PITCHERY-BIDGERY.

The Turning of the Long, Long Lane.

BY MONSIEUR DEMOULIN.

CHAPTER LVIII.

THE MALAY'S VENGEANCE.

Some hours afterward Despard called Brandon outside the cottage, and walked along the bank which overlooked the beach. Arriving at a point several hundred yards distant from the cottage he stopped. Brandon noticed a deeper gloom upon his face and a sterner purpose on his resolute mouth.

'I have called you aside,' said Despard, 'to say that I am going on a journey. I may be back immediately. If I do not return, will you say to anyone who may ask'—and here he paused for a moment—'say to any one who may ask, that I have gone away on important business, and that the time of my coming is uncertain.'

'I suppose you can be heard of at Holby, in case of need.'

'I am never going back again to Holby.'

Brandon looked surprised.

'To one like you,' said Despard, 'I do not object to tell my purpose. You know what it is to seek for vengeance. The only feeling I have is that. Love, tenderness, affection, all are mere idle words with me.'

'There are three who preeminently were concerned in my father's death,' continued Despard. 'One was Cigole. The Carbonari have got him. Langhetti tells me that he must die, unless he himself interposes to save him. And I think Langhetti will never so interpose. Langhetti is dying—another stimulus to vengeance.

'The one who has been the cause of this is Clark, another one of my father's murderers. He is in the hands of the law. His punishment is certain.

'There yet remains the third, and the worst. Your vengeance is satisfied on him. Mine is not. Not even the sight of that miscreant in the attitude of a bereaved father could for one moment move me to pity. I took note of the agony of his face. I watched his grief with joy. I am going to complete that joy. He must die, and no mortal can save him from my hands.'

The deep, stern tones of Despard were like the knell of doom, and there was in them such a determinate vindictiveness that Brandon saw all remonstrance to be useless.

He marked the pale sad face of this man. He saw in it traces of sorrow of longer standing than any which he might have felt about the manuscript that he had read. It was the face of a man who had suffered so much that life had become a burden.

'You are a clergyman,' said Brandon at length, with a faint hope that an appeal to his profession might have some effect.

Despard smiled cynically.

'I am a man,' said he.

'Can not the discovery of a sister,' asked Brandon, 'atone in some degree for your grief about your father?'

Despard shook his head wearily.

'No,' said he, 'I must do something, and only one purpose is before me now. I see your motive. Your wish to stop short of taking that devil's life. It is useless to remonstrate. My mind is made up. Perhaps I may come back unsuccessful. If so—I must be resigned, I suppose. At any rate you know my purpose, and can let those who ask after me know, in a general way, what I have said.'

With a slight bow Despard walked away, leaving Brandon standing there filled with thoughts, which were half mournful, half remorseful.

On leaving Brandon Despard went at once to the inn. The crowd without had dwindled away to half a dozen people, who were still talking about the one event of the day. Making his way through these he entered the inn.

The landlord stood there with a puzzled face, discussing with several friends the case of the day. More particularly he was troubled by the sudden departure of the old man, who about an hour previously had started off in a great hurry, leaving no directions whatever as to what was to be done with the body up stairs. It was this which now perplexed the landlord.

Despard listened attentively to the conversation. The landlord mentioned that Potts had taken the road to Brandon. The servant who had been with the young man had not been seen. If the old man should not return what was to be done?

This was enough for Despard, who had his horse saddled without delay and started also on the Brandon road. He rode on swiftly for some time, hoping to overtake the man whom he pursued. He rode, however, for some time without coming in sight of him or of anyone like him. At last he reached that hollow which had been the scene of his encounter with Clark. As he descended into it he saw a group of men by the roadside surrounding some object. In the middle of the road was a farmer's wagon, and a horse was standing in the distance.

Despard rode up and saw the prostrate figure of a man. He dismounted. The farmers stood aside and disclosed the face.

It was Potts.

Despard stooped down. It was already dusk; but even in the dim light he saw the coils of a thin cord wound tightly about the neck of this victim, from one end of which a leaden bullet hung down.

By that light also he saw the hilt of a weapon which had been plunged into his heart, from which the blood had flowed in torrents.

It was a Malay creese. Upon the handle was carved a name:

JOHN POTTS.

CHAPTER LIX.

