THE HURON SIGNAL, FRIDAY, SEP. 10, 1886.

let Use.

wing thinner, until Vigor. I used two and my head is now

by have new life it by the use of My hair was thin, fell out in large

and beauty, in the mee of the hair, may indefinite period by fair Vigor. "A disaused my hair to berry, and to fall out tried seemed to do commenced using. Three bettles of stored my hair to a and it is now soft alp is cured, and it andruff. — Mrs. E. R. Fis.

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os the hair soft the lustre and

CHAPTER XXIX.

AUTHOR OF "JACOBI'S WIFE," "UNDER

FALSE PRETENCES," &c.

STILL ALIVE.

Morron had slowly risen when Ben-trice apoke. He leaned against a heavy niece of furniture, as though for support, and contemplated her with blank yet anguish-stricken eyes.

"Gerald !" he stammered. "Gerald I did not know-"

"Say nothing !" cried Beatrice, singing into a chair and hiding her face in her hands. "Keep silence if you like, but do not tell me a lie."

"I will tell you no lies," said Morren, in a quivering voice, "and yet I—I cannot tell you the truth. Believe me at any rate when I say that I-" he paused, drew a long breath, and went on in a firmer voice- that I did not cause Gerald's death. Indeed that is true."

She raised her head and looked at him with marked distrust.
"You struck him," she said in a low

"Yes." Morven hung his head. "To

my infinite shame-I struck him. God forgive me!" "But the blow-it led, surely, to his

" death ?" "No.

"How can you tell ?"

would I not tell you, if I had caused his door was opened—timidly this time, as if useless to force it into another. Let out his little hands towards her. Beadeath? I could not look at you and tell the new-comer hardly liked to show her- Morven have his say. you a lie to your face—because I love self; and both Morven and Beatrice you." Then, seeing that she shrank back: "It is too late to tell you so now, It was Lady Lillas Ruthven, who came it at present; but I am ready at any is it not? You have learnt to despise up to them with outstretched hands of time to avow my love for Lady Lilias." Your instinct warned you to beware of me. You broke your promise to me, tongue. Beatrice, but I do not blame your."

"Morven, I never thought your carregret.

He uttered an agitated, scornful

laugh. haps I should rather say what has my tongue been doing to keep silence so sigh.

I ought to have told you, morn"It comes to the same thing in the that you have much to thank me fer.
"It comes to the same thing in the that you have much to thank me fer. you, that I was willing to kiss the ground on which you trod, and be trampled be-I was afraid of wearving you : but a woman is never weary of hearing her own praise. Forgive me ; you are not like upon her face. other women; but I thought you still to listen to tender words. It was I

Love !' "I never hated you, Ralph," said Bea-

trice, drawing nearer to him. been nearer love than indifference. Oh, you back ?

He saw the reproach in her eyes as she looked up.

too late."

Beatrice's eves slowly filled with

ought. Forgive me, and-forgive An- him here." thony too ; it was my fault."

his face changed. His lips turned white; Mrs Drummond?" his eyes glanced around as it is the heard a sound that brought terror to his heard a sound that brought terror to his ear.

"I know it is all right," rejoined Lady his eyes glanced around as if he had

all. If I did not kill Gerald-I am guilty see why-

hands

spoken but for an interruption-one room?" which Morven had perhaps anticipated. it his footsteps which Lord Morven had

"My lerd-my lord," he said, "it is you who have done this?" Morven lifted his face from his hands; he did not seem to understand.

own hands as he addressed him.

"What is it?" he asked.

had ever seen. "The devil has had plenty to do in the matter, no doubt, and so have you; but in this case neither he nor you were to blame. I unlocked the

"You-you! You unlocked the doors, that his escape meant ruin ?

"Fool, indeed," said Morven, bitterly. "But not perhaps so utterly vile as you would have had me he !"

The doctor muttered an imprecation between his teeth, then, turning round,

"It is you that have done all this. he said. "I told you that if you breathed a word you would ruin everything. It to Bertie Douglas, is you and your lover who have spoiled our game. But you shall suffer for it

And before either Morven or Beatrice could reply, he had torn from the room as if a legion of evil spirits were pursuing Lim. Beatrice looked at Morven for explanation, but he, with knitted brows and folded lips, averted his head and seemed resolved to give her none.

solved to question for herself.

