

Wholesale Dry Goods.

CARPETS!

J. H. DONALD & CO.

TORONTO.

To those dealing in Carpets we would advise them to give our stock an inspection. It is undoubtedly the finest in the Dominion. We have made extensive arrangements with the first and best manufacturers in Britain to supply us exclusively with patterns confined to ourselves, so that buyers can be assured of the Carpets sold to them being confined also to them, if desired. **THE PRICE AND QUALITY WILL BE FOUND UNEQUALLED.** This arrangement has been consummated by our ability to buy for cash and in large quantities. Besides our immense stock of

BRUSSEL & TAPESTRY CARPETS

We show in this Department MATS and MATTINGS, HEMP CARPETS, also UNION and UNION KIDDER CARPETS, ALL WOOL KIDDER and 3 PLY CARPETS; also 2-4 and 4-4 STAIR OILCLOTHS and LOW PRICED ENGLISH 4-4 FLOOR OIL CLOTHES; also in stock 4-4 and 5-4 FELTS and FELT SQUARES. HONEY-COMB, MARSEILLES, TERRY and REVERSIBLE QUILTS; TOILET COVERS, in power loom and honey comb; TABLE and PIANO COVERS, embroidered and printed; TURKEY TABLINGS; CLOTHS and DOYLIES; LACE CURTAINS and NETS; LACE BLINDS and LAMBREQUINS; LAPPET and FILLED BOOKS; TERRIES, REPS and DAMASKS.

BE SURE TO CALL AND INSPECT.

J. H. DONALD & CO.

21, 23, 25, and 27 Wellington-st. East, and 30, 32, 34, and 36 Front-st. East, Toronto,

AND 30 FAULKNER STREET, MANCHESTER, ENGLAND.

THE MILLER'S GRAND-DAUGHTER.

By E. G. J.

The summer afternoon waned at last; the flaming sun declined toward the horizon, and a cool, soft breeze, inexpressibly delightful after the heat of the day, began to blow.

Since early dawn Lizzie Dupont had been toiling at her needle, but now she threw down her work, and leaving the old mill, stood on the wide plank that crossed the mill-race and looked eagerly over the fields.

"Oh, where can Dossy be?" she cried. "That dreadful interest, which must be got ready by Saturday, has made me forget her. I ought not to have listened to grandpa. I am sure something has happened to her. She never was away so long before. I shall never forgive myself. What, what," she cried, suddenly clasping her hands, "if she should be drowned!"

Lizzie Dupont had not always been a resident at the old mill, dependent on her needle for support. She had once been, and that not so long ago, the petted daughter of a merchant prince in New York. Her father had failed, and died soon after of a broken heart, and Lizzie would have starved if it had not been for her maternal grandfather. "Come to me," he had written. "An old and poor; but we will share our crusts together. You have grown up to look like my dear mother; you will be the apple of my eye." So Lizzie, ignored by her father's rich relations, had found refuge in this secluded spot.

Refuge and peace, but not happiness. In the days of her prosperity she had become acquainted with a young Englishman, the son of a titled family, and had pledged her truth to him. Just before her father's failure Ross Devereaux had sailed for England, intending within six months to return and claim his bride. But from that day this Lizzie had never heard a word about him.

At first she thought her letters had miscarried, and in the faith and trust of her young heart, had continued writing. But, at last, and after discovering the heartlessness of her father's relatives, she began to believe that even Ross might be selfish, also. "I am poor now, and he deports me," she said. "God help me! But it is, I suppose, the way of the world."

Lately a new trouble had come upon her. Her grandfather had been falling all winter, so that a man had had to be sent to the mill, and this had brought them into debt. Already there was a mortgage on the mill, for the grandfather had never been a prosperous man, and now the interest had fallen in arrears for nearly a twelvemonth.

The holder of the mortgage was a cruel, avaricious man. He had often threatened to turn out the little family if his interest was not paid; and two weeks before he had served a written notice that if the arrears were not forthcoming by the next Saturday, he would be as good as his word. Every day since Lizzie had risen by candle-light, and worked till bedtime. "If I can only get this embroidery done for Mrs. Watson, she said, "by that dreadful day, I may raise part of the money, at least, and perhaps then he will wait for the rest."