The excitement which had prevailed through the village of Denton was intensified by the arrival of the body of the old man. For his mysterious death no one could account but one person.

That one was Brandon, whom Despard surprised by his speedy return and to whom he narrated the circumstances of the discovery. Brandon knew who it was that could wield that cord, what arm it was that had held that weapon, and what heart it was that was animated by sufficient vengeance to strike these blows.

Despard finding his purpose thus unexpectedly taken away, remained in the village and waited. There was one whom he wished to see again. On the following day Frank Brandon arrived from London. He met Langhetti with deep emotion, and, learned from his brother the astonishing story of Edith.

On the following day that long lost sister herself appeared in company with Mrs. Thornton. Her form, always fragile, now appeared frailer than ever, her face had a deeper pallor, her eyes an intenser lustre, her expression was more unearthly. The joy which the brothers felt at finding their sister was subdued by an involuntary awe which was inspired by her presence. She seemed to them as she seemed to others, like one who had risen from the dead.

At the sight of her Langhetti's face grew radiant—all pain seemed to leave him. She bent over him, and their wan lips met in the only kiss which they had ever exchanged, with all that deep love which they had felt for one another. She sat by his bedside. She seemed to appropriate him to herself. The others acknowledged this quiet claim and gave way to it.

As she kissed Langhetti's lips he murmured faintly:

'I knew you would come.'

'Yes,' said Edith. 'We will go together.'

'Yes, sweetest and dearest,' said Langhetti. 'And therefore we meet now never to part again.'

She looked at him fondly.

'The time of our deliverance is near, oh my friend.'

'Near,' repeated Langhetti, with a smile of ecstacy—'near. Yes, you have already by your presence brought me nearer to my immortality.'

Mrs. Thornton was pale and wan; and the shock which she felt at the sight of her brother at first overcame her.

Despard said nothing to her through the day, but as evening came on he went up to her and in a low voice said, 'Let us take a walk.'

Mrs. Thornton looked at him earnestly, and then put on her bonnet. It was quite dark as they left the house. They walked along the road. The sea was on their left.

'This is the last that we shall see of one another, Little Playmate,' said Despard, after a long silence. 'I have left Holby forever.'

'Left Holby! Where are you going?' asked Mrs. Thornton, anxiously.

'To join the army.'

'The army!'

'Little Playmate,' said Despard, 'even the discovery of my father's death has not changed me. Even my thirst for vengeance could not take the place of my love. Listen—I flung myself with all the ardor I could command into the pursuit of my father's murderers. I forced myself to an unnatural pitch of pitilessness and vindictiveness. I set out to pursue one of the worst of these men with the full determination to kill him. God saved me from blood guiltiness. I found the man dead in the road. After this all my passion for vengeance died out, and I was brought face to face with the old love and the old despair. But each of us would die rather than do wrong, or go in a wrong course. The only thing left for us is to separate forever.'

'Yes, forever,' murmured Mrs. Thornton.

'Ah, Little Playmate,' he continued, taking her hand, 'You are the one who was not only my sweet companion but the bright ideal of my youth. You always stood transfigured in my eyes. You, Teresa, were in my mind something perfect—a bright, brilliant being unlike any other. Whether you were really what I believed you mattered not so far as the effect on me was concerned. You were at once a real and an ideal being. I believed in you, and believe in you yet.'

'I was not a lover; I was a devotee. My feelings towards you were such as Dante describes his feelings towards his Beatrice. My love is tender and reverential. I exalt you to a plane above my own. What I say may sound extravagant to you, but it is actual fact with me. Why it should be so I cannot tell. I can only say—I am so made.

'We part, and I leave you; but I shall be like Dante, I suppose, and as the years pass, instead of weakening my love they will only refine and purify it. You will be to me a guardian angel, a patron saint—your name shall always mingle with my prayers. Is it impious to name your name in prayer? I turn away from you because I would rather suffer than do wrong. May I not pray for my darling?'

'I don't know what to do,' said Mrs. Thornton, wearily. 'Your power over me is fearful. Lama, I would do anything for your sake. You talk about your memories; it is not for me to speak about mine. Whether you idealize me or not, after all, you must know what I really am.'

'Would you be glad never to see me again?'

The hand which Despard held trembled.

'If you would be happier,' said she.

'Would you be glad if I could conquer this love of mine, and meet you again as coolly as a common friend?

