

TESTED.

'What shall I do? How shall I act? It is strange, but I really do not quite know my own heart in this matter.'

Thus mused Edith Lyle, as she sat in one of the cozy little rooms of an elegant mansion, which the death of her father had, a year previous, made her own. On the table before her lay three very interesting epistles, each one in itself a proposal of marriage; and the subject of her meditation was what answer to send to those by whom they were written.

Her great fear was to become the wife of any person who sought her for her wealth, and to avoid this she was anxious to adopt any plan.

The three proposals above referred to had come to her within a few days of each other, no doubt because each had waited until her father had been a year dead; and she finally concluded to reply to each—namely, a desire to await her decision three months, as there was a certain matter just then undecided which might considerably influence it.

Regarding her three suitors a few words may be said. Mr. Harvey Stanhope was what may be termed a gentleman of leisure having no pretension to any profession whatever, and always on the alert for enjoyment. One thing was evident, he was rich; any one could learn that from his extravagant habits. His father had been wealthy, and had left him sufficient property to live as his taste dictated.

Mr. Hugh Oswald was the son of a retired merchant; retired, some said, because he had become rich enough to provide for his family all they required; others said because Hugh was so indolent to continue the business, and otherwise lacked the proper qualifications to do so. Be that as it might, the father was retired, and the son leading a life of ease.

The third applicant for the hand of Edith was a young doctor—'Doctor James Norton,' the sign of his office door read, and though more humble than the others, inasmuch as he was earning his bread by his profession, he had the claim of priority, for Edith and they had known each other from childhood, and strong friendship had always marked their intercourse with each other.

As to appearances, all three were considered handsome young men, and as Edith had heard nothing to the contrary, she assumed that the character of each was what that the character of each was that of a gentleman should be.

'For sale. Apply to Cummings & Co.' Such was the notice that appeared on the door of the Lyle mansion about a month after Edith had answered her three proposals, and rather surprised Mr. Oswald, who had come to call on her.

'What can this mean?' he said. 'It's very strange,' and he ran up the steps and pulled the bell vigorously.

No answer, however, came to his summons, and he finally learned from the lady next door that Miss Lyle had ceased to reside there, and had removed she knew not where.

Disappointed, and somewhat annoyed that she should move and not let him know of it, he returned home and there found a note awaiting him, addressed by the fair hand of Edith.

Hastily opening it he read as follows: Mr. Hugh Oswald:

Dear sir: As you see from the above address, I am no longer to be found at my former residence, and I hasten to let you know the reason for my removal. In my reply to your esteemed proposal I said a certain matter, then undecided, might considerably influence my final answer. The matter referred to was a case then pending at law, and involved the question whether certain securities could be collected off my estate. The decision is given against me, and by it I am rendered penniless. Fully understanding the difference in my position now and a short time ago, I am constrained, in justice to myself and you also, to regard your recent proposal as not made at all, and forthwith free you from all obligations connected therewith. I am at present living with friends at the above place, with no particular idea as to what my future may be. Believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

Edith Lyle.

The following day brought Edith a letter and two visitors, Mr. Stanhope and Dr. Norton, the latter of whom luckily enough had departed ere the other arrived. Both of these gentlemen expressed their concern for her disappointment in regard to the lawsuit, but would not allow their proposals to be set aside on that ground.

'I love you, Edith, for yourself alone,' said the doctor, 'and whether you are rich or poor, that love remains imperishable. Nay, more, I am almost selfish enough to rejoice in the change in your position, as it removes what I always considered a barrier and does away with the possibility of having my sentiments ascribed to any mercenary motives.'

'The loss of your wealth by no means detracts from the beauty of your person,' said Mr. Stanhope, 'and as my wife I can promise you, together with all the love of an honest heart, all the luxury to which you have been accustomed.'

While thinking over the fond expressions of Mr. Stanhope and the doctor, and wondering if Mr. Oswald's love would outlive the change of fortune also, a letter was brought to her from the latter, which quite settled that question. It was as follows:

My Dear Miss: Your communication of today has quite shocked me, and I hasten to sympathize with you in your disappointment, and I assure you I am exceedingly sorry the law suit went against you. Business prevents me calling on you today, but I will take an early opportunity of doing so.

I am yours respectfully,

Hugh Oswald.

'One of the three disposed of,' thought she. 'Mr. Oswald wanted my wealth, that is evident, and is sorry the law suit went against me. Very sorry, no doubt. His candor is worthy of admiration; but how

about the others whose love is still undiminished?'

A few evenings afterward, in the presence of both lovers, neither of whom had any idea that the other had proposed, Edith expressed herself as not feeling at all well, and retired. On their calling to inquire for her the next day they learned from Mrs. Gray she was no better, but, on the contrary, much worse, and under the care of her physician, Dr. Musgrave. They would see her, but the doctor had given positive orders that no one should be allowed to disturb her. Every day brought the two lovers, each to be answered as on the former one.

