

POETRY.
BROKEN GODS.
By Douglas Slade.
Just another idol
Fallen from its place—
One more hollow found behind
An old familiar face!
Comrade mine, I thought to twine
Our hearts for evermore,
And lo! another idol
Broken on the floor.
Kinsfolk reared from childhood
In one mother's ways,
School-friends more than brothers loved
In heart-earn days.
Lovers dear as kinsfolk never,
Are themselves no more—
What! must all the idols
Shatter on the floor?
Lo! another idol!
Set it up on high!
Never head the broken gods,
Leave them where they lie!
On it shiver love's every flower,
Make it all—your all—
Feed it with your heart's blood,
And one day it will fall.
"Loved you not these false gods
Broken on the floor?"
"I would fain have worshipped them
All for evermore."
"I loved well—twas they who fell!"
"Comrade, let them lie,
And when you love another,
Shrine it high of high."

SELECT STORY.
THE HIDDEN HORN
By Mrs. Southworth.
AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "THE CHANGED BRIDES," ETC. ETC.
CONTINUED FROM THE CAPITAL.
He dressed himself quickly and left his room, to walk down the length of the long hall and observe the cells on each side. The doors were at regular intervals, and each door had in its centre a small opening to enable the proprietor to look in upon the patients.
As these were all women, and some of them delicate and refined even in their inanity, Traversé felt shocked at this necessity, if it were necessary, exposure of their sanctity.
The cells were in fact small bedrooms, that with their white-washed walls, and white curtained beds and windows, looked excessively neat, clean and cool, but also it must be confessed, very bare, dreary and cheerless.
But as he turned to go down the stairs, his eyes went full into an opposite cell, and fell upon a vision of beauty and sorrow that immediately riveted his gaze.
It was a small and graceful female figure, clothed in deep black, seated by the window, with her elbow resting upon the sill and her chin supported on her hand. Her eyes were cast down until her eyelashes lay like ink lines upon her snow white cheek. Her face, of classic regularity and marble whiteness, bore a ghastly contrast to the long eyelashes, arched eyebrows and silken ringlets, black as midnight. She might have been a statue or a picture, so motionless she sat.
Conscious of the wrong of gazing upon this solitary woman, Traversé forced his looks away and passed on down stairs, where he again met the old doctor and Mademoiselle Angèle at breakfast.
After breakfast, Doctor St. Jean invited his young assistant to accompany him on a round of visits to the patients, and they went immediately up to the hall, at the end of which Traversé had slept.
"These are our incurables, but they are not violent, incurables never. Poor Mademoiselle she has just been conveyed to this ward," said the doctor, opening the door of the first cell on the right at the head of the stairs, and admitting Traversé at once into the presence of the beautiful black-haired, snow-faced woman, who had so much interested him.
"This is my friend, Doctor Roche, Mademoiselle; Doctor, this is my friend, Mademoiselle Mont de St. Pierre."
Traversé bowed profoundly, and the lady arose, curtseyed and resumed her seat, saying coldly:
"I have told you, Monsieur, you persist in doing so; and I shall never notice the insult again."
"Ten thousand pardons Madame! but if Madame will always look so young! so beautiful! can I ever remember that she is a widow?"
The classic lip of the woman curled in scorn, and she dismissed a reply.
"I take an appeal to Monsieur," Doctor—
"Is not Madame young and beautiful?" asked the Frenchman, turning to Traversé, while the splendid black eyes of the stranger passed from the one to the other.
"And how has Madame fared during my absence so long? The servants—have they been respectful? have they been obedient? will Madame? Madame his bill to speak!" said the doctor, bowing politely.
"Why should I speak when every word I utter you believe, or affect to believe, to be the ravings of a maniac? I will speak no more," said the lady, turning away her superb dark eyes and looking out of the window.
"Ah, Madame will not so punish her friend, her servant! her slave!"
A gesture of fierce impatience and disgust was the only reply deigned by the lady.
"Come away, she is angry and may become dangerously excited," said the old doctor, leading the way from the cell.
"Did you tell me this lady is one of the incurables?" inquired Traversé, when they had left her apartment.
"Bah! yes, poor girl, 'vera incurable,' as my sister would say."
"Yet, she appears to me to be perfectly sane, as well as exceedingly beautiful and interesting."
"Ah, bah! my excellent; my admirable; my inexperienced young friend, that is all you know of lunatics! With more or less violence of assertion, they every one insist upon their sanity; just as criminals protest their innocence! Ah, bah! you shall go into every cell in this ward, and not find one lunatic among them," sneered the old doctor, as he led the way into the next little room.
It was indeed as he had foretold, and Traversé looked himself deeply affected by the melancholy, the earnest, and sometimes the violent manner in which the poor unfortunate protested their sanity, and implored or demanded to be restored to home and friends.
"You perceive," said the doctor, with a dry laugh, "that they are none of them crazy!"
"I see," said Traversé, "but I also detect a very great difference between the lovely woman in the south cell and these other inmates."
"Bah! bah! bah! she is more beautiful! more accomplished! more refined than the others, and she is in one of her lucid intervals! that is all you know of lunatics!" said Traversé, between her insanity and that of other patients, it lies in this, that she is the most hopelessly mad of the whole lot. She has been mad eighteen years!" said the old doctor, as they crossed the hall to go into the next wing of the building, in which were situated the men's wards.

