

POOR DOCUMENT

AN OPEN LETTER.

Grand Lake Range, Queen's County, N. B.

March 10th, 1892.

THE GRODNER DYSPEPSIA CURE CO., LTD.

GENTLEMEN:

I am 72 years of age and have had Dyspepsia for several years. I have employed numerous physicians and taken many patent medicines, but all were of no use in my case. I began to grow worse. There was severe distress in my stomach; everything I ate, even the lightest food caused me intense agony. My appetite was poor and I could not sleep. I was almost without hope when I saw a testimonial in the newspaper stating that Grodner's Syrup had done for others. As a last effort to regain health, I thought that I would buy it. Just before Christmas last my son Fred went to St. John and brought me home a bottle of your remedy. I used with the following results:

As I wish and have no distress from my food; my appetite is first-class, my food tastes good to me now. I sleep as sound as a child. I do all my own work without the aid of a servant, and can do a day's washing without feeling much tired whereas I could not do it all before taking Grodner's. I do feel grateful to you, gentlemen, for placing an invaluable remedy upon the market. I give all the credit for present state of good health to your medicine.

I am willing to answer any questions concerning the above, for I firmly believe your remedy will cure other sufferers as it has cured me. I conscientiously make this statement without any inducement or reward knowing it to be one of the best medicines in the market for Dyspepsia.

Respectfully yours,

ELEANOR BURKE

MARY OSBORNE'S RESOLVE.

"Honour and shame, from no condition free; Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

In an elegantly furnished parlor of a brick stone mansion situated in the aristocratic suburbs of a populous city, sat a lovely girl whose personal charms seemed to possess the power of fascinating one with bewilderment. Her purely Grecian face with regular features, and exquisitely chiselled lips would have been deemed worthy the study of the immortal Correggio, while the massive coils of silken tresses encircled her stately head as a crown of burnished gold. But in these alone lay not the magnetic influence which pervaded her entire being and held you at times in complete subjection to her will.

It was in the depths of those eyes, from whose intensity and variety of expression you could scarcely define their colour, that the great secret lay—here was the diamond of priceless treasure—here the glittering index that tempts you to study every smile and every action, as a page shining forth with the clearly defined conceptions of a truthful and unprejudiced soul.

The only daughter of a merchant prince whose immense riches and unbounded popularity received the flattering homage of the most distinguished, it is not a matter of surprise, that Mary Osborne had enjoyed all those advantages which are required to make her appear educated, refined and accomplished. Possessing intellectual abilities of a high order, combined with an appreciative regard for deep mental culture, she had laboured diligently to gain her education by a thorough course of study and persevering research.

Arriving on the verge of womanhood the gifted and beautiful daughter was introduced into society, with all the eclat usually attendant upon such occasions. Great was the consternation of manoeuvring mammas as Mary Osborne first came out at a grand evening party dressed in a simple white tulle with other ornaments than a pale blush rose that revealed amid the perpetual sunshine of her golden hair. The graceful simplicity of style added a charm to her matchless beauty, and she was speedily acknowledged the reigning belle. During the following season many eager aspirants had contested the honours, so easily gained by Mary, while each in turn were obliged to relinquish all pretensions, leaving her sole and undisputed sovereignty over the subjects of the social realm. Doubtless, one would think that a knowledge of this fact would impart to the favored one a spirit of arrogant and haughty imperiousness, and desire to trample upon the feelings of others with studied and inordinate contempt. On the contrary she possessed those noble qualities which emanate from purity of soul—gentle deference and regard for the feelings of others, combined with a thoughtful disposition that was ever on the alert to administer to the requirements of those with whom she daily associated.

In continual acts of charity, the destitute and needy found a sympathizing friend in Mary. Many were the prayers offered up for her, in the abodes of poverty, by the sick and suffering, whom she

had tenderly cared for, while many aged and feeble mendicants murmured, "God bless you young lady," on receiving the few coins remaining in her purse after returning from an afternoon's shopping.

So gifted, gentle and loveable, it is almost unnecessary to add that Mary Osborne was sought by a numerous host of suitors who had laid wealth, honour and distinction at her feet. Not wishing to violate the sanctity of her inmost feelings, she had rejected them all, resolving to form no attachment unless finding an object worthy her deepest regard—one whose every impulse was actuated by principles of true manliness—one in whom were deeply rooted habits of sobriety, discretion and regularity, and in whom she could discern those qualities which radiate from purity and truth.

Forming this high-minded resolution many keenly scrutinized the different phases of disposition which characterized many of the male sex within her direct acquaintance. A wide scope of intellectual ability had enabled her to study earnestly the powers and conceptions of the human mind in its relation to the moral and social duties of life, and as the ethical theories and problems of Kant and other philosophers, were being more carefully weighed in her mind, she was fully confirmed to make a proper application of the laws of duty.

A fitting opportunity was soon afterwards afforded our girl moralist. Among the various guests introduced at the Osborne mansion was Ernest Trenholm—a junior partner in a well-known and long-established banking firm. Being a man of good family, ability and enterprise, and giving proof of shrewdness and perseverance in business, he found a warm and flattering reception from those he chose to regard in a social position.

