

POOR DOCUMENT

IT REACHES THE AGED SUFFERER.



MR. THOMAS PETERS.
A Veteran of the Civil War
Happy and Three-score and ten.
GRODER'S SYRUP.
HIS FAMILY MEDICINE.
THE GIBSON DISPENSARY, CHICAGO, ILL.
Gentlemen—I am now seventy years of age, and have been in health the past fifteen years. My suffering has been greatest during the last five years, when I have been in constant pain from weakness and distress of stomach. At different times I was troubled with palpitation of the heart, and sharp pleuritic pains, distress from eating any kind of food, and became so bloated from wind on the stomach that it was difficult to breathe. Nervousness kept me awake at night, and my medical attendants could give me only temporary relief, and my condition steadily grew worse until I learned of your medicine and began to use it regularly. From the first there was a marked change in my condition, and to-day I eat heartily and with good digestion. I am free from constipation, my health is better than at any time since the war. I fully believe in Groder's Syrup, for it has made my old age a painless one. My wife too has used your medicine with entire satisfaction.
Yours truly,
THOMAS PETERS,
Windsor, Maine.
44¢ Retail Trade Mark—The Beaver. At all Druggists, \$1.00 per bottle. Guaranteed to cure.
THE GIBSON DISPENSARY CO., LTD.
SAINT JOHN, N. B.

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THE AMERICAN BARON.

(By James de Mille)

(Continued.)
There is no use, Kitty—no use in talking about it any more," said Ethel one day, after Mrs. Willoughby had been urging her to show herself. I can not go, I will not. He has forgotten me utterly. Perhaps he has no idea that you are here. He has never seen you.

Has he not been in Naples as long as we have? He must have seen me in the streets. He saw Minnie.
Do you think it likely that he would come to this house and slight you? If he had forgotten you he would not come here. Oh, yes, he would. He comes to see Minnie. He knows I am here, of course. He doesn't care one atom whether I make my appearance or not. He doesn't even give me a thought. It's so long since that time that he has forgotten me that I can say he has been all over the world since then, and has had a hundred adventures. I have been living quietly, cherishing the remembrance of that one thing.

Ethel, is it not worth trying? Go down and try him. I can not bear it, I can not look at him. I love all self-command when he is near. I should make a fool of myself. He would look at me with a smile of pity. Could I endure that? No, Kitty; my weakness must never be known to him.

Oh, Ethel, how I wish you could try it! Kitty, just think how utterly I am forgotten. Mark this now. He knows I was at your house. He must remember your name. He wrote to me there, and I answered him from there. He sees you now, and your name must be associated with mine in his memory of me, if he has any. Tell me now, Kitty, has he ever mentioned me? Has he ever asked you about me? Has he ever made the remotest allusion to me?

Ethel spoke rapidly and impetuously, and as she spoke she raised herself from the sofa where she was reclining, and turned her large, earnest eyes full upon her friend with anxious and eager watchfulness. Mrs. Willoughby looked back at her face full of sadness, and mournfully shook her head.
You see, said Ethel, as she sank down again—you see how true my impression is.

I must say, said Mrs. Willoughby, that thought of this before. I fully expected that he would make some inquiry after you. I was so confident in the noble character of the man, both from your story and the description of others, that I could not believe you were right. But

you're right, my poor Ethel. I was sure that I could comfort you, but I can not. In my dear, no, really has not questioned me about you, but he evades my inquiries. It is not that he is so grossed with Minnie, for he is not so. He certainly has some reason of his own for avoiding me. Whenever he speaks to me there is an evident effort on his part, and though perfectly courteous, his manner leaves a certain disagreeable impression. Yes, he certainly has some reason for avoiding me.

The reason, in plain enough, murmured Ethel. He wishes to prevent you from speaking about a painful subject or at least a disagreeable one. He keeps you at a distance by an excess of formality. He will give you no opportunity whatever to introduce any mention of me. And now let me also ask you this—does he ever take any notice of any allusion that may be made to me? I really don't remember bearing any allusion to you.

Oh, that's scarcely possible! You and Minnie must sometimes have alluded to Ethel.
Well now, that you put it in that light, I do remember hearing Minnie allude to you several occasions. Once she wondered why Ethel did not ride. Again she remarked how Ethel would enjoy a particular view?

And he heard it?
Oh, of course.
Then there is not a shadow of a doubt left. He knows I am here. He knows I am here, and he is completely indifferent that he comes here and pays attention to another who is in the very same house with me. It is hard. Oh, Kitty, is it not? Is it not bitter? How could I have thought this of him?

A high-hearted girl was Ethel, and a proud one; but at this final confirmation of her worst fears she burst from her sharp cry, and she buried her face in her hands and moaned and wept.

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DAVIS' DRUG STORE.