"Morven," she began, "of whom is Dr. Airlie speaking ?"

uttered a quick exclamation of surprise. manfully. "I did not come to speak of turned to stone in his great arm-chair. greeting, flushed cheek, and sparkling "Very well," said Morven. He was

be at home !"

have your eyes been Beatrice? Or per- He kissed his sister on the forehead, and

ing, noon, and night, that I worshipped end," he muttered to himself. "Nothing Now, sir, may I ask what is your busican matter now."

Lilias had left the door open; and you believe my words. I forgot that was making signs to her from the hall. women needed to be told of a man's love. She went away to speak with him; and

I thought-I thought that you hated fell upon Lilias. "It is useless," he said, sadly rather than angrily. "He should not have come. Lilias, you are mistaken "I wish you had. Hate would have is going to marry a different woman."

"It is you who are mistaken, Ralph!" Beatrice, is it too late? Can I not win cried Lilias. "He is not going to marry anyone but me. Oh, dear Ralph, will you not be kind and good to us? Listen is away," she added to herself. to him, at any rate. He will explain you will let him come, will you not ?"

purpose in coming here today. Not but wronged in any waysorry. I have wronged you more than I what he is true to you. Lilias; do not smew. I thought that you would not be afraid of that but I mean that he care—that you would be willing enough comes today on other business. You ly pale; his eyes showed a sudden terror. to give me up when you found that I did must not be alarmed -Mrs Drummond, Beatrice came round to his chair and not love you as I should—as a woman of whom Dr Airlic wrote to you—is with laid her hand on his shoulder.

"Lilias's fair face paled for a moment. She held out her hands to him. He "Mrs Drummond with him?" she ex- pride of her glowing and defiant beauty Lord Morven as he spoke, and did not there should be difficulties put in my turned as if to take them; but suddenly claimed. "But what has he to do with

"Ah," he said, with a grean, "you Lilias indignantly. "I never thought it would not give me your hand if you knew was anything else; but I confess I do not

the sofa, and hid his face between his "You have only to wait and listen. Other people have more cause for fear than Beatrice was puzzled. She would have you. Morven, shall they come into the

Morven bowed his head, and seated The inner door of the room suddenly himself; he seemed tired of contending, orened, and Dr. Airlie appeared. Was His face was very pale, and his eyes wore a look of utter weariness-perhaps distinguished? His usually neat attire also of despair. Lilias, still standing, doctor in a state of extreme nervous ex- message - an urgent message - to Mr of her?" citement. He was not even sufficiently Lockhart, bidding him come to the

ment towards each other, then restrain- an' kin !" ed themselves out of consideration for their friends, but flashed bright answering glances of trust and affection into each other's eyes. There was really no need for speech when eyes could be so

Maggie came in with some natural dignity and a little nervousness as well ; but she expected to be queen of the occasion, and was somewhat surprised to caught sight of Beatrice. His agitation find that the first words spoken concernchanged to fury as soon as he saw her ed her not at all. For Lord Morven, after a slight bow to her-he had not the faintest conception of her name or of her errand-turned and spoke at once

"I do not know why you have come, he said. His voice was low and broken, like the voice of an old man, and it start!ed Bertie into grave attention.

"Before you speak let me ask on question. Is it true--as Bestrice thinks that you are in the same mind about my sister Lilias? or is there any change

"Morven!" said Lilias, indignantly. holding out her arms. There was a painful pause. Beatrice She had flushed crimson with anger and

eye and words of apology upon her standing, with his hands on the table be- nearer to him and spoke in a lower tone. niece to Mrs Pirie wha nursed the laird fore him, leaning a little towards the "Oh, Morven," she said, "I could not assembled group with a worn and weary said, "you can at any rate do justice stay away. The Claremonts were called look in his hollow eyes. "Wait then, now to his wife and child and so make a full account of the dying moments of ed," she said, greatly softened, but back to England, and I did not like to till tonight. Perhaps you will change amends—" hoping that he was exaggerating his stay at the pension all alone. You will your mind. If, after all you hear, you forgive me, will you not? I am so glad to still hold to your choice I will put no obstacle in the way. But do not com-Beatrice glanced at Morven in some mit yourself, you do not know what may alarm. But he did not seem displeased, happen before the close of day. No then turned away from her with a heavy have heard all that you will have to bear, say nothing. You will not find

