OF THE LADDER.

A Story of How a Man Can Rise in America.

Armstrong and Barker had never seen Armstrong and Barker had never seen anything of the kind before, and went to their work with an uneasy feeling that something bad was going to come of it; but a marvelous change had come over the riveters when Mr. Handy disappeared. They flew at their work with such a singular expression of watchfulness, as if mentally appraising John, and when the man finished, he answered:

'Then you're just the man I want, Mr. Armstrong. I make you foreman of the riveters. Begin to morrow morning.

Gimlet's sharp; but he's like a fire crack-er. Big noise, and then it's all over. Phew! that's something like work. She'll write.' be ready in time.

from their work, Mr. Handy came down again, in his rapid, nervous way, and call-

Where are those new men?' The others looked at each other, while said, quietly :
'Here we be, sir.'

The manager scanned him from head to foot, and asked him:

Where here created asked him:

'Where have you worked before:'
'Springfield Arsenal, Colt's Factory,
Excelsior Works,' returned John, short-

'Show me your work and your mate's for the day,' continued Handy, in the same quick, imperious way.

'Show me your work and your mate's —and night.

Nex Handy went on :

'How many men were on this boiler this afternoon?'

John pursed up his mouth, 'Twarn't my business to look, sir. Mr. Handy gave an almost imperceptible start, and twitched his lips; then go by three o'clock, Mr. Armstrong.'

'Six, sir. I thought you were in a surry, so I took them of —

'Other work, of course,' sternly interrupted the manager. 'Show me the work of the other four,'

This Birch was unable to do without

way he always put on in the shop, on ess, jumped nervously to obey his slight-purpose to overawe the men, he said to est order, and worked as they had never

'You've just saved your bacen, this shop—as well as they did at the Excelation and I'll see you do, or I'll know the reason why. That's all.'

The evening Mr. Handy came round to inspect things, and nodded as one well

them down, flitting from one object to day was not better, and Armstrong saw another like an inquisitive crow, whist-that war was declared between him and ling a low tune and glancing all over the the other foreman-a big man with a fine

shop without seeming to do so.

'He's a sharp 'un,' observed Steve, in a whisper. 'I'll bet a pound he's swung a sledge afore this, though he looks so What does he want wi' us, I tones, calling out :

'I'm kinder feared he wants one of us to boss the riveters, Steve They're mighty slack round here, and this here lockin' round by fits and starts ain't like

Wo don't want no country bosses here.'

The riveters looked at John, but he Mr. Stryker's way of 'doin' things. They went on with his washing with a calmwants good men for foreman here. ness that nothing disturbed, and put on You'll have to take it, 'cause you're the his coat to go home without noticing the Steve shook his head with a sigh.

couldn't. I'll rivet agin any man; but filer cried :. as foreman, 'tis a step above me. There, boss is gone to the office. Go you and riveter foreman, I mean—what's your

take your luck.'

They went slowly to the office, and found Handy, sitting back in his turning chair, with an air of relief on his face, 'My name?' John Armstrong. What's fully up: chair, with an air of relief on his face, 'My name', smoking a cigar. He nodded and smiled yours, friend to them with a genial, if rather patronizing air, that contrasted with his previous behavior, producing in John's mind a you out of your skin, you dirty sneaker, sense of insincerity, as of one acting a part, though Steve was wenderfully im-

Pressed by it.

*Come in—come in boys, he said.

*Well, how do you like the Vulcan, now you've had a day in it?

*Wetry much, sir.' returned Steve,

*Wetry much, sir.' returned Steve,

be all right. Been getting two-seventy-

sharply. 'I know riveters' wages, my fight, till I got at 'em.'
man. Don't try to feel the. Can you John Armstrong smiled slightly
read and write?'

'No sir,' answered Steve, abashed. 'Can you!' asked Hand, turning to

'Very well, did you ever have charge

of a gang before ? At this moment John happened to look over Handy's head at the window,

and saw the face of Birch, listening. He hesitated to answer, and finally re-'Once, sir-at Hartford.'

