ABYSMAL DEPTHS

OR BLINDFOLD ON THE BRINK OF PRECIPICES

CHAPTER XXIV.

Montgomery was alone. His first act was a violation of Rodwell's suggestion; he drank off what remained in the decanter at a draught. But in his present state of mind the liquor was impotent. Then he tried to think out his situation; he found it a difficult task. He was utterly in Rodwell's power. Once in the hands of the police, what would the story he could tell avail against the word of a gentleman? It would be regarded simply as a malicious forgery, and would only serve to prejudice him in the opinion of his judge. On the other hand, he shrunk with insurmountable dread from the thought of the hideous crime proposed to him.

While thus revolving in his mind his perilous position, he took out his pipe and filled it with tobacco; beneath its soothing influence some lucky thought might arise. Searching in his waistcoat pocket for a match, he felt some smooth, hard substance.

It was the locket that Mr. Porter had handed to him, and which he had entirely forgotten. His thoughts were too gravely engaged to give any heed to it now. But in taking it out of his pocket, the better to catch hold of a match that eluded his fingers, his gaze fell upon the back, upon which were engraved the initials F. B. and E. M., joined together by a true-lover's knot. A cry of astonishment burst from his lips; he took it to the window, minutely examined it, passed his hand across his eyes, as though doubting their evidence. Then, with trembling fingers, he tried for the spring. At last he found it. Upon one side was the miniature of a beautiful woman; upon the other, which had once contained another portrait, a lock of dark hair.

He sank into a chair, trembling as with an ague fit, and gazing wildly on the miniature. But soon his face softened, the tears gathered in his eyes, and his chest heaved with deep sobs. He kissed the picture and murmured words of passionate love over it. In trying for the spring Mr. Porter had bent the case a little. As Montgomery pressed it to his lips the portrait fell out and disclosed, neatly fitted at the back, a scrap of white paper. There was writing upon it; but the characters were so minute that he had great difficulty in deciphering them. At last he read these words: "The child upon whom this is found is Silas Morant, son of Frances Morant, whose portrait this is, of the Willows, Herts."

For some seconds both strength and consciousness deserted him. At first his thoughts came back broken and confused. The portrait of his wife in Mr. Porter's possession! How came it there — a child of whose existence he was ignorant? Silas Morant—Silas Carston — and Madame Berne interested in him! Great Heaven! this boy, then, whom he had given up to his bitterest enemies, whose life-long misery he had sealed, whom he was on the brink of consigning to an awful death, was his own son! Back upon his soul like the blast of a trumpet rushed the parting words of Madame Berne — "That vengeance was held by a higher power than that of puny man."

For the first time since his childhood days this hardened man of sin knelt down, and prayed to heaven for pardon and for succor.

What was to be done? If he could get clear of the house, there would be no difficulty. But he had heard Rodwell lock the door behind gim. Ah, the window! It was a French one, opening upon a garden; it was unfastened; he could see the back door before him. The next moment he was there. He could not open it.

"The door's locked, sir," a voice said behind him.

Montgomery started. "Will you have the kindness to open it for me?" he said, in as unconcerned a tone as he could assume.

"Can't, sir," was the answer.

"Why not?"

"Because master has left me here with the key, to see that nobody passes out whatsoever."

"Ah, but of course that does not apply to your master's friends."

"Dare say not, sir; but there's the front door; that's where gen'l'men usually goes out, and master's in the front parlor."

For a moment Montgomery entertained a desperate idea of trying to tussle for the key, but the powerful build of the fellow, and the thought of the noise it would create, quickly dispelled it. Another and more feasible plan crossed his brain.

"Would you like to earn a sovereign, my man?" he said. "I don't mean by letting me out of that door, or by disobeying your master's orders. Will you take a message for me to the telegraph office close by?"

The fellow considered for a moment. "Well, I wasn't told anything about messages, so that if you'll stand a sov., I dare say I can get it done for you by somebody."

"If I give you a sovereign, there must be no 'dare say' about it. In a word, can you do it, or can you not?"

"I can't do it, as I can't leave this spot; but I'll get it done for you."

"At once?"

"At once."

"And not a word to your master, mind?" said Montgomery.

"All right!"

