PITCHERY-BIDGERY.

The Turning of the Long, Long Lane.

BY MONSIEUR DEMOULIN.

CHAPTER XX.

FRANK'S STORY.

"After you left," said Frank, all went to confusion. Potts lorded it with a higher hand than ever, and my father was more than ever infatuated, and seemed to feel that it was necessary to justify his harshness toward you by publicly exhibiting a greater confidence in Potts. Like a thoroughly vulgar and base nature, this man could not be content with having the power, but loved to exhibit that power to us. Life to me for years became one long death: a hundred times I would have turned upon the scoundrel and taken vengeance for our wrongs, but the tears of mother forced me to use selfcontrol. You had been driven off; I alone was left, and she implored me by my love for her to stand by her. I wished her to take my own little property and go with me and Edith where we could all live in seclusion together, but this she would not do for fear of staining the proud Brandon name.

"Potts grew worse and worse every year. There was a loathsome son of his whom he used to bring with him, and my father was infatuated enough to treat the younger devil with the same civility which he showed to the elder one. Poor father! really believed, as he afterward told me that these men were putting millions of money into his hands, and that he would be the Beckford of his generation.

"After a while another scoundrel called Clark, appeared, who was simply counterpart of Potts. Of this man something very singular was soon made known to me.

One day I was strolling through the grounds when suddenly, as I passed through a grove which stood by a fish-pond I heard voices and saw the two men I hated most of all on earth standing near me. They were both naked. They had the audacity to go bathing in the fish pond. Clark had his back turned toward me, and I saw on it, below the neck, three marks fiery red, as though they had been made by a brand. They were these;" and taking a pencil, Frank made three peculiar marks.

Louis looked at them with intense excitement.

"You have been in New South Wales," said Frank," and perhaps know whether it is true or not that these are brands on convicts?"

"It is true, and on convicts of the very worst kind."

"Do you know what they mean?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Only the worst are branded with a single mark, so you may imagine what a triple mark indicates. But I will tell you the meaning of each. The first is the king's mark put on those who are totally irreclaimable and insubordinate. The second means runaway and is put on those who have attempted to escape. The third indicates a murderous attack on the guards. When they are not hung, they are branded in this way are condemned to hard work, in chains, for life."

"That's about what I supposed," said Frank, quietly, "only of course you are more particular. After seeing this I told my father. He refused to believe me. I determined to bring matters to a crisis, and charged Potts, in my father's presence, with associating with a branded felon. Potts at once turned upon me and appealed to my father's sense of justice. He accused me of being so far carried away by prejudice as not to hesitate to invent a foul slander against an honest man. He said Clark would be willing to be put to any test; he could not however, ask him to expose himself—it was too outrageous, but would simply assert that my charge was false.

"My father as usual believed every word and gave me a stern reprimand. Louis in the presence of my mother and sister I cursed my father on that day. Poor man! the blow soon fell. It was in 1845 that the crash came. I have not the heart to go into details now. I will tell you from time to time hereafter. It is enough to say that every penny was lost. We had to leave the hall and took a little cottage in the village.

"All our friends and acquaintances stood aloof. My father's oldest friends never came near him. Old Langhetti was dead. His son knew nothing about this. I will tell you more of him presently.

"Colonel Lionel Despard was dead. His son Courtenay was ignorant of all this and was away in the north of England. There was Thornton, and I can't account for his inaction. He married Langhetti's daughter, too. That is a mystery."

"They are all false, Frank."

"And now, Frank," said Louis, you have something at last to live for."

"What is that?"

"Vengeance!" repeated Frank, without emotion—"Vengeance! What is that to me? Do you hope to give peace to your own heart by inflicting suffering on your enemies? What can they possibly suffer that can atone for what they have inflicted? All that they can feel is as nothing compared with what we have felt. Vengeance!" he repeated, musingly; "and what sort of vengeance? Would you kill them? What would that effect? Would he be more miserable than he is? Or would you feel any greater happiness? Or do you mean something more far reaching than death?

"Death," said Louis, "is nothing for such crimes as his."

"You want to inflict suffering, then, and you ask me. Well, after all, do I want him to suffer? Do I care for this man's sufferings? What are they or what can they be to me? He stands on his own plane, far beneath me; he is a coarse animal, who can perhaps, suffer from nothing but physical pain. Should I inflict that on him, what good would it be to me? And yet there is none other that I can inflict."

