as she sat there in the first smarb of her pain,
As she sat there in the first smarb of her pain,
Lady Hilds wished the mother, who lay dead
and at rest had never tired to change her
and the head she been brought up to bear it. and at reat had never tried to change her lot. Had she been brought up to bear it, it lot. Had she been brought up to bear it, it would not have seemed so hard. What would would not have seemed so hard. What would live with this secret burning and blistering her live with this secret burning and blistering her very life—she who had never hidden from him very thought? It was a heavy burden that the very life—ahe who had never, hidden from him one thought? It was a heavy burden that the one thought? It was a heavy burden that the lind on that fair drouping flead, ") the stately countese say?—shey what would the stately countese say?—shey are used of the stately countese say?—shey

What would the stately countess say; Alesso proud of her stainless name and spotless face; she who said so haughtly that the face; she who said so haughtly that the women of her family had ever been without rewomen of her laming made over cook washed re-proach? How that fair, proad, face would whiten and quiver if she knew that her son's whiten and quiver if she knew that her son's wis was a convict's daughter! "Where would the shame and misery end? "They would send the shame and misery end? "They would send the shame and put me from him," she said to herself, "and put another in my place."

With a sinking, humbled heart, she owned to

With a sinking, number mosts, she, the convicts hereif toas it was all wrongs. She, the convicts maghter, had no right to be mistress of that aughter, wife to the in ble; brave lord who paut hame, wife to the in ble; brave lord who daughter, had no right to the in ble; brave lord who pout home, wife to the in ble; brave lord who pout home, wife to the in ble; brave lord who pout home, there was only the sally. She was quite alone; there was only the sally. She was quite alone; there was only the sally, wintry sky above her head, and the thick gray, wintry sky above her head, and the thick gray, wintry sky above her head, and the thick gray, wintry sky above her head, and the thick gray, no bride with their song. She with its light, no bride with their song. She kelt on the ground and laid her head on the kelt on the ground and laid her head on the kelt on the ground and laid her head on the must bear her sorrow alone and her to trust; she must bear her sorrow alone and nother, and never did again. She wept done before, and never did again. She wept of her own life, for the wreak of her hopes and of her own life, for the wreak of her hopes and of her own life, for the wreak of her hopes and live. The sorrow wild-red brain. The cool wind refreshed her. She rement tered the brilliant party who would son be waiting for her.

She remembered the beauty party who would soon be waiting for her. It was then nearly eleven; she had to walk home, and prepara to meet her husband. There home, and prepare to meet her husband. There was no time to lose; she went through the park with rapid steps. All was silent in the castle; the servants were busy, but none of the guests seemed to have left their rooms. She reached her own sparsment. guests seemed to unve lett their rooms.
She reached her own apartment unnoticed. When she stood there, with
the same dream-like feeling of unreality, there the same or warming teering of threating, there came to her mind strange, solemn words she had read, and had never understo d before; the size of the father shall be visited upon the childsins of the the the rd and fourth generation. CHAPTER XIX.

"Hilds," cred Lord Bayneham, when he aw his wife, "what have you been doing? Lite hours and dancing do not suit you. You are like a dra ping lily this morning. Look at Baibra-a'c is blooming like a rose."

Must Earle sonied at the committee has been done to be been done to be a rose." Miss Earle smi ed at her cousin, but looked

Miss harre son ed are ner cousts, but looked anxiously at indv Hilds "I am straid all this gayety has been too much for you," she said kindly. "You look very ill. Rest to day, and I will do all I can to

supply your p ace."
Lary Hilda was thankful for the respite, and gladly consected to return to her own room until dinner time, when she would be obliged to

anti dinicr time, when and would be obliged to apper among her guests.
"Pauline tells me you went out early for a walk" said Lord Bayneham "If I had known it you should not have gone alone."
"I did two things." she replied, trying to

speak indifferently, turning her fair, startled face from him. "I went for a walk and called to see a sick woman who has been lying ill for some time at the Firs Cottage. She died while Iwas there."
"Go d little Samaritan," said Lord Bayne-

but, Holda darling, although I love your chrity, ramember you are not strong. It is seeing all that misery that has made you ill to-Be good in moderation." She looked at him wisfully; how little he knew, how little he areamed who it was she had

been to ace ! How little he thought the young wife whose emfor: he was studying in that sumptuous nom was a convict's daughter! If he knew it, urely he would send her from him and never

Lend Bayneham piled up soft, downy ushions on the couch; he lowered the blinds, and placed the pretty little stand by her side.