Handy watched him keenly and smiled slightly, as he asked : 'Well, why did you leave?'

John turned crimson, but looked his interrogator straight in the face, say-

'I were discharged, sir, for nigh killin' a man the second day. I used to have a temper then, though I've str.y' hard agin it sence that time. He were a-shirkin' work, and giv' me some back talk, and I his eyes were blazing, as he replied: hit him, sir. I hadn't orter done it, and 'Mr. Hennesse, I don't want no tree him.

the boss seen me drop him. I said I'd never hit a man agin arter that, unless he made me do it, to keep from bein licked. But I don't covet no foreman's job, sir. It will be a trial. I'll be thinkin' all the time of poor Dave Jenk-ins, as I laid out. He didn't work for FROM THE BOTTOM TO THE TOP three weeks, sir, and it took all my

savin's to keep his fam'ly goin.'

John noticed, all the while he was talking, that Birch's face at the window grew more and more malignant, but the man seemed to be waiting with intense

Handy had listened to this story with

zeal and energy that John could see they come to the office and get your day's were all capable enough, while Birch put work mapped out. The old men will try more men on the boiler over which so to shirk all they can, and need a tight much trouble had arisen, and, before hand over them. You can cow them night came, had made such progress that he observed, in a tone of relief:

'Guess it will blow over, boys. Old if you do well in it, I'll have promotion

And he wheeled round in his chair, Then, as the men were washing up turning his back with a discourtesy om their work. Mr. Handy came down which he had often studied to effect, and plunged into writing with an intentness that awed Steve Barker to silence, while Birch's face vanished.

Not till they were outside did the a hush came over the party; but as
Handy impatiently repeated the question,
John and Steve stepped out, and John
said, quietly:

Englishman whisper to John:
Es a sharp 'un he be. By crickey,
he's got it in the back of his head. But
say, lad, hang it all, I'm glad o' your

> well pleased wi' it.'
> Which proved to be the case when they got home, where John was accommodat ed with a bed-no great luxury in a tenement-home, but better than the street and where they all had a rejoicing that

me quick, imperious way.

John promptly did as requested, and there was Mr. Handy, who said to the riveters in his imperious way:
'Boys, this is your new foreman, Mr.

Armstrong. I've chosen him because he's the best workman amongst the lot. You'll do as he says, or you'll know the

he wheeled on Birch, asking:

'Well, you, then—how many men were on that boiler this afternoon?'

Then he wheeled about and went off, leaving the men staring at Armstrong in surprise.

CHAPTER VII. NOT DOWN YET.

Mr. Abel Handy proved to be a good calling the men up, and Mr. Handy, who had become very silent and watchful, at dress to the men worked wonder had become very silent and watchful, at dress to the men worked wonder had become very silent and watchful, at dress to the men worked wonder had become very silent and watchful, at dress to the men worked wonder had become very silent and watchful, at dress to the men worked wonder. report to the office to-morrow morning, at seven, before going to work.

Then with the same abrupt, haughty

man but a dangerous fighter; and the very men who would have bothered our hero the most had not heard of his prowdone before in the Vulcan Company's

The men turned away with sly glances pleased at the riveters' department, at each other and sundry winks, while Handy said to John Armstrong, in a very the filers, and proceeded to blow up their

'Darned if I like these suckers-getting round old Gimlet, and setting a

other who took courage at his silence thinking him afraid, and treated him to 'No, lad, no—tis your place. I don't a volley of indirect abuse, to which Armknow how to read. I couldn't take it—I strong gave no word of answer till the

Armstrong colored slightly, while all

with a respectful grin. 'Couldn't ax a don't see why you should. I aint on the better place than we have, if the wages fight now a days.'

