POOR DOCUMENT

MRS. LIZZIE A. KNOWLTON, LIBERTY, ME.

Cured of a Severe Case of Dyspepsia by using Groder's Botanic Dyspepsia Syrup.

She is the wife of a well-known Spring Bed manufacturer, W. J. Knowlton, and by him induced to try "Groders," the remedy that cured him of a bad attack of dyspepsia.

She says: GENTLEMEN:—For several years I have been afflicted with dyspepsia and a complicated stomach and liver trouble. The least food I ate would distress me terribly and fill my stomach with gas. I was greatly troubled with dizziness, my appetite was poor, and I had a very bad cough, was very nervous, could not sleep, and in fact my whole system seemed to be affected; was unable to attend to my household duties. Physicians and medicines gave me no relief or benefit, and I had lost all faith in them, but to gratify the request of my husband I decided to try

GRODER'S BOTANIC DYSPEPSIA SYRUP.

Before I had taken one bottle I was greatly improved. I followed its directions and continued its use, and to-day I am in my usual good health, can sleep, eat, and enjoy life, thanks wholly to Groder's Syrup.

Respectfully,
MRS. LIZZIE A. KNOWLTON, Liberty, Me.

Groder Dyspepsia Cure Co., Ltd. St. John, N.B.

THE AMERICAN BARON.

(BY JAMES DE MILLE.)

Continued.

Another rifle explosion followed, which was succeeded by a loud, long shriek.

"An attack!" cried one of the men, with a deep curse. They listened still, yet did not move away from the place, for the duty to which they had been assigned was still prominent in their minds. The priest had already risen to his feet, still smoking his pipe, as though in this new turn of affairs its assistance might be more than ever needed to enable him to preserve his presence of mind, and keep his soul serene in the midst of confusion.

And now they saw all around them the signs of agitation. Figures in swift motion flitted to and fro amidst the shade, and others darted past the smouldering fires. In the midst of this another, and still another. At the third there was a wild yell of rage and pain, followed by the shrill cry of a woman's voice. The fact was evident that some one of the brigands had fallen, and the women were lamenting.

The confusion grew greater. Loud cries a rose; calls of encouragement, of entreaty, of command and of defiance. Over by the old house there was the uproar of rushing men, and in the midst of it a loud stern voice of command. The voices and the rushing footsteps moved from the house to the woods. Then all was still for a time.

It was but for a short time, however. Then came shot after shot in rapid succession. The flashes could be seen among the trees. All around them there seemed to be a struggle going on. There was some unseen assailant striking terrific blows from the impenetrable shadow of the woods. The brigands were firing back, but they fired only into thick darkness. Shrieks and yells of pain arose from time to time, the direction of which showed that the birgands were suffering Among the assailants there was neither voice nor cry. But, in spite of their losses and the disadvantage under which they labored, the brigands fought well, and resisted stubbornly. At times a loud stern voice arose, whose commands resounded far and wide, and sustained the courage of men and directed their movements.

The men who guarded the priest and Ethel were growing more and more excited every moment, and were impatient at their enforced inaction.

They must be soldiers, said one.

Of course, said another.

They fight well.

Ay; better than the last time.

How did they learn to fight so well under cover?

They've improved. The last time we met them we shot them like sheep, and drove them back in five minutes.

They've got a leader who understands fighting in the woods. He keeps them under cover.

Who s he?

Diavolo! who knows? They get new captains every day.

Was there not a famous American Indian—

True. I heard of him. An Indian warrior from the American forests. Guiseppe saw him when he was at Rome.

Bah!—you all saw him.

Where?

On the road.

We didn't.

You did. He was the Zouave who fled to the woods first

He?

Yes.

Diavolo!

These words were exchanged between them as they looked at the figiting. But suddenly there came rapid flashes and rolling volleys beyond the fires that lay before them, and the movement of the flash showed that a rush had been made toward the lake. Wild yells arose, then fierce returning fires, and these showed that the brigands were being driven back.

The guards could endure this no longer.

They are beating us, cried one of the men, with a curse. We must go and fight.

What shall we do with these prisoners?

Tie them and leave them

Have you a rope?

No. There is one by the grave.

Let's take the prisoners there and bind them.

This perposition was accept d; and, seizing the priest and Ethel, the four men hurried them back to the grave. The square hole lay there just beside them, with the earth by its side. Ethel tried to see into it, but was not near enough to do so. One of the men found the rope, and began in great haste to bind the arms of the priest behind him. Another began to bind Ethel in the same way.

But now there came loud cries, and the rush of men near them. A loud, stern voice was encouraging the men.

On! on! he cried. Follow me! We'll drive them back!

Saying this, the man hurried on followed by a score of brigands.

It was Girasole.

He had been guarding the woods at this side when he had seen the rush that had been made farther up. He had seen his men driven in, and was now hurrying up to the place to retrieve the battle. As he was running on he came up to the party at the grave.

He stopped.

What's this? he cried.