ness with me?" Bertie had colored deeply, and was neath your feet in return, until I made Beatrice perceived that the old butler looking at Lilias with an expression returned in a few moments with a somewhat heightened color and a puzzled look from Lilias and gathered himself up for terms of the highest affection and re- the papers an' the bit boxie an' the mon-"Morven," she said gently, "will you kindly invitation to seat herself; with for them—and for his child. I have the more unlike them than you are. It allow Mr Douglas to speak to you for a her baby-boy in her arms, her face lighted up by an unusually vivid color, "Douglas! What does he want with her attitude alightly defiart. Bertie that you hated, not Love itself. And me?" said Lord Morven. Then his eye glanced at her and then at Lord Morven before he spoke.

"I do not know whether I had better ask for a few words in private before I in this man. He is not fit for you. He go on," he said. "But Miss Essilmont knows something of the circumstances, will she kindly be the judge?"

"Go on, Bertie," said Beatrice. is better to speak now, while Dr Airlie

"Then I can have no hesitation," said "I see," he continued sorrowfully, "I everything that seems strange, and I Bertie. "Lord Morven, I am sure it is understand. I was first-and yet I am shall not mind being poor. Dear Ralph, by no wish of yours that this lady does not occupy her rightful position. You "I am afraid," said Beatrice quietly, are the last man to allow your brother's "that you both misunderstand Bertie's widew and your brother's child to be

> "My brother's widow and child! gasped Morven. His face became dead-

> "Ay, an' that's me an' wee Ronald,"

wife." Ruthver on his death-bed denied his

not reply to this appeal.

"Can you remember, Morven?" Beawas disordered, his face was pale, his watched the door by which her cousin trice whispered anxiously in his ear. of reconciling differences and healing the honer which he had lost by his boywoice agitated and unsteady. For the went out. For Beatrice departed at "Did Gerald speak of anyone? Her old wounds by the charm of her brave, hood's act; he had vindicated his claim first time in her life Beatrice saw the once to meet Bertie, and also to send a name is Margaret-Maggie; did he speak bright spirit.

on his guard to observe her; he advanc- Towers at once. This done, she delay- throwing a tone of vehement passion into diabolical ingenuity in preverting the demned him without a hearing? ed to the Earl, and almost wrung his ed the interview between Lord Morven her voice, "it's no for my ain sake that truth. For his own ends, I suppose, he Morven spoke first. "My God!" he and the visitors as long as possible; and I would ask you listen to me; it's for wished to keep Gerald Ruthven's wife sighed, scarcely above his breath when it could be put off no longer she the bairn's. Look at him, my lord, and and child out of the way for the present. "What have I done?" He sank back left word with the butler that on Mr see whether he isna like Gerald. It's He not only persuaded you that they into his chair and buried his face in his Lockhart's arrival he should be shown Gerald's ain laddie, au' Gerald loo'ed were dead, but I e led Mrs. Ruthven to hands. at once into the library. For what was him dearly—an' me too, although the believe that Gerald denied the marriage was going to happen might tend, she doctor says that he denied me on his upon his death-bed." "What is it? You do not know what thought, to a reconciliation between him dying bed! He must have been wrang "But he did not deny it, Morven!"— his hearers turned upon him in amazehas happened," gabbled the little doctor. and Bertie Douglas; and this she ar- in his heid when he said sae, I'm think- It was Lilias who spoke.

them as usual last night. The devil is in the wake of Maggie Drummond, whose be back sune, and I'm sure he likit me passed over Lord Morven's face at the it!"

"Compose yourself," said Morven, this moment of trial and possible defeat, it's a sad woman I shall be for the with the dreariest smile which Beatrice and as he saw Lilias an illumination of rest o' my days; but whether he cast children. You will understand," he

