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 (CUT PLUG.)
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Cut Plug, 10c. 1/4 lb Plug, 10c.
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The excruciating pain of
TOOTHACHE STOPPED.
 By applying a few drops of

SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

One or two applications of SCOTT'S CURE
 will entirely cure those severe attacks of
 Neuralgia that give such intense pain.

Testimonials have been received from far
 and near to the effect that Scott's Cure for
 Rheumatism is the GREATEST DISCOV-
 ERY ever yet known for Rheumatism,
 Neuralgia, Grains in the Limbs, Strains,
 Sprains, Bruises, Lame Back, Sore Throat
 and an Instant Cure for Toothache.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
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NEW HAMPSHIRE.

This is to certify that I have suffered with
 Rheumatism for three years. I tried all kinds of
 medicines, but of no use. I purchased one bottle
 of Scott's Cure for Rheumatism, and it cured
 me. I am pleased to recommend it to the public
 as a sure cure for Rheumatism.

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London Rubber Stamp Mfg Co.

Rubber and Metal Stamps,
 Notarial Seals,
 Heliograph Copying Pads,
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223 HOLLIS ST., Halifax.

AN ECHO.

The sounds of a young girl singing,
 And passing down the stair,
 With a rustle of garments, clinging,
 And a voice untouched by care—

That is all! But keep, and smarting
 Like a knife thrust to the bone,
 It has set my memory darting
 Back over the years long flown.

Or so, she came, with a silken swishing,
 And singing blithe as a bird;
 Once, my joy outran all wishing,
 And my heart beat high as I heard—

The sound of a young girl singing,
 And passing down the stair,
 With a rustle of garments, clinging,
 And a voice untouched by care.

INCOMPLETE.

A harp that has been touched,
 But never waked to tune;
 A little frost killed flower
 That blossomed out too soon
 A young voice hushed in death,
 Its sweet song half unused;
 Hands folded, cold and still,
 Their life-work but begun,
 Unfinished, incomplete,
 And yet forever done.

A leaf turned down to mark
 A story-book half read;
 The book forgotten now,
 The reader lying dead.
 A piece of work laid by,
 The needle in it still;
 Two feet already tired
 Just starting up life's hill;
 A home made desolate,—
 O God!—is this Thy will?

With aching hearts we cry,
 O God! is this the end?
 Or may her harp from heaven
 Its music to us send?
 The blossom lost from earth,
 The sweet unfinished song,
 Shall it continue there?
 The blighted rose re-bloom?
 For all of life's lost joys
 Shall recompense be given?
 Is the life unfinished here
 To grow complete in Heaven?

—[Mary E. C. Johnson.]

In this year of Columbus celebration many interesting stories of the adventures, trials, failures and triumphs of the man to whom the world owes so much honor, are being revived. A series of articles by Emilio Castelar is being published in the *Century* magazine, from which we take the following extracts:—

"HOW COLUMBUS WAS WRECKED.

Guacanagari was eager to see more of the Spaniards, and sent numbers of his light-hearted people to welcome them and bring them gifts of every sort. Their enthusiasm was unbounded, their generosity unstinted. The land was gay with festivities, the sea swarmed with canoes. On nearing the caravels, the Indians that crowded them stood up, tendering all kinds of offerings with gestures of devotion, as in idolatrous worship.

Beholding all this enthusiasm, Columbus despatched a formal embassy to Guacanagari, and on hearing their report he determined, despite the prevailing land-breeze, to weigh anchor and sail to the dominions of his friends, which were some five leagues distant. He set out at daybreak on December 24. Little progress was made all that day. The night came, Christmas Eve, and Columbus determined to celebrate it, as best befitted his own health and the comfort of his own crew, by enjoying a sound sleep. He retired, worn out by three nights of vigil following three days of herculean labor. Sweet must have been his rest! His discovery of that new world whose very existence had been denied, the endless upspringing of Eden-lands, the simple races bound to nature by such mysterious ties and soon to be brought into the fold of civilization and Christianity, must have filled his mind with happy dreams on this the first restful Christmas Eve he had passed in thirty years of titanic contest with all the world, and at times even with his own self. It was midnight, when the echoes of childhood and of times long past fill the slumbering ear. The heavens smiled, and the sea was calm. The sailors slept soundly, sure of their bearings and sea-room because preceded by the little fleet of skiffs and canoes sent by Columbus to the Indian king. A ship's boy held the helm, so assured were they all of the fairness of the weather and the safety of their course—when the flag ship suddenly struck upon a sunken reef. Columbus instantly divined his peril, and hurried on deck. With lightning rapidity he gave orders to cut away the mast and throw the cargo overboard. But the remedy was futile; it was no mere stranding, it was a wreck. With the desertion of the *Pinta* and the loss of the *Santa Maria*, only the smallest and frailest of the three caravels that had set sail from Palos remained. He went on board the *Nina*, and sent a fresh embassy to Guacanagari, giving an account of the disaster, while he stood off and on till day broke. When the chief learned the misfortune, he sought in every way to alleviate it, sparing neither means nor a sacrifice. Disastrous indeed it was to face such superstitious natives, who clung to the prosperity and success of the supernatural, with the slender remnants of such a wreck, which showed how the sea overcomes all created things and

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 IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER
EMULSION