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Select Poetry.

BURDENS.

We must all bear them. Vain regret,
Love's longing for some dear lost face
Which even sleep cannot forget,
Nor yet the coming years replace,
The disappointment all must know,
When hope's mirage proves a dream,
The finding Marah's waters flow
Where tempting wayside fountains gleam.

We all must bear them. Some may smile
And hide their burden in a song;
And others may be silent, while
They learn to suffer and grow strong.
We find no balm in Gilead's vale,
No recompense for pain and loss,
And oft our weary efforts fail
To lift the pressure of the cross.

We all must bear them. Why despair?
The wine press is not trod alone.
The proof is, that he will care
As doth a father for his own.
Our burdens may become our wings,
For underneath his arms will be;
And through our sighing sweetly rings,
"Sufficient is My grace for thee."

Faithful to the End.

LITTLE SISTER.

One Day was but a poor farm laborer up in the far North, one of the silent heroes that the world takes no reckoning of. Little Sister was the nearest and dearest he had. She was the only relation he took into account at all, though there must have been kindred of a remoter degree belonging to him somewhere on the earth's broad face. But genealogies were beyond this poor plowman, and he being half a rude peasant, earning weekly wages, none were particularly anxious to claim kinship with him and his poverty.

For he was a clod—only a horny handed son of the soil, with coarse features and illiterate mind. Though his heart was deep, his brain was dull and slow. The growth of his intellect was possibly stunted by hard work and poor living. His most constant instinct was toward work, manual toil.

Born among laborers, within daily sight of sweating brows, with a dull consciousness within him even during childhood's careless hours that the yoke was for him likewise by and by, Joe Day was one of such poor hinds, toiling early and late, and herein so much better than his fellows that he toiled not only for himself.

Little Sister was the offspring of Joe's father by a second marriage. This marriage had been imprudent and romantic in the extreme for a man of his degree. The child's mother, a vagrant French girl, had been picked up by the wayside in a starving condition by Elijah Day, on his way back from Middleton Market, one snowy evening.

In the course of a few days the shrewish, bright eyed vagrant had regained her strength and cheerfully adapted herself to the comparative comfort of her novel surroundings. In her own mind she was resolved to become a fixture in the habitation where she so unexpectedly found herself a lodger.

In broken English Marie explained herself to be the deserted wife of an acrobat in a traveling circus troupe. Wife or no wife, she vowed with lively gestures, sighs and tears, that she would never seek out her former partner, and implored piteously that her rescuer would continue to shelter her. For a time she was suffered to live unmolested. Gossiping tongues, but by and by thescandalous whispers crept to Rev. Mr. Potter's ears. He sought out the black sheep and insisted on a prompt marriage ceremony. Elijah Day held silence about the tall of previous marriage, and Marie only shrugged her shoulders at the parson's strait laced morality. However, she yielded to his persuasions, thinking it, indeed, a matter of small moment, except wherein it profited her to receive the rectory patronage and good gifts. Elijah had honestly fallen in love after the ways of his betters, and quite out of the way of his fellows, and it mattered not to him that his wife was an adventuress of a low class. The sharp tongued, nimble witted French girl ruled him absolutely, though not unkindly, while she lived.

In course of time there arrived a girl baby in the Day household. The mother died about a year afterward, and the brown eyed child was left to the care of her father and young Joe, then aged 11. It was Joe, however, who was chief nurse, inasmuch as he had no regular employment to take him away from the cottage. He only picked up odd shillings now and again, soaring crows or helping at harvest work.

Joe washed and dressed and fed the baby with the most tender solicitude, and staggered miles up the hills beneath her weight when he took her out for fresh air. For Joe knew where the purest breezes blew.

The baby had been for the first years of her existence an object of interest to the parish, alas! poor lad, he had nothing else on which to expend his love. Little Sister was pretty and intelligent beyond any other law born brat in Bickerdale. It needed no discerning eye to recognize her singular grace of movement and charm of expression. Even Mrs. Potter, a lady of serverest morality, was won by her infantile charms, and forgot to cast one of her ever ready stones at the unprincipled mother.