"Langhetti must have transformed you," said Louis, "with his spiritual ideas."

"Langhetti: or perhaps the fact that I three times gazed upon the face of death and stood upon the threshold of that place where dwells the Infinite Mystery. So when you speak of mere vengeance my heart does not respond. But there is something which may make a purpose as strong as vengeance."

"Name it."

"The sense of intolerable wrong!" cried Frank in vehement tones; "the presence of that foul pair in the home of our ancessors, our own exile and all the sufferings of the past! Do you think I can endure this?"

"No, we must have vengeance."

"No; not vengeance."

"What then?"

"Justice!" cried Frank, starting to his feet. "Justice—strict, stern, merciless; and that justice means to me all that you mean by vengeance. Let us make war against him from this time forth while life lasts; let us cast him out and get back our own; let us put him into the power of the law, and let that take satisfaction on him for his crimes; let us cast him out and fling him from us to that power which can fittingly condemn. I despise him, and despise his sufferings. His agony will give me no gratification. The anguish that a base nature can suffer is only disgusting to me—he suffers only out of his baseness. To me, and with a thing like that, vengeance is impossible, and justice is enough."

"At any rate you will have a purpose, and your purpose points to the same result as mine."

"But how is this possible?" said Frank. "He is strong, and we are weak. What can we do?"

"We can try," said Louis. "You are ready to undertake anything. You do not value your life. There is one thing which is before us. It is desperate—it is almost hopeless; but we are both ready to try it."

"The message from the dead," said Louis, spreading before Frank the letter from the treasure-ship which he himself had so often read.

"And are you going to try this?"

"Yes."

"How?"

"I don't know. I must first find out the resources of science."

"Have you Cato yet?"

"Yes."

"Can he dive?"

"He was brought up on the Malabar coast, among the pearl fishers, and can remain under water for an incredible space of time. But I hope to find means which will enable me myself to go down under the ocean depths. This will be our object now. If it succeeds, then we can gain our purpose; if not, we must think of something else."

Frank looked up with something like a smile.

"No, not all; wait till you hear me through."

Frank drew a long breath. "We got sick there, and Potts had us taken to the almshouse. There we all prayed for death, but only my father's prayer was heard. He died of a broken heart. The rest of us lived on.

"Scarcely had my father been buried when Potts came to take us away. He insisted that we should leave the country, and offered to pay our way to America. We were all indifferent; we were paralyzed by grief. The almshouse was not a place that we could cling to, so we let ourselves drift, and allowed Potts to send us wherever he wished. We did even hope for anything better. We only hoped that somewhere or other we might die. What else could we do? What else could I do? There was no friend to whom I could look; and if I ever thought of anything, it was that America might possibly afford us a chance to get a living till death came.

"So we allowed ourselves to be sent wherever Potts chose, since it could not possibly make things worse than they were. He availed himself of our stolid indifference, put us as passengers in the steerage on board of a crowded emigrant ship, the Tecumseh, and gave us for our provisions some mouldy bread.

"We simply lived and suffered, and all waiting for death, till one day an angel appeared who gave us a s[illegible] respite, and saved us for a while from [illegible]ry. This angel, Louis, was Paolo, the son of Langhetti.

"You look amazed. It was certainly an amazing thing that he should be on board the same ship with us. He was in the cabin. He noticed our misery without knowing who we were. He came to give us his pity and help us. When at last he found out our names he fell on our necks, and kissed us, and wept aloud.

"He gave up his room in the cabin to my mother and sister, and slept and lived with me. Most of all he cheered us by the lofty, spiritual words with which he made us look with contempt upon the troubles of life and aspire after immortal happiness. Yes, Louis; Langhetti gave us peace.

"There were six hundred passengers. The plague broke out among us. The deaths every day increased, and all were filled with despair. At last the sailors themselves began to die.

