A Russian Courtship.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"I'm mine!" said the ardent young Sawmilegoff,
"In a voice with emotion quite husky.
"My fondest devotion, oh, please do not scoff,
Katinka Pojakaroluski!"

"Tcebanyschevsky, my friend," the shy maiden
replied,
"Your people are noble and rich.
Would a Golgusoff's granddaughter be a fit bride
For a nephew of Maximovitch?"

"I care not a kopeck!" he said "In my droshky
I have you safe now, and I laugh
At the wealth of a Klitkin or Overhauloshki,
Gojavnik, or Pullerzedoff.

"You are worth more to me than the gold of
Slagmiski,
Brakemupski, or Sumarakoff!
Katinka Pojakaroluski, it's risky,
But I'm going to carry you off!"

And this is the way the young Sawmilegoff
Put an end to all further discussion,
'Twas a simpler proceeding to carry her off,
Than to go on courting in Russian.

THE SILENCE OF DEAN MAITLAND

BY MAXWELL GRAY.

"One minute, Alma," he protested; "let me speak out once more. I love you so true, Alma, so true; I can't give you up. Let by-gones be by-gones, and do you try to care for me. It's what your poor father always wished, my dear, and what it might have been, if villains— It's by-gones, Alma, by-gones, and can't be helped any way now; but you med have taken me in time, if that hadn't come between us, and you med be happy yet. I'll be a good husband; I'll be a father to that innocent child that is fond of me already. In another place nobody need know he isn't mine, and I'll never bring up the past again, you—never. There's a many have begun life similar, and no trouble between them."

"It would be wronging you, Charlie," replied Alma; "you are too good for the like of me. I could never care for you as a wife ought. I loved too true once, and I can never love any more. We are only young once, and we can only love once," she said, expressing Lilian's thought in other words. "No, Charles, I mustn't take advantage of you, you must go and forget me."

"Look here, Alma! that's true about only loving once; and do you think, if I couldn't forget you after what has come between us, I ever could now? No, my dear. I love you true, and ever shall, and all I want is to make you happy, that has been wronged.

Alma burst into tears, and bid him not think too well of her, for that she had grievously sinned

"And if we are only young once, you are still young," he continued, "you have a good deal of life yet to live, and no soul to look to but me. And he is as good as dead, and that makes a difference. Take me, Alma, and you'll may be get fonder of me than you think. Consider the child, too. You'll never get work in Malbourne; and how'll you get it where you are not known?"

Alma was crying bitterly; he had never seen her in so accessible a mood before.

"I mean to go away," she sobbed.

Then Judkins unfolded his cherished project before her.

"Come right away with me, my dear; come to America, where we can begin over again fresh, and no soul to cast anything up against us; and you may be happy and honored—ay, and more thought of than people so humble as us can ever hope to be in the old country. I've a sister there, out West married, and went out four years ago; and they are rich people now, with more land of their own than Sir Lionel ever had, and all their own doing. There's land to be got almost for the asking, and nothing wanting but a pair of stout hands to make it covered with crops such as never grow in poor old England. Think, my dear, if this corn-field here and half a dozen more was all ours, and we married, with a comfortable house and horses and garden, and our own wood to burn, and cattle and poultry, besides the wild game to feed us, and nothing known agen us, how happy we might be! My sister's husband, he's a great man out there, and a precious poor chap he was here, to be sure. Little Benjy would thrive out in the woods, and grow up to have land of his own, and never know but I was his father. And he should share equal with others as might be sent us, he should. I never do nothing by halves, Alma; and if I said that boy was my son, my son he should be, you may depend upon it. I've spoken to Sir Lionel about it, and he has wrote to several that manage about ships and expenses and all that; and I'm a tidy bit of money out by, and my sister, she writes every year, and recommends me to come out West; and there's no tie to keep me here, and you've only to say the word, and we'd have the bans up next Sunday; and I'd give warning to-morrow, for I'm tired of service, though Sir Lionel's the best, and ready to leave the land where I've seen so much trouble, and we'd be married, and may be started from Liverpool this day five weeks. Alma, dear, I can't go and leave you; and you wouldn't blight my prospects and keep me back—ay, and the child—from making my fortune, would you?"