It was an enormous hazard to trust to this man; but it was the only chance left..

There were writing materials in the room he had just left. He hastened back, and upon a sheet of paper wrote — addressed to "Jonathan Rodwell, Morley's Hotel," etc — the following words:

"If you wish to see your granddaughter alive, lose not a moment in going to —— Manor House, Essex (John Rodwell's house)."

As a double security, he would send another to Bow street police station.

The second telegram ran thus:

"The young girl for whose discovery £100 have been offered is at—— Manor House, Essex (near Epping). She is in imminent danger — lose not a moment."

He sealed these up in separate envelopes, and went back to the man. A youth, looking like a stable lad, was by his side; this was to be the messenger. Montgomery placed 25 shillings in his hand, and instructed him what to do. He must go out at the front door, the groom said, as the garden door must not be opened. Again and again Montgomery impressed upon the lad that Mr. Rodwell must know nothing of this, looking carefully around at the same time to see if any one were watching. No person was in sight. The lad departed upon his errand, and Montgomery returned to his room.

The next thing to be thought of was his own course of action — or, rather, what answer he should give to Rodwell when he returned. He must feign to assent to his diabolical proposition — a difficult task in the present agitation of his mind, but the only one. But would Rodwell implicitly trust in so sudden a conversion.

And amidst all these racking doubts and fears of the present there rose up images of the past—bright, beautiful, gloomy, and sad. Let us photograph some of these pictures, connecting them by links that have dropped out of his memory, and adding many details of which he is ignorant.

He is one-and-twenty, wild, and somewhat dissipated, but not vicious, just returned from college to his stately home. But a great change has come over that home since he saw it last. His noble, loving mother is dead. A long, painful illness necessitated change of climate; Geneva was the spot chosen; and there, a few months previous, she breathed her last.

His father has returned to the Willows about a fortnight; but not alone. Two strangers — ladies — have accompanied him from Switzerland — Madame Berne and her daughter. It was at the house of the former that his mother resided during her last illness. She is a rigid, austere fanatic, acting up in all things to the letter of her professions, but denying the existence of any good beyond them; all virtue and holiness are confined within limits of her creed — beyond it all is sin and death. She has acquired a powerful ascendency over Mr. Morant's mind, weakened as it is by the affliction of his beloved wife:s death. He has brought her home to fill the position of housekeeper, and in a short time she reigns absolute and undisputed mistress over him and the household.

From the moment she is first introduced to Edward Morant she conceives a hatred for him. The gay, light, mischievous bearing, even subdued as it is now by the sorrow of his mother's death, is repulsive to her gloomy soul, into which no ray of sunshine ever penetrates. The young man, on his side, is possessed by an equally hostile impression.

There is soon open war between them. But Edward is no match for his powerful adversary. His father, under the proselytism of Madame Berne, has become as gloomy a fanatic as herself; all gayety of heart, all amusements are sins in his belief. The Willows soon became an unendurable home for the young man, and were it not for one all-powerful attraction, he would have quitted it long ago.

That attraction is Frances, Madame Berne's daughter, a beautiful, melancholy girl of sixteen. He loves her passionately, possibly because she is so entirely opposite to himself; and she loves him, possibly for the same reason. As a matter of course, their love is a secret confined to themselves and one confidante, the late Mrs. Morant's maid, whose services, but not affections, have been transferred to the new mistress.

In the course of time, ardent and impulsive Edward prevails on Frances to consent to a clandestine marriage. Mr. Morant being suddenly summoned to London by law business, in transacting which he requires the assistance of Madame Berne — he can do nothing without her now — presents the desired opportunity. Edward procures a special license, and by the train which follows the one which carried Mr. Morant and his housekeeper, he, Frances and the confidential maid are speeding up to town. They are quietly married at a suburban church, and return to the Willows the same night.

A fortnight afterward, yielding to the prayers of his young wife, Edward declares his marriage to his father. The old man is willing to forgive the act, but Madame Berne is furious. Her daughter shall not be delivered over to the satanic influences of this vicious man.

Very soon he falls into vagabondage, and gnawed by the burning sense of the wrong that has been done him—savagely reckless from vagabondage he sinks into crime, becomes implicated, through his associates, in a robbery, and is condemned to three years' penal servitude.