'Maybe you used to be, then,' sneered Hennessy, elaborately. 'I've heard lots

was all he replied. 'I don't want to

fight. Good evenin'.'
And he turned his back and walked away, when Hennessy yelled out: 'That' it. Run, ye coward. Any one

can see you're the son of a coward. Armstrong was near the door as the words reached him, and heard a low hiss from the riveters. He stopped short, wheeled round, and came to Hennessy, took off his coat as he came, but halting within ten feet of the other. Then amid

We're fellow workers in the same shop, and I've told ye I aint on the firght now. I were onat, and sorry I am fur it. My father were shot through the lungs at Gettysburg, and he draws a pension fur it. Kin you say as much for yourn?'
The question seemed, for some reason,

to irritate Hennessy for he snarled : 'Go and find out. I'll smash you in the jaw, I will, if you say any more about my father.'
John drew back a little, with a start

'No, no,' he said earnestly. 'Don't mistake me. I love my poor old dad too much to speak ill of any other man's father. 'Taint that, Hennessy — taint

'I don't care what it is,' the other interrupted, brutally, taking the country man's scruple for a sign of yielding. 'You're a consearned coward, that's what

chum, Steve Barker, while a sneer was on every face, and one said, audibly:

'Fighting Mike's cowed him, by

and he picked up his coat from the anvil where it lay, handing it to Barker, say-

Barker nodded with a grin, and the four days' work, and said to himself, young workman strode out into the with a smile of great thankfuluess, go-crowd, throwing the men right and left ing home: like so many kittens, till he came to Hennessy, on whose shoulder he lay the mebbe I kin bring him down next week

face before him, and for the first time began to realize that he had a dangerous customer to deal with. He backed away,

'Fair play! You've got your coat off! hain't. I didn't say nothing against your father, that I know of ' "You lie!" Lissed John, now at last fairly lashed into frenzy. 'You cursed him. You called me the son of a cow-

ard. D'ye take it back?

Hennessy began to take his coat off, and Armstrong fell back a pace to let him do it. When he had done so, one might have seen that 'Fighting Mike' was rather pale, and that his lips were trembling.

'Are ye ready?' growled Armstrong while the men gathered round with anxious faces. 'D'ye take it back on no!' 'Come on,' answered Hennessy, who could not retreat now, had he wished.

The words were not out of his lips ere the countryman advanced with a sudden different tone:

'If you and your nate here are not in a hurry to go to supper, I want to see you in the office. You'll not be sorry for it.'

Then he nedded and strode away to the quarter of the filers, where they saw the quarter of the filers, where they saw the preking up castings and throwing threat to discharge all the filers if next the country said gave him a single right hand blow under the chin that the then the thein that the discharge ike a tigger, and gave him a single right hand blow under the chin that the discharge ike a tigger, and gave him a single right hand blow under the chin that the country said doubtfully:

'Well, now, I never had any single right hand blow under the chin that the country said doubtfully:

'Well, now,

in the other's throat.

He had calculated the force of his blow coolly, in all his anger, and knew

that Hennessy was not insensible. In fact, the other gurgled out: 'Yes, yes—enough.'
Then Armstrong jumped up in a mo-

ent and waved away the workmen.
'Ye would have it,' he said, hoarsely, 'I didn't seek it, heaven knows; but arter this I give ye all notice—any man that says a word agin my old dad I'll lay him out so he'll never do't again Clear out!

He was roused at last to the very depths of his simple nature—rhis strong, self-controlled man, who had endured patiently so much contumely. There ter. was a fierce look in his face, even now, from which the stoutestworkmen shrunk back, and he swung through the crowd, followed by Steve Barker, who had a quiet grin on his face denoting intense satisfaction, and who remarked audibly. as he looked at Hennessy sitting rue

'He's got his bellyful at last, has he? Tell ye what, lads, these quiet chaps be dangerous when ye work 'em up too much. They'll stand spittin', but ye mustn't try to rub in. It ain't always

safe. Good night ' Then he slouched down the street after John, whom we found panting and glaring at the walls as he strode on, and who greeted him as he took his coat

Thankee, Steve, thankee. You're a good friend—a good friend. Say, did I look bad, did I?