A vase of rare exotics stood upon it, filling eroom with a summer breath of fragrance. "Shall I read to you now?" he asked. "Bar-turn and my mother can keep every one amused; bould you like to be alone? "Read to me, if you would be so kind," she

eplied, for she dreaded being alone again; she mew thinking would almost become madness. The young earl sat by her side; unconsciously ms hand livgered on her golden bair, where hely her mother's dying hand had lain. He tend in a soft, low voice. She drew his hand from tead in a sort, now voice. She was a radin bar hair and pressed it to her lips. She would have given the world poor child to have told him her secret. He looked so calm and strong; syn should he send her from him, as unworthy this name, it would be better than the slow orture of suspense she must undergo; but the yow made to ber dying mother scaled her lips. Of a deeply religious and reverent nature, it emed to her a sacrilege to dream of breaking

Wave after wave of thought rushed over her heart and mind, while the soft tone of her hus-band's voice sounded like a southing melody in her cars. Wearied and tired, and exhausted by want of sleep and grief, the violet eyes closed gently, and Lady Hilda for a time forgot all her

sorrows.

Lord Bayneham saw that she had fallen asleep; he closed his book and watched the fair young face he loved so well. Half an hour pasted, and then a change came over the sleeper. He saw her lips quiver, while long-drawn sighs parted ithem; then she started up crying, "It was not my fault, Gaude, I knew nothing of it. Do not send me away!"

"My darling," said her husband gently,
"you are dreaming. What is the matter?"
"I thought you were angry with me," she said confusedly.
"Which shows how foolish dreams are," said

Lord Bayneham; "hills will become valleys, and the seas turn into dry land, before that omes to pass."

"Would nothing ever cause you to love me

less? she asked, wistfully.

"Nothing, my pretty blue-bell," he replied;
"I do not think I could love you more, and I

an certain I shall never love you less. Now, I will leave you. You will perhaps sleep, and I have to drive over to Laleham to day."

He held her in his arms before he went away and kined her pale, aweet face, murmuring words of love that filled her heart with a plees-

we that was keen pain.
"If he knew," thought the poor girl; "if he Until the dressing bell rang she lay quiet and motionless; one might have thought her dead or aleep. Once Barbara Earle came in with a glass

rare o.d wine. She found her awake, but with trange expression on her face.
"Drink this, Hilda," said Miss Earle; "it is most magical; you will feel quite well after Lady Bayneham asked me to bring it

"She is very kind," said Hilda wearily, the me and thought running through her mind-bat would she say if she knew?"

"Is anything wrong, Hilda?" asked Miss Rie, looking steadily at the fair, ad face; "you are tired. But you seem to me more lightened than ill. Surely you have not seem any of the Principle. by of the Bayneham ghosts. Claude firmly "I shall be well soon," said. Hilda evasively,

boking, poor child, how truly Barbara spoke. She had seen the phost of her youth and happi-ses; no wonder she looked pale and scared.

When she was once moraleft alone, Hilda had hard to rouse herself from the bewildered le she had fallen into. They will suspect me soon," she said, "un-

it be? Why has the calm, still current of my dress and rarest jewels. The golden hair was war light and fire in her dark eyes, and no with gleaming pearls. With the wrinkle or line marred the pleasant, comely like changed? Why, in my youth and happing and innocence, has shame and sorrow sought me out? I lady Grahame was fairly entitled to be covered; he kept near her, and lavished deligible to see his wife recovered; he kept near her, and lavished deligible to see his wife recovered; he kept near her, and lavished deligible to see his wife recovered; he kept near her her and lavished deligible to see his wife recovered; he kept near her, and lavished deligible to see his wife recovered; he kept near her her was lavished deligible.

covered; he kept near her, and lavished delicate and loving attentions upon her.

"My blue-bell was never intended for a hothouse," he said, laughingly; and even Laly Bayneham had a kind word.

"I have missed you very much all day," she said, touching the fair face gently with her proud lips; "we must take more care of you, Hilda. You are not strong."

She sat at the held of that sumptuously appointed table trying to talk and laugh as others.

She san at the new or than sumpulsely appointed table trying to talk and laugh as others did; but the whole time there was a strong impulse upon her, urging her to cry aloud that she was an imposter, who had no place there a she was an imposter, who had no place there a convict's daughter, who ought never to have been an earl's wife. There were times when she had to bite her lips, or the words would have

escaped her.
Outwardly she regained her composure, sing ing when desired: moving and warming all hearts by the rich, passionate music of her voice, charming all eyes by her smiling, sweet grace, while her thoughts were ever with the dead mother who lay in the Fir Cottege. She could not leave home again alone. She sent money to Mrs. Paine; but Lord Bayneham had taken alarm at the state of her health, and was not willing to let her go out of his sight.

Tuesday morning came at last when Mag-dalen Huret was to be laid in ner linely grave, and Lady Hilda resolved to attend her funeral; yet she found great difficulty in disease. sa Happily the morning was bright; the sun shone as though shedding a last blessing upon the broken-hearted woman who was never to see it more. Happily, too, the countess asked her own disposal.

