

How much Are you worth?

It Depends on how much
Good you do.
We now give you a chance to do an act
Of kindness to a suffering friend.
A remarkable remedy has been discovered
For that most loathsome of all diseases
CANCER.

We ask you to send us the address of any
Persons suffering from this disease, that
we may be able to send you full particulars
Of this valuable and painless remedy.
Address,
Scott & Jury,
BOWMANVILLE.

Billiard Parlor Reopened

THE UNDERSIGNED has re-opened
the Billiard Parlor in the Arlington
Block, where he will be pleased to see his
old customers and others.
GEO. M. TEASDALE.
Colborne, Feb. 18th, 1891.
Fresh Oysters always on hand.
Pure Temperance Drinks
And best brands of Cigars
on hand, at retail or wholesale.
Agent for Christie's Steam Laundry.
Washing sent every two weeks. Call and
get a price list.
Twelve handsome Bedroom Suits—
ew—for sale at low prices.
Horse, Buggy and Harness for sale

\$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to briefly
teach any fairly intelligent person of either
sex, who can read and write, and who,
after instruction, will work industriously,
how to earn Three Thousand Dollars
Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish
the situation or employment which you can earn that amount.
No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly
learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I
have already taught and provided with employment a large
number, who are making over \$3000 a year each. It is **NEW**
and **SOLID.** Full particulars **FREE.** Address at once,
E. C. ALLEN, Box 429, Augusta, Maine.

Lake Ontario Steamboat COMPANY,



Temporary Arrangement.
ON AND after Monday, May 4th, the
STEAMER URYDICE
Will leave Colborne daily, Sunday excepted
at 7:30 a.m., Port Hope 9:45 a.m., on
arrival of G.T.R. trains from East, West
and North, for Charlotte, N.Y.
Returning leaves Charlotte, N.Y. at
11 p.m., except Tuesday, at 9 p.m., and
Saturday at 4 p.m.
Calls at Brighton Wednesdays, and
Colborne Wednesday and Friday mornings.
The above steamer has been chartered
for this route until the magnificent new
steamer "North King" is complete about
May 20th.
For information address
C. F. GILBERTSLEEV, C. H. NICHOLSON,
Gen. Man., Gen. F. & P. Agt.
Kingston, Ont. Port Hope,

Business Change

C. Hayward,
OF ORILLIA,
Having bought the stock and good
will of the

GROCERY BUSINESS

Carried on by T. Rutherford,
begs to announce to the
public generally
that he will be pleased to furnish them
with anything they may require
in this line.

THE STOCK

has been purchased for SPOT CASH
at a large discount, and we intend
to give purchasers the
benefit of this
Reduction.
Remember the place,
Rutherford's old Stand.
Call and see our prices.
C. HAYWARD.
Colborne, April 7th, 1891.

MR. ESHOLT'S YOUNG WIFE.

BY T. W. SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER IV.

On the afternoon of the day following that
of Peggy Myer's visit to Tydd Street, a cab
stopped at the door of Mrs. Strake's house,
and presently the landlady in person appear-
ed before Miss Granby, holding a visiting-
card gingerly by a thumb and finger and a
corner of her apron, for she had been inter-
rupted in the middle of her breadmaking.
Miss Maria took the card wondering, and
read the name, "Mr. Robert Esholt," aloud.
"Gracious me!" she exclaimed, dropping the
card as though it were red hot; "how has
he found us out, I wonder, and what can
he have come for? Dear, dear, and I
with this shabby gown on—Agnes, my
love, not a syllable about the shirt-making."
She was all in a flutter, arranging her curls
and her lace collar before the dingy glass
over the chimney-piece. "Now, Mrs.
Strake, I think you may show the gentleman
in, please," she said with a little gasp.
Then was Mr. Esholt ushered into the
dingy sitting-room, and coming forward,
shook hands with Miss Maria. "My dear
Miss Granby," he exclaimed, "how happy it
makes me to see you again after so long a
time. Just the same as of old, I see. It
might have been only yesterday that I saw
you last, instead of fourteen long years ago."
Then turning to the white-faced invalid:
"You do not remember me, Miss Agnes, I
dare say; but I have by no means forgotten
you. The last time I saw you was when you
were not much higher than this table. It was
when I accompanied my brother Richard on
one of his visits to the vicarage.—You are
of course aware, Miss Granby, that I lost my
brother some years ago.—He was one of
your father's oldest friends, Miss Agnes;
they were at college together, for Richard
was originally intended for the Bar. Mr.
Granby wrote me a most touching letter, after
his death, which I have to this day, and
shall always keep.—But, as I was saying,
my brother and I visited at the vicarage fourteen
years ago. I was but a young fellow then,
while Richard's hair was turning gray.—Do
you know, my dear young lady, that you were
rather fond of me at that time, and many a
romp we had together? I knew you again
in a moment, for all you have grown up, and
have not nearly so much colour in your cheeks
as you had in those days."