DOROTHY'S JOURNEY.
It was a lonely one, for her brother, who was to have been her companion, was unavoidably detained at the last moment, and it was a serious undertaking for a girl who had never been so far from her London home before.
Moreover, the prim, elderly ladies—into whose compartment an anxious elder sister had put her with a whispered congratulation that she would not have any annoyance to dread from them—left the train at the next station, and their place was taken by a man, whom the timid Dorothy soon found herself furtively watching with distrust and aversion.
From behind an illustrated paper with which thoughtful Elizabeth had supplied her, she could not help seeing that he was strangely muffled up for a mild day in October. His loose overcoat was buttoned up to his throat, around which a scarf was wound that hid all the lower part of his face. His bright eyes gleamed from behind a pair of blue glasses, and his hat was slouched over his forehead.
The idea that he was an invalid never suggested itself, for he was too restless for that, sitting first on one side of the carriage, then changing to the other, nervously starting if Dorothy only rustled a leaf, and evincing ill-suppressed agitation whenever the train stopped to take up passengers.
On two or three occasions Dorothy had reason to hope that the vacant seats in the compartment would be filled by more congenial fellow-passengers, but this her strange companion prevented, by driving away those who passed at the door with a prompt "full" or "engaged." And anyone who may have doubted this and any one who may have doubted this and any one who may have doubted this, I am not mad! I am not mad!—M.G. Lewis.
Every time the guard's whistle gave the signal for a fresh start, this man would draw a long breath as of relief, and retreating to the other end of the carriage, he would indulge in a draught from a flask he carried in his pocket.
Still he did not attempt to address the quiet girl, who on her part rarely looked up from her periodical. The train was speeding on towards the south coast; her cousin would meet her at a station a few miles from her own home, and even if he did not alight before then, she should soon be with friends, and amuse them with a description of her fellow-traveller.
He was more restless than ever. His flask was empty, and when he reached a small junction that hosted of a refreshment bar, he called a porter to get it filled for him.
But the man was busy with luggage and could not come, and after muttering something that made Dorothy shudder, and hesitating awhile, he turned on the door and dashed across the platform to procure the brassy himself, jostling as he went a tall ruddy young fellow who was hurrying towards the train.
"Here she is! here's cousin Dorothy!" he shouted to another equally pleasant young fellow who followed him. "I told you we should be in time to catch her here instead of letting her go on to Rosbridge. Welcome little cousin; Madge and Mimma are in the wagonette outside waiting for you. How many trunks have you brought? None, only a hat and a case, and a bundle of the best—sensible little woman. Take her along, Fred! I'll follow with the baggage."
And away Dorothy was hustled to where a couple of pretty girls, about her own age were seated in a rooney wagonette, eagerly watching for her coming.
Madge looked disappointed when she saw only one visitor where two had been expected; but her rosy face brightened again when Dorothy explained that her brother would be able to follow in a day or two at farthest. Frank sprang to the box, the Gladstone was handed up beside him, and Fred, who had spent a few weeks in London the previous winter, and brought away a conviction that there was not a sweeter girl in the world than Dorothy, assisted her into the wagonette and placed himself by her side.
"You did not expect to see us yet, of course," he said. "Indeed, Rosbridge is our station, but Frank had business at Hurst, and Madge suggesting that the drive if longer was prettier, we arranged to come in a body across country and meet you here."
The spirited horse had sprung away at a canter almost before the party had settled themselves in their seats. Indeed, she was rattled along at such a rate that Dorothy envied her companions the equanimity with which they went up and down hill, jolted over ruts, and swung perilously near deep ditches.
But then her first exclamation of alarm made Fred's arm steel around her waist—to steady her, nothing more—and his whispering assurance that he would take care of her must have soothed away her fears, for long before they drove to the door of Oakhangar Farm, where uncle John and aunt Bessie were nodding and smiling a welcome, she was talking and laughing as merrily as the rest.
A delicious tea-dinner was in readiness, and everyone at Oakhangar felt convinced that Dorothy must be half-starved, she was only allowed to throw off her hat and wash her hands, before she was hurried to the table, and not allowed to leave it till she had done her best to satisfy her entertainers.
And Dorothy was really hungry, for she had been too excited to eat her lunch before leaving town, and the sandwiches her sister Elizabeth had insisted she should bring with her lay in her bag untouched.
How could she discuss them with such a queer travelling-companion looking on at the while?
Madge and Mimma and Fred were amused with her description of him, though they gave it as their opinion that he must be an escaped lunatic; but Fred said, compassionately:
"Poor little Dorothy, what a miserable, lonely journey you must have had! I wish I had acted on my first thought, and gone to Waterloo to meet you."
The evening was spent in aunt Bessie's roomy, cosy parlour; she would not have it dignified by any more pretentious name. The girls' piano and her son's bookcases were there, as well as spinning-wheel, for she still adhered to the custom of her grandmothers, and spun the fine strong yarn she and her daughters knitted into the family hose.
There were cushioned benches under the projecting chimney-piece, and to please father a wood fire burnt brightly on the wide hearth, and the room was large enough to allow of a occasional set of quadrille or waltz on the polished floor, for the farmer and his wife, in their prudent anxiety to keep their children from seeking dangerous pleasures abroad, were careful to encourage all wholesome amusements at home.
Dorothy waltzed with Fred, sang duets with Frank, and promised to learn to play part in the glee and part-songs with which her cousins delighted their father, nor even recognized that she was tired till aunt Bessie suddenly declared that she was heavy-eyed, and must be sent to bed directly.
"Off with you all!" she cried, peremptorily. "It is past ten; how is Dorothy to