It was a very poor funeral; there was nothing to be seen save the bearers, and Mrs. Paine as chief mourner. Na one noticed the lady in the dark dress who knelt in one of the pews and wept as though her neart was breaking. There was no one to tote how she stood some little distance from the grave, longing and wishing that the too, could be at reit with her beautiful unhappy mother.

happy mother.
So they laid Magdalen Hurst to rest. Of all those who had loved her in her fair youth none were present. The sun shone brightly upon her grave, as it had done in the bonnie woods of Brynmar, when she met her fate so many

Some weeks afterwards a plain, gray stone marked the spot. It bore no name; she bad wished it to be so; but that lonely grave was watered with bitter tears, shed for her who, after life's fitful fever, was now at rest.

"I am not at all satisfied with Hilda's state pleased vanity.

of health," said Lady Bayneham to Barbara "I am told that he is very wealthy; that he Earle. "The child looks as though a cloud made a large fortune abroad, and he goes into the heat society. I know. Really, I never Earle. "The child looks as though a cloud made a large fortune abroad, and he goes had fallen over her. Claude tells me she goes about visiting cottages and all that kind of thing. It must be very injurious to such a flow of spirits. I cannot remember the her."
"Did you ever try it, aunt?" asked Miss

"Did you ever try it, aunt?" asked Miss Earle, quietly.
"Cottage visiting? No, my love, I am too sensitive," said the Countess, blandly. "I gave plenty away during the late earl's lifetime; but I cannot endure sorrowful sights; they make me ill."

"We will hope Hilda's nerves are stronger than yours," said Barbara. "I do not think the cottages weigh upon her mind; but she is

really ill, and should have change of air."
February had arrived, and the snowdrops began to show their drooping heads; still Lady Bayneham and Barbara ling red at the castle. The young earl was unwilling to part with them; he had grown anxious respecting his wife. He could not understand the change that had fallen upon her. The light had died out of her beautiful face, the smiles had left her lips. Whenever he came in and found her alone her face was so sad and wistful that it pained him. He thought her spirits

that it pained him. He thought her spirits forced, and her gayety unnatural and assumed. It was a strange lot that had fallen upon that fair young child, and she falled away under the weight of the secret. The grass was beginning to grow upon her mother's grave, still no hint of it had escaped her, yet its weight was robbing her of life, and hope, and love. She began to think she might be justified in telling Lord Bayneham.

Bayneham.
"No matter," shesaid to herself, "how binding "No matter," she said to herself, "how binding the vow, it could never be right to keep a secret from him." She prew bewildered, and there had ever received before. After he left them, were times when the could hardly distinguish Mrs. Henderson told her how often Mr. Fulton right from wrong. It was so hard to keep a se-oret from him when she loved him so much.

One evening Barbara Earle had been singing a pretty ballad, founded upon the story of Lind Burleigh, of Burleigh House.

"I do not like that story," said Lady Bayneham; Lord Burleigh should have chosen a wife from his own class. Unequal marriages are never happy ones."

Hilda was busy arranging some photographs,

and Lord Bayneham was assisting her.
"Is that your belief?" she said to him, when Lady Bayneham had ceased speaking.

"Yes," he replied carelessly, "I am no great advocate for unequal marriages."
"Suppose," she continued, "you had married same one very far beneath you—some one whose name even was a disgrace and shame to hear, and you discovered it after you were mar-

ried, what should you do?" Her fair face grew pale as she spoke, and her heart beat quickly as she waited for his answer.

"How dearly you ladies love argument!" said
Lord Bayneham, with a smile. "Well, sup-Lord Bayneham, with a smile. "Well, suppose, as you say, Blue-bell, that I had married some one very dreadful and disgraceful, and found it out afterward, what should I do with tome one very

her? Was that what you asked me?"
"Yes," she replied, and he never saw her quivering lip or noticed her trembling voice. Well," continued Lord Baynebam, with an amused smile, "of course, any one dreadful or disgraceful must be sent back to her friends again. The very pictures would start from walls in horror at such a mésalliance. The Ladies Bayneham have ever been sans reproche.

As soon as I discovered my mistake, I should find the remedy for it." He spoke carelessly, never dreaming she attached any importance to his words. They destroyed the last gleam of hope in her heart. e could never tell him her secret, for now, if over. he should know it, he would send her away. From that hour hope seemed to leave her

day by day the fair young face grew more sad and wistful, and the graceful figure grew thin. Lord Bayneham became seriously alarmed, and summoned one of the best physicians in England to his wife's aid; but the doctor was puzzled too.
"You tell me," he said to the earl," that

Lady Bayneham has had no trouble, no grief or anxiety preying upon her?"
"I do not think she knows the meaning of grief or sorrow," said Lord Bayneham, smiling at the idea; "whatever else may ail her, it is

With all his skill the doctor could find no solution to the mystery-no reason for the weakness and languor that were away the life of his beautiful patient. He advised change of air, and Lord Bayneham was prompt in action. By the end of that week every arrangement was made, and the earl, with his young wife, had begun the journey that he thought was to re-ature her to her health and strength.

