

Indigestion

It is not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mr. Joseph Lake, of Brockway Centre, Mich.:

"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and I could not read my existence. For more than four years I suffered until I was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving me relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months I felt better than I have for years. I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price 25c. per bottle. 50c. per 3 bottles.

THE

RECOGNISED STANDARD BRANDS

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"Kicker"

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Universally acknowledged to be superior in every respect to any other brand in the market. Always reliable, as has been fully demonstrated by the millions that are sold annually and the increasing demand for them, notwithstanding an increased competition of over One Hundred and Twenty-five Factories. This fact speaks volumes. We are not cheap Cigar manufacturers.

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MASS WINE.

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Have just received a direct importation of the choicest and purest Mass Wine, and which will be sold at a low price.

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DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND. LARGEST SALE IN CANADA. DR. NEY'S

ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. A sovereign remedy for Bilious Affections. Torpidity of the liver, Excess of bile and other indispositions arising from it. Constipation, Loss of appetite, Headache, Etc.

Dr. D. Marsolais, a renowned physician of many years' practice, writes as follows: I have been using DR. NEY'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS for several years past and I am quite satisfied with their use. I cannot do otherwise than praise the composition of these pills which you have made known to me. Containing no mercury, they can be taken without danger in many cases where mercurial pills would be quite dangerous. Not only do I make considerable use of these pills in my practice, but I have used them many times for myself with the most satisfactory results. It is therefore a pleasure for me to recommend DR. NEY'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS to those who require a MILD, EFFECTIVE AND HARMLESS purgative. Lavalrie May 1st 1887. Dr. D. MARSO LAIS. For sale everywhere at 25 cts. per box. PREPARED BY W. H. O. ROBERT OF PRICE.

SOLE PROPRIETOR L. ROBITAILLE, Chemist Joliette, P. Q.

An Old Violin.

You would hardly dream, to look at it there, So faded and brown and old, That the soul of a poet's music rare, Those dusty strings could hold. But tune those strings and draw the bow, And forth from his hiding place Steal dim, sad ghosts of the long ago, With old-time light and grace. In a tremulous fall the notes expire, Like the mean of a spirit lost; Or the passionate pain of a soul's desire, By fate and failure crossed. 'Tis said that away in bygone years, A poet touched these strings, And the sorrow that filled his eyes with tears, Still in their music rings. He loved a lady bright and fair, But sought her love in vain; For her heart was steeped in pain, That his soul was steeped in pain. And you hear in the music's fall and rise, Like the ceaseless song of the sea, The soul of a sorrow that never dies, Entwined with the melody. And the voice that speaks in this violin Is sadder than human tears, For an unseen spirit wakes within, Whose sorrow mocks the years. —Lucy McKeone Stapleton.

THE LOST LODE.

A STORY OF MEXICO.

By CHRISTIAN REID.

V.—CONTINUED.

"You will allow me?" he said, taking out his cigar case after having finally finished the cup of chocolate. "It is a charming characteristic of Mexican ladies that they never object to tobacco—and I cannot resist the pleasure of resting here a little longer. The ride to the mine is a fatiguing one."

"You found everything going well at the mine, I hope," she said with the wistfulness of a glance he had already noted, and a hesitation of manner new to her. "And my cousin—he executes your orders according to your wishes?" "Admirably," answered Vyner, who felt for once disposed to make himself amiable. "He is the most capable subordinate that I have ever had; understands at once what I wish done, and sees that my orders are executed promptly and faithfully. I shall always be grateful to Don Fernando for the relief from annoyance which he has secured to me," he added, turning his face aside to let out a delicate cloud of blue, fragrant smoke from between his lips.

Because his face was turned he did not see the swift expression that crossed Guadalupe's. In truth his words of praise for Fernando smote her with a hot sense of shame and reproach, as if herself had been a traitor; and these feelings were mirrored for an instant in her sensitive countenance. But she clasped her hands together tightly in her lap, under cover of the table, and spoke with her usual quietness:

"And the lost lode—is there a prospect that you will find it?" He smiled. "It is only a question of time finding that," he said lightly. "It was lost because there was no scientific knowledge in the method of working the mine. We are approaching the spot where I expect to strike it; and in a few days I shall be able to report how much of the old, fabulous bonanza is left."

A flash of hope came into her eyes, giving them a sudden radiance that was not lost upon Vyner, though he wondered a little what he had said to account for it. Ah, if this were but true!—If the lost lode could be found! "Madre de Dios, grant that it may be so!" the girl whispered to herself. Whether Fernando had failed in his plans, or whether he had abandoned them, did not matter very much so long as the mercy of Heaven saved him from actual treachery and dishonor. A wonderful sweetness was in her face as she looked at Vyner.