"You are a good man, Charles Judkins," replied Alma, drying her eyes; "you deserve better than to be hampered with such as me. You might find a good girl out there you could marry.

There was a wistful look in Alma's eyes, that emboldened Judkins to paint their future in still more glowing terms, and urge his suit more ardently than ever; and the end was that, when they strolled slowly back toward Alma's cottage in the ruddying sunshine, a bunch of white stephanotis and maiden-hair from the Swaynestone conservatories had strayed from Charlie's coat to Alma's black dress, and Alma's scarlet poppies drooped in glowing languor on the young fellow's honest breast, while the boy's bright head lay sleeping on his arm.

The bells had ceased now, and the swallows were sweeping round the gray belfry, bathed in sunlight, and uttering their peculiar twitter. Wider and wider grew the circles they made, now in search of prey, now in chase of each other, now in mere delight in airy motion, over the rectory roof and across the lawn, where a pleasant group was gathered, to one of whom their sunny breasts and curving flight brought sorrowful thoughts of a lonely prisoner, for whom she had translated Grossi's exquisite "Rondinella Pellegrina" long ago.

"Oh, se anch 'io' ma lo contende
Questa bassa angusta volta,
Dove 'l sole non risplende,
Dove l'aria ancor m'è tolta,
Donde a te la mia favella
Giunge appena, oh, rondinella!"

she was murmuring inwardly, as her glance followed the birds of happy liberty in their graceful gyrations against the lucid sky.

Lilian was making tea at a rustic table beneath the lindens on the lawn; Mrs. Maitland lay on a couch near her; Marion reclined in a low-slung hammock, with one slender foot touching the turf as she swayed to and fro; Cyril lounged in a low garden-chair close at hand, very much at his ease, yet ready to hold her cup and plate, and do her bidding; Mr. Maitland, placid and reveling in the thought that he need preach no more for a week, had another garden lounge, and asked for his third cup of tea; Lennie lay on his back, staring at the sky; with one leg crossed over the other, and pointing heavenward; while Winnie's golden curls were straying over the shoulder of Ingram Swaynestone, who sat near Lilian, and held the child leaning against him, encircled by one arm, while he watched the graceful movements of the tea-maker, and delighted in the slim beauty of her hands.

Some stone-fruit and a cluster of purple and one of white grapes on the tea-table made a splendid center of color beneath the golden green of the sunlit lindens. It was a sweet and happy scene, peaceful, contented, and free, very different from the solitary prison-cell which the swallows suggested to Lilian's imagination. They had been talking as people talk over tea-tables; Cyril had given some droll accounts of things which had amused him in his recent travels. There had been happy laughter and jesting, and now a pleasant silence, which no one wished to break, had fallen on the little party.

Then it was that Winnie had one of her startling visitations of thoughtfulness, and burst out as follows, in her clear high treble: "Papa, I wonder how Alma Lee likes having to go to help?"

"My dear little girl, what are you talking about?" returned the gentle rector, startled out of his peaceful day-dream.

To be continued.

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Are you going to use a blood purifier this Spring? If so, remember that Dr Carson's Stomach Bitters is one of the best known. Large bottles 50 cents d&w6

LENGTH OF LIFE.

All Professions Said to be Healthier Than Any Trades.

Gentlemen's Magazine.

Much has been written of late concerning the long lives of those who follow literary pursuits, and some interesting statistics as to the age of writers have seen the light. With the familiar instances of Goethe, Voltaire and a score or two more of past days, and with the modern cases of the laureate, Mr. Browning and Mr. Bailey, the author of "Festus"—long may they live—I am not inclined to concern myself. With a full sense of my own incompetency to deal scientifically with the subject, I wish, nevertheless, to place matters on a scientific basis.

All professions are healthy as compared with trades. What men are longer lived than scientists, archæologists—there is no profession of archæology, but let that pass—lawyers, clergymen, physicians, actors? In some professions, notably the bar, to which might be added the stage, the early training is said, in a half serious banter, to kill off the weaklings. To some extent this is true of all professions. Men without self control die, as a rule, young, whatever their occupations. In other cases, however, the conditions under which the classes named exist are the most favorable. The two things that most readily kill men who attain middle age are anxiety or loss of interest. The man who goes to bed not knowing whether a turn in the market may elevate him to wealth or steep him to ruin dies of softening of the brain; he who has made his fortune and retired feels, unless he has cultivated a hobby, that he has no place in the world, and dies of inanition.

