JACK'S INHERITANCE.

An elderly gentleman, whose chief idioand a fervent hatred for his heir and successor, is not exactly a novel character either in real lite or on the stage. But there is a material difference in his behavior in the two situations, for whereas on the stage is he almost invariably turned to re- Rocky Mountains and elsewhere. pentance by the beaux yeux of the young lady whom his heir has married, or by the maddening prattle of her tiresome child, and dies in the odor of sanctity distributing indiscriminate blessings, in real life he morc often than not carries his spite with him to the grave, and leaves his posterity good reason to execrate his memory in the shape of an outrageously malicious will.

Sir Toby Bunskin, of Bunskin Hall, Fallowland, and No. 250 Grosvenor Square, London, was not at all like the traditional Fiftieth Lancers, was not exaggerated, and did not betray him into foolish excesses. but it was sincere—the more so, perhaps, because it was absolutely unreasonable.

And Jack had long ago reconciled himself to a precarious existence on his pay, his wits, and the money he could raise by mortgaging his reversion to certain tamily this necessity he armed himself with a estates which Sir Toby had not the power of willing away from him.

Now, although Sir Toby hated Jack so heartily, it must not be imagined that he was sufficiently lost to the decencies of society as to ignore his existence, to insult him in public, or even to be pointedly rude! to him in private. Jack was always asked down to Bunskin Hall for the cover-shootlng, he was expected to assist at the annual rent-dinner of Sir Toby's tenants, and at as he possibly could.

which presumably contained title-deeds and ancient leases, were in reality stuffed with rejected manuscripts and still-born dramas, declined with thanks.

Sir Toby was firmly impressed with the much as endeavoring to discover the identity of an undetected murderer or the motive

It was one day early in spring that a great idea occured to Sir Toby Bunskin. He felt in a peculiarly misanthropic humor, able institutions to which Sir Toby had intune, and he began to think that even Jack took an opportunity of throwing the coat might not put his money to a much worse itself overboard. use than a pack of overpaid greedy officials. It was in this humor that he had taken up a newspaper and studied the strange disappearance of Mr. Jabez Brown, an eminent Mudtord merchant and millionaire, who had vanished from mortal ken in the most unexpected manner and without the slightest was strong in Sir Toby, as usual, and he fell to musing over the fate of Mr. Brown, and to evolving all manner of theories which might account for his singular absence. He was rich, eminently respectable, and universally looked up to in the commercial world. An examination of his affairs had proved beyond doubt that no financial embarrassment existed. Then he was a moral man, and there was no suspicion that he had eloped with somebody else's wife-or, indeed, that a lady was in perfectly sane and in good health, and no conceivable reason could be imagined for

"He may have been murdered, of course," thought Sir Toby; but this solution seemed | the possessor of a substantial rent-roll and too troublesome; or perhaps he wanted to spite somebody." This last notion seemed to interest Sir Toby-it was really original that a man should disappear for such a motive. He pondered deeply for several minutes, and then he said to himself quite

have an heir-everybody has, or nearly yacht, started a small racing-stud, and began ing the Ontario Glove works, and every everybody. Brown disappears-delight of to dabble in city companies-all of which department of this important industry was heir-long search after Brown-body things demand a considerable amount of shown us by the proprietor, Mr. John Mcfound in the Thames-much decomposed- time and attention, not to mention money. Laren. Since this gentleman has assumed but easily identified as that of Brown by So a couple of years passed. Jack, in control very extensive improvements have servants in pay of heir-heir takes posses- common parlance, went the pace to the been made in the buildings, machinery and few weeks, when behold Brown redivivus- P. for one of the divisions of Fallowland, Brown alive and well-promptly kicks out and finally became engaged to Miss Hilda accuracy that is absolutely necessary in the heir, and declines all responsibility for Grains, only daughter and beiress of the his debts! What a splendid situation! late Sir Joshua Grains, M. P., the well-Wonder how my dear nephew would like known brewer and millionaire. There was, it? I'd give five thousand pounds to see of course, a very grand wedding, and in gardless of expense, and the most skiltul him." And Sir Toby burst into harsh, due time the happy pair returned to Lon-unpleasant laughter, and positively rolled about in his chair with ghoulish merriment. due time the happy pair returned to London from a prolonged honeymoon trip on the Continent. When Jack had finished imported from Germany for sewing the about in his chair with ghoulish merriment.