get up a colour and take walks before breakfast if we care to sleep late?"
"I have carried your bag to your room," Fred told his cousin, as he bade her good night. "You must have packed it cleverly."
"Because it is so tremendously heavy for a lady's luggage, that's all," he answered, taking advantage of the pause to clasp her hand once more.
"Elizabeth must have put in some books, and my drawing materials," thought Dorothy, as she followed Mimma to the pretty chamber her cousins had draped with pink and white for her use.
"You don't care to sleep alone," Madge popped in her head to exclaim, "you've only to say so, and one of us will stay. Shall we help you unpack? Your key would not open your bag; but Frank had one on an old bunch that fitted it."
"This is not my bag," cried Dorothy, surprised as it lay on a table in the middle of the room. "It is the same size, but much newer than the one my father lent me for my journey."
Then Frank was called by his sisters to explain how the mistake had arisen.
"I suppose through my stupidity or haste, which you like," he replied, regarding it with a puzzled air. "I saw a bag under one of the seats of the carriage when I found Dorothy quite alone. 'A bag and a tin hat-box,' she said, I seized both and looked no further."
"Mine was older and shabbier," she told him. "This must have belonged to the stranger. What must he have thought when he came back to the train and found it gone? What shall I do with it? Will you mind taking it into your care till we can give it back and get mine instead?"
"It's tremendously heavy. What can it be?" cried Dorothy.
And, plunging in his hand he drew forth first a roll of paper, out of which peered the handles of some massive silver table-spoons, and then a beautifully-chased teapot of the same precious metal.
"You follow-traveller was a thief, cousin Dorothy, and these are the proceeds of a burglary. I don't think there's a doubt of it," said Frank, and in this opinion his brother and father, quickly summoned to the spot, both concurred.
But aunt Bessie soon put a stop to the commutation that followed. The girls were getting excited, and must go to bed. In the morning would be time enough to decide what steps had better be taken for restoring the valuable contents of the Gladstone bag to their rightful owner.
It was a long while before Dorothy could close her eyes, and in her dreams she saw again the miserable, restless man, who must have been haunted by his dread of detection. But at last she sank into a refreshing slumber, from which Madge awoke her with a loving kiss and the announcement that breakfast, postponed an hour for various reasons, would be served as soon as she had made her toilet.
Both Frank and Fred looked pale, and Dorothy was presently started to learn that they had not been to bed.
She inquired the reason, and it was Fred who replied:
"First your breakfast, little cousin, and I'll tell you. You have finished? You are sure? Then there is rather an unpleasant task before you, I am sorry to say; but as what must be must, shall it be done at once?"
"Yeggs," Dorothy, but full of trust in the speaker, Dorothy permitted herself to be taken to an outhouse, the door of which was unlocked by a policeman, and which was tenanted by her fellow-passenger of the preceding day.
"You identify this man?" she was asked, as she shrank nearer to Fred with a cry of recognition, and was instantly led away.
"How came he to be our prisoner? Well, you see, Frank and I, talking over the affair, thought it very unlikely that the fellow, on discovering the loss of his body, would quietly submit to it. It was more probable, we argued, that he would follow you up and try to regain possession of it. And this is just what he did. But we had taken our policemen into our councils, and while they kept watch outside the outhouse we did the same within, and he was caught in the act of creeping through a crevice in the wall."
Dorothy had but little to do with the case, for this she was very thankful, though any pity she may have felt for the guilty man was merged in disgust when she learned that the person he had robbed had been a very generous friend to him in spite of his unworthiness.
She has never made another journey without male protection, her cousin Fred having won a promise from her rosy lips that warrants him in acting as her escort wherever she goes.

