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MECHANIC:

FROM THE BOTTOM TO THE TOP OF THE LADDER.

A Story of How a Man Can Rise in America

CHAPTER X.

IS HE A GENTLEMAN ?

disregarding the outer husk of manner and speech, thrown round me by my deficiencies of early education. In my ignorance of the inexorable laws of society in those days, I was foolish enough to hope that I might visit at that he forgot all about his society manyour home on terms of equality, and I ners, and prattled away as innocently as might have gone on to this day trying a child. your patience and courtesy, in my stu-pidly selfish way, had it not been for the frank and fatherly words of our common triend, Mr. Baldwin. Thanks to his quietly: assistance, and to your dear mother's courage in telling me the truth, I am no longer the ignorant boor that you remember two years since, but, I hope, a man able to mingle in the society of educated people, without blushing for his own too obvious deficiencies, or causing his friends to blush for him.

The boundard is a charming little house of yours.'

Thank you. I am not nearly so delicate as I was, Mr. Armstrong. I fancy that work is good for us all in moderation; and I have to look after things at home now Ella is away at school. But his own too obvious deficiencies, or caus-ing his friends to blush for him.

To-day I have compassed a darling ob-

turns from Florida, restored to health through the comforts my earnings have procured for his shattered frame. May I hope that the day may be made doubly happy to me by signalizing the beginning of a permament friendship between the composition of the composit ning of a permament friendship between 'To graduate!' she replied, vaguely.

'I shall do myself the honor of calling at your house this even in the college, madam as civil.

Your obedient servant, 'John Armstrong, Mechanic.

As the old lady put down the letter, which she had read a second time, there was a suspicious twinkle in her eyes, and she said, emphatically:

"He has the feelings of a gentleman, at any rate. Well, we shall see"—

At that very moment the door-bell rang, and Ella started up, all in a tremor,

and cried out:
"Oh, there he is, and I've been cryg! I'm not fit to be seen. I'She dashed out of the room in a flurry

of hasie, and rushed up stairs, as the little maid of all-work came to the door, to whom she whispered:

'Don't let them in till I'm safe out of

sight, Kitty—for your life, don't.'
Then she disappeared in the darkness of the landing, where she crouched down and peeped through the banisters, as the door opened, letting in a flood of gaslight from the street lamp at the corner, and disclosing the hours of two gentlemen, one of them the most venerable and patriarchal figure she had ever seen, with a silvery beard falling to his waist. She heard the other—a tall, handsome

man, ask politely : 'Is Mrs. Morton at home? Mr. Armstrong wishes to see her.'
Then she hid her face in her hands, though no one could see her, and trem-

bled all over, as she heard them ushered into the little parlour, where she had left her mother to face the enemy alone.
As for Mrs. Morton, the old lady was perfectly cool, and received the expected guests with a dignity that was tempered with some surprise, as she said:
'Mr. Armstrong! Well, I must ad-

'Mr. Armstrong! Well, I must admit, I should hardly have known you. I am very glad to see you. And this is your father, of whom we have heard so much! Mr. Armstrong, you have reason to be very proud of your son, sir.

'Thank ye, thank ye, madam,' returned the venerable-looking veteran; 'John

was allers a good boy, and they make good men, if the Lord don't take 'em away arly. You'll excuse me, madam, for askin', but aren't you the lady of Cunnel Morton, of the Hundred Ninety-eight, New York? The old lady started and looked at

'Yes. Did you serve with my poor

'I carried the colors at Gettysburg, madam, and the same bullet what laid me out for the rest of the war, flattened on the cunnel's belt-plate, answered the old man, with a touch of pride. 'The cunnel, he allers allowed I stopped it from killing him. Waal, I'm right glad to see you, madam I told John it must

And the warmth of old associations once awakened, thawed out the old lady's reserve so that she forgot all about it, and it was not till Ella entered the room, ten minutes later, that she, all of a sudden, realized that John the younger had not spoken a word yet, thought he

had not spoken a word yet, thought he had bowed with stiff formality on her first reception of the pair.

But Ella's entrance produced an immediate change, and woke up the ald lady's watchfulness to intense keenness.

Her brown eyes flashed likes diamonds first on Ella, then on John.

John drew himself up a little 'We are in the same class me The words were uttered dry old lady actually coloured und but recovered herself to say:

'And he is to make the specinght. Well, now, I feel inthat. Ella, my love, did you Mr. Stryker is to be the valed.