'I want you to be happy, Lama,' she replied. 'I would suffer myself to make you happy.'

She was weeping. Despard folded her in his arms.

'This once,' said he, 'the only time, Little Playmate, in this life.'

She wept upon his breast.

Despard murmured in a low voice the opening words of the song of the dead, so well known, so often sung, so fondly remembered—the song which bids farewell to the dead when the friends bestow the "last kiss."

He bent down his head. Her head fell. His lips touched her forehead.

She felt the beating of his heart; she felt his frame tremble from head to foot; she heard his deep-drawn breathing, every breath a sigh.

'It is our last farewell,' said he, in a voice of agony.

Then he tore himself away, and, a few minutes later, was riding from the village.

CHAPTER LX.

CONCLUSION.

A month passed. Despard gave no sign. A short note which he wrote to Brandon announced his arrival at London, and informed him that important affairs required his departure abroad.

The cottage was but a small place, and Brandon determined to have Langhetti conveyed to the Hall. An ambulance was obtained from Exeter, and on this Langhetti and Edith were taken away.

On arriving at Brandon Hall Beatrice found her diary in its place of concealment, the memory of old sorrows which could never be forgotten. But these old sorrows were passing away now, in the presence of her new joy.

And yet that joy was darkened by the cloud of a new sorrow. Langhetti was dying. His frail form became more and more attenuated every day, his eyes more lustrous, his face more spiritual. Down every step of the way which led to the grave Edith went with him, seeming in her own face and form to promise a speedier advent in that spirit world where she longed to arrive. Beside these Beatrice watched, and Mrs. Thornton added her tender care.

Day by day Langhetti grew worse. At last one day he called for his violin. He had caused it be sent for on a previous occasion, but had never used it. His love for music was satisfied by the songs of Beatrice. Now he wished to exert his own skill with the last remnants of his strength.

Langhetti was propped up by pillows, so that he might hold the instrument. Near him Edith reclined on a sofa. Her large, lustrous eyes were fixed on him. Her breathing, which came rapidly, showed her weakness and prostration.

Langhetti drew his bow across the strings.

It was a strange, sweet sound, weak, but sweet beyond all words—long, faint, lingering tone, which rose and died and rose again, bearing away the souls of those who heard it into a realm of enchantment and delight.

The tone gave strength to Langhetti. It was as though some unseen power had been invoked and had come to his aid. The tones came forth more strongly, on firmer pinion, flying from the strings and towering through the air.

The strength of these tones seemed to emanate from some unseen power; so also did their meaning. It was a meaning beyond what might be intelligible to those who listened—a meaning beyond mortal thought.

Yet Langhetti understood it, and so did Edith. Her eyes grew brighter, a fire started in her wan cheeks, her breathing grew more rapid.

The music went on. More subtle, more penetrating, more thrilling in its mysterious meaning, it rose and swelled through the air, like the song of some unseen ones, who were waiting for new comers to the Invisible land.

Suddenly Beatrice gave a piercing cry. She rushed to Edith's sofa. Edith lay back, her marble face motionless, her white lips apart, her eyes looking upward. But the lips breathed no more, and in her eyes there no longer beamed the light of life.

At the cry of Beatrice the violin fell from Langhetti's hand, and he sank back. His face was turned toward Edith. He saw her and knew it all.

He said not a word, but lay with his face toward her. They wished to carry her away but he gently reproved them.

'Wait,' he murmured, 'in a short time you will carry away another. Wait.'

They waited.

An hour before midnight all was over. They had passed—those pure spirits, from a world which was uncongenial to a fairer world and a purer clime.

They were buried side by side in the Brandon vaults. Frank then returned to London. Mrs. Thornton went back to Holby. The new rector was surprised at the request of the lady of Thornton Grange to be allowed to become organist in Trinity Church. She offered to pension off the old man who now presided there. Her request was gladly acceded to. Her zeal was remarkable. Every day she visited the church to practice at the organ. This became the purpose of her life.

Was that cry of hers unavailing? Of Despard nothing was heard for some time. Mr. Thornton once mentioned to his wife that the Rev. Courtnay Despard had joined the Eleventh Regiment and had gone to South Africa. He mentioned this because he had seen a paragraph stating that a Captain Despard had been killed in the Kaffir war, and wondered whether it could by any possibility be their friend or not.