"I hope that it may be so, señor," she said earnestly. "I trust that you may find the lode very soon. For you must be in much suspense until it is reached, not knowing if it has been exhausted or not. My cousin does not spare himself in your service," she added, glad not to shrink from mentioning Fernando's connection with the mine. "We hardly see him at all. Night as well as day he is at the mine."

"Don Fernando is very vigilant," said Vyner, "but I am not responsible for monopolizing so much of his time, señorita. Of late we have not been working in the mine at night."

He did not think of the significance his words might bear until he was startled by their effect upon her. The light died out of her eyes as suddenly as the flame of the candle is extinguished, and she turned pale to the lips. Vyner could not doubt that his information had dealt a blow—how deep he could only guess by the expression of her face. He saw at once that Fernando had cloaked absences from home by a pretext of work in the mine that did not exist; but why Guadalupe should be so much concerned thereat he did not know. He was only sorry that he had so abruptly enlightened her.

"It is possible," he added, hesitating a little, in his doubt what to say, "that he may have been working some of the men at night without consulting me. He, too, is very anxious to find the lode."

"Yes," said Guadalupe. Her lips felt dry and stiff, as she uttered the word that seemed to her to contain a terrible irony of assent. Anxious to find the lode! That, then, was what Fernando was doing in the long nights when she had lain awake, listening vainly for his coming and praying for him. Her heart turned sick with the revulsion from the hope of a moment before, and she dropped her eyes that

Vyner might not read in them the fear that filled her soul. He read enough, however, to see that she was much disturbed, and that his pleasant hour was over. With a very sincere inward malediction upon Fernando, he rose to go. "There is some mystery," he thought, as he rode away. "That cousin of hers is after some mischief, which she suspects. But what is it to her?"

VI. In the strange chances of human affairs it is sometimes difficult to say what is due to accident, and what to fate; for the ancients called the "Fates," and for yet the moderns have found no better name; but it was apparently an accident, pure and simple, that turned Vyner's conjectures regarding Guadalupe, and her concern over her cousin's absence, into the channel of suspicion regarding the mine.

It was about an hour after he had left the hacienda, as he was nearing the town, riding slowly in the short but exquisite interval between sunset and nightfall, that he overtook a man walking and saluted him. Vyner knew him at once as one of the miners, whose stunted frame and intelligent face he had often remarked, and in this idle moment there seemed nothing better to do than to draw rein by his side and exchange a few words, while observing the effective picture he made as he kept step easily with the horse—a tall, straight, finely-formed figure, with head superbly poised and features of striking regularity, the clear bronze of his skin contrasting with his white cotton garments and the red blanket he carried flung over his shoulder.

"And so, Antonio," said Vyner, "you are on your way into town. It is a long walk after a day's work; do you take it every night?" "Yes, señor," the man answered, looking up with dark, liquid eyes under the shade of his wide sombrero. "Since we no longer work in the mine at night, I prefer to go to town. The walk is little to me—I am strong. And Don Fernando does not wish the men to remain at the mine," he added, after a pause long enough to give a shade of significance to the words.

Vyner was conscious of a sense of surprise, but he did not answer for a moment. Then he said quietly, "Why does he object to their remaining?" The man lifted his shoulders with the gesture which signifies many different things. "Queen sabe?" he replied in the invariable formula of his people. "We only know that it is his wish that no one but the watchman should remain near the mine at night; so most of the men sleep in the village at the foot of the mountain, but I prefer to go to the town."

There was a moment's pause, while the man's feet beat time together on the dusty road and the last fires of sunset burned above the blue mountain crests. Vyner was looking straight before him, but he did not see either the light, flamed-tinted clouds, or the broad, white highway that stretched to the yellow walls and masses of green foliage which marked the town. Instead, he saw, without a conscious effort of memory, Guadalupe's pale face with its startled expression; and an instinct was borne in upon him that there was some connection between that expression and the information he had just received. Why did she look so strangely, so like one who had received a blow, when she heard that the mine was not worked at night? And why should Fernando object to the men remaining there at night? Vyner's mind was acute enough when once roused, and although he did not leap to a conclusion sufficiently to say to himself that some treachery was on foot, he felt a defined suspicion of his accomplished subordinate which he determined to lose no time in putting to a test. He would not condescend to question the miner farther, or to allow him to suppose that matters were going on in the mine of which he (Vyner) was ignorant, although there was something in the man's glance which seemed to convey a hint of warning. But this sign of intelligence only resolved the young Englishman more to give no opportunity for additional disclosures. Whatever was to be learned, he would learn for himself, not from servants or spies. When he spoke again, therefore, it was to ask some indifferent question connected with the progress of the work, and a few minutes later, as they were close upon the town, he touched his horse with the spur and rode on.