The idea pleased him so much that he sat up a good two hours later than usual, and when at last he went to bed it was with a whether he had any special news to comform determination to correctly the Continent. When Jack had finished imported from Germany for sewing the finest quality of ladies' kid gloves, was a marvel of ingenuity. The work is done whether he had any special news to comform determination to correctly the continent.

thousand pounds in ready money, for he had no intention of being left penniless syncrasies are a rooted aversion to death during an absence that might be prolonged. He had to make up his mind as to what country he should select for the scene of his adventures, and, after much deliberation, he fixed upon America with a view of enjoying some wild sport in the

Now, Sir Toby was a smart, dapper man who dyed his hair black and shaved clean his face, so he argued that if he bought a red wig and beard they would effectually disguise him until his own beard and moustache had had time to grow. When this happened he would exhibit his undyed hair to the public, and with a white head, a grizzly beard and moustache, and a pair of spectacles instead of his eye-glass, he felt sure that he could defy recognition. The mere question of getting away was simple, old gentleman of the stage. His hatred for his heir, Captain Jack Bunskin, of the furnish Jack with proofs of his death strong enough to enable him to take possession of his inheritance. But Sir Toby knew that queer things could be done in America, and range by bribery that the body of some unof Sir Toby Bunskin, Bart. Mindful of horribly familiar. pocket-book containing papers calculated them beyond reasonable doubt. He also drowned in the Atlantic!" carefully destroyed every will that he had ever made, for he wished his nephew to inherit as much as possible. "The greater of the change of coats. the rise," he chuckled, "the greater the fall. "But what on earth here." Up like a rocket, Jack, my boy, and down | ing for more than two years?" like a stick!"

When all these preparations were made. Sir Toby quietly left his home in Fallow. certain fixed seasons he was formally invited | land one day and did not return to it. His to Grosvenor Square. But there Sir Toby's ostensible destination was the house in recognition of his relative began and ended. Grosvenor Square, but he passed the night away or even write." He would not allow Jack a sixpence, nor at a hotel and started the next morning for would he have lent him £20 to save him Liverpool. In his red wig and queerly cut from the bankruptcy court, or even from | clothes his own valet would not have recogsuicide. The baronet was not very old- nized him. At Liverpool he took a steerage he was barely sixty—and for bodily vigor passage for New York, for he was a man many a man of five-and-forty might have en- | who rather liked "roughing it" than othervied him. He rode regularly to hounds, wise, and, once on the voyage, he began to was an experienced and successful deer- feel that half his plan was accomplished. stalker, and could cast a salmon-fly with But the question as to how he was to prove the best fishermen in Scotland; and he was his own death bothered him considerably. addicted to none of the excesses which The ship had not, however, been a day at sea sometimes shorten the lives of men who in- | before a most remarkable and fortunate dulge in hard exercise, for he neither ate circumstance occurred. Sir Toby was a too much nor drank too freely. In fact, light sleeper, and was not very much at left ear?" he took excellent care of himself, and was home in his uncomfortable quarters, so the on very good terms with his doctor. His first night after leaving Queenstown he friends said that he delighted in the idea of paced the deck for several hours. In the keeping Jack out of his inheritance as long | course of his nocturnal ramble he kept meeting a man whom he could not help no-Now, all men have their small weak- ticing from the very fact that he seemed nesses, and one of the most pronounced of desperately anxious to avoid his, Sir Toby's, Sir Toby's was a passion for literature and observation. "Some thief or forger boltfor plays of a sensational and blood-curd- ing," thought Sir Toby, and he kept his ling description. He revelled in penny- eyes on the man from idle curiosity, and dreadfuls and in soul-moving melodrama; gradually fell to dodging about the deck he delighted in complicated plots of miss- and watched him closely. Presently the ing heirs, forged wills, mysterious murders, man, when he thought himself unobserved, and buried treasures. There was reason | did a very strange thing; he took off his coat to suppose that many of his strong boxes, and laid it carefully on the deck. Then he glanced hurriedly round, mounted the bulwarks, and leaped into the sea. One of the ship's officers just caught sight of him as he disppeared, an alarm was quickly raised, and the engines were reversed. No one idea that had his station and duties been had time to notice or to think of the coat; otherwise, he would have made his fortune | but Sir Toby always prided himself on his as a detective, and nothing pleased him so presence of mind. Instantly he seized it, tore off his own coat, which contained the pocket-book and the papers, laid it down for a mysterious disappearance. When- on the deck, and put on the coat left behind ever such an event occurred, which was by the suicide. It was a master-stroke, a pretty often, Sir Toby used to indite long | veritable inspiration, and Sir Toby retired epistles to the Times, setting forth his the- to his berth knowing that the odds were at least a hundred to one against a rescue. At his leisure he examined the pockets of the stranger's garment; the only thing of importance it contained was a letfor Jack had been staying with him, and ter, apparently addressed to the dead man's uncle and nephew had contrived to quarrel | wife. "As I thought," said Sir Toby to even more seriously than usual. Moreover, himself, when he read it at leisure; "ordinthere had been published certain damaging facts in connection with one or two charit
ary case of forgery, cannot live any longer —the usual bosh! I don't think that Mrs. Bowston will ever get this letter." And he tended to leave the greater part of his for- burned it carefully, and a night or two later