Elijah idolized the brown-eyed little girl who sat upon his knee every supper time, surveying her small world with calm disdain of all the homage and affection offered to her. Her bread was thickly buttered, the hens laid all their eggs for her in winter time. She had cream to her porridge, and little dainty cakes baked for her. It was her just prerogative, of course. Father drank skimmed milk with his porridge, and Joe's staple food was coarse bread and cold bacon, but no childlike instinct ever prompted this little maid to give father or Joe a taste of her delicacies.

The little Marie was nearly 10 years old when Elijah fell sick. In vain a far famed quack at Middleton was resorted to, in vain he rested and prayed (the act of supplication his last resource as the least reliable). Elijah grew gradually worse. The thought of leaving Marie at her tender age to the mercies of an unsympathizing world—for so his world had ever been—crushed him with fear.

Between the father and son, both cut out after something of the same pattern, there had never been any confidences, any expressions of affection. But Joe was not made of the poor stuff which supplies our world with its rank and file. This clay was of the finest sort. Under his great rough exterior there were delicate roots of tenderness, mighty pulses of humanity, such as would not disgrace the noblest hero ever sung.

In his slow way the young plowman realized his father's care, and his unlettered mind turned over words of consolation for some days as he tranquilly followed his horses.

"Father, thee seems a bit moidered like about summat. Is it Mawrie that troubles thee? Would'st thee like me to look after t' little lass a bit more when thee's gawn?" said Joe one night after the child had gone to bed.

"Ah be na gawing yet," rejoined Elijah, testily. "Give ma t' sneeze horn, lad." Then he snuffed up some pinches of snuff vehemently. His leg had been a degree less painful today, and hope flickered on his horizon. After a prolonged pause he continued more placably:

"Thee'll marry thyself soom day, mah lad, and ah reckon thy little sister 'ull be cast adrift then. Two women can never abide at peace in one hoose."

"Father, ah've been thinkin' about it a goodish bit. Ah'll nivver marry, ah guess. Ah dean't think mooch o' wives t' the main. There's good and bad, and ah might have the luck to get a bad un. Ah'll bide here along of Little Sister so long as she stays. Happen the lass will find a mate soom day."

This ultimate probability did not appear to trouble little Marie's parent. It was yet a remote possibility, and his eyes were dim toward the future.

"Ah, lad, so be it. Amen, ah says to thy words. Dost thou hear? Thee's been mortal kind t' little Mawrie, and she be a humorsome lass. Ah den's doot thee'll do thy duty by her. Amen, ah says."

Not long after the ratification of this compact, old Elijah shook off this mortal coil. His shrunken form disappeared forever from the chimney corner which had seen the happiest hours of his life. For a few days only he was missed by the idlers among his neighbors, such as had been in the habit of calling in to chat with him, or commiserate his sufferings. Then the waves of later events rolled on, and Elijah Daw was forgotten in the village. But the father's familiar presence in the big armchair his smock frock and withered face and fretful groans were what Joe Day did not forget so easily. They made a blank to him by their absence. Only the little Marie laughed joyfully over her new mourning clothes, and spoke noisily within sight of the coffin.

"AH'LL NIVVER MARRY."

"Thee mustna laugh so mooch, Mawrie," said Joe gently. "Father he were rare fond o' thee."

But the mystery of death could not instil reverence into her.

"The worms 'ull eat him," she said, smiling serenely; "he won't never mak' mooch o' me agen."

CHAPTER II.

SHE LACKED BUT A SOUL.

Certainly as Little Sister grew older she was a beauty for a painter to delight in, only painters passed not by in the way of this remote northern dale, bleak and barren, and having no scenic glories to attract them. Thus she expanded unseen except by rustic eyes. She was like some exquisite wild flower, most beautiful and perfect, though uncared for by any gardner's skill. Little Sister had no relations or friends to draw attention to her natural grace, or to admire the length of her eye-lashes. No one picked out pretty colors at the linen draper's or chose becoming headgear for this peasant maid. Yet without such adventitious charms she was a lovely creature. Would only that her little soul had grown to match her great body!