In the meantime, a child has been born to him, of whose existence, or probable existence, he is ignorant. A sad life is that of the mother.

Frances' only consolation was her infant son; Madame Berne would have deprived her even of this, stigmatizing it as a weak clinging to the remanant of her sin, had not Mr. Morant interferred, and for once carried his point. At the end of three years the poor girl died of a lingering decline.

When, at the end of his term of imprisonment, the unfortunate husband, now thoroughly vicious and hardened, came back to the Willows to claim his wife, a funeral procession stopped the way. An awful scene ensued; not even the sacred presence of the dead could check the wild tempest of passion that burst from the wretched man's lips. He knelt down and cursed the woman, the cause of all his sufferings. From that time he was utterly lost; remorse, conscience, every better feeling was crushed out of his nature.

After the mother's death, the child—against whom Madame Berne felt a virulent hatred, only exceeded by that which she felt for the father — spite of a weak opposition on the part of Mr. Morant, was banished to the care of a nurse. Two years afterward the poor little unfortunate was consigned to the guaradianship of the Reverend Mr. Porter.

Madame Berne determined that Edward Morant should never know of its existence, neither should the child be made acquainted with its parentage. Before it left the care of the nurse, however, the maid-servant, whom we have mentioned as the friends of the lovers, and who frequently paid a secret visit to the child, sewed up in its frock a locket containing its mother's portrait and a lock of her hair; adding thereto the scrap of writing which Montgomery — or Morant, as we should call him — had now so strangely discovered. The locket had been given her by poor Frances on her death-bed. It was all she could do —dared do. Slight as was the link, it might one day prove useful to the boy in establishing his identity.

When, after his death, Mr. Morant's will was opened, Madame Berne was discovered to have inherited his estate and fortune; but attached was a codicil of a very recent date, making chargeable upon the same an annuity of five hundred pounds a year to Silas Morant, known as Silas Carston.

This led to the advertisement from which had arisen so many complicated results.

The unlocking and opening of the door aroused the dreamer, calling him back from ghosts of the past to the horrors of the future, in the person of Mr. John Rodwell, who at that moment re-entered the room.

"Well, you have emptied the brandy bottle, I perceive," were Rodwell's first words; "have you found illumination in the contents?"

"When a man has such a deed to consider as the one you have proposed, I think a little stimulant is necessary."

"Do you consent?"

"Needs must when the devil drives," answered Montgomery, sullenly; he feared to change his tone too suddenly. "By the bye," he added, "I am forgetting all about the Corinthian. I am due there at seven, and it is now five."

"The British public will certainly be deprived of your brilliant talents this evening," sneered Rodwell.

"What time, then, am I to start upon my expedition?" inquired Montgomery.

"We shall start about ten."

"We?"

"Yes, we; you do not suppose that I would trust you to go alone after what has passed? The night air might affect your delicate conscience if you had not a friend by your side."

"But who will carry out the second part of your scheme? Who will be your messenger to your uncle?"

"Would not a telegram serve the purpose?"

Montgomery started. Was it a stray shot; or was he discovered?

He had but little appetite when he sat down to dinner. He poured out a tumbler of claret from a decanter, and drank it off; his mouth was parched, and, until after he had swallowed it, he did not observe the peculiarity of its flavor—it was bitter, nauseous.

Before the dinner was half over, a strange, drowsy sensation began to overpower him. Ten minutes more, and he had fallen senseless from his chair on to the floor.

"Case of an overdose of brandy," said Mr. Rodwell to the servant who was waiting, coolly continuing his meal. "I thought how it would be when he began to mix it with wine. Lay him gently upon the couch, and then tell John to put the mare into the dog-cart. I'll drop the gentleman into his home as I go along. I shall drive myself, and shall not require any one with me."

About nine o'clock, Montgomery, still insensible, was lifted into the dog-cart. Mr. Rodwell took the reins, and drove away. But not in the direction of Camden Town; on the contrary, he made toward the open country, taking the same road that Montgomery had traversed in the opposite direction a few hours before. He stopped at a wooded solitary spot about half a mile off the roadway, and about three miles from the Manor House, unharnessed the mare, took out a saddle and a bridle that he had concealed in the boot, and, by the light of a bull's-eye lantern, put these upon her. Then he dragged out his helpless companion, threw him across the front of the saddle, leaped into the seat, and after casting a look at the vehicle, which was ensconced under a tree and quite hidden by the darkness, he galloped away.