'I am—I am,' returned Armstrong, with a sort of nervous shiver—'I am afeard of myself, Steve. The minister told me once, when I were a boy, that if didn't conquer my temper it would end in murder some day. And I fight it so in murder some day. And I fight it so hard. I fought it to-night as long as I could, but it got the best of me at last. Oh, ain't I glad he said he took it back? Why, do you know, Steve'—

Why, do you know, Steve'—

Oo. 81, where Munson, Wheeler, and Jim Stryker sat smoking on the steps, and Ella Morton got on the outside, keeping John between her and the house, while the young man glanced menacing by at the three friends as he wassed, and control of the steps.

Here he stopped, drew a deep breath, and continued, with a face that had a tired sort of look about it, curious to see:

While the young man glanced menacing and the three friends as he passed, and all three turned their heads the other way, and pretended not to see him. 'My father fought in the wars, slr. He warn't never called a coward, and he never ran in his life.'

Hennessy laughed sneeringly.

'Fought in the war, country! Druy' a waggon, you mean. There was lots of skulks and bounty-jumpers as tells how they fought, and lie about it.'

John had turned very white ward. kulks and bounty-jumpers as tells how hey fought, and lie about it.

John had turned very white now, and John had turned very white now, and have said what he did—he couldn't. Morton did, as a sort of creature bes eyes were blazing, as he replied:
Why, why, Steve, do you know I'm tween men and angels, to be worshipped after I made a fool of myself? I and listened to, not familiarly addressed.

oughtn't ter noticed him at all. He didn't mean nothin'.'

And the anger faded out of his face. to be replaced by a look of simple sorrow, as he went on with Steve, saying 'I must try to get rid of this temper mine, Steve-I must. It's mean. It ain't right, 'spech'ly in me, when I know all the fightin' tricks were ever heard tell on. I'll hev to make it up with pore Hennessy in the morning, I must. He thought I got the boss to give him a layin' out, and he were mad.

and make it up to morrow.'

And thus he rambled on in his simple, reat-hearted prattle, till Steve sindden ly burst out :

'Ods, man, are you a fool or a parson, or what? If I were you, and had licked three chaps like you've done in three night; just as easy as kissin' my 'and, the city wouldn't 'old me. 'twouldn't! Swear I You're a consearned coward, that's what you are, and you've got to take the name. Wait till I ketch you outside. I'll get square with you for sucking round the boss. I'll tan your hide for ye.'

And so saying, with a triumphant laugh, he walked away, leaving John standing by an anvil alone with his old many the burst out to his wife:

'You are a regular demon one moment, and a suckin baby next. Come along and 'ave your supper like a sensible man I'm proud of you.'

And when he took John in to supper, he burst out to his wife:

'Oh, missus, what do you think? Hang-ed if that Jack Armstrong ain't licked a Fighting Mike's cowed him, by blessed city! He's a regular good fight-strong started as if a bee had stung him, and looked round at Steve with a face like ashes, tears in his eyes. 'By heavens!' he cried out, with a roar like a wounded lion, 'I can't, I can't stand it! Hev I got to fight agin towards it! Hev I got to fight agin towards it! Hev I got to fight agin towards had as Steve had predicted so it came. And as Steve had predicted so it came.

And as Steve had predicted so it came most.

And as Steve had predicted so it came most.

And as Steve had predicted so it came most.

about. Next day, not only was there no most. trouble in the shop, but foreman Hen-'Fight! Oh, you aint worth shucks nessy made his appearance, as quiet as kinder like to live round there. It's to fight, no more nor yer coward old a lamb, and hurried up all the filers in more like home than them barracks Armstrong knew the voice of of the black bearded Fighting Mike Hennessy, and he picked up his coat from the hurrying up the whole shop in every You see. He will have it. I kin week passed over quietly without further stand anything but that. Come with adventures, Saturday night came, and me.'

> ing home:
> Fifteen dollars for poor old dad, and country lads ain't a match for city

own thoughts, when he almost fell over some one, much smaller than himself, and starting back to apologize, saw that it Steve stared a face, and said: 'Why, Mr. Armstrong, is it you? And

you've never been to see mother all this Poor John for a moment, blushed to

his hair, and felt dazed and confused He had actually forgotten, in his anxieties and work, all about little Ella Morton over whom he had just stumbled.