"Now I am really all right," he reflected. There was a great hue and cry in London when it was reported that Sir Toby Bunskin had actually disappeared. Halt the detectives were employed to look for him, advertisements were inserted by the score, even placards were posted, no exerapparent reason. The amateur detective tion, in fact, and no expense were spared to discover his whereabouts. But not the slightest result followed, until the news arrived from America that Sir Toby had jumped from an Atlantic steamer; and had, of course, been drowned, leaving behind him a coat, in the pocket of which was a pocket-book containing cards and private papers obviously belonging to the unfortunate baronet. It was a nine-days' wonder; but nobody cared a straw about Sir Toby when alive, people soon grew tired of speculating as to the cause which had any way connected with the case. He was prompted the "rash act." And as soon as certain necessary legal formalities had been complied with, Jack Bunskin found himself Sir John Tobias Bunskin, Baronet, of Interesting Notes of a Visit to That Busy Bunskin Hall and Grosvenor Square, and commonplace-"there may be a woman in a goodly sum of ready money. Now, it the case. Begad, I believe he is alive, at was not very likely that Jack should feel any rate. He may have disappeared out any protound grief for his uncle. The and at the toot of those enchanted spots, of pure caprice—found his responsibilities manner of the old man's death certainly the Thousand Islands. True, nature has shocked him considerably, but the pleas- done much for the City of the Thousand

banished the subject from his mind. upon him in a hungry horde, and the amount of post-obits which he had to pay "He may have bolted to spite his heir!" off was quite alarming. Moreover, he had And then Sir Toby chuckled. "A lovely no intention of leading the sober and quiet idea!" he continued "Old Brown mnst life that had suited his uncle. He bought a operty—has a splendid time for a | best of his ability; got himself elected M. firm determination to carry out his scheme. municate, for that individual looked like a silks, and with surprising speed and ac-Upon Sir Toby's preparations it is un- man burdened with a guilty secret.

sess himself without suspicion of several Flaggon mysteriously, "as an old gent 'as visitor on entering the large room devoted week, and says he must see you.

> "Is that all?" queried Jack. "No, sir—he says he's your uncle."
> "My uncle! What d—d nonsense! Why, the fellow must be a lunatic or an impos-

> "Just so, sir; but we can't get rid of him, and I didn't like to give the poor old idiot in charge."

"Quite right, next time he comes I'll see Oddly enough, half an hour afterward

the old gentleman returned, and Flaggon prombtly ushered him in. "Well, my man," said the new baronet, 'and what can I do for you?"

"Jack," said the stranger, "do you mean to say that you don't know me? I'm your Uncle Toby-I am, indeed, and not a blessed soul recognizes me!"