"I believe there was only one in all that ship who preserved calm reason and stood without fear during those weeks. That one was Langhetti. He found the officers of the ship panic stricken, so he took charge of the steerage, organized nurses, watched over everything, encouraged everybody, and labored night and day. In the midst of all I fell sick, and he nursed me back to life. Most of all, that man inspired fortitude by the hope that beamed in his eyes, and by the radiancy of his smile. 'Never mind, Brandon,' said he as I lay, I thought doomed, 'Death is nothing. Life goes on. You will leave the pest-ship for a realm of light. Keep up your heart, my brother [illegible]al, and praise God with your latest breath.'

"I recovered, and then stood by his side as best I might. I found that he had never told my mother of my sickness. At last my mother and sister in the cabin fell sick. I heard of it some days after, and was prostrated again. I grew better; but just as we reached quarantine, Langhetti, who had kept himself up thus far, gave out completely, and fell before the plague."

"Did he die?" asked Louis in a faltering voice.

"Not on ship board. He was carried ashore senseless. My mother and sister were very low, and were also carried on shore. I, though weak, was able to nurse them all. My mother died first."

There was a long pause. At last Frank resumed:

"My sister gradually recovered; and then, through grief and fatigue, I fell sick for the third time. I felt it coming on. My sister nursed me; for a time I thought I was going to die. 'Oh, Edith,' I said, when I die, devote your life while it lasts to Langhetti, whom God sent to us in our despair. Save his life even if you give up your own.'

"After that I became delirious, and remained so for a long time. Weeks passed; and at last I revived; the plague was stayed, and but few sick were on the island. My case was a lingering one, for this was the third attack of the fever. Why I didn't die I can't understand. There was no attendance. All was confusion, horror and death.

"When I revived the first question was after Langhetti and Edith. No one knew anything about them. In the confusion we had been separated, and Edith had died alone."

"Who told you that she died?" asked Louis, with a troubled look.

Frank looked at him with a face of horror.

"Can you bear what I am going to say?"

"Yes."

"When I was able to move about I went to see if any one could tell me about Edith and Langhetti. I heard an awful story: that the superintendent had gone mad and had been found trying to dig open a grave, saying that some one was buried alive. Who do you think oh, my brother!"

"Speak!"

"Edith Brandon was the name he named."

"Be calm, Frank; I made inquiries myself at the island registry office. The clerk told me this story, but said that the woman who had charge of the dead asserted that the grave was opened, and it was ascertained that absolute death had taken place."

"Alas!" said Frank, in a voice of despair. "I saw that woman—the keeper of the dead-house—the grave digger's wife. She told me this story, but it was with a troubled eye. I swore vengeance on her unless she told me the truth. She was alarmed, and said she would reveal all she knew if I swore to keep it to myself. I swore it. Can you bear to hear it, Louis?"

"Speak!"

"She only said this: 'When the grave was opened it was found that Edith Brandon had not been dead when she was buried.'"

Louis groaned, and, falling forward, buried his head in both his hands.

It was a long time before either of them spoke. At last Louis, without lifting his head, said:

"Go on."

"When I left the island I went to Quebec, but could not stay there. It was too near the place of horror. I went up the river, working my way as a laborer, to Montreal. I then sought for work, and obtained employment as a porter in a warehouse. What mattered it? What was rank or station to me? I only wanted to keep myself from starvation and get a bed to sleep on at night.

"I had no hope or thought of anything. The horrors through which we passed were enough to fill my mind. Yet above them all one horror was predominant, and never through the days and nights that have since elapsed has my soul ceased to quiver at the echo of two terrible words which have never ceased to ring through my brain—'Buried alive!'

"I lived on in Montreal, under an assumed name, as a common porter, and might have been living there yet; but one day as I came in I heard the name of 'Brandon.' Two of the clerks who were discussing the news in the morning paper happened to speak of an advertisement which had long been before the public. It was for information about the Brandon family.

"I read the notice. It seemed to me at first that Potts was still trying to get control of us, but a moment's reflection showed that to be improbable. Then the mention of the friends of the family made me think of Langhetti. I concluded that he had escaped death and was trying to find me out.

"I went to Toronto, and found that you had gone to New York. I had saved much of my wages, and was able to come here. I expected Langhetti, but found you."

"Why did you not think that it might be me?"

"Because I heard a threat of Potts about you, and took it for granted that he would succeed in carrying it out."

"What was the threat?"