But this afternoon a new and greater trouble had come. Dossy, her little pet sister, had been missing all day. The child often spent the mornings playing in the woods, but invariably returned to the needle-meal. On this occasion, however, she did not make her appearance. Lizzie was alarmed, and would have gone to seek her; but the grandfather took it more coolly: "She has stopped at some of the neighbors," he said, "she will be home for supper; don't fret, dear." Lizzie, thinking of the coming Saturday, had allowed herself to be persuaded that all was right, and had gone back to her work. But as the afternoon wore on, and no Dossy came, she grew seriously alarmed. At last, throwing her sewing-needle, she came out as we have seen.

"Oh, Dossy, Dossy!" she cried, when she had scintillated about in every direction, "where are you? If God will only spare you, dear—if He will give you back to me, I will never repeat again at anything."

But where was Dossy? Was she really lost? To explain this, we must go back to the afternoon before, and look at Dossy as she sat in the old-fashioned garden away to and fro in a grape-vine swing, puzzling over the riddle of the family. She was watching a blackbird that sat in the heart of the lilac bush, and talking to herself the while.

"What a nasty, ugly old and that land-lord is," she said; "and he made poor Lizzie cry so the other day when he was here. He says he'll drive us from our home. Why, then, with my own conscience, 'we'll have no place to live in, and I shall never hear you sing, dearie, nor have my flowers nor my kittens. Oh, me! Oh, me!"

She sobbed a little, then shook off her April tears, and then fell to thinking in earnest. If they only had some money, what if she could get some! She peeked her nose into the mill, and then some market carts rolled by, laden with produce, on their way to the neighboring little town. On the front seat of one sat an old woman with a basket of flowers on her knees. A sudden thought flashed on Dossy and she pushed the miller's broom clear up, why couldn't she sell flowers! Her garden was full of them, especially of pansies, such panies as were not often seen.

She jumped from the swing so quickly that she landed head-foremost in the grass below. But nothing daunted she regained her feet and began picking off the golden-hearted pansies and English daisies by handfuls. She would do it, yes, indeed, she would, and make over so much money, and they wouldn't have to leave the mill, and grandpa and sister wouldn't cry any more. She fell to work arranging her bouquet for the morning, her eyes fairly dancing with delight. She put them together quite tastefully, and by the time the summer moon shone over the pine the long row set up amid the evergreens, that the doves might keep them fresh. In the moonlight as soon as breakfast was over, she would set off.

Dear, innocent Dossy! she had not the least notion that she was selling to the window to look down on her treasures. The morning dawned cloudlessly. Breakfast over, Dossy ran down to the garden, crammed her basket into Lizzie's market-bag, and taking it on her chubby arm, trudged away, fortunately unnoticed. On she sped, past the long, long lines of fennel and down into the very heart of the town. Her cheeks were crimson, her breath came in gasps, she almost stumbled from fatigue; but at last she reached the market-place, and there she stood, with her basket on the ground, and where an old blind woman was selling leeks. Here, selling a mass of safely and companionably, from the presence of the old blind creature, she sat down and began with deft hands to arrange her goods in front of her. What a picture she made in her white frock, with its short, puffed sleeves; her eyes shone, her amber ringlets, blown about by the morning breeze, framed, as it were, by a border of yellow daisies and golden-hearted pansies. At the silver call of her sweet bird-voice piping "Who'll buy my pansies?" one and another pedestrian looked back, a few smiled, and some stopped and purchased. Presently a farmer, who had just such a little one at home, bought one of her nose-gays and paid for it with half a dollar. Dossy was in raptures. Then another gentleman came along this time a comparatively young one, but tall and dark, and with a bronzed face.

"Won't you buy a bunch of pansies, sir, please?" said little Dossy.

The stranger, who had not noticed her before, stopped and looked for the little piping voice.

"Please, sir," said Dossy, holding up a posy, "only 25 cents."

The young man flashed a keen glance at Dossy, and drew near, smiling.

"To be sure I will," said he, pleasantly, "if only for the sake of your bright eyes; 25 cents, you said, I think, and he drew out his purse.

His answer was to catch her in his arms, and kiss her again and again, his voice trembling with excitement, as he cried, "Dossy! My little pet, Dossy, don't you know who I am?"

Dossy, staggered from his embrace, smoothed her curls, and answered haughtily: "I asked you to buy my pansies, sir, and not to kiss me."

"The stranger broke into a joyous laugh, and I will tell you," he replied, "every one of them. But don't you really know me, Dossy? I am Ross Devereaux. Why, you're sitting on my knee many and many a time."

Dossy, at this, stared at him curiously. "Then she uttered a little shout and sprang into his arms.

"Oh! I know," she cried, "I remember you. Won't Lizzie see that I won't she stop crying now?"