To Joe Day the child was all in all—a gem of the purest water—a pearl without a flaw. He was not a poet—consciously. But though Joe could not put words together gracefully, though he spoke with rough northern burr and used coarse provincial phrases, yet I do declare he had a soul full of sublime poetry. He guarded Marie as the apple of his eye. She was the brightness of his life, the loadstone that drew from him every virtue. She was fed, for one of her class, luxuriously, and to clothe her neatly and satisfy her ever increasing claims Joe denied himself every little indulgence.

When Marie was 12 years old her education had practically ceased, though Mrs. Potter occasionally lent her improving books (works of a highly moral nature, much derided secretly by Marie,) and accompanied her singing practice every week. She absolutely ruled the narrow minded Mrs. Potter without that lady's perception. The parson's wife looked at all her poor neighbors through Marie Day's eyes, and imitated other charities according to Marie Day's dictation.

When Little Sister was about 16 all the lads in the parish were in love with her. The usual devices of country lovers were employed to win her. But she flouted all such low born admirers with a coquetry worthy of a Belgravian daughter.

Another two years slipped by uneventfully to the Day household. Marie had in this time grown to be a strikingly beautiful girl.

One winter time a young nephew of the parson came to spend his vacation at the rectory. He was supposed to be reading for an examination, and the remote solitude of Bickerdale was calculated to favor this process. He was a pale, aesthetic creature, with lank hair, a taste for china and a leaning to art. He so transformed Mrs. Potter's homely drawing room with Japanese fans and Eastern hangings that the worthy woman hardly recognized the familiar walls. But after he had seen Marie his artistic ardor took a new direction. He unpacked an easel and brought forth many tubes of colors, begging Mrs. Potter to permit the girl to give him some sittings.

"She's an inspiration," he said, turning his eyes heavenward. The end of the inspiration was a really passable portrait of Marie. It was enough to set the match to the girl's vanity. At the end of the vacation young Duckworth went back to his college, and Marie sang as blightly as before. At Easter he came again, and was an invaluable assistant to Mrs. Potter and Marie during the period of church decoration. Then came the climax, the catastrophe of the poor plowman's life. It was a sweet spring day, and the scent of violets and primroses was everywhere. The air was musical with the voices of different birds, as the balmy wind swayed the branches, which shielded their nestlings.

Joe sat on the hedge side eating his midday meal, and marking, in his slow way, all the familiar living things about him. There were voices far off on the other side of the hedge, where there was a path. The voices came slowly nearer, but it was only when they were within a few yards that Joe recognized the speech of Little Sister. A man was walking with her. They stopped a moment in their progress, and the man stooped and kissed Marie. Like a lightning flash the clumsy ploughman was on the other side. Without a moment's thought or care he caught the bold lover by the throat and hurled him to the ground. Marie flew away without a word, but there lay the libertine, still and silent. Joe stood over him. Was he dead? It was not so bad as that, but it was bad enough, God knows.

For days and weeks young Duckworth lay disabled with broken ribs, and injured head. Joe, meanwhile was under arrest. Finally, when the injured man was able to give evidence, Joe was convicted of a brutal and unprovoked assault, and received a six months' sentence. Joe had made no defence, had pleaded no extenuation of his brutal attack, very much to the surprise of those who knew him and were desirous of having the mystery cleared up. For this mild eyed giant had never been coarse or rough, and was sober beyond any precedent in this dale.

"WITHOUT A MOMENT'S THOUGHT."

But he could make no defence, plead no momentary passion after Little Sister had been to him and implored him on her knees, with tons of endearments, not to betray her folly. He knew well that her name would be tarnished, her fair fame smirched, if he told an honest tale. She promised, with the tears brimming over in her lovely eyes, that never, oh never, would she meet or see the man again. She vowed that he was nothing to her, that he had only flattered her, and taken her by surprise. She sobbed vehement protestations of remorse that such fooling had taken place. And Joe kissed and blessed Little Sister tenderly and held his peace as she knew he would do.

The plowman came forth from prison at last—to him a long and bitter period. He was a wiser, but scarcely a better man. He had rubbed shoulders with vice and villainy, and his noble self respect was gone. In his own dale, among his own countrymen, he knew that doubting glances would be cast upon him, that he would be distrusted if not feared.