CHAPTER XI.

FENCING WITH WORDSP

Ella came quietly into the room, with the most indifferent of smiles on her face, and the mother's heart beat high as she

she forgot all about the old man beside her, in her eagerness to watch how the younger man would see She rout to put the young man out of countenance and exasperate him, with no effect. younger man would act. She swept his The girl turned her head slightly to figure from top to toe, watching for an awkward movement. Her whole being

seemed to be absorbed in criticism of the most jealously searching kind.

And Jonn? How did he stand the test?

He rose up, the moment the door opened, revealing all the grand lines of his figures, his noble, leonine face in profile for the company of my father and my to the old-lady, very pale indeed, with jaw set, as if choking down something.

He waited till the girl's figure was fairly in sight before he moved, and then it in him, mother. Perhaps Mr. Armother is trong would take us, if he has nothing 'tain t nothen!

'It mounts up, father, when you have to pay eight hundred men on Saturday on the office steps, the manager waving his arms wildly to the police, and seeming very angry himself.

He spoke very distinctly, looking the old lady in the eye all the time, and she could not help saving:

'Why, John, so it do! Waal, I never thoughter that, hope your men won t go on strike, too.'

'Why, John, so it do! Waal, I never thoughter that, hope your men won t go on strike, too.'

'Yery well. If we will be trouble! I've been the mother. Perhaps Mr. Armother!

'It mounts up, father, when you have to pay eight hundred men on Saturday on the office steps, the manager waving his arms wildly to the police, and seeming very angry himself.

He quickly proceeded on his way, however, and as the first man came up, gather that the tile in hothen!

'I mounts up, father, when you have to pay eight hundred men on Saturday on the office steps, the manager waving his arms wildly to the police, and seeming very angry himself.

He waited till the girl's figure was fairly in the eye all the time, and she could not help saving:

'Why, John, so it do! Waal, I never thoughter that, hope your men won t go on strike, too.'

'They will, father. Strikes are sure you all. What's the trouble! I've been

hardly have known you had we met else- not a speaker?'

And she fluttered round her mother like a bird, making her comfortacle in a dozen different ways, till the old lady, satisfing in state, read out by lamplight the following letter:

MY DEAR MISS MORTON, — After a silence of nearly two years—a silence on early two years—a silence of nearly two years—a sile where. This is my dear father.'
And the old soldier had risen, his

> And then John the younger took his seat on the other side of Mrs. Morton, without looking further at Eila, and said

'I hope from your appearance, that your health has improved madam. This

you look as well as ever.

John smiled.

ning of a pernament friendship between us? I shall do myself the honor of calling at your house this evening with my dear father to ask an answer in person.

'I don't understand. At what I don't understand and it was a solid the college, madam, as civil and mechanical engineer. You see I had some practical knowledge when I began my son. the degree a needless distinction; but I have my reason for desiring it, If yourself and doughter have nothing better to do, I hope you will attend our com-mencement at the Academy of music next week. There will be speeches and music, and we hope to make it a plea-sant affair. These tickets admit ladies

and gentlemen.'

"I could fancy that any gentleman whom you might select, madam, would feel honored by the preference,' said John, very quietly. 'If I dared to hope that you would accept the escort of my father and myself on that occasion, I now. I have tried it, and have always 'Go out into the middle or the street.'

To me it would be a very hard one, now. I have tried it, and have always 'Go out into the middle or the street.'

'So, so. My gentleman's proud. He wants me to ask him outright.'

Aloud she responded:
'I should hardly like to inflict so much trouble on you both. Perhaps I can find an escort—Ah, by-the-bye, do you know young Mr Stryker, head of the Excelsior Iron Works?'

It was a spiteful question, for the old lady knew John's history well; but if she expected to produce a start she was

disappointed, for he answered quietly: 'Yes, madam. He, too. cempletes his course, and will be the valedictorian of the evening. He is a fluent and vigorous speaker, and it is very rare to find a man of his wealth who is such a hard

Mrs. Morton looked surprised. 'Indeed! I thought he had graduated

ng ago ? 'He did, in some branches. But it was one of the conditions of his uncle's will that he should take all the degrees before entering into full control of the business, which is, at present, in the hands of trustees.