'Not any better yet, and cannot see you.'

But one day to this was added the further information, relative to her ailment that Dr. Musgrave said she had the small pox.

This rather alarmed both gentlemen, and the visits of Mr. Stanhope became less frequent; and when he learned in confidence from Mrs. Gray that she would be frightfully marked he came no more to inquire for her.

Not so, however, Dr. Norton. Day after day he came to Mrs. Gray's and at length was gratified to hear that the doctor had expressed himself as confident that the crisis was past and that she would recover.

During her convalescence he was very assiduous in his attentions, and Mrs. Gray was made the bearer of many tributes of affection to Edith—trifling in themselves, but not, therefore, less expressive of his feelings.

'I have good news for you today, sir,' said Mrs. Gray one morning as Dr. Norton entered.

'I am happy to hear you say so. What is it?'

'Miss Lyle is able to be up. She is out of bed.'

'That is good news, indeed,' returned the doctor, 'but I thought it might have been more pleasing.'

'What did you expect?'

'That I should see her, perhaps.'

'Oh, now, doctor, do have patience yet a little longer, and no doubt you shall. If she sees anybody, I know she will see you.'

'It she sees anybody? What do you mean?'

'She is so much changed in appearance she don't care to see anyone who has seen her before—her beauty is entirely gone.'

'Don't say entirely, Mrs. Gray. The beauty of her soul remains, and is beyond the reach of every malady.'

'Yes, that's so. There, she is ringing for me. Excuse me, doctor.'

'One moment, Mrs. Gray. Will you please ascertain when it is likely I may see Miss Lyle?'

'Yes, doctor, if I possibly can.'

Mrs. Gray soon returned, and said Miss Lyle had consented to see him the following evening at 8.

'But I just tell you,' said Mrs. Gray, as the doctor departed, 'you will be much surprised when you see her.'

The next evening at 8, Dr. Norton was at Mrs. Gray's, and was told by that lady that Miss Lyle was in the parlor to receive him, but was in the dark, as she did not wish the doctor on first entering to see the change in her features.

When their first greeting was over and Mrs. Gray had left them alone together, Edith said:

'Doctor I am fully sensible of your devotion in continuing to address me as usual, but it is unreasonable to expect your love changed as now I am.'

'Edith,' replied he, 'believe me, I speak the truth of my heart. I love you now with the same strong, honest and sincere love I have felt for you from the first, and my only hope of earthly happiness is in your acceptance.'

'But you have not seen my face, James.'

'Nor shall the sight of it, changed though it be, in any way lessen my affection. Oh, Edith, my love!' he continued, 'think how anxious I am waiting your answer. Keep me no longer in suspense. Promise to be my wife.'

'Trusting fully in your love, I promise,' replied Edith, also rising and permitting him to hold her to his bosom.

'And now, Edith, I may see your face, may I not? Rest assured, my dear, I shall not alter my affection.'

'Very well, James you shall,' and she called Mrs. Gray to come and light the gas.

While she stood with her lover in the centre of the parlor, Mrs. Gray did as requested; but imagine the delight and surprise of the doctor when, instead of the disfigured features he expected to see, Edith Lyle was revealed to him in all her former loveliness—the features perfect in every particular, the skin fair and smooth as alabaster.

'Remember your promise, James, the sight of your face is not to alter my affection.'

'And it has not, my dear Edith; but pray explain!'

'And Edith did explain—how she learned that one loved her for her money, another for her beauty only—and, confessing her deception, asked only forgiveness, which, of course, was readily given.'

They were married soon after and took up their residence in Edith's former home; and in the after happy years she was never perplexed by the question: 'Who loves me best?'

A GRAND TRUNK BRAKEMAN.

Tells the Story of His Exposure—The Fate that Befel Him, and how he was Relieved of his Sufferings.

W. Lavelle, G. T. R. brakeman, Allandale, Ont., says: 'Through exposure I contracted that dread disease—catarrh. My case became chronic. I was recommended to try Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. In ten minutes after the first application I had relief, and in an almost incredibly short time all symptoms had disappeared. I feel I can not speak too strongly in recommending this remedy. It is a pleasant, safe and quick cure.'

NEGRO BOYS WHO CAN SWIM.

Their Antics Among the Sharks in the Harbor of Nassau.