(To Be Continued).

Rheumatism Cured.

Mrs. Moffat Had to Take Hypodermic Injections to Relieve Her Pain.

PERMANENTLY CURED BY MUNYON'S RHEUMATISM CURE.

"There is no punishment too severe for those who deceive the sick."—MUNYON.

"I would have spells of rheumatism, and at times it would give me great distress in my back and side. Many a time I have had to take an injection to relieve the pain. I obtained a vial of Munyon's Rheumatism Cure at the free distribution, and I am now feeling quite well. I have had no pains since, and can move around freely and naturally. I am very glad to give my experience, for the benefit of anyone who may be suffering in a similar manner."—Mrs. F. Moffatt, 128 Mutual street, Toronto.

MUNYON'S REMEDIES.

Munyon's Pile Ointment cures piles, price 25c.

Munyon's Eye Cure cures weak eyes, price 25c.

Munyon's Vitalizer restores lost power to weak men. Price $1.

FREE MEDICAL ADVICE.

Personal letters addressed to Prof. Munyon, Philadelphia, U.S.A., containing details of sickness, will be answered promptly and free advice as to treatment will be given.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

NOTED PEOPLE.

Interesting Items About Some Prominent Folks.

Mr. George Meredith, the famous novelist, is an enthusiastic advocate of a new theory of diet. He is said to have given up eating bread, meat, and farinaceous food, only partaking of fruit, especially oranges and fresh eggs. He never drinks anything but milk.

Only once has the Emperor of Austria donned a frock-coat and silk hat. This was in 1867, when he visited Paris for the Exhibition. Whether at home or travelling he invariably wears uniform, except when he goes out shooting—of which he is particularly fond—when he is to be seen in a Tyrolese costume.

One of the largest collections of charms in Europe is owned by Queen Alexandra. It consists mainly of tiny elephants in malachite, jade, porphyry, sapphire, and turquoise, and humming-birds, swallows bees, and beetles, which are works of art, composed as far as possible of uncut gems and enamel.

Professor E. B. Bryan, recently appointed Superintendent of Public Instruction for the Philippine Islands, was a farm hand twelve years ago. While ploughing on his father's farm two miles east of Kokomo, Ind., he was accidentally injured in such a way as to incapacitate him for such work. Then he went to college, worked hard, and has had a successful career.

Though ninety-four years of age, Admiral Sir Henry Keppel is still an indefatigable traveller, and at present is travelling as far away from home as Singapore. His long and active life started inauspiciously. At the time of his birth he was thought to be dead, and in his autobiography Sir Henry Keppel says that he was "deposited in my father's foot-pan to be interred in a garden at the back of the house, not being entitled to a berth in consecrated ground." Fortunately, before it was too late, his nurse discovered that there was life in the "small thing," and today, at a great age, Sir Henry is still hale and hearty.

The Earl of Enniskillen's eldest surviving son and heir, Viscount Cole, is a lieutenant in the 7th Hussars, with which regiment he served in South Africa. He is fond of athletic sports, and during his trip home in the Carisbrook Castle he did a daily four-hour spell in the stokehold to keep himself in form.

Countess Liebbeck, of Austria, has married a young typist named Welser of the age of twenty-six. The Countess was on a visit to Geneva when the horses of her carriage bolted, and had it not been for the presence of mind of young Weber, who was on the spot, something dreadful would doubtless have happened. This, however, was the beginning of an acquaintance, and after the marriage Weber took his noble bride to his own little village.

The young Chinese Emperor, when he takes his rides abroad, travels in a chair richly draped in Imperial yellow satin and decorated with jade and jewels. Twenty men pull the chair and sixteen bear it, all of them dressed in highly decorated silk gowns. A mounted bodyguard precedes the chair and clears the way for the Emperor, who sits bolt upright and remains absolutely impassive as he is carried through the ranks of his kneeling subjects.