CHAPTER XX.

"The month of blossoms," sweet maiden May," came round again, bringing all most worthy of note—men of letters, artists, poets, statesmen, beauties and belies—to the great city. London was in its pride. The season was a good one, and every one looked busy

prosperous and happy.

In the drawing room of one of the prettiest houses in Mayfair, Lady Grahame sat with her friend, confidents, and companion, Miss Lowe. The house was not a grand mansion, nor was the drawing room one of the most sumptuous, but or with the prettient of the most sumptuous, but or with the drawing room one of the most sumptuous, but or with the prettient of the most sumptuous, but or with the prettient of the most sumptuous, and the prosperious in the prosperious sumptuous.

Lady Grahame was fairly entitled to be called "well preserved." Why should she be otherwise? Her life had been one calm, untroubled scene of enjoyment. She knew nothing of the darker side of life, though she had a vague idea that somewhere far away from her prosperous, happy world there were darker shades of human life—dim, mysterious troubles that made people old before their time, and brought them to that wonderful mystery called death. She was the only child of a country squire, and early in life had married Sir Wilton Grahame, a baronet of noble descent, and through him was connected with some of the best families in England. Her mether was the daughter of Lord Dalecairn, of Dalecairn, and

her mother's family was a larger one.
Sir Wilton Grahame died, leaving his willow a comfortable jointure; her parents died, leaving a small forune; and Lady Grahame still in the prime of life, found herself free and unfettered, moderately rich, liked and coursed by the numerous aristocratic members of her fam-

ily.
Lady Grahame made no pretensions to intellectual culture. She knew the names of the leading authors of the day, she knew the most popular artists, and the best pictures painted. "Such things were talked about," and she never liked to be behind, There all mental effort ended; she liked an elegant house, well filled with pretty knick-knacks, she liked a few well-trained servants, fashionable dresses and good jewelry, all of which tastes her income enabled her to gratify. The one grand study of her life was "comfort." She had no idea be-yond it. Her sofa-cushions and easy-chairs must be of the softest down; no breath of cold. son to drive her over to Grainton Hall, so that no rough winds must ever come near her. Hilds found the greater part of the dey at her Her table must be daintily prepared, and her

Her table must be daintily prepared, and her slumbers never broken.

In order to insure this continual attention to her comfort Lady Grahams sought for a companion. She was not long in finding one. For a certain stated sum Miss Lowe consented to daywis every thought of her mind to the new devote every thought of her mind to the per-schal comfort of Lady Grahame.

The ladies had been out shopping, and some-thing had evidently caused Lady Grahame great pleasure, for her eyes sparkled and her comely, pleasant face was lighted with smiles.
"I tell you, my dear," she said to Miss Lowe, that I have really never seen a more elegant or handsome man. Poor Sir Wilton had a nice face, but he was not to be compared to him; his attentions were quite marked. Mrs. Hender-son tells me he has besieged her with requests

The ever attentive Miss Lowe murmured something to the effect that it was not surprising; which little bit of incense being properly offered and accepted, Lady Grahame resumed her remarks with the same expression of well

such a flow of spirits. I cannot remember the wisty things he said, but we quite agreed upon many points. He has a very handsome house near the Park.

Miss Lowe looked amiably interested, having Miss Lowe looked amably interested, having nothing particular to say.

"There are times," continued the lady pathetically. "when I feel very lonely. When poor Sir Wilton was alive, he kept me continually amused. Really, to quote and alter the saying of a French king, a house without a gentleman is like a garden without flowers!"

Harden and the same without flowers!

Her companion cordially agreed in this; it was a wonderful flight of imagination for Lady

Grahame.
"Mr. Fulton said something about calling tomorrow morning," said her ladyship: "but I do not know whether be will. We were speaking of jewels, and he said he had a very rare and beautiful opal that he would show me. I forget where it was found, but in some strange place. Do you think pale pink or light blue suits me best? I may as well look nice. We must see about a becoming toilet, my dear-

something elegant, but not too young."