But it was impossible to ride away from the thoughts which had been suggested, and indeed he had no desire to do so. His languid indifference fell from him like a garment; the mere suspicion of being fooled and betrayed roused all the fire that was in his nature, and he did not look like a man who would be very pleasant to deal with, as with bent brows and set lips, he rode through the streets of the town to his own house.

There, three hours later, he sat on the corridor before the sala, through the open door of which a reading-lamp and table covered with books and papers showed invitingly. But these things had no attraction for him to-night. He preferred the semi-obscurity of the wide corridor, where he sat smoking and looking at the flower-filled patio flooded with lustrous moonlight, for, like a great silver balloon, the moon was riding high in the violet heaven. Of the beauty of lunar radiance in these regions, elevated so far above the surface of the earth into the tropical sky, language can give no idea. But just as the sunlight possesses here a glory which lower and colder lands never know, often weighing down the eyelids by dazzling excess of

light, so moonlight becomes an almost unearthly splendor, a divine white lustre which renders the old familiar earth a veritable land of enchantment, and turns night into a fairer, sublimated day. Nothing could have been better than this brilliant light for the purpose which Vyner was meditating, and when about half-past ten o'clock a servant came to inquire if he should close the house, he was astonished to receive an order to saddle a horse.

"Two horses, señor?" the man asked, hesitating an instant. "No," Vyner answered. "Why should I want two horses?" "I thought that since he is going out to-night, the señor would wish me to accompany him," the mozo replied, with a surprise that was evidently for the question.

But Vyner, like most of his race, was physically fearless; and the thought of taking the man as a matter of precaution did not occur to him. He was going on an errand which he had no idea of confiding to any one, and he replied peremptorily that he wanted only one horse and would go alone. After that, at an hour later, he rode away, bidding the servant to accompany something, and was in stone, with the words she had been about to utter frozen, as it were, on her lips. Her dark eyes distended as she looked at him; but he rode by, unconscious of their gaze, and when she saw him turn up the mountain toward the mine she dropped, heedless of her torn and bleeding hands, to the foot of the wall and lay there for an instant as if she had fainted.

But it was only for an instant. Terror roused her quickly to action and life. She grasped the situation almost without thought. Vyner had heard or suspected something, and was on his way to the mine to verify the report or suspicion. And Fernando was there! Of that she was sure. What he was doing she did not know; only an instinct assured her that it was something which would make a meeting with Vyner of terrible danger to both men. What could she do? Ah! pitying God, what could she do? Go and warn Fernando? Was that possible? Yes, she said to herself, with Heaven helping her, it was possible. Vyner, it is true, was on horseback; but the road was circuitous and very steep that wound up the mountain, and taking up the hat in her hand, she followed in ascending and descending; a straight and terrible climb up the mountain's side, but counting barely two miles, while the road covered five. If she could make those two miles before Vyner accomplished his five, she might even yet save Fernando from—God alone knew what! Detection and dishonor certainly, and crime perhaps, for if the two men met who could say what result might follow?

"I can but try," she thought; and gathering herself up, she fled swiftly as she had come, passing like a spirit through the sleeping animals, through the odoriferous patio where the arches and pillars of the corridor lay in sharp, black outlines of shadow on the pavement, and the household slumbered peacefully behind their closed doors, and on the great front door, the massive portals of which were closely barred, while a mozo lay sleeping on his mat in the arched passage that led to it. This man was the only difficulty. If he waked—well, she must run the risk of that, and hope in such case to induce him to be silent, but he slept heavily, and murmuring prayers, that slipped from her lips like the beads of a rosary through the fingers, she undid the bolts and bars that at another time would have defined her strength, swung open the heavy door and darted away like a greyhound into the white, silent night, taking the lonely and difficult path that led up the mountain's steep ascent.

VII. Little suspecting whose eyes had been bent upon him as he passed the corral of the hacienda, Vyner rode up the mountain, pausing now and again at the turns of the winding way to cast a glance over the wide prospect that lay below him flooded with silver mist. The marvellous beauty of the scene, bathed in this unearthly radiance, touched even his sluggish faculty of admiration; and as he mounted higher and the wonderful panorama unrolled to its farthest mountain barriers, while the air grew fresher and the violet heaven seemed bending nearer, he admitted to himself that he was well repaid for this midnight ride even if he discovered nothing.