Jack stared at his seedy visitor in astonishment. His clothes were shabby and he wore a hang-dog look; his face was disfigured in a most remarkable fashion, and the small remnant of hair that he possessed once there he thought he could easily ar- stuck upright in a strange tuft. He did not resemble the late Sir Toby Bunskin in known traveller should be identified as that | the slightest; but the tone of voice was

"This is drivelling nonsense!" he said; 'but if you are my uncle, how the deuce to place the identity of the person carrying | do you account for the fact that you were

"I wasn't drowned; it was another passenger," and Sir Toby confessed the story

"But what on earth have you been do-"I went bunting bears and things in the Rocky Mountains." said Uncle Toby in a

sepulchral voice. "We lost our way, wan- eners or laces as the case may be. dered about for days and were eventually captured by the Indians. Couldn't get

tattooed your face so elegantly?" asked

"I didn't tattoo myself—they did it for me," wailed Sir Toby. "My face is no- leathers for working gloves. The names thing to the rest of me. I've got a pine of these leathers are numerous, but we forest, a lake, and a range of mountains on managed to recollect among the most my back; three rattlesnakes on each arm, my chest is covered with tomahawks, arrows and pipes; and there are opossums, terrapins, and all sorts of d ---- n beastly animals on my legs !" "Dear me, Uncle! What's become of your

you know, took a great fancy to me; but delicate articles. sometimes he used to get drunk and throw things about. He cut nearly the whole of my ear off with a toniahawk one day."

that you've married a wife with a big fortune. But, of course, you know now you must clear out." "Clear out of what?"

"Why, out of my property and my "You're welcome to the baronetcy, Uncle Toby," said Jack thoughtfully;

"but I'm afraid that I can't oblige you any "What the deuce do you mean, sir?" "Simply that there's nothing left to clear out ot! I've spent it- every blessed bob!" Sir Toby turned livi I under his tattoo-

"You infernal young scoundrel!" he

shrieked. "Are you mad?" "Not a bit of it, uncle! don't get excited.

You see, nearly all the ready you left went to pay post-obits; and then I took to racing, and gambling a bit. Had most shocking luck! Lost every sixpence, sold the house in Grosvenor square, sold Bunskin Hall under the Settled Estates Act, you know; sold everything. It I hadn't married Hilda I should have been absolutely stone-broke. She bought back Bunskin Hall, by special leave of the trustee; but all her money is strictly tied up, and I haven't a single sixpence of my own in the

"Is this really true?" said Sir Toby

"Gospel truth, I assure you. Ask Taper and Deeds, they know all about it. Never mind, you've had your fun with the Indians, you know, and I've had mine. Won't you have a brandy and soda or something? You look quite green. Tell you what. If you let me keep the title, I'll get Hilda to make you head-gardener at Bunskin—£250 a year, good house and precious little to do. Think it over, uncle."

(From the Brockville Daily Times.) ONTARIO GLOVE WORKS.

Establishment. Brockville is known far and wide as a

beautiful town, situated on the banks of one of the grandest rivers in the world, ures and duties of his new position speedily Islands, but there other things that have helped in a great measure to bring Brock-He had, too, plenty of things to look ville before the people of Canada and the after. His creditors, of course, came down | world. We allude particularly in this respect to the large manufacturies that send first-class articles not only to all parts of Canada and the United States, but also to toreign lands as well.

Yesterday we had the privilege of visitgeneral facilities for turning out work second to none, and with a promptness and these times of keea business competition. The very latest machinery for procuring the best results have been procured, recuracy. The hum of sewing machines, necessary to dwell. He contrived to pos- "It's my dooty to tell you, sir," said Mr. all run by steam power, that greets the

been calling here every day for the last to the sewing department, is for a a time bewildering. In passing up and down the long tables at which are seated female operators, each busily engaged doing some particular sewing, one sees all grades of gloves, mitts and moccasins in process of completion. At one time we see the most delicate tinted kid made into beautiful mousquetaires from 6 to 24 buttons in length, and other elegant colored kid into handsome gauntlets for ladies' wear. Then we noticed the gents' gloves in all grades, from the light summer kid to the fur-lined gauntlet for winter wear. The North-West gloves for harvest and winter wear, and the mechanic's and workingman's mitts, made of strong, heavy leather for outdoor work, all receive that attention necessary to place them on the market, equal to the best in manufacture and material, yet at a price that will meet the requirements of the trade.