Lady Grahame was in an unusual state of high spirits. She had called that morning upon one of her many dear and intimate friends. The ladies had gone out shopping together, and during the course of their drive they met Mr. Henderson, who introduced his friend Mr. Fulton to Lady Grahame. Mr. Fulton was, or seemed to be, charmed with her. H. offered

had expressed a wish to know her "elegant and graceful friend, Lady Grahame." graceful friend, Lauy Grahame.
"I think," said Mrs. Henderson, "you have made a conquest, Lady Grahame. Mr. Full ton is said to be immensely rich. I never said ton is said to be immensely rich. I never saw any one with such a flow of spirits and ele-

quence."
"Is he one of the Fu tons of Hexham?" sked Lady Grahame.
"I know nothing of his family," was the reply; "Mr. Henderson met him at a banquet given in honor of Prince Risentour, and he was

quite charmed with him. I assure you several ladies of my acquaintance would be proud to make such a conquest." Lady Grahame was delighted. Not that a lover was a novelty, for her pleasing person and

comfortable jointure had attracted many, but something or other interfered with each of

One was too old, another only sought her for her money, a third was too dissipated, a fourth could not agree over settlements; and in sober earnest Lady Grahame cared for none of them. But she was quite pleased with the homage of this handsome lebonair man, whose careless smiles and words were so full of life and humor, and Lady Grahame returned home in a perfect flutter of spirits, for he had asked permission to call on the morrow to show her the wonderful opal about which he told such a strange, interesting story.

The morrow came, and Lady Grahame's maid found it very difficult to please her; but when the toilet was completed she acknowledged it to be a perfect success. Every point in her figure and face was made the most of and every defect carefully concealed. Grahame smiled as she gave a long, lineering look at the mirror, Miss Lowe was observed to look unusually tired when the ceremony was

TTO BE CONTINUED

BILIOUSNESS. "I should not think it right did I not give my testimony of what I know to be the value of Burdock Blood Bitters. Being a sufferer from Biliousness, I took one bottle of B. B. B. and it gave me immediate relief. I recommend it as cure for Biliousness. Annie McLean, Woodville, Ont.'

When did General George Washington have his first ride in a public carriage? When he took a back at the cherry tree.

A SEVERE TRIAL. Those who endure the torturing pangs of Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar complaints are severely tried, but there

is a speedy relief in Hagyard's Yellow Oil, as thousands who have used it joyfully testify. It banishes pain and lameness quickly. May meroy aid with succoring hand un-friended virtue's high endeavor.

A LAST RESORT. "Last summer," says Wm. J. James, of Atherly Ont., "I felt very miserable with pains over my kidneys, fluttering of the heart and nervousness; after taking different kinds of medicine, hearing of B. B. B., I thought I would try it; one bottle completely cured me.
I can highly recommend it to others."

SPHINX ECHOES.

Address correspondence for this Department to E. R. Chadbourn, Lewiston, Maine, U. S.]

160.—A HOME WALTZER I gaily dance with my thousand feet, Making the home a place more neat,
Where my partner sings, 'tis a waltz complete

Sometimes I suddenly stand on my head : The spider beholds this caper with dread, For destruction upon his work 'twill shed

When the dance is done and the fun is o'er, My partner leads me behind the door, Where I wait till called again to the floor, LOBELET.

161.-A CHARADE. The habits which formed in youth may be, Grow with the growth and strengthen two three. And those which are wrong in youth we see Are apt to get very one, two, three.

So somebody told us long years ago,
If we may credit one H. B. Stowe:
"That which in young folks is bad or wrong,
When they get to be old is mighty strong." But homilies are not our intent, On sermonizing we are not bent, So please consider, we do entreat,

This paragraph as but complete.

M. C. Woodford.

2. In logic, the first words in technical verses.
2. In general, punishes. 3. Widdows. 4. Any part of a rampart or parapet which deviates from the general direction. 5. An officer who prefers an accusation against another. 6. To fall back. 7. Declares. U. REKA. 163.—AN ANAGRAM. She was a fickle minded girl, So thought, at least, the noble earl, When his affianced told him she

162,—A SQUARE.

1. In logic, the first words in technical verses

His loving wife could never be.
But though the earl was growing old,
His heart was far from being cold, And so he viewed with deep chagrin The maid's deceitfulness and sin. The reason why she broke her word, Was "THE EARL'S DEAFRES," she averred. NELBONIAN.

164-A CHASTENED COMFORTER. By the hands that for me care I am whipped and shaken,

And the many strokes I bear Every day are taken. Every day I have to rest, Daintily I'm covered; Every night I am caressed, And I am almost smothered.

And in turn I comfort those Who did me so chasten; They, when longing for repose, Quick to me will hasten.

Then their aching heads I hold, Like a tender mother; And to me is safely told What they tell no other.

155 -A DIAMOND.

1. A consonant. 2. A number. 3. Tapestry. 4. Walking over. 5. Very difficult or danger-ous. 6. A small cask for holding small, pointed pieces of metal. 7. To deride. 8. A choking bit. 9. A consonent.

166.—BEHEADMENTS.

I saw a man with a very strange notion. As peculiar as any this side of the ocean.