"He found out somehow that my father had written a letter to you. I suppose they told him so at the village post office. One day when he was in the room he said, with a laugh, alluding to the letter, 'I'll uncork that young Brandyflask before long.'"

"Well—the notice of my death appeared in the English papers."

Frank looked earnestly at him.

"And I accept it, and go under the assumed name."

"So do I. It is better."

"You thought Langhetti alive. Do you think he is?"

"I do not think so now."

"Why not?"

"The efforts which he made were enough to kill any man without the plague. He must have died."

After hearing Frank's story Louis gave a full account of his own adventures, omitting, however, all mention of Beatrice. That was something for his own heart, and not for another's ear.

"Have you the letter and MS?"

"Yes."

"Let me read them."

Louis took the treasures and handed them to Frank. He read them in silence.

"Is Cato with you yet?"

"Yes."

"It is well."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DIVING BUSINESS.

In a little street that runs from Broadway, not far from Wall street, there was a low doorway with dingy panes of glass, over which was a sign which bore the following letters, somewhat faded;

BROCKET & CO.,
CONTRACTORS.

About a month after his arrival at New York Brandon entered this place and walked up to the desk, where a stout thick set man was sitting, with his chin on his hands and his elbows on the desk before him.

"Mr. Brocket?" said Brandon, inquiringly.

"Yes, sir," answered the other, descending from his stool and stepping forward, toward Brandon, behind a low stable which stood by the desk.

"I am told that you undertake contracts for raising sunken vessels?"

"We are in that line of busines."

"You have to make use of diving apparatus?"

"Yes?"

"I understand you have gone into this business to a larger extent than any one in America?"

"Yes, sir," said Brocket, modestly. "I think we do the leading business in that line."

"I will tell you frankly my object in calling upon you. I have just come from the East Indies for the purpose of organizing a systematic plan for the pearl fisheries. You are aware that out there they still cling to the fashion of diving, which was begun three thousand years ago. I wish to see if I cannot bring science to bear upon it, so as to raise the pearl oysters in larger quantities."

"That's a good idea of yours," remarked Mr. Brocket, thoughtfully.

"I came to see if you could inform me whether it would be practicable or not."

"Perfectly so," said Brocket.

"Do you work with the diving-bell in your business or with the armor?"

"With both. We use the diving-bell for stationary purposes; but when it is necessary to move about we employ armor."

"Is the armor adapted to give a man any freedom of movement?"

"The armor is far better than the bell. The armor is so perfect now that a practised hand can move about under water with a freedom that is surprising. My men go down to examine sunken ships. They go in and on and all through them. Sometimes this is the most profitable part of our business."

"Why so?"

"Why, because there is often money or valuable articles on board, and these always are ours. See," said Brocket, opening a drawer and taking out some silver coin, "here is some money that we found in an old dutch vessel that was sunk up the Hudson a hundred years ago. Our men walked about the bed of the river till they found her, and in her cabin they obtained a sum of money that would surprise you—all old coin."

"An old dutch vessel! Do you often find vessels that have been sunk so long ago?"

"Not often. But we are always on the look out for them," said Brocket, who had grown now quite communicative. "You see those old ships always carried ready cash; they didn't use bank notes and bills of exchange. So if you can only find one you're sure of money."

"Then this would be a good thing to bear in mind in our pearl enterprises?"

"Of course I should think that out there some reefs must be full of sunken ships. They've been sinking about those coasts ever since the first ship was built."

"How far down can a diver go in armor?"

"Oh, any reasonable depth, when the pressure of the water is not too great. Some pain in the ears is felt at first from the compressed air, but that is temporary. Men can easily go down as far as fifteen or sixteen fathoms."

"How long can they stay down?"

"In the bells, you know, they go down and are pulled up only in the middle of the day and in the evening, when their work is done."

"How with the men in armor?"

"Oh, they can stand it almost as well. They come up oftener, though. There is one advantage in the armor; a man can fling off his weight and come up whenever he likes."

"Have you ever been down yourself?"

"Oh yes—oftener than any of my men. I'm the oldest diver in the country, I think. But I don't go down often now. It's hard work, and I'm getting old."

"Is it much harder than other work?"

"Well, you see, it's unnatural sort of work, and is hard on the lungs. Still, I always was healthy. The real reason why I stopped was a circumstance that happened two years ago."