But there was Marie to live for—Marie to go back to. His whole heart went out to her he had fostered as a little child. To her he had never spoken an unkind word; for her he had made a final sacrifice of his good name.

III.

ALONE IN THE WORLD.

It was the waning of the year when he came home—a calm day at the end of October. His eye mechanically marked the work that had been recently done in the fields. How sweet the soil was to his long unaccustomed senses! His stolid features were now and again lighted by a wintry smile, but his placid gray eye had more sadness than of pain. He strode homeward at a good pace from the nearest station by the least frequented paths. He had no wish to encounter familiar laborers. He yearned for the sight of Marie only. For eighteen years he had never been a day apart from her till last April. She knew he was coming of course. She must have reckoned the day of his release from jail. The little lass—for so he called her still—would thank him for all he had done for her. She would never know, she should never know, what it had been to him.

"AND AH SEE MAWRIE GOO PAST T' DOOR."

Joe came in sight of the cottage, and his heart stood still a moment. Surely it had a more dilapidated and desolate appearance than ever before. The little garden was untended, the gate was unlatched, and a pane of one window was broken. Joe breathed hard for a moment before proceeding up the narrow path. All was strangely silent, and the blackbird and its cage were gone. The door was locked, but Joe mechanically stooped and looked beneath the flagstone of the doorstep for the key. For that was where it was agreed between him and Marie to secrete it when either left the cottage untenanted. He found it now, of course and quickly unlocked the door. Then he faced a desolate room. The grate was full of ashes, the furniture all dusty and neglected.

Joe sat down bewildered for a moment by the unexpected blow. The great grandfather clock had stopped, and one of the old press doors stood open with key dangling in the lock. It was the place where all the valuables of the house had been kept. Joe's mother's wedding ring, Marie's mother's long French earrings, a little sock with money had always been concealed there. They were all gone, of course. And worse than this, the canvas bag which contained Joe's whole fortune had disappeared likewise. For only a few days before the disaster which befell Joe an old friend of his father's in the next parish had died and left to Joe the savings he had accumulated, some £50 in gold, within few odd shillings and pence, a handsome legacy to one of his class.

For a moment Joe staggered back overwhelmed with the treachery of the girl he had loved and tended so fondly. Only for a moment and then his generous heart cast away all suspicion. Little Sister had, of course, taken service in the neighborhood somewhere for a space just till he came out of jail. The loneliness had been too much for her, and she had taken the treasures with her for safe keeping. He would go at once and ask Mr. Pickersgill, a friendly neighbor who lived but a little way off. So, once more he went across the fields and knocked at a cottage door. The laborer's wife came out. She was baking bread and was hot and breathless.

"What art thee gauping at, thee gowk? Can'st thee not speak?" What dost thee want?" she said sharply, only seeing a tall man's figure in the gloom. Joe spoke in a husky voice:

"It be Joe Day, Mrs. Pickersgill. Ah'm What's coom o' Mawrie?"

The woman started.

"Lord ha' mercy! Is thy time oop? Ah'm fairly 'mazed to see thee back! Bickerdale. Thee'll never get wark here, wheer oftentimes honest men goes begging for it, but ah do say thee's been an unchancy lad and ah'm sorry for thee. Whatever set thee on to such murdering wark, my lad?"

Joe drew a deep breath.

"Do not thee talk o' that, Mrs. Pickersgill. It can't nivver be undone. Ah wants to know what's coom o' Little Sister. She bean't at home.

The woman shook her head.

"Do not thee fash thyself about such a flirtigig. Thee's well quit o' the mamselle's bairn. Iverybody i' t' dale'oot thee knows as her heart ain't bigger nor a midge's ee. 'Pend 'pon it, them as hez such little hearts 'ull float on any stream. And that there Mawrie hez good guts i' her brain, for all her heart it don't be of mooch account. Let her be, sez ah; let her be; she'll find her way oot o' any trouble."

Joe's voice was husky as he asked:

"Dost thee know wheer she be?"