X'MAS - - 1892

New Elegant Goods for the Holiday Trade. No Old Stock Carried over from former years, but all NEW, and the latest and most fashionable designs. The assortment this year surpasses anything ever shown in the City. Elegant Dressing Cases, in Quartered Oak, Rosewood, Walnut, Plush, and Gents Shaving Sets in great variety. Fine Perfumery by all the leading Makers, including: Leebon, Ricksiker, Atkinson, Cleaver, Seeley, Rimnel, Gosnell, Colegate and others. Fine Meerschaum, Briar Pipes, Cigar cases, Cigar holders, Havana cigars, cigarettes, etc. Flavoring Extracts, (extra quality and strength) and pure spices. A large Assortment of choice English Confectionery. Hair Brushes, Combs, Sponges, Razors, Razor Strops, and Shaving Brushes. Hand Mirrors, Whisk holders, Cut Glass Toilet Bottles, in great variety. A full line of all the leading Patent Medicines of the day. Intending Purchasers will find it to their advantage to examine my stock before making their selections, as I feel confident that I can suit them both in price and quality.

AT GEORGE H. DAVIS' DRUG STORE,

CORNER QUEEN & REGENT STREETS,
FREDERICTON, N. B.

I know why.
Mrs. Willoughby said nothing.
He's awfully jealous, oh, I know it. I saw it in his face. He was as black as thunder-cloud. Oh dear! and it's all about me; oh, Kitty darling, what shall I do? Tell me, will you be so kind as to tell me how I can get rid of him? And how shocking to have it about me. And then the newspapers. They'll all have it. And the reports; and oh dear, Kitty! why don't you say something?
Why, Minnie, dearest, I don't know what to say.
But, dearest, you must say something. And then that Scione Dacres. I'm more afraid of him than any body. Oh, if you had only been on his back, Kitty darling, and had him run down a steep mountain side, you would be as awfully afraid of him as I am. Oh, how I wish I had Hawbury would drive them off, or somebody do something to save me.
Would you rather that Lord Hawbury would stay or would you like him to go?
Oh dear! I don't care. If he would only go quietly and nicely, I should like it.

Well, Minnie, I really think so too, and not only for you, but for all of us. There's Ethel, too; poor dear girl, her health is very miserable, you know. I think change would do her good.
Of course it would; I've been talking to her about it. But she won't be leaving Naples. I wish she wouldn't be so awfully sad.
Oh, yes; it will certainly be the best thing for dear Ethel, and for you and me and all of us. Then we must be in Rome in holy-week. I wouldn't miss that for anything.
And then, too, you know, Kitty darling, there's another thing, said Minnie, very confidentially, and it's very important. In Rome, you know, all the gentlemen are clergymen—only, you know, the clergyman of the Roman Church can't marry; and you know, of course, they can never propose, no matter if they were to save one's life over and again. And oh! what a relief that would be to find one's self among those dear, darling, delightful priests, and no chance of having one's life saved and having an instant moment. Then a short laugh burst from her.
Child she exclaimed, you have no idea of anything in the world but falling in love. You will find out some day that there are other feelings than that.
But, dear, said Minnie, didn't you notice something very peculiar about him? What?
I noticed it, I had a good look at him. I saw that he fixed his eye on you with, oh! such a queer expression; and he - as awfully sad too. He looked as if he would like to seize you and lift you to his home and carry you off, just like young Leclivar.
Mel said Mrs. Willoughby, with a strange intonation.
Yes, you - oh yes; really now.
Oh, you little goose, you always think of people rushing after one and carrying one off.
Well, I'm sure I've had reason to. So many people are always running after me and snatching me up as if I were a parcel, and carrying me everywhere in all sorts of places, and I think it is too bad; and

I really wish they'd stop it. But Kitty dear.
What?
About this Scione Dacres. Don't you really think there's something very peculiarly sad, and very delightfully interesting and pathetic, and all that sort of thing, in his poor dear old face?
I think Scione Dacres has suffered a great deal, said Mrs. Willoughby, in a thoughtful tone. But come now. Let us go to Ethel. She's lonely.
Soon after they joined the other ladies and talked over the project of going to Rome. Lady Dalrymple offered no objection; indeed, so far as she had any choice, she preferred it. She was quite willing at all times to do whatever the rest proposed, and also was not without some curiosity as to the proceedings during holy-week. Ethel offered no objection either. She had fallen into a state of profound melancholy, from which nothing now could rouse her, and so she listened listlessly to the discussion about the subject. Mrs. Willoughby and Minnie had the most to say on this point, and offered the chief reasons for going; and thus it was finally decided to take their departure, and to start as soon as possible.

Meanwhile Girasole had his own thoughts and experiences. He had already, some time before, been conscious that his attentions were not wanted, but it was only on the part of the other ladies that he noticed any repugnance to himself. On Minnie's part he had not seen any. In spite of her graciousness and their desire not to hurt her feelings, they had not been able to avoid showing that, while they felt grateful