Sir John Forrest, the Australian statesman, has a great record as an explorer. A few years after entering the Survey Department in 1865, he commanded an expedition sent into the interior in search of Dr. Leichadt. The following year he explored the shores of the great Australian Bight from Perth to Adelaide. Later on he conducted an expedition in connection with the overland telegraph between Adelaide and Port Darwin, making a journey of nearly 2,000 miles without the aid of camels, and with horses only.

Lord Curzon, who recently presided over the most magnificent State ceremonial ever seen in India, has seen much of the world and its rulers, and in literature, travel and statesmanship has won a triple crown of fame. He has been twice round the world, made friends of two of the most interesting men he could find in Asia—the Shah of Persia and the late Ameer of Afghanistan—has been hauled up to the monastery of Athos in a basket, has trodden the earth in Central Asia, the Pamirs, Siam, Indo-China, Corea Japan, Greece, Persia, India, America, and Canada, and now at 43, he fills one of the highest offices under the throne and rules over more subjects than the Czar.

REMARKABLE MEDICAL CASE; BRIGHT'S DISEASE CONQUERED.

Startling Cure Reported From a Small Town In Nova Scotia.

From the Mail and Empire.

Halifax, N.S., Feb. 5.—(Special)—News has reached here from the little town of Shubenacadie, on the Intercolonial Railway, in Hants County, of a cure that is just as important from a medical point of view as the operations of Dr. Lorenz are from a surgical standpoint. The disease that has at last yielded to medical research is the long unconquerable Bright's Disease, that has for so many years held physicians' skill at bay, and its victims at its mercy.

The patient in this case is said to have been a young girl named Alice Maud Parker, and two doctors who diagnosed her case gave it as their unalterable opinion that Bright's Disease had her in its clutches, and that only the grave awaited her. The parents, unwilling to give up the struggle while life remained, are said to have experimented with special preparations, and as a last resource pinned their faith in Dodd's Kidney Pills, with the result that to-day the girl is in the best of health.

Details of the cure are not yet to hand, but it will be investigated, as both the medical fraternity and the public are deeply interested in the matter.

THE SECRET OF HEALTH

Is Pure, Rich, Red Blood and Strong Nerves.

You can always tell anaemic men and women. They are pale, weak and languid — the victims of headaches and backaches, easily tired and always averse to exertion. They can't eat, or they can't digest what they do eat. Their unstrung nerves kill sleep; their temper is irritable; their vitality vanishes. And it all comes from poor blood and unstrung nerves. You can promptly banish anaemia by enriching your blood and toning up your nerves with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They bring good appetite, sound sleep, bright spirits and perfect health. They are incomparably the greatest health-giving medicine that science has yet discovered. All over the world, grateful people prove the truth of these statements. Miss A. M. Tuckey, Oxdrift, Ont., says: "I do not know what would have become of me had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My blood seemed to have turned to water, and I was troubled with headaches, dizziness and general prostration. Eventually, I became so weak I could scarcely move about. I tried several medicines, but they did not help me. Then I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I soon began to find great benefit from them, and after taking them for a few weeks, all my old strength and health returned."

Don't waste time and money experimenting with other medicines, when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will surely make you well. You can get them from any dealer in medicine, or post paid, at 50c. per box, or six boxes for $2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Page Woven Wire Fence

with its continuous coil (not crimped) is the best stock-holding fence made. Page No. 7 wire stands a 3,000 pounds' strain—common No. 7 wire only 1,700 pounds. Common wire will not coil—it straightens out again—it hasn't a spring temper—Page wire has. The Page Wire Fence Co., Limited, Walkerville, Ont. Montreal, P.Q., and St. John, N.B. 1

1—2—27

Wise Ways of Women.

No "prizes" offered with common soaps will long tempt the wise woman to use common soaps. The wise woman soon sees she has to pay dearly for "prizes" in the low quality of soap, in the damage common soaps do her clothes and her hands. The wise woman considers her health—so soon ruined if she were to continue breathing the steam of adulterated common soaps. The wise woman recognizes the difference between such soaps and Sunlight Soap—Octagon Bar. 212

THINGS THAT HAPPEN.

An eight-year-old girl runs a restaurant in Denver.

A Berlin woman bequeathed her property to a cat.

A corn on the toe of a Philadelphia man caused his death.

A mine near Phoenix, Ariz., disappeared a week after the shaft had been sunk.