> in silence, but with varying degrees of boy will probably be my heir-" responsive emotion. The tears rushed A slight shock seemed to run through to Lady Lilias' eyes. She and Bertie the hearers; they glanced expressively looked eagerly at Lord Morven to see at Beatrice, and Lord Morven saw the what effect had been produced upon him. glance. "My cousin Beatrice, he said, Morven sat like a rock ; impassive, grey, "is about to be married to Mr Anthony motionless; it might have been thought Lockhart, of Glenbervie; and I have that he had not heard a word. Beatrice every intention of going abroad for a moved away from his chair and came to few years, when all these matters are Maggie's side, then, laying her hand on settled. In the meantime-my brother's

all anxious to do you jurtice. Lord Morven will telf us whether Gerald speke tie. He turned to Maggie, but she,

of you and what he said." grave and earnest saympathy of Bea- at Anthony Lockhart with a strangely trice's tones and looks seemed to impress agitated expression. "O' Glenbervie her. The defiant light in her hazel eyes she repeated. "Then it's a richt again? quenched for a moment in a rush of and Mr Anthony has come to his ain?" tears. "Oh, my leddy," she said pas- At first nobody replied. Then Bersionately, "it's no for my ain sake, it's tie answered. "Yes, Anthony has come for my bonnie bairn's ?"

For a moment Maggie hesitated : litwaited for some minutes and then re- shame, and would have left the room but tle Ronald was not accustomed to strangfor Beatrice's detaining hand. Beatrice ers, and might cry if he were transferred understood better than Lilias what Lord to other arms. But when Beatrice Morven meant. He scarcely knew that smiled her wonderfully radiant smile, But before he could even try to answer Lilias was in the room. His mind seem- the little fellow stared somewhat doubt-"Tcan tell. I am sure of it. Beatrice, her another interruption occurred. The ed bent in one direction; it would be fully, then smiled in return, and held trice took him in her arms, and then "There is no change," replied Bertie went up to Morven, who still sat as if

not Gerald's very image? Will you not bid me do if he were here. Ye'll has teil us what you know?" She drew forgotten maybe, my lord, that I'm "If ever you wronged poor Gerald." she

Morven rose from his chair, putting to entreat her to say no more.

words; stand back, Lilias. Till you dignity that all except Beatrice fell back greed. "An' I tauld naebody for years abashed. "I do not need to be remind. an' years-not even Dr. Airlie," said ed of my duty in that respect. This mat. Maggie, excitedly, "though often he ter has come upon me so suddenly that speirt at me about the box; but when know this-this lady. But I did know | na hide anything from him, an' he heard

> legal papers in my own possession. Maggie drew a long breath of relief she snatched her child away from Beatrice's arms, and pressed it to her bosom. "It's a' richt, then," they heard her murmur, "my wee lammie, ye shall hae your ain name an' your own place in your father's hoose."

Lord Morven looked at her sternly. "I have said that my brother was married," he remarked, "but I have not added that I had every reason to believe that my brother's wife and child were

"From whom did your lordship get that information ?" said Bertie, with irrepressible satire in his tone.

Lord Morven winced. "It was Dr. Airlie," he said, somewhat unwillingly. who went to Glasgow and reported to me that Margaret Logan- or Ruthvenand her son Ronald had died of fever." port?" asked Bertie.

said Maggie, advancing a step in the lie so much," said Bertie. He fronted '1 won't go openly, he says, 'for fear towards Lord Moryen's chair. "It was notice that the library door was opened way; but Glenbervie's an easy place to the auld doctor that garred me haud my just then, and that Anthony Lockhart get into, and I'll just make an expedition "It is all right," said Beatrice in her tongue. He tauld me that Gerald had stepped into the room. But Beatrice there seme night and explore.' And I said on his dving bed that I wasna his saw. She drew herself out of the little borrowed some workman's clothes for wife ava, and that his lordship would put circle, and met him with her finger on him, and saw him off, and he kissed me me in prison if I said onything about it, her lip. He looked at her in some sur- before he went"-here Maggie's voice and I daurna speak. But Mr Douglas prise, not knowing what was the mean- began to tremble-"an' thanked me here has lookit into the matter, and he ing of the sudden summons, and for trusting him. helping him to set richt "You will see why presently," said says that the doctor lee'd, and that it's of his introduction into the midst of an a great wrang-And then he flung himself back on Beatrice, ruthlessly cutting her short. plain enew that I was Gerald's wedded apparently excited group of persons. She broke down utterly and sobbed fe."

"Lord Morren can probably tell us, brought him forward a little way -keep- heard for a few minutes in the room at any rate," said Bertie in a very ing him still, however, outside the range where Morven, Anthony and Beatrice quiet tone, "whether or no Gerald of Bertie's vision. She had chosen to alike all stood aghast at the unexpected Lord Morven looked stupefied; he did rivals for her hand; but she was certain the clue was in their hands, how plain

"Oh, my lord," said Maggie, suddenly lie so much," said Bertie, He has shown were the feelings of three who had con-

"He has gone—he has escaped. That bently desired to bring about.