ton the next day but one. Meanwhile, he
would arrange to have everything in readi-
ness for their reception, and would come
himself at the time appointed and see them
safely to the end of their short journey.
Robert Esholt at this time was thirty-
eight years old. He was tall and inclined
to be thin, and had a very slight stoop of
the shoulders. He had a long thin face and
a prominent clear-cut nose. All the lines of
his mouth and chin spoke of firmness and
determination of will; but his eyes, of the
darkest brown, rarely lost the kindly look
which was natural to them, and lent a soft-
ness to his expression it would otherwise
have lacked. His whole bearing was that of
a keen clear-headed man of business, who
knew his own mind and had the courage of
his opinions. Few faces were better known
on 'Change than that of Robert Esholt.
Mr. Esholt's visit passed like a freshening
breeze over the parched lives of our two
ladies. Next day, Agnes felt decidedly bet-
ter than she had done since the beginning
of her illness. She was in a pleasant flutter
of spirits, and could talk of little else than
Mr. Esholt's kindness and liberality and
how she should enjoy herself at the seaside.
Mr. Esholt was there to the minute, and
saw them safely across the water and duly
installed in Syringa Cottage. It was small,
but tastefully furnished, and had a pleasant
outlook across the mouth of the Mersey.
The housekeeper and a girl were there
to wait upon them; and by some
magic of which they were not cognisant,
they found their table furnished in a style
to which they had been strangers since Mr.
Granby's death, with all these little deli-
cacies so tempting to an invalid's fastidious
appetite, especially when coming unexpect-
edly. There, too, they found a well-filled
bookcase, and what to Agnes was more
precious than all else, a piano. Her own in-
strument had gone, one among so many
other cherished objects, at the sale, and
ever since her arrival in Liverpool she
had felt like a stranger in a thirsty land for
want of it. To-day, as she touched the keys
caressingly with her fingers, she could
scarcely restrain her tears. But for all that,
he felt happier than she had felt for several
months past.

Miss Esholt being still from home, the
loneliness of his bachelor establishment
seemed to strike Mr. Esholt in a way it
had never done before during his sister's absences,
so he asked permission to visit the ladies
occasionally, a permission which they were
only too happy to accord. So on Saturday
afternoon he left his office earlier than
usual and found himself at Syringa Cottage
soon after two o'clock. The ladies were out
somewhere on the sands, he was told, so he
went in search of them. He saw them in
the distance, Agnes seated in a donkey-
chaise, and Miss Maria walking by her side.
He stood for a moment or two to contem-
plate the picture, and then went forward to
meet them. The crisp salt air and the sun-
shine, combined, it may be, with Mr.
Esholt's sudden appearance, had called an
evanescent wild-rose tint to Agnes's pal-
lid cheeks. Mr. Esholt was struck with
her loveliness—for loveliness rather than
beauty was the term to apply to her—as he
had not been struck before. The ladies
received him with unaffected pleasure, and
they all wandered about together till Miss
Maria declared that Agnes had been out
quite long enough. Then they went in-
doors and had a cosy cup of tea, after which
Agnes played for a short time, and then Mr.
Esholt rose to go. They pressed him to
come again as soon as possible, and he was
glad to promise that he would do so.

A month passed away, and found Mr.
Esholt at the cottage two or three times a
week. The fascination grew upon him, and
he could not resist it—it may be that he
made no effort to do so. It was something
new to him, and he smiled when he thought
of it, to find himself in the middle of the day
longing for five o'clock to arrive; to find
his thoughts, even when on 'Change, veering
in the direction of the Cottage, while his
eye would glance up unconsciously at the
large clock visible thence and note the
slow lapse of time. The ladies were quite
as eager to see him as he was to hasten to
them. He occupied their conversation in a
way which could not but have flattered him
had he been aware of it, while his more power-
ful mind dominated theirs and colored their
lives far more than they suspected.
The autumn days grew shorter, and
Christmas was within measurable distance,
but still Mr. Esholt would not hear of the
ladies leaving New Brighton. Whenever
Miss Maria ventured to broach the subject,
he put her down in a quick peremptory way
which flattered her nerves for an hour
afterwards, and made her afraid to hint at
such a thing for at least a week to come. His
visits were still as frequent as at first; neither
wind nor weather kept him away. He was
regarded by both ladies with a feeling of
lively friendship—a feeling which his every
word and action led them to believe was re-
ciprocated. Nothing in his speech or man-
ner betrayed anything beyond that; but all
his life he had been trained to conceal what-
ever feelings it did not suit him to show on
the surface. He wore a mask habitually in
business, and it had become so far a second
nature with him to do so that he often for-
got, or did not care, to lay it aside in private.
One wet Sunday evening after his usual
quiet farewell, Mr. Esholt held deeper com-
mune than usual with himself on his way
home. Standing near the funnel of the
steamer, buttoned up in his waterproof and
smoking his cigar, he pondered deeply a
momentous question. "I am decidedly in
love with this girl," he said to himself, "and
have been from that first Saturday
when I saw her on the sands." He was
too sagacious and clear-headed
to deceive himself in a matter about
which so many men are self-deceived. "The
question is, Shall I propose to her or shall I
break the affair off?" He never for a
moment doubted his ability to do the latter.
"I have no reason to believe her heart is
touched in the least, so that at present it is
a question which concerns myself alone.
I must go abroad shortly on business. Why
not make that my wedding trip also? or
else take the opportunity to break through
this enchanted web as harmlessly as may be?
But why not marry her, provided
always that she would have me, which
seems somewhat problematical! For one
thing, there is a great disparity in our ages;
but let me only succeed in touching her