And when he reached the mine it did not appear as if he were likely to discover anything, or indeed as if there was anything to be discovered. All was wrapped in the deep silence and absolute desertion. In the brilliant moonlight the roughly-arched entrance of the tunnel which led into the mine, with its massive door closed and locked, had something weird in its appearance; and unimaginative as he was, Vyner thought of Old World legends of gnomes and elves and their treasures buried in the deep hearts of the mountains. He dismounted from his horse and, fastening the animal, looked around for the watchman, but she was in time. The horseman was

drawing near. Sharp and clear the horse's hoofs rang on the stillness of the night, and the rider leisurely mounted the acclivity and followed the road which would bring him within a few feet of the wall.

But how should she communicate with him through the wall, which was at least ten feet high, and in which there was no gate? This she had already settled in her mind. The wall was built of rough, unplastered adobes, very thick, but worn and broken in many places with the action of time and weather, thus offering a rough surface on the inner side which it was possible for any one with great agility, and indifference to abrasions of skin, to climb. Guadalupe felt certain that, nerved by her present purpose, she could climb it. She swept one glance over the surface to ascertain the best place for her venture, and then began to climb, clutching the points offered by the rough bricks with her delicate hands, and setting her small feet with desperate energy into the cavities from which they too often slipped. At another moment she must have failed, for the effort was indeed a desperate one; but the sound of those nearing hoof-strokes filled her with the strength and courage of despair. Another instant and Fernando must be gone beyond her reach. What did anything else matter in comparison to saying one word to him, one word which might have the power to move him! Clapping afresh the sharp and brittle points of brick, she raised herself with convulsive energy and looked over the wall. The rider was just abreast with the spot where she stood, and in the white radiance of the moonlight she saw him clearly. For a moment she hung, motionless as if suddenly carved in stone, with the words she had been about to utter frozen, as it were, on her lips. Her dark eyes distended as she looked at him; but he rode by, unconscious of their gaze, and when she saw him turn up the mountain toward the mine she dropped, heedless of her torn and bleeding hands, to the foot of the wall and lay there for an instant as if she had fainted.

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"Asleep I suppose," the young man said to himself, feeling more and more convinced that there was no foundation for the suspicion which had been excited in his mind. But in order to satisfy himself that the watchman was on the ground, he walked toward a hut near the mouth of the tunnel, where the man had his quarters. The moonlight poured in at the open door and showed his recumbent form wrapped in his blanket and stretched on the mat which makes the sole bed of the laboring class of Mexico. His deep breathing was sufficient evidence that he slept heavily, and Vyner's quick sense of odor assured him that there was a special reason for this heaviness of slumber. The peculiar pungent fumes of the vino de mescal filled the small apartment, and testified that it might be easier to waken a log than the man who lay sleeping under its influence. Vyner stood for a moment looking down upon him. He was evidently intoxicated, oblivious and unconscious of everything; and on perceiving this suspicion again wakened in the young man's mind. With such a guardian anything was possible. He felt now that he could not leave the mine without assuring himself farther that no treachery was going on. But how could he enter? The great fortress-like door was locked, and the key was of course in the possession of Fernando Sandoval. He felt so sure of this that it was with no intention of searching for, or hope of finding it, that his glance swept over the inside of the hut and was attracted by a gleam of metal, as the moon-beams fell upon a red bench opposite the door. Revealed by their touch, something lay shining there that bore the appearance of one of the great keys that are fashioned in Mexico for the most ordinary locks, and that might serve for the gates of a medieval city. He made a step forward and took it up. Yes, it was the key; but why it should be lying there beside the sleeping watchman raised another question in his mind. It was as if some one, entering hastily, had laid the key carelessly down and forgotten it. But who? Vyner did not pause to consider the question. With the key in his possession entrance to the mine was assured, and turning quickly he left the hut and walked toward the massive door set in the frowning rock.

TO BE CONTINUED.

O'Connell's Wit.

In an article in the Critic on Wendell Phillips, Mr. Wingate tells a couple of good stories about Daniel O'Connell. He says: One of these long missing anecdotes refers to Mr. O'Connell's overthrow of the testimony of a witness who swore that he had found a murdered man's body the hat in the court. Mr. O'Connell, looking inside, spelled out the name J-a-n-u-a-r-y. "Did you see this name in the hat?" he inquired of the witness. "Faith I did, when I picked it up," replied that worthy. Instantly Mr. O'Connell turned to the judge. "Your honor," he said, "there is no name in the hat."