Bertie was not at all disconcerted at all unlocked, though I myself locked finding Lilias present. He entered in out for Glenbervie. He said he would told me of his marriage"—a spaam of pain "No," said her brother, quistly. "No," pleasure kindled in his face. He and me off or no, the laddie's his ain, and continued, addressing himself to Bertie,

Lilias both made an involuntary move-should be treated as such by his ain kith "that without throwing any imputation on any one, I must have proofs of the They all listened to Maggie's outburst identity of this lady and child. As the

the young mother's arm, she also spoke. wife was Margaret Logan. Is this Mar-"Don't be afraid," she said. We are garet Logan?" "There is no doubt of that," said Ber-

forgetting her position for a moment, had Maggie turned and gazed at her. The retreated several steps and was looking to his own. He is master of Glenber-

"Give me the child," said Beatrice, vie."
"Not I," said Anthony abruptly. He raised his eyes and fixed them upon Bertie's face. "I made the claim in anger -under a mistaken impression; I desire to withdraw it now.'

"You cannot withdraw it," said Ber

tie. "It would be wrong if you did-"Ay, ay !" broke in Maggie, to every body's surprise. "It wad be wrang in deed gin ve didna tak' your ain birth richt, and set straight what's been crook it for sae mony a year. It's for Gerald's "Look at him, Ralph," she said. "Is he sake that I'll speak the truth, as he wad o' Glenbervie in his last illness --And then Maggie launched forth into poor old Mr Lockhart, and of the part which she herself had played-a story out his hands with a wild gesture, as if which gave more pain to some of her hearers than she had perhaps anticipat-"You need not tell me that !" he said, ed. Certainly Bertie Douglas suffered standing up, with an aspect of such stern keeenly at this exposure of his mother's my silence is surely excusable. I do not Gerald an' me was man an' wife I could-

-I heard it from his own lips-that he the haill story an' hantle mair that I had married a young woman named haena time to tell ye i' the noo. I mind which seemed to be eech her to have Margaret Logan; and that the marriage, o't fine, for I never saw him sae confidence in him. But at Lord Mor- though semewhat irregularly performed, eager nor sae muckle put about. "For heaven's sake," said Lord Mor-

respect for your husband's memory say

Maggie stared at him. "It's juist because I hae a respec' for him that I mean to speak," she said proudly ; "juist because he was aye generous an' kind, although maybe a bit fulish now an' then -an' I'll no keep silence for ony man's biddin'. Maybe, my lord, ye'll no hae heard the story. It was the thocht o' the will that made him sae anxious to get at the bex. He said to me, 'When I was a boy, Maggie, Dr. Airlie led me into committing a great wrong against Anthony Lockhart. I did not then know who it was that was blamed for my fault and sent to prison in my stead for shameful petty theft of mine, that I've repented ever after-but I've found ou since and tried hard to get to know what's become of him. Now that you've "And you trusted to Dr. Airlie's re- told me this I believe I could do him good turn. I'll get the box out of that hole, if it's there still, by hook or by "I am sorry that you trusted Dr. Air- crook; and I'll see that justice is done

She laid her hand on his arm, and aloud. Her sobs were the only sounds play a difficult part; she wanted to act turn given to a story which they had inas mediatrix between two men who were terpreted so very differently. Now that that she would succeed -as certain, perhaps, as Rosiland in the Forest of Arden, been no thief. He had tried to redeem to the love which his wife and sister at "I am sorry that you trusted Dr. Air- least had lavished upon him. But what

Then Anthony spoke, with a face of marble and voice so unlike his own that ment.

"More than one of us may say that, my lord. But you have special occas perhaps, For it is owing to this great and terrible mistake that you have tried to hide the fact that Gerald-poor Gerald Ruthven-is still alive."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Day and Night

During an acute attack of Bronchitis, exhausting, dry, hacking cough, afflict the sufferer. Sleep is banished, and great prostration follows. This disease is also ttended with Hoarseness, and sometimes Loss of Voice. It is liable to become chronic, involve the lungs, and terminate fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords chitis. It controls the disposition to cough, and induces refreshing sleep.

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