his father treats him like a criminal."

"It must be owned he's not a very satisfactory son," I ventured to remark, looking at Arthur's limp, recumbent figure.

"Bah!" replied Bibi, "you judge him with no understanding. There's something in his make up not like the rest of us. He doesn't run into excesses from malice aforethought. There's an instinct that drives him—a feeling that overbears his will; and the way to his cure is to give him some stronger feeling, before which that shall give place."

"Yes," began La Sirene, impatient of so much English, "as I was saying, fifty centimeters spanned my waist, and said Theodore: 'My dear, I forbid you to remain in this room.'

"'Forbid, Monsieur!' cried I, though I was very fond of Theodore, 'I'm not your slave.'"

"'Good,' said Adolphe; and if La Sirene gives me her pretty cheek to kiss, who dares interfere with us? With that he saluted me in a very gentlemanly way, but Theodore caught me by the wrist and said fiercely: 'You've deceived me little fiend.' With that Adolphe struck him right across the face. Then wasn't there an uproar! and I the cause of it all, standing there looking like a picture," croaked La Sirene. "Yes, like a picture, with my little blue dress and my tiny waist—fifty centimeters in measurement—and my brown, curly hair. Then somebody called out: 'Settle it like gentlemen.' Adolphe answered: 'He shall meet me to-morrow in the bois.' But Theodore was braver still and shouted: 'No, by heaven! not to-morrow. Now, and here!' With that he whipped out a pistol and Adolphe whipped out a pistol. Well, it was beautiful," sighed madame in pleasant dreamy retrospect, "They put me in a chair where I might have a good view, which was only right, and the students and girls clustered around—many a girl was jealous of me in that moment—then the room was cleared, the distances paced, bang went the pistols and I very properly fell over into the arms of a young German—such a dainty armful as I was, mon Dieu! Well, the smoke cleared away and we found poor Adolphe shot dead. Of course it couldn't be helped, and as I told Theodore, to grieve over what can't be helped is very silly. But you'd never believe what a fool that Theodore was," and she fell to laughing at the recollection, "he just stood staring at Adolphe's body as it lay between the windows there, and very ugly it looked with the lamplight showing a wound in the temple, he just stood staring and muttering 'I've murdered him. My God! I've murdered him.'

"Of course, the gentlemen, bons enfants every one, assured him that everything was as honor demanded, and they shook hands with him and I put my head on his shoulder very prettily, and some one ordered wine; but, with his hands before his eyes, he rushed away and we never saw Theodore again. And it was all about me and I was as pretty as a picture, mon Dieu! And ——"

But by that time I had politely backed madame toward the door, and, opening it, I managed to push her gently out.

"What a dreadful old woman it is," exclaimed Bibi.

"The Quartier Latin belle grown old," I said, with meaning.

"Oh, you mean that for a warning to me," she answered. "Nonsense, the Quartier Latin is serving my purposes for the present. I could shake off the smoke of the brasseries and the taint of the bad company in an hour."

"My little countrywoman," I said, "you're from the west. I can guess as much as that, though you hide your name well."

"You can't guess anything except that I'm going to be a doctor and I believe in the grandeur of the vocation," replied Bibi. "A doctor is better than a priest—he can do more good; but he must learn human nature, as I am learning it, and I mean to know it down to the very dregs of society." She resolutely buttoned up her warm coat and added: "Yes, and, I'm going to do something for that boy, Arthur."

"To marry him, eh, Bibi?" I suggested.

"You'd make a busy little wife."

"Wife!" echoed Bibi with scorn. "I tell you I'm going to be a doctor," and it's only fair to say just here that she is a doctor now, and a very famous one. "Tell Arthur," were her parting instructions, "that I shall call and take him out to-morrow noon."

But the next day at noon when there came a knock and I opened the door there entered the most charming little lady you ever saw, dressed from head to foot in black velvet. Arthur sprang up and stared at her; I fell back and stared at her; then together we shouted:

"Why, it's Bibi."

"Of course it's Bibi," she said; "I've laid aside my brown cloak for a day. I've a pretty carriage at the door, and I want Arthur to come and make a call with me."

"Ha!" exclaimed Arthur, "are we going to see the Pezzalini, the premiere at the opera?"

"Nothing of the sort," answered Bibi; "we are going to call on some Americans, and you're to say nothing of my life in the Quartier Latin, and don't dare to whisper the word 'Bibi.' Also, you are to keep my true name, which you will discover, a profound secret. Swear!"

Arthur held up his right hand solemnly and went off in high spirits.

For a week I missed him from his old haunts. Quatre Grenadiers knew him no more, and at the bal Trefousse disconsolate fellows who had counted on his generosity in beer and wine asked after him anxiously. So one night I stopped at his room. He was quietly smoking a pipe and reading.

"I missed you at the Trefousse," I said.

"It's a pity you hadn't missed me long ago," he answered pleasantly.

"Reading, and alone?" I enquired.

"Reading, and alone," he repeated, and except what I could guess from seeing an easel by the window, I learned nothing more of how Arthur was spending his time.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Storm Signals.

—As the coming of a great storm is heralded by the display of cautionary signals, so is the approach of that dread and fatal disease, consumption of the lungs, usually announced in advance by pimples, blotches, eruptions, ulcers, glandular swellings, and kindred *outward* manifestations of the internal blood poison, which, if not promptly expelled from the system, attacks the delicate tissues of the lungs, causing them to ulcerate and break down. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is the great remedy for this, as for all diseases having their origin in bad blood. It improves the appetite and digestion, increases nutrition and builds up the wasted system.