"Ay, sure, ma lad. She did na mak' onny secret o' it. She went to Lunnon. The cook at t' rectory she had a sister as kep' a registry i' Lunnun, a most respectable female, and Mawrie she went to her to take service i' the sooth. Folks hereabouts wasn't grand enough for sich a bonny lass." Joe was trembling now, and his teeth chattered audibly.

"Coom in, ma lad, and hev a bite o' summat. A taste o' kitchen physic will set thee oop a bit," and the kindly hearted woman, yet having qualms that her husband might return and set his face against a welcome accorded to this liberated jail bird.

"Na, na, Mrs. Pickersgill; ah'm not i' the mind for eating and drinking. How long since Mawrie went off?"

Mrs. Pickersgill debated.

"Well it must have been nigh on Easter time for the gettin' was on the willow, and ah see Mawrie goo past the door wi' a great rosegay of 'em in her hand. Her eyes were dancin' quite pleased like, and the sun were shining in her pretty hair. She sez to ma, ah smilin, 'Mrs. Pickersgill, ah'm goein' to mak ma fortune in Lunnon.' Then ah fairly choked thinkin' o' thee, poor Joe. Eh dear, ma lyd, donnet thee tak' on sa mooch. Life hez a longish stretch for thee yet, and there may be good in it."

But the words of consolation fell on the air unheard. Joe had disappeared in the darkness.

IV.

A HOPELESS GUEST.

A poor countryman in the great city of London. A yokel, in country clothes and heavy boots, wandering day after day aimlessly about the streets upon a strange quest. These who had time, or who were observant, looked at him and smiled.

He was palpably out of place, a hulking farm laborer, who spoke with a provincial broadness scarcely intelligible. Joe had gone direct to the registry office whereof Mrs. Pickersgill had informed him. Arrived at the street and number indicated there was no such office. It was removed of course, and it concerned not the successor, a hairdresser, to learn whither. Then Joe, despairingly, took to hunting the streets. Now and again some girl with a faint resemblance to Marie caused him to follow her, only to meet with repeated disappointment. After two months of such work his little hoard, carefully husbanded, came to an end. One night he found himself with only a shilling in his pocket—enough to obtain a bed and little more. To-morrow he would go back north. There was at least a dull comfort in hearing a familiar talk, in seeing well known places, and it was the only happiness that was ever likely to come to him now, happiness of a negative kind, something that was not actual pain. The hope of finding little Sister had fled from him, and the sight of never ending streets, the confusion of sound, the life, the color was becoming an agony to him. He pined for the great free vault of heaven, for the sweet smelling fields. The breathless stench of low lodging houses, the squalid wretchedness of vice and poverty in our great city were to him, country born and bred, sometimes more than revolting. As long as any hope of reaching out arms of forgiveness to Marie remained with him, such things were supportable. But now all hope had fled. He could bear it no longer. His aimless wandering had brought Joe face to face with a large boarding, on which were placarded dozens of flaming advertisements. He had seen most of them before, of course. His eyes wandered over them in a listless way. He could read such big print easily.

Rosa Bell. Who was she? That was a new advertisement, surely. He glanced a moment at the print, and then raised his looks to the enormous portrait also. He started. The woman had a look, yes, positively a look of Marie, in spite of the vulgar coloring and magnified features. His heart leaped in a wild way. The bill informed him that Rosa Bell, a new and popular singer, was performing at the Imperial Hall of Music. Joe grew suddenly dizzy. He had fasted most of the day. He put out a hand and steadied himself against the board. A mighty wave of recollection swept over him there in the noisy street, and carried him back to his own hillside. It was the same month—the month of May—ten years ago. He had sat with Little Sister on some rocks in the dusk, and she had been singing short snatches of rhymes she had picked up. She had always had a tuneful voice, and he had loved to hear her fresh notes, like a wood bird's, sweet and pure. He would like to hear some one sing again. Yes, he would go and hear this Rosa Bell sing. Certainly she had a look of Marie.