In the accustomed rounds of gaiety, with its multifarious scenes of amusements Ernest Trenholm had studiously avoided any familiar or intimate friendship outside his own family connections. Polite affable and engaging, with a manly form and handsome face, many bright eyes watched him with earnest gaze, and cherished fond dreams which became radiant beneath the sunshine of his happy smiles. But the dreams were vain. The young banker at intervals reverie to the scenes of merriment. If you ask the cause, the answer is simply this, the deep-toned nature of Mary Osborne had won his heart, but he dared not avow his dearest secret lest he too should be formally refused in her gentle, unassuming manner. He saw in the lovely girl, all which he desired in his companion through life, and longed to pour into her ear, the old, but oft repeated tale of love.

Occasional visits were paid to the elegant home, made joyous by Mary's cheerful presence, but the perfect ease and freedom of each reception, completely baffled any previously conceived idea on the part of Ernest Trenholm, and placed a wide barrier to the slightest possible intimation of desired intention. With untiring devotion he silently worshipped at the shrine wherein was unveiled the worth and loveliness of Mary's true character. She was even a beacon light placed above the horizon of his existence making out to him the path of duty with an unerring hand, as true to its course as the guiding polar star to the watchful and sea-tossed mariner. Not was Mary totally regardless of the feeling entertained towards her by the unassuming lover. Woman's nature is more sensitive to the intuitive perceptions than the more strongly balanced powers of the other sex.

She was conscious that Ernest loved her. She felt the power which she exercised upon him, but assumed an indifference and careless ease that rendered her more irresistible. She had called into requisition all the tactics of superior judgment to study more clearly the character of the man whom she preferred to all others, yet she would not compromise by word or action, the firmness and decision hitherto maintained, without having further proof of his power to resist the destroying demon of intemperance, which had ruthlessly crushed the lives of many young men of her acquaintance. Of Ernest Trenholm's virtuous principles and adherence to religious duties, Mary had no doubts, but she was in perplexity regarding his views on the great reform movement which was agitating the entire community and extending in all directions, and in distant countries, in many parts of the globe. It was a subject of deep concern in almost every household. Through the hundreds who flocked night after night to enrol their names in this great and glorious cause, many homes were made happy, mothers had lived to see their husbands and sons rescued from the maddening vortex of wild despair, society was being toned and elevated, and the public good was manifest from every standpoint.

While these proceedings were in an active state, Mary Osborne was one of the numerous guests of a brilliant assemblage at the residence of a particular friend. Amid a ceaseless round of gaiety she had passed the greater part of the evening, and being wearied with excitement had joined her companion and confidant Helen Leigh, and together retired into a small recess adjoining the conservatory, where totally concealed by the richly colored silken hangings, they remained for some moments in the undisturbed bliss of a quiet and confidential talk.

In the ceaseless flow of merry chit chat and gossip, peculiar to girlhood, they were unconscious of the presence of two gentlemen who had entered the ante-room opposite some moments before, and in low, earnest tones, were discussing some important question. Suddenly a rising light manifested the fair brow of Mary as she recognized the well-known voice of Ernest Trenholm, which fell as music upon her ear.

At first she seemed unwilling to be placed in the awkward and distasteful act of eavesdropping, and was about to make a hasty retreat when forcibly detained by her companion whose expressive features betrayed no uncommon degree of interest and eager curiosity. Since the world began curiosity has been the one of vulnerable points of the female character. In its various modifications, it assumes different forms, but more or less constitutes a share in the moral composition of the fair sex. It originated with our mother Eve, and was fondly transmitted to her daughters throughout posterity. The whole-souled and moralizing nature of Mary Osborne was not even proof to this hereditary weakness. Encircling the waist of Helen Leigh together they hear in subdued tones, "Frank, listen for a few moments, and you will know why I so strongly opposed and discontinued the use of alcoholic stimulants when asked for my opinion on the subject during a meeting in our reading room," raising his voice to a higher pitch he continued, "nearly two years ago as you are well aware, I was deeply engaged in a political canvass. I went the rounds, daily meeting, many of respectable standing in society, men holding responsible positions, and even men who had made a profession of religion. In accordance with the time-honored custom, there must be the usual amount of intoxicating drinks interlarded with the exciting harangues and remonstrances in order to give more force and vehemence to the oratorical gestures of the politician."