As a rule, the professional man of 50 has learned what he can do. If he is unfit for the line he took, he has slipped out of it; if he is making a fortune it is a career full of interest and with little trouble or anxiety to himself. It is not his own case that the barrister pleads, the physician combats and the parson arraigns. If, again, he is but moderately successful, his earnings, though small, are pretty safe. He gets as near an approximation to security as fate in a world such as this accords, and he may hope, barring exceptional circumstances, that the future will be as the past. His occupation, meanwhile, brings him consideration and intelligent surroundings, and his life is fairly and pleasantly varied. Once the philosopher temperament is reached the combustion of life is very rapid.

Don't.

et that cold of yours run on. You think t is a light thing. But it may run into Catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and "know how it is, themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist. †

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures liver complaint, rheumatism, and all diseases of the blood. x

"A Crown of Beauty."

The hair is truly called "A Crown of Beauty" and all should do their utmost to preserve this essential part of a good personal appearance. Those who find their hair falling out or becoming gray or find dandruff making its appearance should get a bottle of Dr. Dorenwend's "Hair Magic" and use as per directions, and it will be found to work in keeping with its name—like *magic*. Be sure you get it, it is the only reliable.

YOUNG MEN suffering from the effects of early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted; also MIDDLE-AGED and OLD MEN who are broken down from the effects of abuse or over-work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, send for and READ M. V. Lubon's Treatise on diseases of Men. The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 3c. stamps. Address, M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto.

Totem of Health.

If your pockets are plucked and your system is shattered and drug soaked, *give them a rest*. Don't get discouraged, but give "Nature, the Great Physician," a chance. Try *Medical Lake Salts*, evaporated from Medical Lake, Washington Territory, the cheapest remedy and the only one sold on a positive guarantee to cure. A dollar box of salts medicates twenty gallons of water. Sent by mail. Address E. S. McCOMAS & Co., 208 Dundas Street, London; 34 York Street, Toronto. *

Baggage smashers say that Scarrow's trunks beats them all. We have a full stock of trunks, valises, hand satchels, shawl straps, school bags, etc., als harness blankets, robes, brushes, &c., always on hand. We make a specialty of repairing trunks, valises, hand satchels, or anything else in that line, sent for and delivered free. Be sure you are in the right place. Scarrow's Trunk and Harness Factory, 227 Dundas street, nearly opposite Oddfellow's Hall

I LOST $10 because I did not purchase my harness and saddle at Tackaberry & Wigmore's, 356 Richmond street. Every set of harness is guaranteed, and the stock and workmanship is perfect. We carry a large stock, and it will pay you to buy from us. Lap dusters and horse clothing in endless variety. *

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for your running the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption, while you can get Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles. It promotes a free and easy expectoration, which immediately relieves the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm

Mr. H. McCaw, Custom House, Toronto, writes "My wife was troubled with Dyspepsia and Rheumatism for a long time; she tried many different medicines, but did not get any relief until she used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. She has taken two bottles of it, and now finds herself in better health than she has been for years."

Great Suffering

From piles is unnecessary; use Benatine and be cured. Hannum's Electric Corn Remover cures corns without paine Price, 15 cents.

If you have never used Carter's Little Liver Pills go at once to the nearest drug store and get a vial. They will surely please you. 25 cents.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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Furnish your house from the establishment that sho the largest stock to select from.

Our retail department, consisting of three immense floor filled with goods of the finest designs and finish, will be so at clearing prices.

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Re-paint your buggy and make it look like new for Less One Dollar. Eight beautiful shades. Prepared ready for use. dry hard in a few hours, and have a beautiful and durable They are the ORIGINAL and all others are IMITATIONS. Mor our brand sold than all other brands on the market.

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Dry Color Makers, Paint and Varnish Manufacturers.