"What was that?"

Brocket drew a long breath, looked for a moment meditatively at the floor, and then went on:

"Well, there happened to be a wreck of a steamer called the Saladin down off the North Carolina coast, and I thought I would try her as a speculation, for I supposed that there might be considerable money on board one way or another. It was a very singular affair. Only two men had escaped; it was so sudden. They said the vessel struck a rock at night when the water was perfectly still, and went down in a few minutes, before the passengers could even be awakened. It may seem horid to you, but you must know that a ship-load of passengers is very profitable, for they all carry money. Besides, there are their trunks, and the clerk's desk, and so on. So, this time, I went down myself. The ship lay on one side of the rock which had pierced her, having floated off just before sinking; and I had no difficulty in getting on board. After walking about the deck I went at once to the saloon. Sir," said Brocket, with an awful look at Brandon, "if I should live for a hundred years I should never forget the sight I saw. A hundred passengers or more had been on board, and most of them rushed out of their state-rooms as the vessel began to sink. Very many of them lay on the floor, a frightful multitude of dead.

"But there were others," continued Brocket, in a lower tone, "who had clutched at pieces of furniture, at the doors, and at the chairs, and many of these had held on with such a rigid clutch that death itself had not unlocked it. Some were still upright, with distorted features, and staring eyes, clinging, with frantic faces, to the nearest object that they had seen. Several of them stood around the table. The most frightful thing was this; that they were all staring at the door.

"But the worst one of all was a corpse that was on the saloon table. The wretch had leaped there in his first mad impulse and his hands had clutched a brass bar that ran across. He was facing the door; his hands were still clinging, his eyes had glared at me, his jaw had fallen. The hideous face seemed grimacing at and threatening me. As I entered the water was disturbed by my motion. An undulation set in movement by my entrance passed through the length of the saloon. All the corpses swayed for a moment. I stopped in horror. Scarcely had I stopped when the corpses, agitated by the motion of the water and swaying, lost their hold!" Their fingers slipped, and they fell forward simultaneously. Above all, that hideous figure on the table, as its fingures were loosened, in falling forward, seemed to take steps, with his demon face still staring at me. My blood ran cold. It seemed to me as though these devils were all rushing at me, led on by that fiend on the table. For the first time in my life, sir, I felt fear under the sea. I started back, and rushed out, quaking as though all hell was behind me. When I got up to the surface I could not speak. I instantly left the Saladin, camehome with my men, and have never been down myself since."

A long conversation followed about the general condition of sunken ships. Brocket had no fear of rivals in business, and as his interlocutor did not pretend to be one he was exceedingly communicative. He described to him the exact depth to which a diver in armor might safely go, the longest time he could safely remain under water, the rate of travel in walking along a smooth bottom, and the distance which one could walk. He told him how to go on board of a wrecked ship with the least risk or difficulty, and the best mode by which to secure any valuables which he might find. At last he became so exceedingly friendly that Brandon asked him if he would be willing to give personal instructions to himself, hinting that money was no object, and that any price would be paid.

At this Brocket laughed. "My dear sir, you take my fancy, for I think I see in you a man of the right sort. I should be very glad to show any one like you how to go to work. Don't mention money; I have actually got more now than I know what to do with, and I'm thinking of founding an asylum for the poor. I'll sell you any number of suits of armor, if you want them merely in the way of business; but if I give you instructions it will be merely because I like to oblige a man like you."

Brandon of course expressed all the gratitude that so generous an offer could excite.

"But there's no use trying yet; wait till the month of May, and then you can begin. You have nerve, and I have no doubt that you'll learn fast."

After this interview Brandon had many others. To give credibility to his pretended plan for the pearl fisheries he bought a dozen suits of diving armor and various articles which Brocket assured him that he would need. He also brought Cato with him one day, and the Hindu described the plan which the pearl divers persued on the Malabar coast. According to Cato each diver had a stone which weighed about thirty pounds tied to his foot, and a sponge filled with oil fastened around his neck. On plunging into the water, the weight carried him down. When the diver reached the bottom the oiled sponge was used from time to time to enable him to breathe by inhaling the air through the sponge applied to the mouth. All this was new to Brocket. It excited his ardor.