THE HAUNTED PITCHER.
A South Carolina Mystery That Began With a Lightning Stroke.
About five miles from Aiken, S.C., on the Charleston dirt road, and in sight of the railway, is a little place that was first christened Poleson, but afterward changed to Montmorenci, and so far being named that odorous little animal. Many years ago a young woman came with her pitcher to draw a bucket of water from a well at Montmorenci, and set the vessel in the hollowed top of a stone post that some of the railroad men had moved there.
While drawing the water a flash of lightning came and struck the chain to which the well bucket was attached and the woman was killed in her tracks. Her remains were removed, but the pitcher was left just where the dead girl had set it. To this day the pitcher remains in the same place, and when being removed it is said that no living hand has ever touched it save its owner's, although near the side of the public road. But the most wonderful thing is the superstition attached to the pitcher. There is an indescribable influence surrounding it that prevents its touch.
Hundreds of people have gone with the firm determination of lifting the pitcher, but when they approach it a strange repugnance comes over them and they hurriedly depart without carrying out the object of their wish. One night a bully in the neighborhood while under the influence of whisky made a bet with some friends that he would go and bring back the pitcher. He left to do so, but soon returned as pale as a sheet and empty handed. "Boys," he remarked, "no person alive can lay hands on that pitcher, and I wouldn't attempt it again for the whole of Aiken County." He refused to tell his experience and said he would not talk about it. Other parties have gone to see it, but met with the same repulsive feelings.

NEWS AND NOTES.
Women and Wine are often classed together by the poets, but we have never yet heard of a poet who claimed that both of them improved with age.
Prof. Loisset's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.
"Jeggs"—Have a cigar, Jeggs? "Beggs"—No, thanks. "But this is one of those you gave me yesterday." "I know it."
FOR RICKETS, MERMARUS, AND ALL WASTING DISORDERS OF CHILDREN—Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, is unequalled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Mermarus of long standing. In every case the improvement was marked."—J. M. MATH M.D., New York. Put up in 50c. and \$1 size.
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Young Lady (confidentially, to guide in foreign art gallery)—Is there any way for the uninitiated to distinguish between an old master and a modern painting? Guide—Yes, ma'am. If the people in the picture have clothes on it's by an old master.
ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once, it produces natural quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" and take no other kind.
Mrs. Fussy—I wonder why Dr. Fourchly always has his sermons typewritten? Mr. Grumpy—Out of pure gratitude. You don't know how the invention has boomed the matrimonial market!
Prof. Loisset's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.
Eulogies pronounced in celebration of the virtues of the departed may be characterized as foam on the funeral bier.

