

**BELINDA CAMERON'S WILL.**

Miss Cameron was a spinster, and with one companion, a young girl named Mary Selton, lived in the old farm house where her father had lived and died before her. She had all her life saved more than she had spent, and the result was, beside a well kept farm, a snug twenty thousand dollars invested in bonds and real estate, and likewise several impetuous relatives who were waiting for her demise, and a share in the spoils thereof. None of them bore any love for the fair young girl, who was so great a favorite with the lonely old woman. As may be surmised there was a well grounded fear abroad among them, and that was that no doubt a goodly share, if not all, her property would be given this "upstart" and "baggage," unless some lucky chance should rid them of her. Among the relatives in question was one nephew, who with never a care for his aunt's money, had been for some time paying attention to Marv in the way of taking her to a concert or a country dance sometimes, to the intense disgust of his mother and sisters.

"If I were you I would not run about with that girl in that way," said Alice, the elder, to him one day. "And why not?" said the nephew, John by name. "And why not?" mimicked Alice, "when she is just staying there to get Aunt Cam to give her money. Just by your running after her she will think you want to marry her, and Aunt Cam will think so too, and thinking that, will go and will her everything, and

"Oh, that's all right," said John, "I see it she gives me money, and I marry Mary, why, indirectly as it were, I'll get it, won't I? You have given me an idea. I believe I will try it. Thanks for the suggestion," and making a low bow, he walked away. And inwardly fuming, Alice saw him depart across the fields towards Belinda Cameron's.

Now Miss Belinda Cameron had long ago made up her mind to make Mary Selton her heiress. "I have saved all my own money," she reasoned. "I took the mortgage farm for my share, while the rest took the other property. They've wasted theirs and I've added to mine year by year, besides helping them, and I have a right to do as I please. All the money I have outside the farm property I have saved myself by planning and hard work, and I shall give it to Mary."

And in pursuance of the above, Aunt Cam, as her loving nieces called her, went one day to the city, and when she returned she had with her a document which, after besting her several relatives, gave the bulk of her property to Mary Selton.

Now, not being used to keeping important papers in the house, the matter weighed heavily upon her mind. Put it where she would, in her private desk, in her room, the consciousness of its existence preyed upon her. And also, she knew if the disposition of her property were discovered by her relatives there would be no more peace of mind for her on earth. She was a large, strong woman, with a superabundance of blood, and the doctor had often warned her against any undue excitement, or giving away to sudden alarm.

That afternoon, when John started across the fields to call at her house, that which his sister had prognosticated had already taken place two weeks before. He staid to supper, and in the evening played whist with his aunt for partner, against Mary and a young neighbor, and at the close of a pleasant evening, somewhere about eleven o'clock, he went home, and after seeing everything safe for the night, aunt Cam and Mary retired.

Miss Cameron about something, Mary had sought her throughout the house unsuccessfully, until reaching the door of a little room adjoining the sitting room, where Miss Cameron kept her books, writing desk, etc., and which was yet called the study, the name coming down from her father's time, Mary rapped on the door, and getting no response she gently opened it and looked in.

What a sight met her eyes. Scattered around the old writing desk were a number of papers, letters and legal-looking documents, as though thrown down in haste, and lying face downwards upon the floor was Miss Cameron, motionless and apparently dead.

Hurriedly calling help, Mary, assisted by others, took her up and laid her upon her own bed. A doctor was brought, an examination made, and with a sad shake of his head he pronounced it apoplexy. "And will she not get better, doctor?" asked Mary tremblingly. "I fear she will never recover," he answered. She may linger for days or weeks, but I think she will never become conscious enough to speak.

"What could have brought it on?" Mary sobbed. "She was so well yesterday." "Has she had no shock or unusual excitement recently?" the doctor asked. "None that I know of," Mary answered, then, remembering the disorder of the letters and papers about the desk, she added: "Unless she received bad news by letter."