The month of May at last came. Brocket showed them a place in the Hudson, about twenty miles above the city, where they could practice. Under his direction Brandon put on the armor and went down. Frank worked the pumps which supplied him with air, and Cato managed the boat. The two Brandons learned their parts rapidly, and Louis, who had the hardest task, improved so quickly, and caught the idea of the work so readily, that Brocket enthusiastically assured him that he was a natural born diver.

All this time Brandon was quietly making arrangements for a voyage. He gradually obtained everything which might by any possibility be required, and which he found out by long deliberations with Frank and by hints which he gained by well managed questions to Brocket.

Thus the months of May and June passed until at length they were ready to start.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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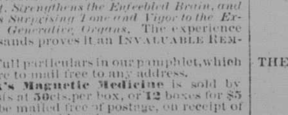
Mack's Magnetic Medicine



Is a Sure, Prompt and Effectual Remedy for *Nervousness in ALL its stages, Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Sexual Prostration, Night Sweats, Spermatorrhoea, Seminal Weakness, and General Loss of Power.* It repairs *Nervous Waste, Rejuvenates the Jaded Intellect, Strengthens the Enfeebled Brain, and Restores Surprising Tone and Vigor to the Exhausted Generative Organs.* The experience of thousands proves it an INVALUABLE REMEDY.

Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to mail free to any address.

Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by Druggists at 50cts. per box, or 12 boxes for $5 or will be mailed free of postage, on receipt of the money, by addressing

MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE CO.,
Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Listowel by J. A. Hacking, and all Druggists everywhere. 45y.

L. O. L. NO. 617. The members of this Lodge meet in their Lodge Room, on Regent street, on the 1st Thursday of every month, at 7.30 p.m. Brethren from other lodges are cordially invited to visit us when ever convenient.
DR. J. A. BURGESS.

SALESMEN WANTED,

To begin work at once on Sales for Fall of 1882, for the

FONTHILL NURSERIES.
THE LARGEST IN CANADA.

Head Office—Toronto, Ontario.
Branch Offices—Montreal, P. Q. & St. Paul, Minn.
NURSERIES—FONTHILL, ONTARIO.

We can start in addition to our already large force,

100 Additional Canvassers,

and want men who can give full time to the business. Steady employment and good salaries to successful men. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been. If you are willing to work your success is almost certain. The best of references required.
Apply to STONE & WELLINGTON, Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE!
ON
MILL AND WELLINGTON STREET
Terms to suit buyers.
10. GEORGE DRAPER.

NEW ARRIVALS!

SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK
—OF—
DRY GOODS,
TWEEDS, COTTONS, PRINTS,
READY MADE CLOTHING,
HATS AND CAPS, &C.

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT
will always be found very complete.
TEAS AND COFFEES
at rock-bottom prices since the tariff has been taken off.
CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE
HEAVY STOCKS AND LOWEST FIGURES. FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, &C
SALT AND SHINGLES ALWAYS ON HAND.
WINES AND LIQUORS.
The largest stock in town, and the choicest brands. All kinds of produce taken. Goods delivered to any part of the town.

GEO. ZILLIAX.
Wallace Street, Listowel,

1882--STOVES & TINWARE--1882

JOHN SUTHERLAND

Takes pleasure in informing the public that he is in a better position than ever to supply them with

COOKING, HALL & PARLOR STOVES,
TINWARE OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
[illegible] COAL OIL, ETC,

having a much larger stock than heretofore, and having bought at prices which enable him to sell at very lowest figures. Remember the stand:

ONE DOOR WEST OF TATHAM & CO'S HARDWARE STORE.

TORONTO TEA STORE.

NEW MANAGEMENT.

The undersigned takes pleasure in informing the public that he has bought out the stock o.

GROCERIES, TEAS,
CROCKERY, GLASSWARE
LIQUORS, &C., &C.

OF MESSRS. D. W. PALMER & CO

AT GREAT REDUCTION,

and is prepared to give bargains second to no other retail house in the trade; special attention is invited to my large

STOCK OF TEAS,

which I have marked down at very lowest figures. For quality and price, I defy competition in this line. The largest stock in town of

CANNED GOODS

25 CASES CANNED TOMATOES, TO BE SOLD AT COST.
10 CASES CANNED CORN, 100 PACKAGES SALMON TROUT,
50 PACKAGES WHITE FISH, 50 PACKAGES HERRING,
5 CRATES CROCKERY, IMPORTED FROM LIVERPOOL.