One of the busiest departments as well as one of the most interesting to go through is that where the manufacture of the Workers' Brace and the Chester Brace is carried on. These two classes of suspenders, both patented, are meeting with a very extensive sale. The writer has been wearing a pair of the former for several months, and he has no hesitation in saying it is the most comfortable brace he ever had on

To reach the stage of perfection aimed at, the raw material is all imported and in such quantities as enables the output to be placed on the market at the very lowest price. We had the privilege of seeing the leather in all stages of tanning and preparation, from the raw skin with the fur on to the beautiful finished product, fitted with the latest and most approved buttons, fast-

In the large stock room we noticed pile upon pile of leathers ready for cutting up, some having a finish like silk velvet, others "Oh, indeed! Is that why you have like West of England broadcloth, and in all colors of the rainbow, besides the most delicate tints and China white, while on other shelves are stacks of the coarser prominent as follows: Mochas, antelope, buckskin, caribou, cordovan, saranacs in calf and lamb, napa-buck, lamb, elk, moose, reindeer, kid, chamois and English buck.

For lining and trimmings some of the most expensive furs are used, and in the finishing the strongest linens for the heavi-Well, you see, Red Blanket, the chief, est goods, and the finest silks for the more

We were shown a portion of the exhibit to be sent to the Toronto Fair. It consists of samples of the work in all stages "You must have had a rollicking time!" of manufacture, also some beautiful speci-"Don't laugh, you vagabond!" cried Sir mens of black tail and South American Toby, waxing wrathful. "Look at my deer skins, so finished as to show about one head! That was done by Blue Blazes, an- third of the skin with the natural hair on, other chief; he tried to scalp me, and it while the balance was finished ready for was all that Red Blanket could do to stop use, in fact with a glove pattern cut out him. He got about halt of it off as it was. of the centre. There is a line of beautifully And now, Jack, when you've done grin- finished mochas, that when arranged in the ning, perhaps you'll talk business. I large glass case will make perfect rainbows meant to play a joke on you, but it seems of colors and tints. A full line of finished to me that I've got the worst of it. How- goods, in moccasins, snow-shoes, gloves, ever, we'll let bygones be bygones; I'll mitts, suspenders, etc., will be sent up for make you a good allowance, though I hear exhibition, the whole to be ornamented with a magnificent display of stuffed fur-bearing animals, such as toxes, badgers, grey wolves, beavers, otters, etc. The moose head and antlers is probably the finest specimen of its kind in Canada, and should be seen by all visitors to the exhibition. The animal was shot on or near Mr. McLaren's timber limits only a few years ago by Mr. Wm. Leavitt, a well-known commercial traveller with headquarters at Brockville.

Visitors to the exhibition will have their attention drawn to the Ontario Glove Works exhibit by a large kid glove measuring 36 inches in length and 30 inches in circumference at the wrist. This glove is made of domestic kid dressed and finished at the factory and will certainly prove a grand object lesson.

Mild Insanities of the British Navy.

As early as the seventeenth century one finds traces of a custom which is observed today, and of which it is impossible even to guess at the origin. If a captain of a boat be going alongside a ship at night, and if he be hailed with the challenge "Boat ahoy!" the proper reply from the boat is, "Viotory," or "Triumph," or whatever the name of the captain's vessel may be. If the visitor be a lieutenant, the regulation answer is "Hulloa!" But if the visitor be only a midshipman, the reply demanded by ancient etiquette is, strange to say, "No, no!" although he means "Yes."

Arizona Society Note. Broncho Pete- "I've got to go to the dance to-night down at Deadman's Gulch." Five-fingered Jake-"What for?" Broncho Pete,- "Editor of Mountain Echo asked me to get him a list of the killed and in-

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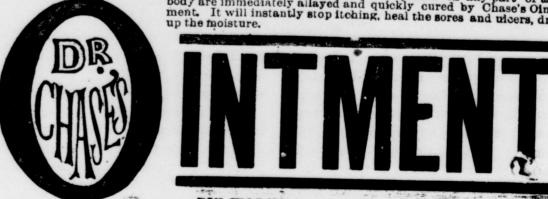
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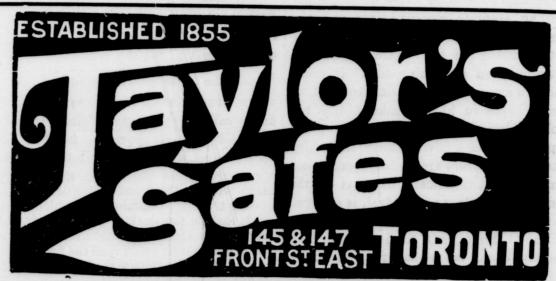
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