heart, be it ever so slightly, and that diffi-
culty, if it be one, will quickly vanish.—
But what would Janet think and say?"
That was the most awkward question of
all—one which brought him, as it were, to
a dead-lock.

He was still turning the point over in his
mind, considering it from different points of
view, when the steamer reached Liverpool,
"Come what may," he said as he walked
slowly across the landing-stage, "this day
fortnight I will either propose to Agnes, or
take the express train and break the neck of
my passion by flying southward for a week
or two after the swallows."
True to his self-made promise, Mr. Esholt let
matters go as usual for another fortnight,
showing neither by word nor sign that such
things as love or marriage had any place in
his thoughts. On the day fixed by himself he
sought an interview with Miss Granby, and
told her that he was desirous of marrying
her niece, and wished to have her consent to
mention the matter to Agnes. Miss Maria
could hardly have been more surprised had
the proposal been about to be made to herself.
She held Mr. Esholt in the greatest respect,
and stood somewhat in awe of him as well,
so that her consent was readily given, though
she could not help shedding a few tears as
she gave it, while thinking of all that she
and Agnes had gone through during the last
two years, and of the bright prospect that
had now revealed itself so unexpectedly be-
fore them.

Agnes sat like one spellbound when
Mr. Esholt told her in a few brief im-
passioned words how deeply he loved
her. Frost-bound, rigid as a statue, she
sat, even after those words had ceased;
while he stood before her, his elbow on
the chimney-piece, waiting for her an-
swer. Even in the midst of her surprise and
dismay, it struck her as somewhat incon-
gruous to hear this grave middle-aged man
of the world discoursing in such wise to a
girl like herself. It was as though some
long extinct volcano had suddenly burst
through the snows of centuries and revealed
the fiery heart at work below; for to her
youthful imagination Mr. Esholt seemed far
older than he really was.
Mr. Esholt changed his balance from one
foot to the other, and without thinking what
he was doing, looked at his watch. He had
not the slightest wish to hurry Agnes, but
his business habits kept the upper hand of
him even at a time like the present. The
movement, slight as it was, brought Agnes
back to actualities and helped to steady her
thoughts. "I cannot answer you at once,
Mr. Esholt," she faltered. "I must have
time to think over what you have said. You
have surprised me so much that I scarcely
know how to express myself. My aunt
shall write to you." And so, like a pale
ghost, she fitted from the room. In her
heart she thought she knew quite well what
her decision would be, but just then she
could not find courage to put it into words.
All the following week Mr. Esholt was
more assiduous at business than usual, and
more silent and self-absorbed in manner;
only when his letters were brought in each
morning he turned them slowly over one by
one, as half hoping, half dreading to find
that which seemed so long in coming. It
came at last, a tiny billet in Miss Granby's
crooked, angular hand, containing but three
lines—an invitation to tea for the follow-
ing afternoon.