The old lady nodded and observed; 'So that is what has kept him so straight. I thought that he was once a dissipated young man. Do you know?'
She said this carelessly; but, like all
her sex, with a great deal of hidden

meaning.

John drew himself up a little. 'We are in the same class madam The words were uttered dryly, and the old lady actually coloured under them;

'And he is to make the speech of the ght. Well, now, I feel interested in that. Ella, my love, did you know that Mr. Stryker is to be the valedictorian at the Academy in the Scientific School commencement? Mr. Armstrong has given me tickets, and if we can find an escort, I think I should like to go to hear

Mr. Stryker.' thought:
She won't betray herself to him, whatever she may to me. She's my daughof her mother. Mrs. Morton seemed to can beat in the contest. What do they Then her glance flashed over John and be trying all she could to put the young ask, father?'

'No madam.'
'What a pity! I think every man who

thought of the first occasion on which Ella Morton had seen that man; of the insult he had passed on her. And now, to find this very man's face in her album, and to hear her mother singing his praises, stung John to the heart. In his increased knowledge he had not failed to iot. gain increased sensitiveness; and he

turned over the leaf and came to the next picture—that of Ella herself. He was roused from a somewhat bitter everie by the girl's voice next to him: 'Do you think it a good likeness?'

John turned back to the first page, with affected unconsciousness, asking :

could not refrain from a frown as he

'Do you mean this?' She flushed slightly.
'Oh, no. That is mother's book, you know. I don't see what made her put that in front, except that it is a very John looked at it steadily.

'Yes, of a very handsome in n She smiled slightly. 'Handsome is that handsome does.
t's a homely old proverb; but I like the old-fashioned ways best, after all. But how is it that you have made friends with that man ? She spoke in a low tone, so that her

mother could not hear her.

she turned away her head.

'Indeed! Then he has passed you in the race there; for I understand that the sace was in trong, which was performed away her head.

'Indeed! Then he has passed you in the middle of the roadway, was occupied by a dense crowd of men, from which the talking'. upon for escort purposes, that—
She hesitated and looked at him in a searching way. The keen old lady had indulged in a very broad hint to try the young man, and she noticed that his face

'Indeed! Then he has passed you in the mildle of the roadway, was occupied by a dense crowd of men, from which the delivery of a valed ctory is a prize to a collegian. I wish you were going to young man, and she noticed that his face speak instead. I should like to hear if

father and myself on that occasion, I should feel that my visit this evening had resulted very happily; but it is a liberty I could hardly take on so short an acquaintance to make the request.'

The old lady stared, and thought to boxelf.

'I hope not. We shall be here on

CHAPTER XII.

THE STRIKE

When that Friday evening came, how ever, it was fated that the party should not meet as agreed. Events had happened which put pleasuring out of every one's head.

The next morning after his visit to the Morton's, when John went away from his boarding house, he took his father with him. He was not bound for the works that day, but on a trip to Pittsburg on business connected with the Vulcan Company.

The elder Armstrong was very much

pleased with the trip, and wandered over the smoky city, exploring every nook and corner, while his son transacted his business at the foundries. When the time hung heavy on his hands, towards the close of day, he took the afternoon papers, and John found him at the hotel in the evening, staring in a puzzled way at one of them headed "Fourth Edition, Extra," which seemed to surprise and

extra," which seemed to surprise and perplex him greatly.
"What have you got there, father!' he asked him pleasantly.
Old Armstrong looked up gravely.
"Did you know the men was a-goin' on a strike, John, all through the trade?"
"Yes father, I expected it. Where

"Yes, father. I expected it. Where has it had its beginning?

The old man pointed to his paper.
"In a place called the Excelsior Iron Works. Some young man called Stry-ker is boss in the concern, it says, and

Mr. Stryker.'

Ella had been talking to John's father all this while, but with one ear open to the other side, and she had been secretly exulting in the way in which Armstrong was holding his own under the keen wits If the men was temperate and form the police to help him.'

John nodded gravely.

"I expected it would begin there. The two trustees are close men, and they've been cutting down wages for some time.