Take away the ocean, you have the man's name
With initial letter—a value the same;
Cut off this initial, a value is plain, For he always wanted a reasonable gain. A part of the value must go for his good, For he wishes to purchase some nutritious food.
He leaves the store and the river behind.
For crystalline matter is now in his mind.
He is a Civil Engineer in Canada East, When an Island is past and his home is reached In the Eastern part of Canada East. ABTIBUS LAURENTIUS.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' PRIZES. 1. One Lundrad dol'ars for the best lot of twenty original puzzles. 2. Twenty dollars for the second best lot of twenty original puzzles.

3. Ten dollars f r the third best lot of twenty original puzzles. 4. Five dollars for the fourth best lot of twenty original puzzles. 5. One dollar each for such other lots of twenty original puzzles as the awarding committee may select. The competition closes May 25. An entrance blank, providing a statement of origin ality and an assignment of rights in case of winning will be furnished to all who desire. Much interest is being manifested in this con-

test and its probable results. No reader should fail to try for one of the prizes. THE SOLVER'S PRIZE.

A suitable prize will be awarded the sender of

the best lot of answers for April, the solutions to be forwarded weekly. ANSWERS.

152.—Spring. 153.—Magneto-electrical. 154.—Minnie's "garden" will be an immense one, the number of acres being 1,021,000. - Awl-man-ax (almanacs). 156. - Guess-able.



158.-March followed by April. 159.-Wow-wow.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills .- Rhoums tism and Neuralgis.—Though the former disease remorselessly attacks persons of all ages, and the latter ruthlessly selects its victims from the weak and delicate, the persevering use of these remedies will infallibly cure both complaints. After the affected parts have been diligently fomented with hot brine, and the skin thoroughly dried, Hollo-way's Olutment must be rubbed in firmly and evenly for a few minutes twice a day, and his Pills taken according to the printed direc-tions wrapped round each box of his medicine. Both Ointment and Pills are accompanied by instructions designed for the public at large, and no invalid, who attentively reads them can now be at any loss how to doctor himsel successfully.

The most appropriate wood for sewing machines-Hemlock.

Messre. North op & Lyman are the pro-prietors of Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oil, which is now being sold in immense quantities throughout the Dominion. It is welcomed by the suffering invalid everywhere with emotions of delight, because it banishes pain and gives instant relief. This valuable specific for almost fevery ill that flesh is RIGHT HERE IN CANADA.

WHAT YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS SAY ON A MATTER OF VITAL IMPORTANCE. Below will be found a sample of the multitude of letters of encouragement Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester, N.Y., daily receive. The subjoined unsolicited testimonials are from your friends and neighbors, ladies and gentlemen you know and esteem for their honor and straightforwardness, and who would seem to be a party to any deception:
What has been done for others can be done for you, and it is folly, nay suicidal, to longer suffer when the means of recovery lie at your International R. R. Dining Saloon, AMHERST,

International R. R. Dining Saloou, AMHERET, Nova Scotia, January, 1887.—In October, 1884, I was taken down with bleeding from the kidneys, or some of the arteris leading from them. One day, while lifting, I felt something giving away in the region of my left kidney, and immediately after I commenced to pass blood in mattery water. Three doctrs could not stop the flow of blood. I got "Waraer's Safe Cure," and began taking it, unknown to the doctors, and about the 10th of December the bleeding began to get less, and in two or three days the began to get less, and in two or three days the degan to get less, and in two or three days the dropsy began to set in my legs and fort. By this time I was reduced to a mere skeleton, suffering from cramps in my legs, teet and hands, also the hiccoughs. My flesh became like a piece of white unpolished marble, cold and no signs of any moisture. I here wish to say that I did not take any of "Warner's Safe Ours' from the 29th of December, until March following. They tried all they could to following. They tried all they could to check the dropsy, but had to resort to tapping at last, which was done every thirteen or fourteen days until the 23rd of March. Then or fourteen days until the 23rd of March. Then I was given up as hopeless, my spiritual director giving me the last dying rites of the church. I told them, fear not, I would, with the help of God and "Warner's Safe Cure," come out all right I then began taking "Warner's Safe Cure," come out all right I then began taking "Warner's Safe Cure," and day, and "Warner's Safe Pills" also, and dieted as directed, and, to the surprise of the doctors, my family, friends and the publ.c, I was able to get out by the lat of May for a short walk or a drive. I still continue to take "Warner's Safe Cure," and now I feel as well in health as I ever did. No mare trouble with dropsy, cramps did. No more trouble with dropsy, cramps, hiccoughing, or kidneys, and consider myself a sound man again. The catarrh in the head, of which I was bady affected, also disappered. These are all the facts of my case, as hundreds can tell who know how low I was. As a refereuce I will mention the name of Mr. J. Rogers, with the firm of Evanson & Mason, of Montreal, who knows my case in full.