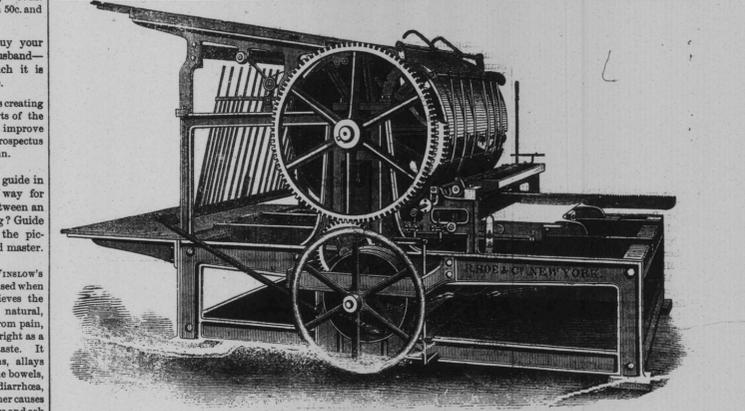
SALT WILL KILL MOTHS.
How to Take Care of Carpets and Furniture.
All housewives know that moths revel in close, dark places, yet many of them never think of this when they keep the parlor closed without light or air for any length of time, until, on taking up the carpet, or examining closely the furniture, they find conclusive evidence of the work of these insects.
Upon these pests enter a house it is very difficult to dislodge them. Sprinkling salt thickly around the edges of the room before putting down the carpet may prevent their doing any injury to this article as well as to the furniture. If the carpet is aired, yet if kept closed, even it will not prevent their destructiveness. Salt plentifully sprinkled into the crevices of upholstered furniture will stop the ravages of these pests, provided the room is not kept darkened.
Let in the light and air every day. The best way to be a welcome visitor is especially at this season, there is danger of fading the carpet or furniture, throw down newspapers on the carpets and move the piece of furniture aside or cover it while the sun remains.
Of course, when cleaning the room thoroughly, it is a good plan to remove the lighter articles of upholstered furniture into the air, and the heaviest ones in another room in which the windows are opened.
Hair cloth is best cleaned by beating with a small switch or rat, afterward wiping with a soft cloth. If it is old and losing its color, it can be made to look lighter as good as new by wiping it over with a cloth wet in ink.
Flush furniture should be brushed with a bristle brush. A medium-sized paint brush is just the thing. Never switch plush, as it will leave a mark that any amount of brushing will not obliterate.
A small paint brush for the crevices of the woodwork is necessary to keep it in good condition by removing the dust. Wipe over the woodwork with a soft, damp cloth, and polish with a dry cloth. A small quantity of warm linseed oil rubbed briskly with a soft, dry cloth, will give the wood a nice soft polish.
See that the castors on the heavy pieces of furniture are in good condition, so that they will not wear or mark the carpet when moved from their places. A little machine or kerosene oil will do good service if applied to them occasionally, applying only enough to make them work freely, as too much is apt to work down and leave an ugly spot on the carpet.

CONSUMPTION CURED.
An old physician, retired from practice having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, and a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, their recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYLES 124, Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.
The directors of the C. P. R. have declared a half yearly dividend payable in February.
Prof. Loisset's memory system is creating greater interest than ever in all parts of the country, and persons wishing to improve their memory should send for his prospectus free as advertised in another column.
The Winnipeg Evening Sun has been sold for \$40,000 to a company with Ex-superintendent of Education Comers as President.
Fifty cases of cotton consigned for Japan passed through Winnipeg over the C. P. R. the other day.
The Cape Breton railway, it is said, will be in running order and open for traffic July next.

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