Joe was one of the earliest arrivals at the hall, and the beginning of the performance had very little interest for him. A troupe of gymnasts, a ventriloquist and a clever dancing dog seemed matters of little moment to him. By degrees the great hall filled and the fumes of tobacco and spirits made the air heavy. The light laughter of women's voices, the perfume of their clothes were so many irritations. A noisy buzz of conversation went on. Suddenly it was broken by a mighty clapping. A moment's silence, and then the clear voice of Rosa Bell broke the stillness. Ask me not what she sang. It mattered not to Joe, it matters not to you or me. It was enough that she was dancing and singing on such a platform, a young girl, lovely as an angel, with eyes of a dove and the heart of a serpent. The verse was over. The great storm of applause swept the hall. Joe stood up. He waves his great arms, but he could not speak. Only a few spectators saw him, but his movement caught the glance of the girl on the stage. She paled beneath her rouge, yet she smiled and bowed repeatedly. Joe was pulled back by some one sitting near him. The second verse of the song began, and Rosa Bell's voice seemed a trifle out of tune. As its close Joe rose once more from his seat, and, regardless of time or place, he called out in a loud voice:

"Mawrie, Mawrie, ah be coom to fetch thee."

Then he leaped over intervening seats, and made as though to reach the stage. In a moment he was hustled back. But his mighty arms struck out wildly right and left.

All in vain—all in vain. Such a popular singer might not be interrupted by a rustic clown who was probably intoxicated. So, by degrees, Joe was pushed to the rear of the hall. Here, to save himself from being finally turned out, he caught at the bracket of a gas lamp. Missing his hold of the iron work, he struck the globes, and drew them down in fragments on his own upturned face. A great crash—a loud cry—darkness.

* * * * * * *

Rosa Bell goes softly and fares well nowadays. She has risen to be a celebrity in the theatrical world. Once she was called Little Sister. Oh, Rosa Bell, empty-hearted wanton, verily life has given thee thy heart's desire!"

* * * * * * *

Blind. A poor clod in a provincial workhouse. That is the end. Homeless, hopeless, friendless. Living out his days in dull despair. The darkness is very great. Oh, Joe Day, poor hero, what has life given to thee? Come quickly, death, and release him from his pains. For we believe of such is the kingdom of Heaven.—Longman's Magazine.

Explicit Instructions.

Don Cesar Jones—Now, Professor, the play depends a great deal on the incidental music. In act two I am on the stage, but do not speak for fifteen or twenty minutes after the curtain goes up. In order to produce the proper effect for what I say I shall want a chord burst five minutes before I speak.

Orchestra Leader—How shall I know when to play?

Don Cesar Jones—Haven't I told you five minutes before I speak?

Louis Lahaie, who was sent to St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary about a month ago to serve a four years' term, hanged himself on Sunday.

A Literal Interpretation.

Mistress—Why, Bridget, what in the world are you doing with my new dress on?

Bridget—Sure, mum, it's yerself what gave it to me!

Mistress—I gave it to you!

Bridget—Yis; yez said Oi cud have it as soon as yez had worn it out, an' begorra yez wore it out yesterday afternoon.—Harper's Bazar.

Two Boston Merchants.

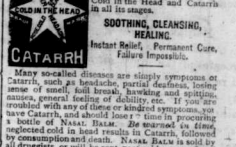
When James Andrews received his son, who had graduated from Harvard college and the law school, into the firm, his advertisement read something like this: "With the commercial knowledge of the senior partner and the legal talent of the junior partner, merchants will realize the advantages of consigning goods to this firm." The second illustration is this: Old John Tyler, the auctioneer, of whom I shall have much to say in the future, was one day selling a vessel at auction, and Andrews was one of the chief bidders. Tyler was annoyed by the latter's constant interruptions. "Coppered and copper fastened" were the guarantees of a well built ship. Tyler had iterated and reiterated these facts, when Andrews broke in with the inquiry, "Mr. Tyler is she thoroughly copper fastened?"

This aroused the ire of old John, never at the best a peaceably disposed man, and he roared out, standing up in his chaise: "See here, Andrews, if any man should ask me if you were a gentleman, I should say 'yes.' If any man should ask me if you were a merchant, I should say 'yes;' but"—and here he looked at Andrews—"if any man should ask me if you were a gentleman and a thoroughbred merchant, I should say 'Judge for yourselves, gentlemen.' And I am offered"— Andrews retired.—Boston Gazette.