A damaged footballer has just been fitted at a London hospital with a celluloid nose.

A Bangor, Me., man, who is said to be otherwise sane, has an American flag tattooed on his cheek.

A Pennsylvania hotelkeeper was fined 67 cents for swearing at his servant who would not get up when called.

After going around with a broken skull for fifteen years, the Kentucky woman who owned it has just had it repaired.

A man who advertised for a cook and a music teacher received nine answers to the former advertisement and 389 to the latter.

The editor of a weekly newspaper in Australia offers himself as a prize to the woman who writes the best essay on the duties of a wife.

A man in Buenos Ayres became insane from violent emotion, on learning that he had won the big prize in a lottery. He went to a church, drew a revolver, and fired at the priests.

This amusing excuse was given by the editor of an Indian vernacular paper, which was printed with two columns left blank on the most important page: "We had reserved this space for an exceptionally powerful article on a subject of universal interest to our readers, but at the last moment we find that the article cannot be compressed into the two columns reserved for it. The article will make its appearance next week."

For Over Sixty Years.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.—Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for over sixty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Is pleasant to the taste. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Its value is incalculable. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup and take no other kind. 1-19

The Bore — "Haven't I met you somewhere before?" The Other Man —"If you have it was entirely unintentional on my part. I assure you."

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

PRECOCIOUS CHILDREN.

Herr A. Boer, a well-known, German schoolmaster, has recently published some interesting statistics regarding the practice of smoking among German school children. Taking his own school as a general example, he found that in the lower classes, consisting of boys from five to seven years old, nine pupils habitually smoked pipes and cigars. In the two higher classes—boys between seven and ten years old—eleven smokers were found, and in the two highest classes—boys between ten and thirteen—nine used tobacco. In other words, exactly half of the boys in his school between the ages of five and thirteen were smokers.

"My darling," said a mother, taking leave of her newly-married daughter, "in wedded life there is much to bear and forbear; but remember this—never hit your husband with the paste-roller or potato-masher. The presence of a hair on your pastry or mashed potatoes would lower you in the esteem of your friends. If occasion arises the poker is quite as effective and more ladylike."

"Mr. Bluffy," she said graciously, "you are one of the most original men I have met for ever so long. You haven't said a single word about the weather." "No," he replied, with a tingle of regret in his voice. "I couldn't say what I thought about this weather in the presence of ladies."

If the average man could only sell the advice he gives away it would keep him busy looking after his income.

ARE WE FARMERS BLIND ?

The Detroit Journal recently issued a special export number. It contained an article written by Mr. H. C. Morris, the United States Consul in Windsor, Ontario. Among other things, he said:

"It is commonly known here that some of the larger concerns in the United States, in order to undersell competitors here, have shipped into Canada machines of a former and older pattern. The American farmer will buy nothing that is not strictly up-to-date, and at the end of every season there are left over some machines that will be a year old the next season, and these machines may lack some new innovation, but will do the work and are 'just as good' as the up-to-date machine, and these machines—back numbers—are shipped into Canada at a much reduced invoice value, thus saving duty, and they are just as acceptable to the Canadian farmer as any machine."

So, according to no less a person than a Consul of the Republic to the south of us, we farmers who buy United States machines are really buying the obsolete machines gathered at the United States implement agencies and shipped into Canada. It is not to be wondered at that the United States machines shipped into Canada do not wear or give satisfaction like the Canadian implements. One could hardly expect this to be the case under the rather extraordinary conditions cited by Mr. Morris.

Jack — "Skinner played a mean trick on his wife. He told her if she learned how to cook he'd give her a surprise." Tom — "Did she learn to cook?" Jack — "Yes; and then he surprised her by discharging the cook."

Lifebuoy Soap—disinfectant — is strongly recommended by the medical profession as a safeguard against infectious diseases.

Without doubt the most ancient of national heirlooms is that of Arabia. This is the Caaba, the great, black block of stone which stands in the corner next the door on the east side of the Temple of Mecca. The Mohammedans declare that the stone was set up by Adam after his expulsion from Paradise. The house in which Seth, the son of Adam, placed the stone was destroyed by the Flood; but the Caaba was miraculously preserved, and given back to Abraham by the angel Gabriel who rebuilt the temple in which it is set. According to tradition, the stone was then whiter than milk, but has since been blackened by the kisses of the hundreds of millions of pilgrims who have visited it.