One afternoon, while employed, I met an unusual number of those associated in the cause, adherents and opponents. Of course the excitement ran high, speech followed speech, toast followed toast, and for the first time in my life I was at last in a state of healthy intoxication. How I groped my way home and seated myself at the tea-table, yet remained a mystery, but I did it, and finally gained my room, where in this sad and degrading situation, I slumped upon my bed and lay in a heavy stupor for several hours. In a state of bewilderment I at length awoke, my head was dizzy, I tried to think over what had happened, but my thoughts were in a dumb chaos. A footstep in the hall aroused my attention when a deep and humiliating sense of shame brought to my mind a vivid conception of the past evening. My door was gently opened, and the step approached my bed-side. I drew my breath heavily and feigned sleep, not having sufficient courage to meet my father's plying gaze. My face being averted, he thought me unconscious of his sorrow, and throwing himself upon the sofa he tried in vain to repress the choking sobs, which deeply pierced my heart. I had seen my father moved with pity, and family affliction, but never with such poignant and agonizing grief. Where you see a man moved to tears he is an object of pity, but the sight of my father's prostrating paroxysms was sufficient to bring tears from the most callous hearted. Why I had power given me to remain utterly passive, I know not, I knew it was better to do so; what my feelings were I hope you never may realize. I suffered more during those minutes than many would in a life-time. Could I then have knelt down and asked my father's forgiveness; I dared not trust myself.

When that parent rose, he seemed bowed with great affliction, and as I quietly stole a glance at his receding form he appeared to have lived a score of years in those trying moments. That was the only time I thanked Heaven that my sainted mother was in her grave. Oh! had she lived to see me there who had broken her gentle and loving heart—here the voice of the speaker became husky and tremulous, as he continued: "But the thoughts of my father's loneliness, in this great struggle, was too much to bear. I wept bitter and blinding tears. I did not consider it unmanly to make a sad and degrading exhibition of myself. I should not consider it unmanly to weep. I lay for some moments in hesitation whether to make my appearance at breakfast, or wait until my father had gone to his business establishment. I adopted the latter, and having bathed my head with cold water and taken a saltz powder to remove the nausea, of which I was the victim, I felt somewhat brighter. Hurriedly I ate a morsel of breakfast and took my departure to the counting room, where nothing unusual was noticed in my department or actions. Throughout that entire day my father's sad face haunted me, while a steady work was going on within me. I saw the error of my previous ways, and had firmly resolved with my sister beside me, together we knelt, and bowed our heads in deep reverence, as the loved voice of our parent pleaded Heaven to save and guide his erring son. In my heart I seemed to realize that this prayer was being answered, and from that time the tempter

had no power over me. I dread not the most eloquent appeal to join and partake of the pleasures of the maddening bowl. Ernest Trenholm changed his voice to a deep monotone, and added, for the author of all mischief sustains me, and—

At this juncture he was interrupted by his listening companion, who exclaimed, Ernest I am satisfied, rest assured you shall never again be asked to drink in my presence.

Thank you kindly, Frank, but that assertion is not enough to satisfy me. Can I not persuade you to come with me to-morrow evening to the Reform Meeting, and signify your espousal of the cause. As your friend, I am anxious to save you from the growing evil of the social glass, its allurement, its vice, and its crippling associations. For the love you bear your home and friends, reflect on your present course of action.

Frank, you will come. I shall call for you on my way there, and you will not refuse to accompany me.

Could the handsome and influential young banker, as he stood there in the character of a Reform advocate, could he thus have seen the expression of gratitude and regard which beamed upon Mary Osborne's countenance, he would have been doubly inspired for the accomplishment of his noble work.

In this earnest concern, the listeners held their breath to catch the words now painfully inaudible. They knew that a great struggle was agitating the bosom of Frank Osborne, and were awaiting the result in eager suspense. He at last exclaimed, Ernest, you have conquered. I shall go. The grateful sister could scarcely refrain from expressing her feelings, but the delicacy of the situation forbade, and noiselessly clasping the hand of Helen Leigh withdrew from the retreat.

At the appointed hour Ernest Trenholm kept his engagement at the home of Frank Osborne. He was ushered into the library, where amid its snugly arranged book shelves, inviting chairs and sofas, sat the fair student, and light of the household, looking up from the volume of Paradise Lost which lay open before her. She gave her visitor a welcome, which from the brightening color that met his earnest gaze, caused the current of his emotions to flow with the returning tide of anticipated hope and bright prospects.

Never did Ernest Trenholm experience a more clearly defined conception of the real enjoyment and pleasure of duty, that when in the company of his friend he bent his steps towards their place of meeting, and as he glanced at the signature of Frank Osborne, inscribed in legible characters beneath his own his delight was unbounded.

In the meantime Mary was recounting in her mind the deep appreciation that Ernest had always bestowed upon her, and she was now trying to solve a problem, which in its positive and negative terms required much profound thought and study.

Not wishing to follow the elucidation of each successive step in the course of events, I will end with another brief reference to Mary Osborne.

Seated in the same elegant parlor as when first introduced, she is evidently the recipient of some great and sudden revelation which leaves in its wake a bright train, reflecting hope, happiness, and consoling trust and love. The costly diamond ring sparkling on her finger tells the joyous tale. Ernest Trenholm now listens to an avowal on the part of her, whom he has promised to love and protect. He hears the full disclosure of the means which gave his secret to the ears of the listener, and now fully compensated in heartfelt gratitude, is happy in the thought that this was kept—Mary Osborne's Resolve.

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