A fair trial of Justice Soap will convince any housekeeper of its merits.

THE GILDED PILL
MEN
OUR GILDED PILL NO. 1 CURES NERVOUS DEBILITY
Lost Manhood, Impotency, Nervous Headache, &c.
Price $1.00 per box, postage 3 cents extra; six boxes for $5.00, postage 15 cents extra.
Why pay so much for Worthless Stuff when you can be cured for $1?
WOMEN
No. 2 CURES FEMALE WEAKNESS
Price $1.00 per box, postage 3 cents extra; six boxes for $5.00, postage 15 cents extra.
No. 3 INSURES REGULARITY
Price $1.00 per box, postage 3 cents extra; 2 boxes $1.50, postage 6 cents extra.
GILDED PILL CO. 279 KING ST. W. TORONTO
Particulars sent on receipt of stamp.

CATARRH AND COLD IN HEAD HOW CURED
NASAL BALM CURES COLD IN THE HEAD
NASAL BALM.
A certain and speedy cure for Cold in the Head and Catarrh in all its stages.
SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.
CATARRH
Instant Relief. Permanent Cure. Failure Impossible.
Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, loss of sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, you have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of NASAL BALM. Be assured to find neglected cold in head results in Catarrh, followed by consumption and death. NASAL BALM is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, prepaid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1.00) by addressing
FULFORD & CO., BROCKVILLE, ONT.
Beware of imitations similar in name.



The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, as it is certain in its effects and does not blister. Send proof below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SNYDER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND FRENCH DRAFT HORSES.
ELKWOOD, ILL., Nov. 25, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Dear Sirs: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles, I would like prices in larger quantities. I think it is one of the best liniments on earth. I have used it on my stable for three years.
Yours truly, CHAS. A. SNYDER.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
BROOKLYN, N. Y., November 5, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gentlemen: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for lameness, Stiff Joints and Spavins, and I have found it a sure cure, I cordially recommend it to all horsemen.
Yours truly, A. H. GILBERT, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
DEAR WINTON COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 19, 1888.
DR. B. J. KENDALL CO.
Gentlemen: It gives me pleasure to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured three horses that had Spavins, ten of fifteen years standing with Big Head and Blemishes, and since I have had one of your circulars and directions I have never failed.
Yours truly, ANDREW TURNER, Horse Doctor.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.
Price $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address on receipt of price by the proprietors, DR. B. J. KENDALL CO., Enosburgh Falls, Vt.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Inglis St. Jewelry Store.
WATCHES, JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, ETC.
Just completed, the largest and finest stock of
Jewelry, Watches, &c.
ever offered in Truro; consisting of
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SETTS:
Gold Setts, Diamond Setts, Rolled Plate Setts, Silver Setts, Jet Setts, etc.
Watch Repairing a Specialty!
Silver Plated-Ware:
Castors, Pickels, Cake Baskets, Card Receivers, Butters, Fruit Dishes, Biscuit Jars, Salts, Syrup Jugs, Knives and Forks, Spoons, Mugs, Butter Knives, Pickle Forks, Flat-Ware, and a beautiful variety of Napkin Rings.
CLOCKS:
The finest selection of Clocks ever offered in the Lower Provinces, viz: Marble, Marbleized Iron, Marbleized Wood, Black Walnut and Fancy Woods, in Eight Day and Thirty Hour; Nickel Alarms, Nickel Gems, and Novelties.
Rolled Plated Jewelry:
Ear Pins, Brooches, Ear-Rings, Chains, Necklets, Lockets, Chains, Baby Pins, Tie Pins, etc.
Rolled Plate Chains:
A very choice lot of Ladies' and Gents Alberts and Chatelaines.
Silver Jewelry:
Ear Pins, Tie Pins, Name Pins, Brooches, Ear-Rings, Thimbles, Bangles, Bracelets, Lockets, Charms, Chatelaines, Chains, etc.
Jet Goods:
A very fine assortment of Pins, Necklace Collarettes, Bracelets and Ear-Rings.
All the above goods can be purchased from 10 to 15 PER CENT LESS THAN GENERAL PRICES.
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