At Brandon Hall, the one who had been so long a prisoner and a slave soon became mistress.

The gloom which had rested over the house was dispelled, and Brandon and his wife were soon able to look back, even to the darkest period of their lives, without fear of marring their perfect happiness.

THE END.

Norfolk (Va.) Virginian.

Yes, sir, it is all that it is claimed to be. I have tried it, and have advised and witnessed its trial on others. I tell you its effects are simply wonderful. It gives a cure, and without much trouble at that. I had been suffering a great deal for over a month with very severe pains, contracted from a cold. I first experienced the pain in my side; and from its peculiar nature, I thought that it might be the premonition of paralysis. My friends were fearful; but after it shifted about, from one side to the other, from arm to leg, shooting through my body in a most infernally torturing manner, I knew that it was Rheumatism that had me, and I sought remedies of different kinds, without effect, until I chanced to see the advertisement of St. Jacobs Oil, and read of its wonderful cures, when I resolved to give it a trial. That was about two months ago, and then I had been suffering a month of considerable agony. Securing a bottle of the Oil, I applied it to the parts effected, and that night I had the first good night's rest that I had since the commencement of my attack. I gave two other applications and I see me perfectly cured—not suffering from Rheumatism since—and that has been two months ago.

This was the story of his cure by St. Jacobs Oil as told by Capt. Jack McLean, who for fifty years has been a resident of Norfolk and Portsmouth, and who is as well known in Norfolk and Portsmouth as almost any of its citizens. It was in reply to some questions put him by our reporter, who had heard of his remarkable cure, as well as of others that through Mr. McLean's instrumentality, had been brought about by the use of St. Jacobs Oil. After he had told the story of his own case, we asked him about the others, and he did not hesitate to relate them.

One was the case of a druggist from Warrenton, North Carolina, who, while on a business trip to Norfolk during the recent snowy and sleety spell, had the misfortune to fall on the ice and bruised himself very severely, so much so that he was confined to his room at his hotel. Mr. McLean happened to visit the hotel when he heard of the accident, and having formed the acquaintance of the gentleman injured, advised him to give St. Jacobs Oil a trial. The druggist consenting, Mr. McLean brought him some of his Oil, which he applied, and with such a happy result, that he was enabled to go on his way home rejoicing. Another case, was that of Mr. Walter Howard, a well-known fish and oyster dealear in our city. Mr. Howard had also during the recent sleety spell fallen and injured himself. Being intimate with Mr. Howard, Mr. McLean says he sought him, and finding what his injuries were, he recommended the use of the Oil. The result as in the previous case was a cure—and a thorough cure. Mr. Howard is now a firm believer in the curative properties of St. Jacobs Oil.

But a more remarkable cure than all of the rest—and which our reporter had heard of before having any knowledge of Mr. McLean's connection with the case—was that of a venerable lady about seventeen years of age, who, some two weeks ago, while seated at the supper-table, was stricken with paralysis, the whole of her left side being afflicted. Her speech was even affected. The family physician was sent for, and he at once prescribed the usual remedies, but without effect. The old lady was a family connection of the wife of Mr. McLean, and Mrs. McLean on hearing of her affliction visited the house, and learning that no relief had been secured from the physician's remedy, recommended the use of St. Jacobs Oil, relating its effect upon her husband. The Oil was procured and applied. The afflicted side was well rubbed and partial feeling was restored. The second day after the first application the afflicted lady was able to sit up, and the third day she was well enough to sew. Since then she goes about the house apparently as well as she ever was, and she considers that she owes her life to the great curative virtues contained in St. Jacobs Oil. These statements of cures coming to our notice from our interview with Mr. McLean, brought to our recollection a statement made to us by Prof. G. B. Cromwell, who last February exhibited in our city his beautiful "Art Illustrations" at the Opera House, which each night attracted crowded and cultivated audiences. It was in connection with his recommendation to a gentleman who was suffering a great deal from Rheumatism, and who on that account had been unable to attend the exhibitions. Prof. Cromwell advised him to try St. Jacobs Oil—even urged him to do so—and at last brought him a bottle of the Oil, that he might have no excuse for not using. The gentleman, however, was then under the treatment of his physician, and did not use the Oil. In explanation of the desire on his part why the Oil should be used, Prof. Cromwell stated that he had some year or so before suffered excruciating torments from Rheumatism, and that he had tried all kinds of medicines and so-called cures—all without effect. He heard, however, of St. Jacobs Oil, and resolved to give it a trial, which he did, and he stated that its effect on him was almost magical. A complete cure was effected, and since then he had never suffered from Rheumatism. But in order that he might be at all times prepared for the enemy, he never travelled without carrying in his trunk a bottle or two of St. Jacobs Oil.