W. Stancellon

TOFONTO, Ont., (166 Wilton Ave.,) Jan. 31st, TOTONTO, Unt., (100 Willon Ave.,) Jan. 3181, 1857.—For ten years I suffered from quinsy and relaxed throat, being confined to my room for weeks at a time. I was at last induced to try "Warner's Safe Cure," and with a most beneficial result. I may say I have not suffered in the slightest from quinsy since.

apriliblesson TORONTO, Ont., Sept. 29, 1887.—I suffered severely with lame back, at different times for three years. My physicians said that my kidneys were affected, and treated me for Bright's discounty of the said of the

disease. I obtained no relief, however, until I

commenced taking "Warner's Safe Cure." L.W. Rallin

Supt. Protection Police and Fire Patrol Co. of Canada.

HAWKESBURY, Ont., March 27, 1887.—I have hawkesbury, Ont., March 27, 1887.—I have been terribly afflicted with chronic Brisht's disease. My body swelled so I could scarcely move about and my eyesight was affected so that I could hardly distinguish objects across the room, I had a distressing cough from the pressure of water on my lungs, and was in den-ger of suffication whenever I attempted to lie down. My limbs were so swollen that I could not bend my joints to sit on a chair. The valves not bend my joints to sit on a chair. The valves of my heart refused their office. At times circulation see ned entirely suspended, so that I was manapable of moving a limb, and at others the increased action of my heart would cause such a pain in my head as words are inadequate to describe. Then again my stomach refused all nourishment, and I was growing weaker every day. The physician who attended me said there was no hope; he could do no more for me, and that a few days would do no more for me, and that a few days would see the end. At this stage I resorted to "Warner's Safe Cure" and "Warner's Safe Pills," and with most satisfactory results, although it was some two or three weeks after I commenced their use before much decided improvement was manifested. My recovery then was very rapid. My weight from dropsical swelling was then 182 lbs., and is now reduced to 107, about my normal weight. Analysis showed 90 per cent. albumen with a quantity of tube casts, and is now reduced to 10 per cent. I am so far recovered as to be able to attend my domestic duties, taking moderately long walks, and visit friends as formerly. "Warner's Safe and visit friends as formerly. "Warner's Safe Nervine" has so far corrected the action of my heart that the severe pain in my head has

Ens & & Spersey

A GLASS FACTORY.

Ground has been selected in Toronto for a factory to manufacture glass bottles of every tactory to manufacture glass cottles of every description and size, from half an ounce to ten gallons. This factory will be fitted up on the most improved principle. Glass of every shade and color will be produced. Bottles will be thrown off with great speed and perfection by the buzzing machines, 64 in number, such as are used in Europe. The most skilful workmen from England and Germany will be employed. The manager has left Canada to sugage the workmen. Furnaces will be fitted up on the continuous gas principle. Brewers therefore can rely on goods of a first-class quality, and will be sold at oxceedingly low rates. All bottles will be made to sample, and orders will receive prompt attention. The above works are in-tended to be in full operation by the 1st of August, and will cost about \$100,000. The firm will be represented by Messrs. Antonia Snider & Co.

A FRENCH MONARCHY.

COUNT DE PARIS DEALS WITH THE PRESENT POLI-TICAL CRISIS.
PARIS April 25.—At a recent gethering of his adherents, the Comte de Paris said: -The situation is a grave one, and must be met with sanofroid, for it was inevitable. As I predicted in 1887, intestinal disputes have stricken with powerlessness the boastful, persecuting republican Government. It is discredited at home and in Europs it has no force. The radicalism heading affairs has disorganized the country. The recent striking utterances in favor of uni versal suffrage are the cry of France, weary of such a style of government, and yearning for deliverance. The monarchists have not waited for the present crisis in order to demand a revision of the constitution. I myself inscribed it on their programme; but it is my duty also to tell them that this movement will exhaust itself in futility, and that France will be led into the gravest dangers should she believe that the name alone, whatever it may be, can constitute a settlement. To give the settlement of which she stands in need all conservatives should demand a revision, not from divided assemblies, where they are in a minority, but from the country itself, consulted in a lawful manner. At the destined hour it will be understood that

IN MEMORIAM. PRIER MCGILL, DIED AT KEARNEY, ONT., FEB. 10. 1888.

Written on his birthday, March 28,

I. Light the tapers—funeral tapers,
Toll the solemn, deep toned bell; Let its sound spread thro' the pine woods,
To the home he loved so well. Let its cadence, sad and mournful,
Ring out on the frosty air:
O'er the hill tops, thro' the vallesy,
O'er the glittering snow-mounds there.

Ring it solemnly and slowly, For a soul has passed away : Summoned from its earthly prison, From its tenement of clay.