"Twenty-five cents a day more for the The girl turned her head slightly to say:

"Is he to speak? I didn't think he had the boss, I'd give it to 'em and be done."

seemed to be absorbed in criticism of the it in him, mother. Perhaps Mr. Afm. with it. Twenty-five cents a day. Why, time in months. He saw that the men

figures, his noble, leonine face in profile to the old-lady, very pale indeed, with jaw set, as if choking down something. He waited till the girl's figure was fairly in sight before he moved, and then bowed profoundly before her, without offering to shake hands, and said quietly:—

'Very well. If you will be troubled with us, we shall be pleased to go. I am anxious to near this young man speak. I suppose that is not in your Good evening, Miss Morton. I should hardly have known you had we met else-States struck to-morrow on a common plan, they would be masters of the whole country. But I wonder—

Handy was a working man himself once, but he's very hard and bitter with them.

'But what about, John ?' 'Hard to say. It's easy to raise a pre-text if both parties are waiting for a fight, and Handy has a hot temper. We must take the express back to New York, father. We've just an hour to get

dinner and go.'
So that, in the dawn of next morning, John Armstrong found himself back in New York, took his father home, and then insisted on leaving him behind and going to the works alone.
'For you would only be in the way at

a time like this, father. The men don't like to see strangers about.' The old soldier acquiesced, saying:
'All right, John. Dooty's dooty, my boy. I'll mount duty over the commis-sary waggons while you're at the front. Some one's got to do it, and I ain't fit fur active sarvice no more. Take keer

f yerself.'
Then John strode away on a cold March morning, took a cross-town car, and landed within a block of the Excelsior Works, at which he proposed to take a look before going to the Vulcan shop.

As soon as he turned the corner to wards the Excelsior, he saw that matters who know me speak for you. We know Quietly he answered:

We are not friends, Miss Morton;
but in business one cannot afford to in-'I should be very much interested, Mr. Stryker is the head of a rival house, and I am obliged to meet him in business quietly, and have so few gentlemen friends that I should like to trespass upon for escort purposes, that—

She heaitated and I the lead of a rival house, and I am obliged to meet him in business. In the class we are—rivals.'

She turned away her head.

'Indeed! Then he has a rival house, and the sidewalk in front, which was potrolled by some thirty or forty policemen; but the opposite side of the sidewalk in front, which was potrolled by some thirty or forty policemen; but the opposite side of the sidewalk in front, which was potrolled by some thirty or forty policemen; but the opposite side of the sidewalk in front, which was potrolled by some thirty or forty policemen; but the opposite side of the sidewalk in front, which was potrolled by some thirty or forty policemen; but the opposite side of the sidewalk in front, which was potrolled by some thirty or forty policemen; but the opposite side of the sidewalk in front, which was potrolled by some thirty or forty policemen; but the opposite side of the sidewalk in front, which was potrolled by some thirty or forty policemen; but the opposite side of the sidewalk in front, which was potrolled by some thirty or forty policemen; but the opposite side of the sidewalk in front, which was potrolled by some thirty or forty policemen; but the opposite side of the sidewalk in front, which was potrolled by some thirty or forty policemen; but the opposite side of the sidewalk in front, which was potrolled by some thirty or forty policemen; but the opposite side of the sidewalk in front, which was potrolled by some thirty or forty policemen.

the delivery of a valedictory is a prize to went up a low buzz of voices. Those

No one ain't allowed here.

A laugh came from the other side of fight more than the advance. Out of

the street and a voice cried out : 'Club him well. He's a Socialist.'

But as John merely obeyed the order of the policemen without another word, the laugh became general and ended in a hoot of derision, amid which the young was beautiful and the saw Handy on the steps with a Winchest was the steps with a Winchest was within the steps. 'Club him well. He's a Socialist.'

that of Birch, once foreman of the Vulcan Company riveters, whose place he had taken. The man had since, as he heard, been taken on at the Excelsion who interferes with him, sergeant. By Works, and had become the head of some labor club, of which only vague reports were received.

The moment he made his appearance, Handy cried out, excitably:

"There he is. Shoot down any man who interferes with him, sergeant. By heavens, I'll not be bullied!"

Armstrong laughed aloud as he reports were received.

Dorts were received.