An examination was made of the papers and desk, but with the exception of the extreme disorder as if she had looked them over in a hurry or in excitement, nothing was found. The papers were all pertaining to business and had evidently, before being scattered about, been tied up in ordinary packages with red tape. There was nothing to indicate anything unusual in that quarter, Mary thought, but to John it seemed significant that something of an unusually disturbing nature had happened, unknown to any but Miss Cameron herself, the shock of which had thrown her into the fit.

From that time out Mary was never left alone in the house. John's mother and sisters came over and took turns mounting guard over her and she was not allowed to be alone with Miss Cameron any time. But there was small use in that, for after lingering for two weeks in a stupor or partially so, poor Miss Cameron was not, for she died, and with the most magnificent funeral which had been seen thereabouts for many years, she was buried beside her parents, and then came the settling up of her affairs, and distribution of the spoils.

Her lawyer came out from the city, her papers were looked over, and all her business affairs found in a prosperous condition. But search high and low, as they would, no will was found. "She surely made a will," Lawyer Brown said, "I, myself, drew it up, but where is it?"

Then as it could not be found, instigated by the jealous relations, suspicion fell upon poor Mary. "No doubt she knows where it is," they said, "no good ever came of poor Aunt Cam's keeping her, to the detriment of her honest relatives."

"And now John, do keep away from her," his mother said, one morning as he stood by the window in her room, "don't run after her any more. We, of course, will come into the money. She has nothing and now more than ever you don't want her for a wife. She may go out to work, now, where she belongs. We will move into the house next week and I shall make several changes, which would have been made long ago, if I had the management of things."

As she finished speaking, John turned slowly around, yawned and then with a look towards her, which she could not fathom, he walked out of the room and was seen at home no more that day. He went over to the home of his late aunt, where his sisters were staying with Mary, and remained the afternoon, and to the intense disgust of the former paid much attention to the latter, and in the evening talked in tones too low for them to hear, after which he betook himself home.

The tears began to drop fast as Miss Cameron continued: "Of course, you can't expect us to keep you now. Saying nothing about the mysterious disappearance of the will, there are other reasons why it would be unpleasant for you to remain here."

"But I knew nothing about the will," said Mary blushing deeply at the rudeness of the insinuation, for it had been thrust at her so often that she was becoming sensitive about it. "Who said you did," answered Mrs. Cameron, "but for the good of all concerned, I would like you to go away as soon as possible."

"For the good of all concerned, in it," and into the room from the hall stepped John Cameron, who had been engaged in taking off his coat and hanging it on the rack. "Well, mother, I am one of the all, I suppose, and it will never be for my good that Mary leaves."

The angry woman looked at him scathingly, but before either could proceed further, Mary left the room. "We may as well understand each other, mother," John said, as he drew a chair near her and sat down. "What do you mean," she asked with an unpleasant forboding.

"I mean this, when I first began to pay Mary Selton the simple attention that no gentleman would pay any lady, I had no serious thoughts about her. She was pleasant company, a lady, and as kind to poor aunt Cameron as a daughter. Daily comparisons between her and my sisters, whom I think pretty good girls, at last caused me to think of her as more than a friend. Her patience under all the recent trying circumstances, I confess has strengthened my regard for her. She is hopeless if sent from here. I know if father was living it would never be so, for aunt Cameron intended to make Mary her heir, and so long as her intentions were known we should give Mary a home at least; and mother, if Mary can't stay here I shall feel it incumbent upon myself to hasten my own intentions in regard to her, for I intend to marry her."

While he was speaking his mother had risen to her feet, and as he stopped she said: "You do, do you?" "I do," he answered. "Do so then, and gratify your low tastes; but remember you cannot stay here."

"I do not expect to," he said, "but mother is there no way to reconcile you to Mary? I know she has no antipathy to you. Let us all be friends, for I cannot bear to leave you in anger, but I love Mary and cannot sacrifice her unjust distribution of the spoils."