ALL OF WHICH WILL BE SOLD CHEAP FOR CASH OR TRADE.

All goods delivered to any part of the town free of charge, and on the shortest notice soliciting a liberal share of public patronage.

ADAM DAVIDSON.

NOT MANITOBA SPECULATION!

NO SPECULATION ABOUT THE FACT THAT THE

THOMAS ORGANS

ARE EQUAL TO ANY MADE AND

SECOND TO NONE!

Having received the highest honors at the Provincial Exhibition, 1881, pronounced by the judges to be

UNEQUALLED FOR TONE AND WORKMANSHIP.

To show that we have confidence in these organs we are willing to place them side by side with any maker and let disinterested judges pronounce upon their merits.

THE CASE OF THESE ORGANS IS MADE OF THOROUGHLY SEASONED WALNUT, AND IS FURNISHED WITH IVORY KEYES AND FIRST CLASS ACTIONS

Each instrument is accompanied by the following guarantee.

GUARANTEE:

That Organ No......., manufactured by E. G. THOMAS, is a first-class instrument in every respect, made from the best material and finished in the most workmanlike manner, and I hereby warrant said Instrument for a period of SIX YEARS against failure of any part, except such as may be caused by accident, misuse or neglect; and should such Organ fail to give satisfaction as above stated, I bind myself to make it good, or exchange it for a new one of the same value within the time stated.

E. G. THOMAS.

The undersigned having secured the control of the above Organ in this county, I would respectfully direct the attention of those about to purchase an instrument, to the fact that he can furnish them with a first-class Organ or Piano for less money than any other agent or dealer. I am not selling on commission. I buy my Organs at as reasonable rates as any dealer can buy a first-class instrument. (I can myself buy cheaper organs, but not so good an article) and my expenses being less than those of a dealer who has large rent, coal and gas bills to pay, I am enabled to sell at rates which they cannot touch. As to prices, I will furnish you with a No. 1 Organ, 7 stops, having grand organ and swell levers, for the small sum of $75, and other stlyes at equally low rates. But as I wish to introduce these instruments, I will make a reduction of five dollars to parties who will take the trouble to come to Burns and examine not only the new instruments, but also old ones, some of which have been in constant use for five years.

ONE PRICE.

We have only one price. We do not ask $30 or $40 more than we will actually take for an instrument. Should an agent call on you or quote prices write us the style or name of instrument, say nothing of his prices, and we will quote our rates. It will pay you to write me whether you buy from me or not.

CATALOGUES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

PURCHASING AND SALE AGENCY.

I also desire to inform farmers and others that in consideration of a small fee I am prepared to purchase implements &c., from any maker they may desire at wholesale rates.

FOR SALE—BLACKSMITH SHOP.—I have been instructed by Mr. Thos. Ferguson to offer for sale his shop and business in the village of Burns, (there is not a better country stand in the county) or Perth, with one acre of land, a good house with dry cellar, hard and soft water, good stable and driving house, two forges in shop. Terms reasonable. Apply at once to

M. H. DOWD,
PALMERSTON.

MONTHLY CATTLE MARKET IN LISTOWEL. The next Cattle Fair in Listowel will be held on

Friday, July 7th, 1882.

NORMAN'S
Electric Belt Institution,
No. 4 Queen Street East, Toronto.

THERE IS NOTHING SO PERMANENTLY beneficial to the sufferer as Norman's Electro-Curative Belts, Bands and Insoles. They immediately relieve and permanently cure

ASTHMA, LIVER COMPLAINT, LUMBAGO, NERVOUS DEBILITY, INDIGESTION, RHEUMATISM, SWELLINGS, INJURIES, NEURALGIA, ETC.,

And a host of troubles over which medicine has little or no control. Circulars and consultation free.
J. H. MICHENER, M. D., Druggist, &c., agent for Listowel. 3y

A MAN
WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

For detailed information, get the Maps and Folders of the

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE,

At your nearest Ticket Office, or address
R. R. CABLE, Vice-Pres. & Gen'l M'g'r. E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Ag't.
CHICAGO.