Bow your heads, ye stricken mourners,
Christ has called his child away,
From dark sorrow, from deep suffering,
To a realm of endless day.

Dear young wife, whom for five summers In his arms found surest rest; Little daughters, fair as sunbeams, To his heart so often pressed.
White-baired fasher, whose ead eye gazes
On that form so silent now,
Where so lately life blood bounded, Lit up eye and heart and brow,

Faithful Tom, true-hearted brother, On whose arm all night he lay;
While with Death pain battled fiercely,
Till at morn God's peace held sway.
Sad eyed sisters, kneeling round him,
Prayed for strength to bear this blow; Oh, my God, how can I bear it? Each his voiceless cry of wie.

Always pleasant, hopeful, cheerful,
From his childhood never blind To the wants and woes of others;
Even to children, loving, kind.
Such thy record. Oh, my brother,
Surely we plead not in vain
To Our Father, who art in heaven,
While our tears fall down like rain.

May that Christ, whose lingering agony
On the cross, in years gone by,
Was one long prayer for His children,
Doomed to live, love, suffer, die.
Thro' His anguish in the garden, May He look with pitying eye
On the freed soul of our loved one, Eager to meet him on high.

Eager in his dying moments, The his heart clung to us here, To meet Jeens, his Creator,
For his soul had naugh to fear,
Guided well in his last longings,
By our own "Soggarth Aroon,"
His whole soul a virtuous garden.
Offered to God in fragrant bloom,

Dies Irie, dies illa, When the last world sounding cry
Shall rouse sleepers from Death's slumber, Summoued to their Judge on high,
May his soul, amongst the happy,
Stationed be, at God's right hand,
Hear the loving "Come, ye blessed,
At my Father's right you stand."

MARY.

THE CURSE OF PARTY GOVERN.

MENT.

London, April 25,—Lord Wolseley, at a banquet given to Sir John Pender on Monday sight, disapproved the present army and navy system, which, he said, would sconer or later land the country in disaster. Undoubtedly the reason for this could be found in the system of government by party, the curse of modern England, which was sapping the manly hon-esty formerly characteristic of statesmen.

Dublin, April 25.—Wilfrid Blunt has arrived here. It is expected he will contest the parliamentary seat in the St. Stephen's Green division, made vacant by the death of E. Dwyer Gray.

THE LATE DWYER GRAY'S SEAT.

Use the great specific for "cold in head" and catarrh-Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Customer (getting measured)-" How much are these trousers going to co. t n.e?" Tailor-"Twenty-two shillings, sir. How many pockets do you want in them?" Customer— None. I won't need any pockets after I've

paid for the trousers. The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affectious of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughe, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is 80 PALATABLE that a child will not refuse it, and is nut at a price that will not exclude the

poor from its benefits. " Don't be afraid," said a snob to a German labourer, "sit down and make yourself my equal." "I should haff to blow my brains out," was the reply of the Teuton.

Do not despair or during your slok headache when you can so easily obtain Carter's Little Liver Pills. They will effect a prompt and permanent cure. Their action is mild and natural. "May I bid?" asked a droil fellow, as he

put his head into an auctioneer's shop. sinly," replied the auctioneer. "Then I bid you good evening," he remarked as he walked Excellent reasons exist why Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil should be used by persons troubled with affections of the throat or

corns, bunions, or external injuries. The reasons are, that it is speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly. "Shall I go for the minister, John?" asked the wife of the shoemaker. "No," he replied, "go for the doctor. We will begin with the heel first and leave the soul till the last."

lunge, sores upon the skin, rheumatic pain,

The Proprietors of Parmelee's Pills are constantly receiving letters similar to the fol-lowing, which explains itself. Mr. John A. Beam, Waterloo, Oat., writes: "I never used any medicine that can equal Parmelee's Pills for Dyspepsia or Liver and Kidney Complainte. The relief experienced after using them was wonderful." As a safe family medicine Parmelee's Vegetable Pills

Donnelly Delighted-Ignatius Donnelly-"Heard anything new about my cryptogram?" Friend-"Yes; recople cay all the English papers are calling you a donkey, a fool and a born idiot." J. D.—"All!" F.—
"Every one of them." I. D.—"Glorious!
How that book will sell."

can be given in all cases requiring a Cathar-

AFTER YEARS OF SUFFERING, persons who have vainly sought remedial help hom other sources have obtained the long desired relief They will suspect me soon," she said, "unThe house was not a grand mansion, nor was
at an recover nyself."

The house of detection must be,
but detection must be,
so thought, with a cold, shudder of, dread,
but verything in tapoke of refinement and eleso that the consequences of detection must be,
so did not care for her 'hidisanis' vitle his games. Lady Grahame herself, was, more eleso that without him life would be a burden she,
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