While the above facts relate to the very remarkable curative properties of this Great German Remedy, it appears, judging from what our druggists say, that the belief in its virtues is wonderfully strong among the people of all classes, and that they secure it as a sure relief from pain. No patent medicine, it is asserted, has ever had the sale that St. Jacobs Oil has had. No doubt much of this has been due to the extensive use of printer's ink, in the way of advertisements, almanacs, posters, sign bills, cards, puzzels, and everything in the printing line. But the many and many of certified cures and the interest which they have excited has had a vast deal to do with its popularity. It is sought by all, and is a boon to our druggists. Yesterday we detailed a reporter to visit the different drug establishments and to learn from them some facts regarding the sale of the Oil. He visited, among others, the house of Walke & Williams and saw Dr. Walke, who informed him that the demand for the Oil was simply wonderful. He stated that it exceeded the demand for any patent medicine he had ever handled, and this was saying a great deal, as Dr. Walke has been engaged in the drug business for many years, and the business of his house is very great. He next called on the old and well-known drug house of M. A. & C. A. Santos. The senior of the house was not in, but his son was approached, and he said in reply to the inquiry of our reporter, that the sale of St. Jacobs Oil was tremendous—never anything like it. He next visited the extensive establishment of J. W. Burrow, and finding that gentleman present, asked him: How about the sale of St. Jacobs? His reply was: "Splendid; the demand is very great. I make large sales of the Oil." The drug store of H. R. Vaughan was next sought, and in answer to our reporter's interrogatory, Dr. Vaughan readily answered: "My sales have been remarkable. The Oil goes fast."

We only conclude after the above statements of cures and sales, that there is a great deal in St. Jacobs Oil—and that where the benefactions have been so great, the Messrs. Vogeler & Co. may well be classed as benefactors—deserving the blessings of the multitude who have been cured.

Not Worth It.

A citizen of Michigan who has something of a reputation for his infidel views and arguments, happened to meet seven or eight clergymen at a railroad station as they were waiting to take the train to attend a conference, and introducing himself to one of them he said:

"I want half an hour with the smartest one of your crowd. Who is he?"

"Well, Brother White is pretty smart," was the reply.

The infidel walked up to the clergyman named and bluntly began:

"Preacher White, you hold that there is a God, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And a Heaven and a Hell?"

"Yes, sir."

"And that none but believers can be saved?"

"Just so."

"Well, sir, I don't believe any such thing, and I'll defy you to convince me."

"I shan't try to, sir."

"You won't? Don't you want me to be saved?"

"No, sir—no, sir! I wouldn't waste five minutes to send you straight to Heaven."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Why, sir, folks have been going to Heaven by the million for thousands of years, and there is now such a crowd up there that a small soul like yours could no more be found or heard of than an atom of sand thrown into the middle of the ocean. It's too small potatoes to pay for the hoeing!"

Do Not be Deceived.

In these times of quack medicine advertisements everywhere, it is truly gratifying to find one remedy that is worthy of praise and which really does as recommended. Electric Bitters will do as recommended. They invariably cure Stomach and Liver Complaints, Diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary difficulties. We know whereof we speak, and can readily say, give them a trial. Sold at fifty cents a bottle, by Dr. J. H. Michener.

HUSBAND *vs.* WIFE.—There was an auction in an inland town at which there were amusing circumstances. A carriage was under the hammer and the bidding was brisk between two persons—a man and a woman, one being on one side of the group of persons around the auctioneer and one on the other. The bidding carried the price of the carriage far beyond its value. At last it was "knocked down" to the man. He went to the carriage and there met his wife. "Arrah, Biddy, I hate him." "Bate who?" "Why the spalpeen who was bidding agin me. I'll tache him that Pat O'Shandy is too many for—" "Oh," exclaimed his wife, "wor it ye that did oop so?" "Av course." "Och, ye blackguard, it wor me ye did against, and there's twinty dollars gone to waste. Why did ye not spake oop, and say 'twas ye?" Pat, smoothed the matter by saying the carriage was worth double the money, but he knew better.