He made no reply, but was going on to his own shop, when a terrible yell burst from the crowd of men behind him, followed by a hubbub that told of some new object of interest, and as he wheeled round he saw them make a general move down the street, while the policemen gathered into a knot and began to flourish their clubs, as if in fear gan to flourish their clubs, as if in fear that so, boys?

fainter and fainter behind him. Ten minutes after he was in front of

the Vulcan Company's building, where another crowd was gathered, and where

his lips, till the crowd impeded his further advance, when he asked again:
'Well, what's the matter, men? Why

are you not at work to day? Has the company stopped the machines? 'No, but we've stopped work,' cried a voice in the crowd, 'and we ain't goin' on again without the rise. Do you hear that? We ain't afraid of you nor old Gimlet Eyes, nor the cops nuther. You ain't no better nor the rest of us, if you

do put on airs.'
John heard a buzz in the crowd, as if the speaker's words were approved, and he answered, smilingly:

'Who said 1 was any better than you? I never pretended it myself.'
No, nor you hadn't better,' answered the voice, which John knew to belong to a hand who had not been in the shop

more than a month.

The young man looked over the faces To say that John Armstrong's heart did not give an unusual throb when he saw this picture, would be untrue. His thoughts glanced over the past; he thought of the first occasion on which and shown you the city, father, but Mr.

The young man looked over the faces of the crowd, and spied Steve Barker and Mike Hennessy, not far off, both looking as if puzzled what to do. By a sort of intuition he knew that they were and shown you the city, father, but Mr. on his side, though they had joined the strike. Steve, in the course of the last two years had learned to read and write, by John's solicitation, and had become If he sends for the police there will be a foreman of the riveters, while Mike Hen-

> John called out to Hennessy:
> 'Mike, what's all this trouble about Why do the men want to stop me from going into the works?
>
> Mike hesitated, and the men looked at

him as if expecting an answer. At last he said, slowly:

'They want to know whose side you're on. We want the advance. Are you

going to help us, or goin' to try and get scabs? That's why they stop you.' Armstrong heard an approving hum, and asked in return : 'Who has said anything about scabs? You are all skilled workmen. Do you think we could find eight hundred men to take your places at a moment's notice Who has told you we could?

'Gimlet says it," roared the new hand.
'Old Handy; cuss him! He says it. He's got the police out against us.'

John wheeled and came up to him in the middle of the crowd, which parted on either side. Then he laid his hand

So the agitator shrunk sulkily back, and John continued: had paled suddenly, and that his hand trembled slightly, as he absently figured a book on the table beside him. But he said not a word in answer to the hint, and she bridled up concluding coldly:

'I fear we shall have to miss it, unless we can find an escort who will be willing to take care of an old woman like me.'

'I could fancy that any gentleman whom you might select may and solutions. I should like to hear if you could speak well. My mother sets a high value on the art of oratory, you and looking about him. The gate of the works was closed, and a little knot of policemen was in front, the men swing. She hesitated, and then lifted her brown eyes to his frankly.

'Yes, what my mother likes I like. You have done so much that I believe you could do anything. Why not learn whom you might select may approached a high value on the art of oratory, you and looking about him. The gate of the Well, there's no need to fight over it. It's a matter of business. You've a perfect right to close the works if they don't policemen was in front, the men swing ing their clubs by the string, and eyeing the crowd on the other side of the street as if longing for an opportunity to use their weapong.

'Yes, what my mother likes I like. You have done so much that I believe you could do anything. Why not learn whom you might select my and looking about him. The gate of the works if they don't policemen was in front, the men swing into the other side of the street at the open sidewalk, taking his time and looking about him. The gate of the works if they don't policemen was in front, the men swing into the works. I want to find out what's the matter—to hear both sides of the street.

'You want the advance, 'You've a perfect right to close the works if they don't policemen was in front, the men swing into the treet works if they don't policemen was in front, the men swing in their clubs by the string, and eyeing into the volk in the open sidewalk, taking his time and looking about him. It's a matter of business. You've a perfect righ

the rear cried out :

John wheeled round. John wheeled round.

'Did any of you ever know me to break my word! I came on here to settle this trouble, and I can't settle it without for coughs, colds, etc.' Call at Wilson's when every one is listening for your werey word, and trying to pick flaws.

But since you wish it I will do it. And now it grows late. We must take our leave.'

'But not for another two years, I hope,' whispered the girl, as he rose. And John smiled as he answered:

'I hope your pardon. I thought this was the proper place to walk.'

'None of your lip. Move on,' was the work must close, unless you come down the only answer of the knight of the club; and every man of the squad instantly clutched his weapon and turned on the young man with a scowl.

'I hope your was take our the only answer of the knight of the club; and every man of the squad instantly clutched his weapon and turned on the young man with a scowl.