Cut this advertisement out and take it to your dealer; it will secure you a prize. G7tu

FOR THE PICNIC SEASON

We have a large variety of Canned Meats very low prices.

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169 Dundas Street.

tuts

JOHN CAMPBELL

READ WHAT SOME OF THE FRIENDS SAY OF BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWE

GERMAN SYRUP TESTIMONIALS.

Wyevale, Ontario, February 6, 1888.

G. G. GREEN, *Dear Sir:*—Sometime ago I contracted a severe cold which in time I got rid of, but unfortunately it left a dry, hacking cough. I tried all kinds of patent medicines and numerous doctors without avail, and had almost given up hope of ever obtaining relief. Calling one day on Mr. E. J. Skelly, proprietor of the Elmvale Drug Store, for other medicines, I explained my case to him and he advised me to try a bottle of *Boschee's German Syrup*. I did so, and before I had taken half a bottle, felt untold benefit. I finished the bottle, and to-day am rid of a cough that I had for years. I can highly recommend it to my fellow sufferers.

Yours truly, W. M. DENNIS.

Montreal, Canada, March 20, 1888.

G. G. GREEN, *Dear Sir:*—On the advice of a druggist of this city, I was induced to try your *Boschee's German Syrup* for an inflamed throat. After trying many supposed cures, I purchased a 75 cent bottle of the *German Syrup* and before it was finished I felt its benefits. I persevered and before I finished the third bottle it performed an absolute cure and I can safely recommend its use to all who may be suffering in a similar manner. Yours truly, J. T. KERBY,
41 Magill street, Albion Hotel.

Alma, Neb., April 4, 1888.

G. G. GREEN, *Dear Sir:*—Having used your *Boschee's German Syrup* for several years past, I consider it my duty to write you this testimonial, unsolicited, as I consider it the finest preparation for the treatment of coughs and colds, more especially when the cold has settled on the lungs or of long standing. I give the *German Syrup* to my children when troubled with croup, and never saw any preparation act like it. It is simply miraculous in its effects. I sincerely hope that they who read this will profit by it and use *German Syrup*. Yours truly,
ED. L. WILLITS, Dry Goods Dealer.

Dongola, Ill., January 31, '88.

G. G. GREEN, *Dear Sir:*—In the year 1876 I was taken with a severe cold which terminated in what my friends thought Consumption, for which they believed there was no remedy. While at Cairo, Mr. Paul G. Schuh, a druggist in that city induced me to try a bottle of *Boschee's German Syrup*, which at that time was a new remedy in our section. I did so and in a short time found great relief and by a continuance of its use was entirely cured. I use it in my family and would not be without it and recommend it to all who are suffering from troubles of a like character. Resp'y yours,
F. NEIBAUER.

Hudson, N. C., Feb. 4, 1888.

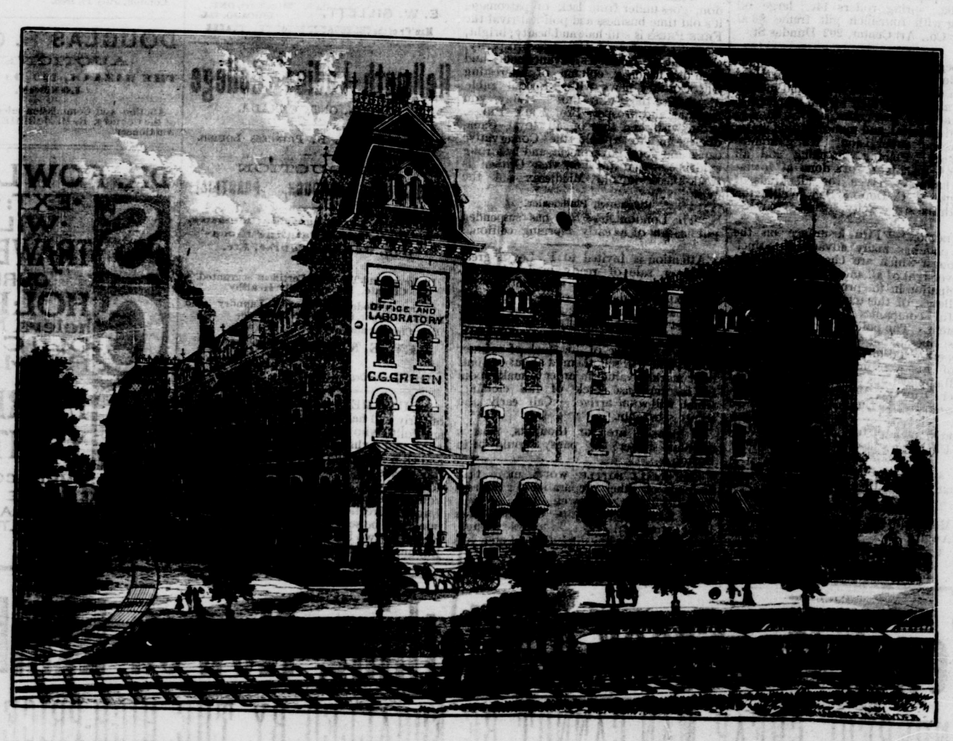
G. G. GREEN, *Dear Sir:*—I was taken with Pneumonia. I called in two of the best doctors in the country but they did no good. My brother had just died from the same cause. After being given up to die, I sent for a bottle of *Boschee's German Syrup* which cured me sound and well. I can truthfully say that if it had not been for your *German Syrup* I would have died. Yours truly,
ALBERT G. HARTLEY.