Free of Charge.

All persons suffering Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Loss of Voice or any affection of the Throat and Lungs, are requested to call at Dr. Michener's Drug Store and get a Trial Bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, *free of charge*, which will convince them of its wonderful merits and show what a regular dollar-size bottle will do. Call early.

Thousands bear witness to the positive curative powers of the GREAT GERMAN INVIGORATOR, the only remedy, that has proved itself a specific for general debility, seminal weakness, impotency, etc., and all diseases that arise from self-abuse or over-taxed brain, finally ending in consumption, insanity, and a premature grave. Sold by all druggists, or will be sent free on receipt of $1.00 per box, or six boxes for $5. Address F. J. CHENEY, Toledo, Ohio, sole agent for the United States. Send for circular and testimonials of genuine cures. Sold by J. A. Hacking.

THE manager of the St. Catharines Nurseries wants a few more active, pushing men, with or without experience, to act as Salesmen, and to work on salary with their expenses paid. To live men who are not afraid of work exclusive territory is given, and to good canvassers outfits free, and will hire them by the year. All applications must be accompanied by four reliable testimonials from reputable business men. Men who are fond of liquor need not apply. Address

E. W. MONTGOMERY, Gen. Manager, D. W. BEADLE, Proprietor, St. Catharines, Ont.

26

Bocklen's Arnica Salve.

The BEST SAVE in the world for cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions. The Save is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. H. Michener

"Twenty-four years' experience," says an eminent Physician, convinces me that the only cure for "Nervous Exhaustion" and weakness of the generative organs is to repair the waste by giving Brain and Nerve Foods, and of all the remedies I have used Mack's Magnetic Medicine is the best. This remedy is now sold by all our Druggists at 50 cts. per box, or 6 for $2.50, and on receipt of an order for 12 boxes, accompanied with $5.00, addressed to Mack's Magnetic Medicine Co., Windsor, Ont., they will forward the goods free by mail, and send their written guarantee to refund the money, if the treatment does not effect a cure. See adv't in another column.

Holloway's Pills.—Bilious complaints and irregularities of the system, produced by redundancy of vitiated bile, can always be corrected by a few doses of these inestimable Pills, which are everywhere admired for their rare combination of mildness and power; for though they conquer with ease and rapidity the most obstinate diseases, they never weaken the stomach or necessitate any interruption of ordinary duties or amusement, on the contrary, they increase the appetite, strengthen the organs of digestion, give increased energy to all the animal functions, and fit both hand and brain for fresh exertions. The sleek and ensebled may by a single trial speedily discover what a happy revolution these Pills have the power to effect in the human system.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.

"Brown's Household Panacea" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. 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.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.—4y

Hess Bros. wish to announce to the public that they are retailing all kinds of furniture at their warerooms 20 per cent. cheaper than ever, for cash.

Explicit directions for every use are given with the Diamond Dyes. For dyeing Mosses, Grasses, Eggs, Ivory, Hair, &c.

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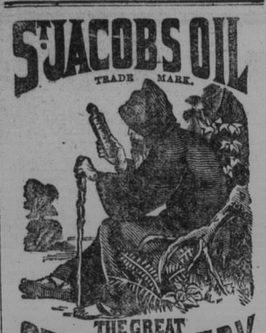

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Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

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KIDNEY-WORT

FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION.

No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES. THIS distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed.

If you have either of these troubles

PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell

Acts at the Same Time on Kidneys, Liver and Bowels.

KIDNEY-WORT

HALL'S CATARRH CURE

IS RECOMMENDED BY PHYSICIANS.

CURES

Catarrh of the Nasal Cavity—Chronic and Ulcerative; Catarrh of the Ear, Eye or Throat. It is taken INTERNALLY, and acts DIRECTLY upon the Blood and Mucous Surfaces of the System. It is the best Blood Purifier in the WORLD, and is worth ALL that is charged for it, for THAT alone.

THE ONLY INTERNAL CURE FOR CATARRH IN THE MARKET.

$100 We offer $100 for any Case of Catarrh it will not Cure. $100

WELLAND, Ont., March 23, 1882.