Ross Devereaux's smart cheek crimsoned. "Take me to your home, he said, "to your sister. Is she here?"

"No," answered Dossy, "we live at grandpa's, at the old mill, out of town, you know."

"Let us go at once, then. No need to sell pansies any longer," cried Dossy, peering, eagerly, setting the child on her feet.

Lizzie Dupont stood, as we have said, gazing across the meadows, heart-broken about Dossy's prolonged absence. Suddenly two figures appeared, emerging from the woods beyond, in the direction of the town. She gave a great cry of joy, for she was certainly Dossy, but who was the other? Who was the tall, handsome man, who held Dossy by the hand? Could it be—no, it was impossible—and yet—

At this moment, while she was still uncertain, while her heart leaped into her throat, and the blood rushed to her face, she felt dizzy, and about to fall and to clutch at the railing, Dossy's companion dropped the child's hand and started forward, for he had recognized Lizzie, and came hurrying over the meadow, waving his hat, and reaching the mill over it in a bound, and the next instant he was at Lizzie's side.

"Thank God I have found you at last!" he cried, clasping her sinking form. "Poor, timid darling! Did you think I had deserted you?"

What Lizzie would have replied if, hearing, we do not know; but he gave her no chance, hurriedly, as if life were ebbing, he went on to tell his story.

"Not one of your letters ever came to hand," he said. They were intercepted, as I discovered at last. I wouldn't mind, under other circumstances; but at least, ought to know at the whole truth. The fact is, darling, that while my parents were eager to see you, your father, I had a cousin, an ambitious girl, who had always lived with us, and who, it seems, wished to marry me, not, of course," he said, quietly, "that she loved me, but merely to secure the title and position. Well, to make a long story short, she bribed the postmistress at the village to give her your letters, so that I never heard a word from you or about you, till at last, in despair, I came over, before I intended, to solve the mystery."

"To be sure," repeated Ross Devereaux, frankly, "Ah! little skeptic, you doubted me, did you?"

"Indeed, indeed," began Lizzie, "but he stopped her with a kiss.

"Then it was," he went on, "that I heard for the sake of your father's death. But no one could give me any information of your whereabouts. I did not know your relations save Mrs. Black, but I found out their names, but it was some time, and one was at Newport and another at Saratoga, and I was at Virginia Springs. Before I could do anything came the news of my father's sudden death and a summons home for I am, you know, his heir as to both the title and estates. When I had been at Devereaux hall for a week or so, the postmistress came, trembling and penitent, for I was now Sir Ross, and she had discovered by this time that my cousin was not to be Lady Devereaux. Then the vile plot was revealed. Darling, ever since I have been wild to discover you. I hurried up my business, and left England at once. But for a long time I was full of your city, and when I had related, could not tell me where you had gone. All they knew—and they told it with evident confusion—was that your mother's father had sent her to you, and that

he lived in this state, and, they thought, in this part of it. So I have visited every square mile of this and four other counties, but only lighted on Dossy by accident today. I didn't even know your grandfather's name."

There was much more to tell, details with which we will not tire the reader, eager questions and an eager replies. Lizzie could hardly credit her happiness. Dossy danced around, shouting in glee.

If you ever visit England, and should ever go to the neighborhood of Devereaux hall, you will hear everybody talking of the beautiful Lady Devereaux, whom Sir Ross brought home from America. Should you see her, you will recognize, as we did, in the gracious matron the Miller's Grand-daughter.

THE AULD FIDDLE.

Introducing Civilization into McKillop Township—'She's a Right.'

(From the Harrow Signal.)

Mr. James Dickson, registrar, the "old man" of McKillop, at the Laugvin Inn, thus alluded to the early settlement of the county of Harrow.

It is now forty-eight years since I first came to this country. I was then little more than a boy, fresh from Edinburgh university, and had come with my father to bear the trials and privations of early pioneer life in the backwoods. My mother and the other members of our family were in the old land, and an ocean and a wilderness lay between them and our working possessions, when we reached the Harrow tract, consisted of two chests, which had been brought from Harrow in an ox cart. My father and I crossed the Maitland with one chest, and landed on its northern bank at the first cove of McKillop. (Gleba.)

After attending to the duties which devolved upon us for our immediate needs, we set down to ponder on the best course to pursue in our battle with the mighty forest. After while my thoughts went from our present surroundings to the dear one at home in the old land, and possibly my father's thoughts drifted thither also.