He stopped before his mother, and looked at her entreatingly, but she only frowned and said: "Marry her if you will, John, but I will never give you my consent. I detest her. She is a wily, wily thing, and she must leave this house this night."

"Very well," John said, and turning he went from the room thinking time would perhaps soften his mother's heart. Mary went that night, so likewise did John. In the evening at the house of a friend they had a talk, and the result was at the end of a week they were married. John had a little money saved, and with it he proposed to live through the winter and in the spring, he thought he would be able to go on some land which belonged to him and make the beginning of a home.

The winter wore away quickly for the happy pair, and spring drew on apace. Over at the farm as soon as the weather permitted, the old house was to be overhauled and rebuilt, and one pleasant day passing there John saw men engaged in pulling the roof off the wing, preparatory to building it a story higher. A garret was situated there John knew and he had a vague remembrance of all the odds and ends therein.

The old spinning wheel and loom used by his grandmother, the reel, old fashioned chairs and tables, chests, trunks, and everything usually found in ancient farm house garrets of New England. Over all he also remembered, was spread spiders' webs, emblematic of all the misty years that hung around them. Many a pleasant day had he spent there, and many a time had he unexpectedly found long missing articles of more or less value in its corners, for his aunt had been a somnambulist, and the garret was her traditional hiding place for everything in her nocturnal perambulations.

Thus John mused to himself riding past the old house that day, little knowing how near his thoughts had wandered to the solving of a recent mystery. But in the press of other things he thought no more of the matter until reminded of it unexpectedly. Two men were engaged upon the roof. The shingles were all off a portion of the boards had been removed, letting in a flood of light, which penetrated every corner. Most of the furniture and debris had been removed, only broken pieces and bits of paper and rags remaining. Prying on a board near the eaves one of the men noticed the corner of a clean recently folded paper protruding. He took hold of it and pulling it out, opened it, and lo!

Samson lost his strength with his hair. Thousands of men and women loose their beauty with theirs, and very large numbers restore the ravages of time by using the famous Cingalese Hair Restorer. Sold at 50 cents per bottle by James Wilson. 2m.

"George, what a lovely color for a reception dress," said Mrs. Jones to her husband, viewing the electric light on Niagara Falls from the balcony of the Clifton House. "Yes," said Mr. Jones, "and what a bath for Jumbo."

CINGALESE—A name well known in connection with the Hair Restorer, which restores grey hair to its natural color by a few weeks use. Sold at 50 cents per bottle by James Wilson. 2m.

Aunt Cameron's will. "Jerusalem!" he said in an escaping steam whisper, "I've found it." "Found what?" said the other man. "Old Miss Cameron's will that there's been such a fuss about. How do you 'pose it ever got there?" "I'd 'no," said the other man. "What will you do with it?" "Why, I should think it oughter go to the lawyer that made it out, shouldn't you. Brown you know he'll see its all right. You're a witness as to where I found it, and if I take it to him why then everything would be straight and right."

And with some further consultation, the man, making some excuse to Mrs. Cameron for leaving his work for that day, went away, and after some little preparation went to the city. Presenting himself at Lawyer Brown's office his business was soon made known, and the long missing document handed over.

"You see," he said, "I was afraid to give it to the old woman for fear it would be put out of the way again, when I saw how it read, and then I thought may be it wouldn't be the thing to give it to her son, so to be safe, I came to you who made it out."

After many years of patient investigation Dr. VanBuren, of Germany, finally succeeded in perfecting a Kidney Cure that would permanently relieve all cases of Kidney Disease. He was not ask your Druggist for Dr. VanBuren's Kidney Cure. Sold by James Wilson, Goderich. 2m.

Dr. VanBuren's Kidney Cure. The best cure in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetters, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Jas. Wilson.



