

POOR DOCUMENT

AN OPEN LETTER.

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

March 10th, 1892.

THE GROEDER DYSPESIA 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.

So gifted, gentle and lovable, 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.

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.

Respectfully yours,

ELEANOR BURKE

MARY OSBORNE'S RESOLVE.

"Honour and shame, from no condition come; 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 fascination over one with bewilderment.

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.

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 mamma 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.

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.

At first she seemed unwilling to be placed in the awkward and distorted 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.

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 relations 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 meritment.

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 untrifling 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.

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.

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 confident 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.

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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 vices, and its crippling associations. For the love you bear your home and friends, reflect upon 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.

Never did Ernest Trenholm experience a more clearly defined conception of the real enjoyment and pleasure of duty, than 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.

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.

When that parent rose, he seemed bowed with great infirmity, 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 slept bitter and blinding tears. I did not consider it unmanly to make a saddening 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. Hastily 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

was not to be feared. 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.

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