The other of the anecdotes omitted in the early printed version of the lecture told how Mr. O'Connell turned the table on the London Times. The Times had declared that it would never allow the Irish agitator's name to go into its columns, and therefore when he arose to speak in the House of Commons the Times reporters threw down their pencils, folded their arms, and leaned back at ease. But at once up rose a friend of the orator, and called the attention of the speaker to the fact that there were strangers in the gallery. Instantly the rule of the House prevailed, and out the reporters were hustled. Consequently the Times had no report of Parliament the next day. A little later "Bull Run" Russell called on Mr. O'Connell, and, eating humble pie, said the Times would like to report his speech at a certain meeting. With great cordiality Mr. O'Connell agreed to allow the report. Invited Mr. Russell to ride with him in his carriage to his place of speaking, had a convenient place allotted to him there, and table and ink brought to his convenience—and then proceeded to deliver an eloquent oration in Irish.

People who give Hood's Sarsaparilla a fair trial realize its great merit and are glad to say a good word for it. Have you tried it? You may be satisfied with the brands of tobacco you have been using for years. Grant it; that you are satisfied. As there is always room for improvement, we ask you to try our OLD CHIM PLUG, or cut smoking tobacco, and we believe you will be BETTER satisfied. In any case a trial won't hurt you. Don't delay upon the order of buying, but buy at once.

Diarrhoea And Vomiting. GENTLEMAN.—About five weeks ago I was taken with a very severe attack of diarrhoea and vomiting. The pain was almost unbearable and I thought I could not live till morning, but after I had taken the third dose of Fowler's Wild Strawberry the vomiting ceased, and after the sixth dose the diarrhoea stopped, and I have not had the least symptom of it since. MRS. ALICE HOPKINS, Hamilton, Ont.

The Children's Friend. GENTLEMAN.—Last summer our children were very bad with summer complaint, and the only remedy that did them any good was Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. We used twelve bottles during the warm weather and would not be without it at five times the cost. JAS. HEALEY, New Edinburgh, Ont.

The Four Cardinal Points. THE four cardinal points of health are the stomach, liver, bowels and blood. Wrong actions in any of these produce disease. Burdock Blood Bitters acts upon the four cardinal points of health at one and the same time, to regulate, strengthen and purify, thus preserving health and removing disease. Mearns's Liniment is used by Physicians.

THE TEST OF C. A Letter to a Protestant. BY PHILIP O'NEILL. Lactantius wrote: "I approach you with this difference amongst you none; and for this reason each other the name of whom we believe ourselves to be from the moment we learnt to look at their eyes of the body, but we spirit, we may perceive there may be different material condition, yet there are no slaves, but brothers, and so we are while we are all bonded together." Here I may remark judices regarding color. States is unknown in the can States. The Church sacraments, has produced Lecky tells us, in a sale of Church ornaments Acacius to rescue the Persian prisoners, the horrors of the Vandal in this, Bishop of Carthage step to Augustine the R. St. Augustine, St. Great, St. Caesarius Exuperius of Toulouse Remi, all melted down church vases to free Cyprinus sent a large purpose to the Bishop St. Epiphanius and St. Euphrosinus with a rich named Sygria, are said thousands. St. Eloi object his entire fortune of Nola, displayed a sign When, long after a dan conquests in a me the calamities of the sions, the same were displayed. The Trinit founded by John of twelfth century, were release of Christian o other society was fo same object by Peter following century."

So much for the w in behalf of humani the ages when, acc her enemies, its ch hanging heretics to stake. Still the Church is monster of cruelty of De Maistre wrote: tories has been one against truth." Wt says, that he blui forgery has been th the Reformation, an d d dly acknowledged a single instance ha ing them (Catholics) or the channels of gress, not to be s rupted." In his his and England Sir Fer serves that the statu ish authors have ta mind. English history h ten in the interest ants will rewrite it.

THE CHURCH. In a former article the Pope against a behead of injured te tenance of the sam "The Church in the power carried into doctrine of the sac of marriage, and th the marriage tie. springs the digniti husband and wife their marriage was of Christ with his She became a help relation of life as b with him in the matrimony. In a her sphere, and E enabled by the tr the Church's unio strove to realize it thendon regarded the prospective r of the State, woman that her cl by God, predestin and entrusted to instruction. The footsteps to the h Deatheism belli deation of reason a Church lifted her status and made h "The Church taug religious being, cr of reaching a sub tility. For her Cl the Church and th ments. The Vir was held up to every virtue. In the Blessed Virg and by the Chur ally be ennobled think that hea taught to worshi of sensuality. T modesty of wom this creed. Sh shame was her g sunk her in the Church rays of the Most Hig controlling caus and purity to-da doubt it. The sixteen century. Inst prostitute among taught to vener tures, Mary, women who ad 1800 years as saints, would a if he would tak