Is a compound of the virtues of sarsaparilla, sillingia, mandrake, yellow dock, with the felds of potato and iron, all powerful blood-making, blood-cleansing, and life-sustaining elements. It is the purest, safest, and most effectual alternative available to the public. The sciences of medicine and chemistry have never produced a remedy so potent to cure all diseases resulting from impure blood. It cures Scrofula and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Pimples and Face-grubs, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetters, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scald-head, Ring-worm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Mercurial Disease, Neuralgia, Female Weakness and Irregularities, Jaundice, Abscesses of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, and General Debility. By its searching and cleansing qualities it purges out the foul scrofulous which contaminate the blood and cause derangement and decay. It stimulates the vital functions, restores and preserves health, and infuses new life and vigor throughout the whole system. No sufferer from any disease of the blood need despair who will give AYER'S SARSAPARILLA a fair trial. It is folly to experiment with the numerous low-priced mixtures, without medicinal virtues, offered as blood-purifiers, while disease becomes more firmly seated. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is a medicine of such concentrated curative power, that it is by far the best, cheapest, and most reliable blood-purifier known. Physicians know its composition, and prescribe it. It has been widely used for forty years, and has won the unqualified confidence of millions whom it has benefited.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists EVERYWHERE.

UNCLE TOM'S. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AND SEWING MACHINES. J. W. WEATHERALD. 1820-41. VICK'S Illustrated Floral Guide. For 1882 is an Elegant Book of 130 Pages, two Colored Plates of Flowers, and more than 1000 Illustrations of the choicest Flowers, Plants and Vegetables, and Directions for growing. It is handsome enough for the Centre Table or a Holiday Present. Send on your name and Post Office address, with 10 cents, and I will send you a copy, postage paid. This is not a quarter of its cost. It is printed in both English and German. If you afterwards order seeds deduct the 10 cents. VICK'S SEEDS are the best in the world. The FLORAL GUIDE will tell you how to get and grow them.

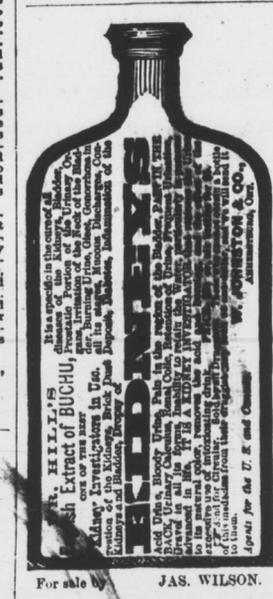
CHICAGO. The subscriber would intimate to the people of Ohio that he has decided to give up business in his line owing to ill health, and that he is now prepared to give exceptionally low prices on all his wares. All wanting PIANOS, ORGANS or SEWING MACHINES will find it to their advantage to call at once as this is a GENUINE clearing sale.

J. W. WEATHERALD. 1820-41. VICK'S Illustrated Floral Guide. For 1882 is an Elegant Book of 130 Pages, two Colored Plates of Flowers, and more than 1000 Illustrations of the choicest Flowers, Plants and Vegetables, and Directions for growing. It is handsome enough for the Centre Table or a Holiday Present. Send on your name and Post Office address, with 10 cents, and I will send you a copy, postage paid. This is not a quarter of its cost. It is printed in both English and German. If you afterwards order seeds deduct the 10 cents. VICK'S SEEDS are the best in the world. The FLORAL GUIDE will tell you how to get and grow them.

For 1882 is an Elegant Book of 130 Pages, two Colored Plates of Flowers, and more than 1000 Illustrations of the choicest Flowers, Plants and Vegetables, and Directions for growing. It is handsome enough for the Centre Table or a Holiday Present. Send on your name and Post Office address, with 10 cents, and I will send you a copy, postage paid. This is not a quarter of its cost. It is printed in both English and German. If you afterwards order seeds deduct the 10 cents. VICK'S SEEDS are the best in the world. The FLORAL GUIDE will tell you how to get and grow them.