He stammered out:

'Yes—that is, miss—I would have come—but—I've been tired and—but I'm right glad to see ye,' he pursued, his countenance gradually warming up, 'fur you kin mebbe help me a bit, bein' used to city ways like. Kin you tell me where's the post office, and how I kin send money safest to my poor old dad up in Painted Post, miss? I'd take it mighty kind if ye could tell me.' Ella pursed up her little mouth as considering, and said doubtfully :

'Well, now, I never had any money to send through the post office, nor any other way, but I believe there is what

heerd tell on it, but I never rightly 'D'ye take it back?' his knuckles deep knowed what it were. Do you know,

miss?'
'Well, not exactly,' she answered, 'but I tell you what I can do. You come to see mother, as you promised, to-morrow, in the morring, and she's sure to know. My mother knows everything in the world, I really believe.

Artful Ella

CHAPTER VIII. THE LADBER OF LOVE.

Artful Ella, and yet so artless! John did not exactly know how it was done, but no more did the girl, for that mat-

It just came about naturally, without apparent intention on the part of either. She had said, carelessly: 'I suppose you've forgotten all about the number of our house?

Then he answered:
'No. indeed, miss, for I put away the address careful. It be in Ashley-street, and that's jest five blocks away.' To which she responded:
'Yes; and its quite a little walk with

this heavy bundle.'
And then John colored crimson, and discovered that the girl had a large bundle lying on the sidewalk, hidden by her skirt, so that he had not seen it be-

fore. And he stammered:
'I beg parding, miss, indeed. I didn't see it. You'll let me kerry it for ye, I ly hope, if I ain't intrudin'? And Ella fairly laughed at his simple

way of speaking, and replied:
Why, of course, I should be very Bad!' echoed Steve, puzzled. 'You much obliged if you'd see me home, for look like a born fightin' man—that's all, you know I have to pass that house lad. Why, what's amiss? You look like one frightenedat something. What's might'— John snatched up the bundle like a

Yet somehow he foun I himself talking away to Ella, telling her about Painted Post and his invalid father, till she in-

'Here we are, Mr. Armstrong, and I'm really much indebted to you for your kindness. We live in the basement, and mother will be very happy to see you tomorrow morning. I suppose you go to church, don't you?

'Yes, miss,' answered John, getting very bashful again of a sudden. 'Dad allers told me how'-And he stopped short.
'Very well,' she said. 'Our church

opens at a quarter to eleven, and it's just a block away. If mother's well enough, we'll all go together. Good-

Then she disappeared down the steps,

and John went home in a kind of dream, from which the face of Ella Morton with its big brown eyes, looked out in a mist of glory, while he could clearly see every window of the house she lived in. It was a small two-storey house at the end of a twenty-feet garden, in a retired street which the metropolis had dropped aside long ago, in its hurried, march to the Harlem river—one of those streets one stumbles on near the North and

corner of a still smaller street, one could and \$1. 'Seems to me,' thought John,

where Steve and his wife puts up. I must ax Miss Morton in the mornin' 'bout rents in these parts.'
And when he had had his supper at Steve's, he was so unusually quiet and

reticent that Barker remarks rallied him with:

'Ods, man, what ails you? Looks like you'd been sparkin', and were thinkin' of a lass, you do.' Hi, Phœbe! see Jack blush up. Ods, but that's a good joke! Jack sparkin' a lass afore he's a week in the city. Who says reticent that Barker remarked it and

Now, he said in a whisper, through white lips, glaring at Hennessy, 'you'll take back what you said about my father, Hennessy had felt the grip and father, am. How'll I send it safest? Wish I Armstrong knew he was very red in the face, but he tried to answer quietly: 'You're a barking up the wrong true.' and I'd take it kind if you stop bringing

Steve stared at him a moment, and

smoke from his pipe ere replying:
'No offence, lad—no offence! Wern't I crazed mysel' 'bout Phœbe there when I were sparkin'? 'Tis the way o' the world, lad. No offence. Wish you joy, do, and a good wife."