'In no land that I have ever visited, and I have been pretty nearly around the world, are there more expert swimmers in proportion to the number of native inhabitants than at Nassau in the Bahamas,' said an Englishman who represents a Manchester manufacturing firm. 'I have visited the Sandwich Islands, where the natives are all swimmers, but I saw nothing there to compare with the exhibitions at Nassau. The harbor has a coral bottom, and the water is so clear that from a boat you may see plainly the fish moving around at a depth of twenty or thirty feet. The effect is weird when one sees it for the first time, and when your boatman tells you that you are looking through that depth of water you are likely to be skeptical. Sharks may be seen at almost any time of day, and sometimes a half a dozen or more are poking their ugly fins above the water. Apparently they don't interfere in the least with the sport of the colored boys.'

'The regular passenger steamers don't put in at the Custom House dock as a rule. They anchor out about a mile, and the transfer of passengers and baggage is made on a small tender. Ten minutes after I had landed, and while I was waiting for the Custom House officer to pass my trunks a small boy, very black, who wore only a pair of trousers, and apparently had been delegated by a score of other small boys to act as spokesman, sidled up to me and said in a soft negro dialect:

'Befoh yo' all go up-a-long won't yo' please throw a penny in for us?'

'Where shall I throw it? I said "and why?'

'Right in theah, sah,' said the boy, pointing to the water off the dock, 'an' we'll dive for it.'

'But there is a shark out there, I replied pointing to a wicked looking fin.

'Humph!' ejaculated the boy expressively. 'He can't catch colored folks.'

'The other boys were waiting for the outcome of our conversation, and thinking that I would take them by surprise I suddenly threw a small piece of silver fifty feet out from the dock. Hardly had the coin struck the water before there was a great splash, and the boys had gone under simultaneously. It was a regular thing for the Custom House officer, and he kept on with his work. All of the passengers however, crowded to the edge of the dock and gazed with interest at the spectacle beneath the surface of the water. The boys made for the coin like a school of fishes, and so clear was the water that, notwithstanding the fact that they were fifteen feet below the surface, even their expressions could be discerned. It was a neck-and-neck race for three of the lads, and the first one who grabbed the coin had to tussle with the other two before he could break away and bring it to the surface. The other heads bobbed up after his, and as each boy pulled himself up on the dock, he gave himself a shake like a dog and, behold! he was dry. For half an hour the boys were kept diving for small coins and their antics under the water were amusing. They were as much at home there as the fish, and they didn't seem to tire of the sport.'

'On the morning when I left Nassau two friends of mine decided to come on our tender with me to my ship. I had been so much interested in the swimming of the natives, particularly the small colored boys that one of these friends said that he would arrange a farewell exhibition for my benefit. When I reached the tender I was surprised to see that the dock was black with boys whose ages might have ranged from about four years to ten.'

'What on earth are you going to do with all these boys?' I asked.

'Wait until we get a hundred yards from shore and I'll show,' said my friend. They have been engaged by me at five cents a head for a little game of my own.'

'As the tender pulled out the boys began to grin in anticipation. They climbed up to the upper deck of the small boat and waited for the fun to begin.'

'Now,' said my friend, 'there are just three of us in this game, and the man who loses stands a round of brandy and soda when we get aboard. The object of the game is to throw as large a number of boys overboard as you can. The Captain here will keep count, and the man who throws the fewest loses. Just be sure you throw the boys so they will clear the rail. Now then, one, two, three, begin!'

'The sight that followed was ludicrous. The boys were willing missiles, but as you had to swing them back and forth once or twice to make sure of their clearing the lower deck, it became heavy work after the third or fourth boy. For about three minutes the air seemed to be filled with colored boys. They left the thrower's hands in all kinds of positions, but before they struck the water each boy had managed to wriggle himself around so that he went down either head first or feet first. Their agility was wonderful, and even the little kids four and five years old acted like trained gymnasts. Every one of them yelled from the time that he was picked up until his head sank beneath the water, and the combination of noises was appalling. My friends were experienced enough in the game to pick out the smaller boys first, and I lost. When they were all overboard a line of black heads

marked our course from the dock. Each urchin was putting in his best strokes to hurry back to shore that he might spend the five cents that he had earned. My friends told me that the colored boys seldom showed any fear of the sharks in the harbor, and that they had never heard that one of them had been drowned. They are surely expert swimmers, and the spectacle of that row of black heads bobbing up and down in the water always comes up in my mind when I hear Nassau mentioned.

REMARKABLE CURES.

Chronic Invalids Raised From Their Sick Beds After Giving up Hope.

London, Ont.—Henry R. Nicholls, 176 Rectory street, catarrh: recovered. Dr. Chase's catarrh cure. 25c.

Markdale—Geo. Crowe's child, itching eczema; cured. Chase's Ointment.

Truro, N. S.—H. H. Sutherland, traveler, piles—very bad case; cured; Chase's Ointment. 60c.

Lucan—Wm. Branton, gardener, pin worms; all gone. Chase's Pills.

L'Amable—Peter Van Allan, eczema for three years. Cured. Chase's Ointment.

