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No other brand of Tobacco has ever enjoyed such an immense sale and popularity in the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Plug Tobacco.

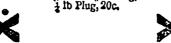
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Oldest Cut Tobacco manufacturers in Canada.



MONTREAL.

Cut Plug, 10c. 4 th Plug, 10c. 4 th Plug, 20c.



The excruciating pain of

TOOTHACHE STOPPED. By applying a few drops of

SCOTT'S CURE & RHEUMATISM. e 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 DISCOVERY ever yet known for Rheumatism, Neuralgia. Cramps in the Limbs, Strains, Sprains, Bruises, Lame Back, Soro Threat aut in Instant Cure for Toothache.

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NEW HAMPSHIRE.

This is to certify that I have suffered with Rheumatism for three years. I tried all birds of medicines, but of my use. I purchased one tottle of Scorr's Cutte you Rheat marissi, and it cured me. I am pleased to recommend it to the public of Scott's colleged to recommend it to the public as a sure cure for Rheumatism.

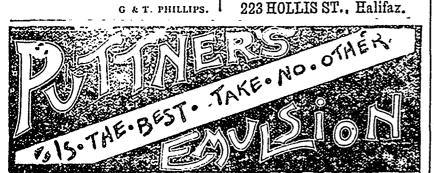
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AN ECHO.

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

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

Orce, the came, with a silken swithing, And singing blithe as a bird; Once, my joy outran all withing, And my heart bent 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 veice hushed in death,
Its sweet song half unsung;
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 hid hy,
The needle in it still;
Two feet already tired
Just starting up life's hill;
A home made desolate,—
O Ged!—is this Thy will?

With aching hearts we cry,
O Ged! as 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-bloem?
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, trisls, 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 cances. On nearing the caravels, the Indians that crowded them stood up, tendering all kinds of

offerings with gestures of devotion, as in idelatrous worship.

Beholding all this enthusiasm, Columbus despatched a formal embassy to Beholding all this enthusizem, Columbus despatched a formal emoassy 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 crow, 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 now world where your existence had been depied the endless upspringing of Edenwhose very existence had been denied, the endless upspringing of Edenisles, 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 Evo 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 cohocs of childhood and of times long past fill the slumbering car. The heavens smiled, and the sea was calm. The sailors slopt soundly, sure of their bearings and sea-room because proceded 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 eafety of their course—when the flig 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 fu'ile; it was no mere stranding, it was a wreck. With the desertion of he Pinta and the loss of the Santa Maria, only the smallest and frailest of the three caravels that had set sail from Palos remained. Ho went on heard the Ning, and sent a fresh embassy to Guscanagari, 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 alleviste it, sparing neither means nor a crifice. Disastrous indeed it was to five such superstitute the new, who confided in the prosperity and success of the supernatural, with the slender remnants of such a wreck, which showed how the sea evercomes all created things and