John turned redder than ever.

no one knows when that'll be; which 'minds me I must write dad a letter at onst. Wonder where I kin doit?'

several buttles I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my nst. Wonder where I kin do it? Steve looked puzzled. 'Don't no, lad. Don't write mysel', as you know. Mebbe Phebe can tell you. She used to make pothooks and hangers in National School, she did, though I

nisdoubt if she writes a tidy hand yet.' Phœbe, thus appealed to, replied: 'There's the Christian Mission in Brown-place. Mabbe you can write there. Heard tell they be kind to workin' men.

And John accordingly repaired to the place named, which turned out to be a branch of a Church Mission School, expressly disigned to help workmen, with a library and club-room, from which he for fifteen dollars, at the same time making the acquaintance of a man who was

to influence his future life very powerful-This was Mr. Baldwin, teacher of the workman himself, and who said to John, after he assisted him in his business, and examined him by the light of a long ex-

'See here, young man. You're too good a man to stay a common laborrer. ATAII Orders promptly attended to. Why don't you come to night school and study mathematics and grammer. John stared at him. He was a grey-

haired and bearded man, with a shrewd, kindly face that encouraged an answer. 'Well, sir,' said John, slowly, 'I don't 'zactly know. What's them, sir?' I've b'en through 'rithmetic up to profit and loss, but I never found much use f'ort, arter the four rules. Grammar's su'thin' we didn't use to study up in Painted Post, 'cep' teachers.'

Mr. Baldwin smiled.

'I should imagine not. Well, I'll tell you why you ought to study grammar. In the first place, don't you know some one-we'll say a lady, perhaps-whom vou respect and admire, who speaks a very different language from what you do. but which you understand perfect-

John blushed crimson and said : 'Why, how d'ye know that?'

Mr. Baldwin smiled. Never mind. Well, would you not like to be able to speak to that lady in a manner that would not perpetually shock her fine sense of what is proper language It is perfectly easy, you know, understand me, don't you?"

'Yes, sir. But'-'But what?' 'But I don't know noth'n' 'bout this here fine way o' talkin' as you calls gram-mar, sir: and I don't never hope I mar, sir: and I don't never h wouldn't be able to l'arn it nohow. Mr. Baldwin could not help laughing

'Well, well—that's a pretty hard speech of yours to begin with. Do you read the papers, Armstrong? 'Yes, sir. 'Speshlly round 'lection times. Dad allers said a man orter know how le votes a ticket and read both sides

to find out.' 'Well, suppose you were to read in the paper that the editor didn't know nothing about grammar, and didn't never hope he wouldn't be able to learn it nohow, you would not have much confidence in that paper -- eh

'I don't rightly see your meaning sir.

A Little Be aind Sand.

Some people are always a little behind hand in all undertakings; delays are dangerous, and none more so than in neglecting what seems a trifling cold. Prudent people break up the ill effects by tunely use of Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam thus preventing serious lung troubles. 2

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McGregor's Speedy Cure.

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> Loss and Gata. CHAPTER I. "I was taken sick a year ago With bilious fever."

"My doctor pronounced me cured, but was a girl, who looked up archly in his face, and said:

Tgot sick again, with terrible pains in his wife, while he puffed volumes of my back and sides, and I got so bad that

Could not move!

I shrunk ! From 228 lbs to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than John turned redder than ever.
'I tell ye ye're barkin' up the wrong three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my tree, Steve. I ain't sparkin', nor like to pains left me, my entire system seemed be, till my pore ole dad's well again, and renewed as if by magic, and after usind

> R. FITZPATRICK life. Dublin, June 6; '81, How to GET SICK .- Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without ex-ercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nost-rums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bit-

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d Ear Infirmary, late Clinical Assistant
yal Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorfields, and
intral London Throat and Ear Hospital, may
consulted at

THE WINDSOR HOTEL STRATFORD, On Last Saturday of Every Month.

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