Laurens, S. C., Jan., 12, 1888.

G. G. GREEN, *Dear Sir:*—I wish to say that I have been troubled with a very severe cough and used one bottle of *German Syrup* which gave me immediate relief. Yours truly, W. Z. AULD

Hendersonville, Md., Jan. 4, '88.

G. G. GREEN, *Dear Sir:*—I have used your *Boschee's* [illegible] for coughs and colds, and can con[illegible] it as a first-class cough reme[illegible] WHITTED, M.D.



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AUGUST FLOWER TESTIMONI

134 Sparks St., Ottawa, Canada, March 22

G. G. GREEN, *Dear Sir:*—I am prepared to in unqualified terms of *Green's August Flower* more than six years I have handled it and of lat acquired such faith in it as to unhesitatingly mend it to any of my customers who may be con ing of Indigestion or Liver troubles. It has the test I have applied to it in a score of cas consequently I recommend it wherever the c for which it is peculiarly adapted are indicated

Truly yours, JUSTIN W. McEACHR
Manufacturing and Dispe

Philadelphia, Pa., May 23, 1

G. G. GREEN, *Dear Sir:*—Please excuse the I have taken of writing you relative to my exp with your *August Flower*. For years I have s with Dyspepsia to such an extent that my di limited to the very plainest food. At last, t the influence of a friend, I was led to try *Flower*, and within one month found entire rel am now no longer required to follow any speci and enjoy the richest food without any inconve I consider it a duty to report my case in the ho other sufferers may be benefited as I have been

Yours truly, MRS. JAMES S. K
1549 N. 9th St.

Fleetwood, Penna., May 1

G. G. GREEN, *Dear Sir:*—For over seventee I was a sufferer from Liver Complaint, and that time consulted many physicians who f cure me. I noticed in your almanac reports of who had been cured by *August Flower*, and to try it. After using it for some weeks, I great improvement in my condition, and now one year's use of the remedy, I am entirely we

Yours truly, MRS. LUCETTA YO

Osceola, Neb., January 25

G. G. GREEN, *Dear Sir:*—I have often had c to use *August Flower* for dyspepsia and indig It is beyond question in my opinion the best th the complaints named that is made. I glad this unsolicited testimonial. Yours very tru

D. M. BUTLER,
Editor Osceola Re

Cairo, Ga., May 8

G. G. GREEN, *Dear Sir:*—I have used *Flower* in my family. I consider it the best medicine for Dyspepsia and Indigestion I ev I keep it on hand all the time. I don't want without it. Yours respectfully,

REV. S. W. STUBBS,
South Georgia Conferen

St. George's, S. C., March 20

G. G. GREEN, *Dear Sir:*—I have used your *Flower* for Dyspepsia and find it an excellent I sell stacks of it in my drug store.

Yours truly, W. B. UTSEY.