Messrs. C. C. Richards & Co.,

Yarmouth, N.S.

Gentlemen,—In January last, Francis Leclair, one of the men employed by me, working in the lumber woods, had a tree fall on him, crushing him fearfully. He was, when found, placed on a sled and taken home, where grave fears were entertained for his recovery, his lips being badly bruised and his body turned black from his ribs to his feet. We used MINARD'S LINIMENT on him freely, and with the use of three bottles he was completely cured and able to return to his work.

SAUVEUR DUVAL,

Elgin Road, L'Islet Co., Que., May 26th, 1893. 8—59

Husband (irritably) — "It isn't a year since you said you believed our marriage was made in heaven, and yet you order me around as if I wasn't anybody." Wife (calmly) — "Order is Heaven's first law."

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

Golf would not be so popular if playing it produced garden vegetables.

Clara (haughtily)—"I went to the theatre every night last week and had a different escort each time." Fair Rival (vindictively) — "You should be more cautious, my dear." "Cautious ?" "Yes, my dear. Ill-natured people all over the town are saying you can't get the same man to go with you twice."

AN ADMIRABLE FOOD

EPPS'S

FOR MAINTAINING ROBUST HEALTH

COCOA

IN COLD CLIMATES.

1-18

10—03

None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

It is singular that the most beautiful poetry ever written is exactly applicable to

MONSOON

CEYLON TEA. 1-13

SHE RESIGNED.

Mr. Krusty (her employer) —"Miss Uglimugg, you are late this morning. What detained you?"

Miss Uglimugg — "My clock stopped, sir."

Mr. Krusty — "I guess you looked at it."

How's This !

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best. 1—32

It is easier to catch a big fish than to make people believe the truth about it.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

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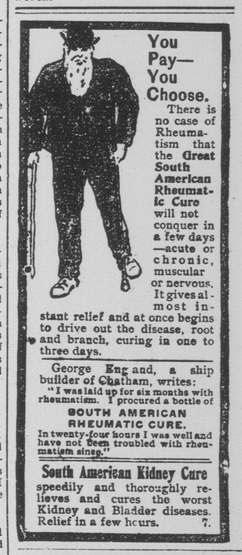

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A WORD IN REGARD TO THE INSTRUMENTS:

TONE— The Stella possesses a delightful musical tone, distinctly different from all other music boxes; rich and mellow, yet of surprising volume.

CASES— They are of handsome design, in either oak or mahogany. They are beautifully finished with piano varnish, and are guaranteed not to warp or split.

DURABILITY— The Stella is absolutely the most durable music box made. The tune sheets used have a distinct advantage over all others, because they are made of steel and are perfectly smooth; and so, having no pins or projections to bend or break off, are practically indestructible.

We append a list with descriptions of the various styles, and would intimate that as there are but few left, an early order is advisable, as once our present stock is disposed of, we cannot accept further orders at these prices.

In mahogany cases, 18 inches long, 17 inches wide and 11½ inches high; has two duplex combs, large spring motor, and patent speed regulator to give the desired tempo; uses tune sheets 9½ inches in diameter. Price regularly, $36. Reduced price (with 12 tunes supplied)..... $26.50

In mahogany cases, 23 inches long, 19½ inches wide and 12 inches high; has large spring motor, two duplex combs and patent speed regulator; uses tune sheet 14 inches in diameter. Price regularly, $70. Reduced (with 12 tunes supplied)..... $51.00

In mahogany cases; 27 inches long, 21 inches wide and 12½ inches high; has large spring motor, two duplex combs and patent speed regulator; uses tune sheet 15½ inches in diameter. Price regularly, $75. Reduced price (with 12 tunes supplied)..... $75.00

In mahogany or oak cases; 29 inches long, 22 inches wide and 13 inches high; has attractive hand-carved front panel and drawer to hold one hundred tune sheets; has large coupled spring motor, two duplex combs and patent speed regulator; uses tune sheet 17½ inches in diameter. Price regularly, $110. Reduced price (with 12 tunes supplied..... $82.50

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