

Advertisement for JACOBS OIL and ARNICA & OIL LINIMENT, featuring illustrations of a man and a woman.

Advertisement for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, including an illustration of a factory and text describing its medicinal benefits.

Advertisement for CANADA SHIPPING COY., listing various shipping lines and routes.

Advertisement for FITS, featuring an illustration of a man and text about medical treatments.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE. MAY, 1888. (From United Ireland)

Such deeds as these in Turkey would have wrought the loudest thunders of thy tongue...

CANCERS AND OTHER TUMORS are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

Vital Questions!!! Ask the most eminent physician. Of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves...

EDITH YORKE. CHAPTER XXIX.—(CONTINUED). EVERYBODY'S CHAPTER. Edith drew writing materials toward her, and began to make out a bill.

"Oh! if I could have had a Catholic training in early life!" he said to Father John. "It seems to me now that heaven has been within my reach, and has slipped away with my knowing it. I do not wish to be presuming. I do not try to think of it; I thought haunts me."

"I believe that I had!" Edith cried out sharply. "I believe that I have!" the priest replied. "I believe that you have!" Edith cried out sharply.

Edith had not forgotten her friends there, and among other gifts, had sent to Mrs. Patten a small library, chiefly of controversial books.

Edith. He was in Asia, and his letter was dated at Bangkok. He had been across Cambodia, from the Menam to the Mekong, as far as the country of the savage Siens.

"I am sure that you pray for me constantly; and, believe me, your name has been as constantly uttered by me during the whole length of my wanderings, and is strong, Edith on Edith, like a daisy-chain, two-thirds round the world."

The second summer after their return to Boston, Clara went down to spend in Seaton with Hester; and, late in July, the ship Edith Yorke, Captain Cary, came sailing up Seaton River.

Edith had not forgotten her friends there, and among other gifts, had sent to Mrs. Patten a small library, chiefly of controversial books.

And he bore it all with the magnanimous patience of a great Newfoundland dog, petting and bearing with the freaks of a captious child.

Clara dropped her eyes as she took the little offering. "Yes," she said gently; "and see the passage I am going to mark with it."

Clara Cleaveland was wont to say that the masculine element in hers and her mother's immediate descendants would be rather over-powdering were its members not the salt of the earth.

Clara did seem to be nervous, and unlike herself. Having failed in her attempt to admonish her sister, Mrs. Cleaveland took occasion soon after to comfort the sailor.

One day she had treated him so much worse than usual that, instead of staying to bear her rallery, he left the room, and went out into the garden where the children were playing.

"I must say, Clara, I think you do wrong," she said. "Any one can see that the captain sets his life by you, and you treat him cruelly."

"I never meant to set myself up to be better than you, Clara," Hester began pitifully. "I—"

"There were fires in the woods about Seaton that summer, and August being very dry, they increased so as to be troublesome.