'A laugh game from the other side of light were then the pass. You've fight were then the advance of the last time, let me pass. You've fight were then the advance of the stop me, unless you want a fight to stop me, unless you want a fight were then the advance of the last time, let me pass. You've fight were the proper place to walk.'

the way, you.' man heard the same voice call out:

'Armstrong, the fighter! Cowed, by heavens! Ashamed of his old pals!'

John knew the voice well. It was by the office door.

PLANING MILL

'Ay, ay

of an attack.

Looking for the cause of it he saw, down the street, another party of police coming, with the tall figure of Jim Stryker in the middle of the group, at whom the crowd were yelling all sorts of abuse.

Then came a rush of the guardian police down the sidewalk, scattering the crowd, and a hurried run of the whole party to the gates of the shop, when the stones began to fire into the works, from which they began to fire into the crowd with revolvers,

I knew it would end that way, said John to himself. 'Hope Handy won't take the same course. Time I was off, And without more ado he hurried away to the Vulcan Company's shop, hearing the shouts of the rioters growing fainter and fainter behind him.

Ten minutes after he was, in front of the saw, down the street, another party of police ("Ay, ay!" A roar of assent came from the crowd, to which Armstrong replied:

'I knew it was. You don't want to lie idle a week, when you can earn good wages. Now I tell you what well do with you all, and Mr. Handy will back me up in what I say. You go away home, all of you, and send a deputation of your foreman and the oldest man in each gang to tell us what you want. That's business. We'll give you an answer. Will that do?'

'Ay, ay!'

'Ay ay!'

I knew it was. You don't want to lie idle a week, when you can earn good wages. Now I tell you what we'll do with you all, and Mr. Handy will back me up in what I say. You go away home, all of you, and send a deputation of your foreman and the oldest man in each gang to tell us what you want. That's business. We'll give you an answer. Will that do?'

'Ay, ay!' cried the men, eagerly; and in five minutes more the crowd had dispersed, and Handy was whispering to John:

'You fooled them nicely. I'll have a thousand Italians on to-morrow.

(To BE CONTINUED.)

He Speaks from Experience.

R. N. Wheeler, of Everton, some six the police were also grouped in force.

As he came up, the strikers began to form of inflammation of the lungs, leavmeet him with a confusion of cries, of which many were decidedly menacing.

John's heart beat quickly fer the first local mannation of the lungs, leaving him with a severe cough. He speaks highly of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, which cured him, the complaint not have line troubled him since. Swfnl Depravity at Montreal

Montreal, Nov. 20. -Two abanded was nen, named Elizabeth Allan, aged 40, men, named Elizabeth Alian, aged 40, and Margaret McCann, aged 39, were brought before the Recorder on a charge of being keepers of a house of bad repute, and Sidney Gorehouse, 8 years old; Adelaide Gorehouse, 7; Neilson Gorehouse, 6; and Catharine Russell, 13, were also brought forward as being inmates. The story told by the children of the manner in which they had been treated by these two women was simply treated by these two women was simply terrible, and the poor things, being without friends, were sent to the Industrial school for five years each, and the other prisoners jailed for six months, with a \$10 fine or six months more.

Mrs. Wm. Allen, of Acton, speaks highly of Hagyard's Yellow Oil as a household remedy for colds, sore throat, stiff neck, croup, etc., as well as for burns, scalds and other injuries of common occurrence in every family. currence in every family.

It has been estimated that 55 lives and 60 vessels were lost by the series of gales on the lakes from November 11 to November 17, the vessels lost aggregating in value \$400,000.

No medicine is half so good for a great variety of family complaints as Ayer's Pills. They are easy to take, effective to cure, and are cheap and handy. Given up by Dactors.

'Is it possible that Mr. Godfrey is up and at work, and cured by so simple 'I assure you it is true that he is en tirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bittess; and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must

'Well-a-day! That's remarkable! I will go this day and get some for my poor George—I know hops are good.'.

A Blessing to all Mankind.

In these times when our newspapers are flooded with patent medicine advertisements, it is gratifying to know what to procure that will certainly cure you If you are bilious, blond out of order, liver inactive, or ceneral debilitated, there is nothing in the world that will cure you so quickly as Electric Bitters. They are a blessing to all mankind, and can be had for only fifty cents a battle

How to GET SICK. - Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise, work tee hard without rest, doctor all the time, take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want How to GET WELL .- Which is an-

swered in three words-Take Hop Bit-Another Victory.

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