Gower Point—Robano Bartard, dread-twitching piles, 30 years. Well again; Chase's Ointment. 60c.

Meysburg—Nelson Simmons, itching piles; cured. Chase's Ointment.

Malone—Geo. Richardson, kidney and liver sufferer; better. One box Chase's Pills. 25c.

Chesley—H. Will's son, crippled with rheumatism and suffering from diabetes, completely recovered. Chase's Pills.

Matchard Township—Peter Taylor, kidney trouble, 30 years; Chase's Pills. 25c.

Toronto—Miss Hattie Delaney, 174 Crawford Street, subject of perpetual colds. Cured by Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine. 25 cents.

Dr. Chase's remedies are sold by all dealers. Edmanson, Bates & Co., manufacturers, Toronto.

'DONALD,' THE DEER.

He was a Historic Deer and a Regimental Favorite.

'Donald,' the deer, was for several years the pet of the 'Auld Forty-Twa,' the historic regiment of Highlanders known as the Black Watch. He went with the regiment to Dublin, where one day, without any previous training, he took his place at the head of the troops, alongside of the sergeant-major, and marched with them wheresoever they went.

He did not care for manoeuvres and evolutions, and was often a mile away, feeding while the troops were drilling; but when the time came for going home he was always found at his post.

When the regiment had the duty of guarding the castle, Donald went with them, making his way through the dense

Held Up On The Street
By Cramps, Giddiness and Weakness
Resulting From Dyspepsia.

Paine's Celery Compound Delivers Mr. Rose From Every Trouble.

The story of Mr. William V. Rose of Montreal, is the experience of thousands of men and women who are living a miserable life owing to the agonies of dyspepsia.

Mr. Rose's experiences with suffering was a long one. From his youth indigestion and stomach troubles subjected him to daily tortures, and continued up to his sixty-fourth year, always increasing in intensity and danger.

After a lifetime of failures with medicines and doctors, a friend who had used Paine's Celery compound with great success induced Mr. Rose to give it a trial. The medicine was used, and now Mr. Rose joyfully boasts of health and a new lease of life.

Mr. Rose, with a view of benefiting all dyspeptic sufferers, writes as follows:

crowd of Dublin idlers as one who could take care of himself. Once a rough offender him. Donald instantly singled out the man and chased him through the crowd. Fortunately for himself, the rough escaped, for Donald had an unpleasant way of using his antlers, which, though cut, were still formidable.

Donald had several infirmities. The soldiers of another regiment, the Bays, annoyed him, and the deer declared war against all of them. So thoroughly did he back his declaration that no Bay trooper would cross the square without making sure that Donald was not around.

On the march from one town to another Donald would become footsore and get out of temper—then woe to the hostler in the stable-yard who interfered with him after a tiring day's march!

'Donald had another failing, a great liking for alcoholic liquors,' writes Archibald Forbes in his history of the Black Watch. 'His particular "wattles" were whiskey and sherry. At Limerick, as soon as the officer's dinner pipe sounded, he made his way to the mess room windows, which were on the ground floor, in search of strong drink, until at length a severe fine had to be enforced on any one giving it to him.'

When the regiment went to Corin it was arranged that Donald should have the run of a nobleman's park, as his temper made it inexpedient for the pet to accompany the troops to a land of strangers. He was tied, put into a cart and carried off, bleating pitifully and even shedding tears.

In the nobleman's park he sought out-of-the-way places and declined intercourse with man or beast. He attacked all who approached, and finally had to be shot. The separation from his beloved troopers made him a pessimist.

A Correction.

Herr Oil—Haf you heard dot dog of mine ate a tape measure undt died?

Herr Kut—'I suppose he died py inches, nicht var?'

Herr Oil—Aber nit; he vent outt in der alley und die py der yard.'—Columbia Spectator.

SILVERWARE
OF THE
HIGHEST GRADE.
THE QUESTION
'WILL IT WEAR?'
NEED NEVER BE ASKED
IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE
TRADE MARK
1847 ROGERS BROS.
AS THIS IN ITSELF
GUARANTEES THE QUALITY.
BESURE THE PREFIX
> 1847 <
IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE.
THESE GOODS HAVE
STOOD THE TEST
FOR
NEARLY
HALF A CENTURY.
SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

'For a long time I was a great sufferer from dyspepsia, and was often compelled to stop on the street until I could recover from cramps, pains and attacks of giddiness that were brought on by the terrible disease. I had little strength, could not sleep much, and was run down that I thought I would never get better.'

'I used many kinds of medicine, but they did me very little good. At last I was recommended to use Paine's Celery Compound. I tried a bottle and it did me more good than anything I had taken before. I have used four bottles and have completely banished the distressing pains in my stomach, and I feel well.'

'After having had dyspepsia for almost a lifetime, I think the cure is a wonderful one.'