Mr. Esholt's proposal to Agnes had
opened the old wound afresh, which time
was beginning to heal over. She was
startled to find how dear to her heart the
image of Wilmot Burrell still remained. It
seemed like sacrilege to think of marrying
another. The image was overthrown, never
to be upreared again; but in her eyes it was
beautiful still. Mr. Esholt she respected,
liked, looked up to with girlish reverence;
but Wilmot, alas! she loved. Burning tears
of love and shame watered her pillow again
and again after Mr. Esholt's declaration.
Whether she married him or not, the future
lay bare and bleak before her, uncheered by
hope, without one ray of sunlight to bright-
en the path which led onward into the dim
and unknown future.
Supposing she were to refuse Mr. Esholt,
she and her aunt could no longer continue
to be the recipients of those kindnesses at
his hands which had hitherto been put down
to the score of the friendship which had
existed between her father and the elder Mr.
Esholt. Indeed, their long sojourn at the
Cottage had of late, as she knew, been a
source of silent worry to Miss Maria, and
it was only for the sake of her, Agnes's
health that they had not brought their holiday
to a close some time ago. Now they
must perforce fall back into that hard-work-
ing, poverty-stricken life from which, by
Mr. Esholt's kindness, they had been tempo-
rarily rescued.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Once Too Often.
A recent German paper tells the story of
an elderly man who had for a wife one of
those trying persons who, according to their
own ideas, are always in the right, and who
make it a point of conscience to prove every
one else in the wrong.

The poor man was never allowed to make
any statement without having it instantly
disputed by his accurate but irritating
spouse. She had acquired such a habit of
correcting and contradicting him, that, ac-
cording to the story, she one day made a
mistake which gave her suffering husband a
chance to laugh at her.
"Do you remember, my dear," he said in a
retrospective mood, "the letter-case em-
broided with pearl beads that you made
for me with your own hands, when we be-
came engaged? It was worn out years ago,
but I can still see it very plainly. On one
side there was embroidered a beautiful
butterfly, and—"
"The butterfly was on the other side!"
interrupted his wife, in her most decided
tone.
And she always complained that Mr.
Underfeld "was fond of telling stories
without any point," whenever he referred
to this conversation afterward.

The English census returns are showing
the tendency of the time to leave the agri-
cultural districts and flock into the cities
and towns. In Northamptonshire there has
been an average reduction of 20 per cent.
in the population of the agricultural districts,
and an increase in the manufacturing dis-
tricts of from 30 to 50 per cent. Several
of the larger villages have more than double.
All the villages and small towns in South
Lincolnshire show reduced populations as
compared with 1881. Boston, however,
keeps up, having been 18,330 in 1881, and
18,329 now. The agricultural districts in
Norfolk also show decreases.

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months
with Dyspepsia. The doctors told
me it was chronic. I had a fullness
after eating and a heavy load in the
pit of my stomach. I suffered fre-
quently from a Water Brash of clear
matter. Sometimes a deathly Sick-
ness at the Stomach would overtake
me. Then again I would have the
terrible pains of Wind Colic. At
such times I would try to belch and
could not. I was working then for
Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor.
Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny
City, Pa., in whose employ I had
been for seven years. Finally I used
August Flower, and after using just
one bottle for two weeks, was en-
tirely relieved of all the trouble. I
can now eat things I dared not touch
before. I would like to refer you to
Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked,
who knows all about my condition,
and from whom I bought the medi-
cine. I live with my wife and family
at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa.
Signed, JOHN D. COX.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.



PUMPS

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
AT THE CRAFTON PUMP FACTORY.

The under-
signed would
say to the
public that
he is manu-
facturing
pumps at his
old stand,
near Grafton,
where he is
making first-
class Pumps,
good as the
market affords
and having
Charges moderate. I also keep on hand
whiffletree woods, neck yokes and fork-
handles, stone-boats, rack racks, wooden
cave troughs without seam, but with one
stick, and not nailed together. Also cellar
drain logs delivered at the cellar, also
aqueducts logs to lay under ground for
watering stock.
—mos.
T. CARD.



BRONCHITIS
136 Lexington Ave.,
New York City, Sept. 19, 1888.
I have used the Flax-Seed Emulsion in several
cases of Chronic Bronchitis, and the early stages of
Phthisis, and have been well pleased with the results.
JAMES K. CROOK, M.D.

CONSUMPTION
Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 14th, 1886.
I have used your Emulsion in a case of Phthisis
(consumption) with beneficial results, where patient
could not use Cod Liver Oil in any form.
J. H. DROGE, M.D.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION
Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 20th, 1888.
I can strongly recommend your Flax-Seed Emulsion as
helpful to the relief and possibly the cure of all Lung,
Bronchial and Nervous Affections, and a good gen-
eral tonic in physical debility.
JOHN F. TALMAGE, M.D.

GENERAL DEBILITY
Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 10th, 1888.
I regard your Flax-Seed Emulsion as greatly superior to
the Cod Liver Oil Emulsions so generally in use.
D. A. GORTON, M.D.

WASTING DISEASES
137 West 84th St.,
New York, Aug. 6, 1888.
In a severe case of Mal-nutrition and the result was
more than hoped for—it was marvelous, and contin-
uous. I recommend it cheerfully to the profession
and humanity at large. **M. H. GILBERT, M.D.**

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Sold by Druggists, Price \$1.00.
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35 Liberty St., New York.