**FRESH ARRIVALS.**

**CANNED**  
CORN BEEF,  
LUNCH TONGUE,  
ENGLISH BRAWN  
**POTTED**  
TONGUE,  
BEEF,  
HAM,  
CHICKEN  
**FRESH**  
SALMON AND LOBSTER.  
**FINE ASSORTMENT**  
OF  
Christie Brown & Co's  
BISCUITS AND  
CAKES,  
TEAS,  
SUGARS AND  
Pure pieces.  
TRY THEM  
Chas. A. Nairn.



CHICAGO BURLINGTON ROUTE. PRINCIPAL LINE. THE MOST DIRECT, QUICKEST AND BEST LINE TO ST. JOSEPH, MO., AND ALL THE GREAT WESTERN CITIES. CHICAGO BURLINGTON ROUTE. CHICAGO BURLINGTON ROUTE. CHICAGO BURLINGTON ROUTE.

CHICAGO. This route has no superior for Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul. Chicago, Ill. National City Line. Chicago, Ill. National City Line. Chicago, Ill. National City Line.

KANSAS CITY. All connections made in Union Depots. Through Tickets via this line. Celebrated Line for sale at all offices in the U. S. and Canada. All information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Cars, etc., cheerfully given by T. J. POTTER, PERCEVAL LOWELL, Geo. B. JOHNSON, Ticket Agent, Goderich.

BEST WHEAT. AND GRAZING LANDS ARE FOUND ON THE Northern Pacific R.R. IN MINNESOTA, DAKOTA, AND MONTANA. BIG CROP AGAIN IN 1881. LOW PRICES; LONG TIME; FREIGHT FOR IMPROVEMENT; REDUCED FARE AND FREIGHT TO SETTLERS. FOR FULL INFORMATION, ADDRESS R. M. NEWPORT, GEN. LAND AGT., MINN. ST. PAUL, MINN.

**Fun**

A young lad church during a man's unrelenting. He turned man. It is said that "seriously of the outlay of everything else "so through" because he could proclaim it. BURN'S KIDNEY diately relieves what is more imitate sufferer, a effectively. Sol rich. 2m.

A correspond of the year do ten? When y bank. A note I annihilator of tin ed together in th are like a sne brush.

A little girl w on her return fr the preacher. " was the reply. mother. "Cau made me sleep, loud that he w sleep."

Why go on d with splitting he of Dr. Austin's you? If you do druggist for a ci those who have Price \$1.00. 2m "And so you l any other month, the young farmer of her soft dra leafy June, and birds, and its fra "Yes," he repli the best month know."

She said she w dote and return, manly agent with asked as he took "Single I." "It ai ness, as I know," "I might have b tions if I'd felt i "shuffled" w ask ladies i tickets any more.

A young man a bly was asked by a your moustache li The young man, c cause," replied as ceived of having a young gentleman, does not yt.

Delays are dange Kidney Disease, a Vex BURN'S KIDNE relief from all yo druggist keeps it rich.

Househo Always remove th lemons that are to b a garnish for sardin When using the any of the recipes gi three where the

White kid shoes dipping a perfectly cloth in a little am ling the cloth over a after doing this rub diligently, and the white again. As t soiled change for a cl If you have trou year's catnap bottle ter washing them and rinsing in clear to quite fine, mix it water, put this in a well; it will surely re substance.

Carry vinegar in c ounces of cury, powd vinegar; let it stand en dish or jar nea days. This gives an all kinds of sour pic when using it, that a way. It is a good plat potatoes to turn th the oven, as the ak there is danger of the side before they are If they are very sm drizzling pan; if you need to turn them, shake once in a while If vegetables that are put into cold salt gradually brought to it is not necessary customary three da water. The right pi one-quarter of a po quart of water. It is convenience to be i pickles in one day. Peach fritters, servu sugar, are an excel pastry at dinner. M ordinary fritters—of and baking powder—and to add one egg to will improve the disher in—the more the bett shrink in cooking. I in hot lard, fry till warm.

Dr. J. W. Fairchild Personally I believe I use it myself and in tice I prescribe Phosf It is safe—it is effecti all druggist. 2m