USED ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA
—FOR—
Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia
And for Purifying the Blood.

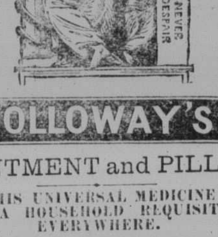
It has been in use for 20 years, and has proved to be the best preparation in the market for SICK HEADACHE, PAIN IN THE SIDE OR BACK, LIVER COMPLAINT, PIMPLES ON THE FACE, DYSPEPSIA, PILES, and all diseases that arise from a disordered Liver or impure blood. Thousands of our best people take it and give it to their children. Physicians prescribe it daily. Those who use it once recommend it to others.

It is made from Yellow Dock, Honduras Sarsaparilla, Wild Cherry, Stillingia, Dandelion, Sassafras, Wintergreen, and other well known valuable Roots and Herbs. It is strictly vegetable and can not hurt the most delicate constitution. It is one of the best medicines in use for Regulating the Bowels.

It is sold by all responsible druggists at one dollar for a quart bottle, or six bottles for five dollars. 43F.

Sold in Listowel by Dr. Michener.

Success the Best Test of Worth!



HOLLOWAY'S
OINTMENT and PILLS.

THIS UNIVERSAL MEDICINE IS A HOUSEHOLD REQUISITE EVERYWHERE.

THE PILLS

PURIFY THE BLOOD, impart tone to the NERVOUS SYSTEM, and act most powerfully on the LIVER AND BOWELS, promoting DIGESTION and assimilation, and endowing the whole bodily frame with STRENGTH and vigour. Nervous Headaches, Tremblings with Lassitude and GENERAL DEBILITY quickly yield to the potent force of these well-known Pills, and they are unrivalled in their efficacy in all

FEMALE COMPLAINTS

removing all obstructions, skin blemishes, pimples and boils, better than any other family medicine known.

THE OINTMENT

HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION. It heals every kind of SORE, ULCER and WOUND more certainly than any other known salve. Its marvellous penetrating powers render it invaluable in all

THROAT AND CHEST DISEASES,

curing Bronchitis, Quinseys, and Asthma, reducing Glandular lumps, closing and healing ABSCESSES and FISTULAS, and for alleviating the exeruciating tortures of

RHEUMATISM, GOUT,

and NEURALGIA it is unsurpassed. It never fails to cure Scurf and every species of skin disease.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 533, OXFORD STREET LONDON, and sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s. 22d., and 33s. each Box and Pot, and in Canada at 36 cents, 90 cents, and $1.50, and the larger sizes in proportion.

CAUTION.—I have no Agent in the United States, nor are my Medicines sold there. Purchasers should therefore look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not 533, Oxford Street London, they are spurious.

The Trade Marks of my said Medicines are registered in Ottawa, and also at Washington.

Signed THOMAS HOLLOWAY.
Oxford Street London.

MANUFACTURED IN TORONTO,

A Permanent, sure cure for Diseases, Disorders and Ailments of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Secretive System, or attendant complaints—causing Pain in Small of Back, Sides, etc., Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder and Passages; Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Piles, Nervous Debility, etc., etc.

Pamphlets and testimonials can be obtained from Druggists free.

PRICES—Child's Pad, $1.50 (cures Bed-wetting.) Regular Pad, $2.00. Special Pad for Chronic Diseases, $3.00. Sold by
J. H. MICHENER, M. D., SOLE AGENT, LISTOWEL.
W. T. BRAY, WINGHAM.
C. J. PASMORE, GORRIE.
JOHN STANDISH, M. D., PALMERSTON.
S. A. HODGE, MITCHELL.
J. A. GARLICK, BRUSSELS.

TWO HOUSES AND LOTS FOR SALE.

A two story frame house, 18 x 26, good cellar and well in connection, also a piece of ground containing ⅓ of an acre; a young orchard commencing to bear; a good frame stable and driving house; school on adjoining lot; within ⅓ of a mile of railway station. Also a one story frame house, 18 by 24, and lot containing ⅓ of an acre, adjoining previous lot. Will be sold together or separately. For further particulars apply to owner W. COGHLIN.
15. Brittons Corners