Finally he said to me: "James, was ye open this airt, an' see 'twiddle is a richt'?"

I did as he told me, for knowing him to be a good fiddler, I thought the tune of the old land might cheer us both. On opening the chest, I found the fiddle and handled it to my father.

"Look the violin from my hands, and set down to ponder on the best course to pursue in our battle with the mighty forest, touching the bridge and tapping the sounding-board, then how, under other circumstances; but at least, ought to know at the whole truth. The fact is, darling, that while my parents were eager to see you, your father, I had a cousin, an ambitious girl, who had always lived with us, and who, it seems, wished to marry me, not, of course," he said, quietly, "that she loved me, but merely to secure the title and position. Well, to make a long story short, she bribed the postmistress at the village to give her your letters, so that I never heard a word from you or about you, till at last, in despair, I came over, before I intended, to solve the mystery."

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REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING

"Brown's Household Panacea," has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external, and is a most sure and quick relief in all cases of Headache, Stomach, Toothache, Lumbago, and any kind of a pain or ache, and it will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful.

"Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted. "As it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds, and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle.

It is proposed that the Great Eastern be turned into a marine hotel and anchored in pleasant water, but essentially moving from place to place, thus giving new scenery, cool breezes, and out-door promenade.

A. R. McMaster & Bro

Call the Attention of Buyers to the following lines, viz.:

Black and Colored Silks, Black and Colored Satins, Black and Colored Ribbons, Fancy Ribbons, Black and Colored Silk Velvets, And all the Novelties in Silk Goods, at

4 & 12 Front Street West, TORONTO.

THE LACE WAREHOUSE,

18 and 20 Colborne st.

Our Fall Stock is now complete in Every Department. To Our Friends and the Trade We Offer an Unrivalled Assortment in those Special Lines for which We are so well known. We have also added Several New Departments, to which We Invite the attention of Close Buyers.

N.B.—Any Scarce Lines in Lace or Trimmings can always be obtained from

WHITE & COMPANY,

THE LACE WAREHOUSE,

18 and 20 Colborne St.

(Head of Scott Street), TORONTO.

CLINTON E. BRUSH & BRO.,

3 WELLINGTON ST. EAST.

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-AND- DRESS TRIMMINGS

CLINTON E. BRUSH & BRO., 3 WELLINGTON ST. EAST.

PATERSON BROS.,

IMPORTERS.

OPENING DAYS,

PATTERN BONNETS.

AND MILLINERY ROOM,

TUESDAY & WEDNESDAY, Sept. 6 and 7.

TORONTO, MONTREAL,

58 & 60 Wellington St. 22 St. Helen St.

R. SIMPSON & CO.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS,

38 COLBORNE ST.

Our Stock amounts to

\$250,000.

(Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.) The Largest, Cheapest and Best Assorted

STOCK OF DRY GOODS

IN CANADA.

We have a large warehouse, where we sell to the public in retail quantities at wholesale prices.

You can save 30 per cent. by buying from us. See that you find the right place,

In the middle of the Leader Lane, facing King and Colborne streets.

R. SIMPSON & CO., 38 COLBORNE ST.

THE CITY AND VICINITY.

THE FALL ROUND OF LIFE IN AND ABOUT TORONTO.

What the people are doing and thinking about in the city and its vicinity.

There are 430 pupils at the new Hope street school.

A fatal case of Canadian cholera is reported from Lower avenue, Yorkville.

Thieves entered 116 Agnes street during the absence of the occupant, and secured booty to the value of \$700.

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PUBLIC SCHOOL BOARD.

Shortening of Hours During the Fall Term—The children's Day at the Exhibition—Mr. Howland's school.

The board held a special meeting last night in pursuance of a resolution signed by Messrs. Len, Burns, Roden and Swan.

There were present the above members and Messrs. Bain (chairman), McMurrah, Kent, Johnson, Mrs. Bell, Mangian, Mills, Somers and Galley. The report of the finance committee recommending a payment of accounts amounting to \$121,919.99 was adopted.

CHANGES IN THE STAFF. The following changes were made in the staff of teachers, in consequence of the death of Miss H. Somerville, promoted from the senior second book class in Louisa street school to the junior third book class in John street school, in the place of Miss Somerville, deceased.

Miss E. C. Thompson, promoted from the junior second book class in Louisa street school to the senior first book class in the same school.

Miss M. J. McCally, promoted from the senior first book class in York street school to the junior second book class in Louisa street school.