Tremendous Sale — Lots for everybody on Shaw, Crawford or Sully street. Come one! Come all! Saturday, 26th inst —Sale to take place on the grounds.

"When I was young," said a boastful dame to Lord Houghton, "half the young men in London were at my feet," "Really! Chiropodists en!" was the rejoiner.

—Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

A Wyoming Territory "Glee club" has lynched six men for horse stealing this year, so far, without interfering with its musical pursuits.

—For a long time I have wanted that "queen of perfumes" for the handkerchief, "Lotus of the Nile;" please tell me how I can get it? Thus writes A. M. Grande from away off in Batesville, Arkansas When it is considered that the Lotus has not been advertised in the States it must indeed be a wonderful perfume to have become known so far off. 36

Mr. Thimblefull, after making an exhaustive search all over the front door of his residence with the key of his office safe, sinks down in despair. "Well," he says, "'ts no kind of use. On'y way I c'n see to remedy the marrer, is for builders t'make th' keyhole bigger 'n ta door. Hic!"

—No one need fear cholera or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine adopted for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most popular medicine for cholera, dysentery, etc., in the market.

"What's the matter, my dear?" asked a mother of her 5-year-old girl, who exhibited signs of impatience, as she was trying to sew. "Oh, dear!" exclaimed the little maiden; "I don't see why God put my right hand on the wrong side."

—If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; safe, sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

"Circumstances alter cases," said an unsuccessful lawyer, "and I wish I could get hold of some cases that would alter my circumstances."

—Mrs. H. Hall, Navarino, N.Y., writes: "For years I have been troubled with liver complaint. The doctors said my liver was hardened and enlarged. I was troubled with dizziness, pain in my shoulder, constipation, and gradually losing flesh all the time. I was under the care of three physicians, but did not get any relief. A friend sent me a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and the benefit I have received from it is far beyond my expectation. I feel better now than I have done for years."

No, Minerva; we are not hankering for society notes with a very large sized hank. Plain every-day bank notes are rich enough for our blood.

Send for Plan—showing the situation of those fine lots to be sold next Saturday. All information cheerfully given at the office, 32 Arcade, Victoria st.

"You may find me guilty, gentlemen," said the criminal to the jury, "but just the same, that's not my conviction."

—H. Gladden, West Shefford, P.Q., writes: For a number of years I have been afflicted with rheumatism. Two years ago I was attacked very severely. I suffered a great deal of pain, from which I was not free for a day, until last spring, when I began to use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and I rejoice to say it has cured me, for which I am thankful.

A Maine doctor declares that he has the spirits of 300 Indians under his control. He'll get the jim-jams sure.

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla is highly concentrated, and the most economical blood purifier that can be used.

Some things are not made for convenience For instance, you can't put anything in the drawer of a note.

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Misplaced switches cause a great deal of trouble, not only to railroads, but also in the family circle.

—The success attending my improvement in silk and pull-over hats by using the patent steel wire in the brim shows that the hat-wearer appreciates a light weight hat when it ensures him equal durability with his heavy one, saves him many headaches and lessens his chances of being prematurely bald. SMITH, the hatter, over Corrigan's, 122 Yonge street.

Fame is a greasy pole—Unknown Philosopher. And it takes a deal of sand to climb it.

—Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debarred from eating these tempting fruits, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner, and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

What is the difference between a paper dollar and a dollar of silver? never mind.

—Hall's Hair Renewer makes the hair moist, soft, and glossy, and is unsurpassed as a hair dressing.

The size of a man has nothing to do with the size of the lie he can tell.

—Indispensable.—There are some simple remedies indispensable in every family. Among these, the experience of years assures us, should be recorded Perry Davis' Pain Killer. For both internal and external application we have found it of great value; especially can we recommend it for colds, rheumatism, or fresh wounds and bruises. —Christian Era. 36

Cucumbers ought to be called "mis-fit vegetables."

—West Toronto Junction is within a few minutes walk of the Union station by the trains of either the Ontario and Quebec and the Grand Trunk or the Northern. Real estate in the neighborhood has steadily risen in value and promises to advance still more rapidly. Some of the best lots in West Toronto are to be had from Geo. Clarke, 295 Yonge street.

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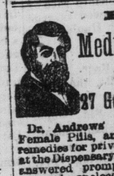

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Has made arrangements with the Public Telephone office at the West End Pharmacy, 536 Queen street west, for the convenience of his patrons and friends in the west end of the city, whereby he may be called for at any hour, day or night, or a cab will convey them to his warerooms, 187 Yonge street, without charge.

ADAM CLARKE BOWERS,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR.

(Successor to Bowers & Nickel)

Has removed to 145 King street west "Revere House" and opened out a choice stock of Fall and Winter Suitings, Trowserings and first-class Gentlemen requiring first-class Garments will please call and examine.

A. C. BOWERS. 36

1st Sept. 1885.

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPPS'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST.

"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast table with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.*

Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled thus: JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, England. 246

NOTICE TO YOUNG & OLD

The celebrated Dr. H. Hollick of London has established an agency in Toronto for the sale of his medicines for the sure cure of all nervous diseases arising from whatever cause. Has been in use here over twenty years. Cured thousands. No Cure, no Pay. Enclose stamp for pamphlet, which will be sent in sealed envelope to all who Address 165 Yonge Street, Toronto. Please mention this paper. 246

W. H. STONE,

FUNERAL DIRECTOR,

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MEACHAM'S MANDRAKE MIXTURE

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