My little daughter was troubled with Catarrh for two years, and was very much benefitted by the use of "Hall's Catarrh Cure." She is now about cured. W. T. HOUSE.

WELLAND, Ont., March 20, 1882.

I hereby certify that I have used "Hall's Catarrh Cure," and from the result of one bottle which I took, believe it will cure the very worst case of Catarrh if its use be continued for a reasonable length of time.

W. H. HELLEMS.

WELLAND, Ont., March 20, 1882.

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

Gents.—Have sold Hall's Catarrh Cure for the last year, and it gives entire satisfaction.

Yours truly,
H. W. HOBSON, Druggist.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE

Is sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists and Dealers in Patent Medicines in the United States and Canada.

PRICE:

75 CENTS A BOTTLE. $8.00 A DOZEN.

The only genuine Hall's Catarrh Cure is manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Beware of Imitations.

Bottled for the Ontario trade by

H. W. HOBSON, Welland, Ont.

SOLD IN LISTOWEL BY J. A. HACKING

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Sample Bottles 10c; Regular size $1.

For sale by all dealers.

T. MILBURN & CO., Manufacturers, Toronto.

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A NEW DISCOVERY.

For several years we have furnished the Dairymen of America with an excellent artificial color for butter; so meritorious that it met with great success everywhere receiving the highest and only prizes at both International Dairy Fairs.

But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as *the best in the world.*

It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.

And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid. On the contrary, they increase the appetite, strengthen the organs of digestion, give increased energy to all the animal functions, and fit both hand and brain for fresh exertions. The sleek and enfeebled may by a single trial speedily discover what a happy revolution these Pills have the power to effect in the human system.

A CURE GUARANTEED.

MAGNETIC MEDICINE.

Brain and Nerve Food.

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For Old and Young, Male and Female

Positively cures Nervousness in all its stages. *Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Sexual Prostration, Night Sweats, Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, and General Loss of Power.* It repairs *Nervous Waste, Rejuvenates the Jaded Intellect, Strengthens the Enfeebled Brain, and Restores Surprising Tone and Vigor to the Exhausted Generating Organs in either Sex.* With each order for TWELVE packages, accompanied with five dollars, we will send our Written Guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. It is the **Cheapest and Best** Medicine in the Market. Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to mail free to any address.

Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by Druggists at 50cts. per box, or 12 boxes for $5 or will be mailed free of postage, on receipt of the money, by addressing

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Sold in Listowel by J. A. Hacking, and Druggists everywhere. 45y

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A great variety of Clocks, and all first-class value. Fine Walnut Clocks at very low figure.

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I have just received the

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Teas, Sugars, China, Crockery, Glassware and Christmas Goods,

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CHEAPER THAN THE CHEAPEST.

If you come and see me you will be satisfied that I tell the truth.

IN TEAS, SUGARS, & GENERAL GROCERIES,

I invite inspection. No trouble to show goods. Come along and let me see you, whether you buy or not. It won't be my fault if you don't buy.

TEAS FROM 25C. TO 70C.

Warranted good. Come one, come all, and see the bargains you will get at the Queen's Grocery.

TERMS—CASH OR PRODUCE.

Remember the stand—Next door to Tathan & Co's., Main Street, Listowel.

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OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT

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HEAVY STOCKS AND LOWEST FIGURES. FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, &C. SALT AND SHINGLES ALWAYS ON HAND.

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The largest stock in town, and the choicest brands. All kinds of produce taken. Goods delivered to any part of the town.

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Wallace Street, Listowel.

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The undersigned takes pleasure in informing the public that he has bought out the stock of

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AT GREAT REDUCTION,

and is prepared to give bargains second to no other retail house in the trade; special attention is invited to my large

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25 CASES CANNED TOMATOES, TO BE SOLD AT COST
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50 PACKAGES WHITE FISH, 50 PACKAGES HERRING,
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ALL OF WHICH WILL BE SOLD CHEAP FOR CASH OR TRADE.

All goods delivered to any part of the town free of charge, and on the shortest notice Soliciting a liberal share of public patronage.

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Payment to be made one-sixth at time of purchase, and the balance in five annual instalments, with interest at Six per cent.

A REBATE OF $1.25 PER ACRE

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By order of the Board, CHARLES DRINKWATER, SECRETARY.

Montreal, 1882 13d

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Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

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WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE

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By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

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