Miss H. Clarkon, promoted from the junior first book class in Church street school to the senior first book class in York street school.

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THE SPORTING WORLD.

THE TRIP.

The black trotting gelding Midnight has been sold to C. M. Reed of Erie, Pa., for \$10,000.

The celebrated racehorse Long Tom has been purchased by Mr. Owen of this city, and the horse will probably be among the starters at the Woodbine meeting on the 16th and 17th inst.

The American jockey club held their fall meeting, commencing with a preliminary one, on Saturday evening, September 3, at the Woodbine track.

The challenge of the teams of Bradford to play the Dominions for the intermediate championship has been accepted, and the game will take place in Bradford next Wednesday, the 14th.

The Phœnix of this city and the Dominions will play for the championship on Saturday, the 17th inst.

THE RYAN-SULLIVAN MATCH. Deposits are being made in New York for a fight between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan for from \$300,000 to \$100,000 a side, to occur in the latter part of the season.

What's in a name? The sculling race at Woodbine, on Saturday evening, September 3, between O'Hanlon, McKeown and Kinko, three miles, for \$500, was won by the former in 22.18.

There will be a regatta for the Prince of Wales' cup to-day, owing to no yacht having entered up to the time of closing entries. The Madcap is the present holder of the cup.

Stearns of Buffalo has been engaged as catcher for the team of St. Thomas.

The Hamilton second eleven defeated the Brantford cricketers by 144 to 100 in a one-day match on Saturday.

At the Williamsburg game on Saturday, W. H. Robertson of the Williamsburg A.C. won the ten-mile run in 27 minutes 22 seconds, beating the best amateur record by 15 seconds.

John Higgins is out with a challenge to Dan O'Leary with whom he wishes to make a match to walk 142 hours, far and deep, for \$100 a side.

The city the latter may name except Buffalo.

After considerable difficulty a billiard match has been arranged between Jack Schaefer and Maurice Vignaux. The game will take place in Paris some time in December, and will be for \$100 a side.

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THE HATLEY TRADE.

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Hotelkeepers, lodging-housekeepers and private homes will find our Folding Cots invaluable during the tremendous rush of people to the Exhibition. You can have one before or two in a second, and in the morning they can be folded and put away, occupying very little space.

A liberal discount to parties taking a quantity.

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The Grand Secretary's Office, 45 KING STREET EAST.

will be opened during the Exhibition to be held in Toronto from 10 to 12th instant, from 9:30 a.m. till 9 p.m., as a source of information for Oddfellows.

Small messages may be checked, and valuable placed in the vault during the day. Information concerning rates, calendar, objects of interest, will be cheerfully given. Writing materials furnished, etc.

J. B. KING, Grand Secretary.

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ITEMS.

"THE ETNA" is the name of a quarterly journal now in its thirteenth year, published in the interest of life insurance by the underwriters of the Etna Life Insurance Co., New York.

From the last number we give a few brief extracts: One of many—the importance of keeping up policies of life insurance is illustrated forcibly in the case of J. G. Goshier, of Plainfield, N. J. He took out a policy for \$10,000 on the Etna Life, Dec. 15, 1893. When the second premium became due (Dec. 15, 1895) he had decided not to continue it, believing his property for a long life better than the average. The agent used every available argument to have him continue, but without effect. In sixteen days from the date of his last premium he was killed while falling from his employer. His death was nearly instantaneous. By his return to the company \$10,000 he leaves his family in comfortable circumstances, in which a thousand dollars would have been a fortune.

MATTHEW ETNA ENTHUSIAST.—The ETNA LIFE is abundant to the poor-holder of matured endowment—an average of over two thousand dollars per year. The satisfactory results given by the company are handsomely acknowledged in the following letter to which we invite the attention of our readers.

COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE, FORT EDWARD, N. Y., May 23, 1891. Dear Sir: I desire to acknowledge with my heartiest thanks the handsome remittance I have received from your noble Life Company, the ETNA of Hartford, Conn. The return for my annual payments received from you last year, and this on the maturity of my two endowment policies, have met my expectations. You have paid me a good interest for all the money I have put into your hands; you kept my life insured for the ten years I have had insured for the last fifteen years. I have received an interest on my investment \$219.20, which satisfies me that my money has been well expended. Yours very truly, JAMES N. HOWLAND.

Dear Sir: I have this day received payment of my policy of \$10,000. I have taken out another policy for \$10,000. Yours truly, GEO. H. GREEN.

H. STRONG, General Agent, Cleveland, Ohio.