The prisoners—we were securing them

It was now lighter than it had been, and dawn was not far off. The features of Girasole were plainly distinguishable They were convulsed with the most furious passion, which was not caused so much by the rage of the conflict as by the sight of the prisoners. He had suspected treachery on their part, and had spared them for a time only so as to see whether his suspicions were true or not. But now this sudden assault by night, conducted so skillfully, and by such a powerful force, pointed clearly to treachery, as he saw it, and the ones who to him seemed most prominent in guilt were the priest and Ethel.

His suspicions were quite reasonable under the circumstances. Here was a priest whom he regarded as his natural enemy. These brigands identified themselves with republians and Garibaldians whenever it suited their purposes to do so, and consequently as such, they were under the condemnation of the Pope; and any priest might think he was doing the Pope good service by betraying those who were his enemies. As to this priest everything was against him. He lived close by; every step of the country was no doubt familiar to him; he had come to the camp under very suspicious circumstances bringing with him a stranger in disguise. He had given plausible answers to the cross-questioning of Girasole but these were empty words, which went for nothing in the presence of the living facts that now stood before him in the presence of the enemy.

These thoughts had all occured to Girasole, and the sight of the two prisoners kindled his rage to madness. It was the deadliest purpose of vengeance that that gleamed in his eyes as he looked upon them, and they knew it. He gave one glance, and then turned to his men.

On! on! he cried; I will join you in an instant; and you, he said to the guards, wait a moment.

The brigands rushed on with shouts to assist their comrades in the fight, while the other four waited.

All this time the fight had not ceased. The air was filled with the reports of rifle shots of men, the yells of the wounded. The flashes seemed to be gradually drawing nearer, as though the assailants were still driving the brigands. But their progress was slow, for the fighting was carried on among the trees, and the brigands resisted stubbornly, retreating from cover to cover, and stopping every moment to make a fresh stand. But the assailants had gained much ground, and were already close by the borders of the lake, and advancing along toward the old stone house.

The robbers had not succeeded in binding their prisoners. The priest and Ethel both stood where they had encountered Girasole, and the ropes fell from the robbers' hands at the new interruption. The grave with its mound was only a few feet away.

Girasole had a pistol in his left hand and a sword in his right. He sheathed his sword and drew another pistol, keeping his eyes fixed steadily all the while upon his victims.

You needn't bind these prisoners, said Girasole, grimly; I know a better way to secure them.

In the name of God, cried the priest, I implore you not to shed innocent blood.

Pooh! said Girasole.

The lady is innocent; you will at least spare her!

She shall die first! said Girasole, in a fury, and reached out his hand to grasp at Ethel. The priest flung himself forward between the two. Girasole dashed him aside.

Give us time to pray for God's sake—one moment to pray.

Not a moment! cried Girasole, grasping at Ethel.

Ethel gave a loud shriek and started away in horror. Girasole sprang after her. The four men turned to seize her. With a wild and frantic energy, inspired by the deadly terror that was in her heart, she bounded away toward the grave.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BURIED ALIVE.

Hawbury had vanished from the scene to a place which is but seldom resorted to by a living man. Once inside of his terrible retreat he became a prey to feelings of the most varied and harrowing character, in the midst of which there was a suspense, twofold, agonizing, and intolerable. First of all, his suspense was for Ethel and then for himself. In that narrow and restricted retreat his senses soon became sharpened to an unusual degree of acuteness. Every touch against it communicated itself to his frame, as though the wood of his inclosure had become part of himself; and every sound intensified itself to an extraordinary degree of distinctness, as though the temporary loss of vision had been compensated for by an exaggeration of the sense of hearing. This was particularly the case as the priest drove in the screws. He heard a shuffle on the stairs, the whisper to Ethel, her retreat, and the ascending footsteps; while at the same time he was aware of the unalterable coolness of the priest, who kept calmly at his work until the very last moment. The screw seemed to enter his own frame, and the slight noise which was made, inaudible as it was to others to him seemed loud enough to rouse all in the house.

Then he felt himself raised and carried down stairs. Fortunately he had got in with his feet toward the door, and as that end was carried out first, his descent of the stairs was not attended with the inconvenience which he might have felt had it been taken down in an opposite direction.

One fact gave him very great relief, for he had feared that his breathing would be difficult. Thanks, however, to the precautions of the priest, he felt no difficulty at all in that respect. The little bits of wood which prevented the lid from resting close to the coffin formed apertures which freely admitted all the air that was necessary.

He was borne on thus from the house toward the grave, and heard the voice of the priest from time to time, and rightly supposed that the remarks of the priest were addressed not so much to the brigands as to himself, so as to let him know that he was not deserted. The journey to the grave was accomplished without any inconvenience, and the coffin was at length put upon the ground.

Then it was lowered into the grave.

There was something in this which was so horrible to Hawbury that an involuntary shudder passed through every nerve and all the terror of the grave and the bitterness of death in that one moment seemed to descend upon him. He had not thought of this and consequently was not prepared for it. He had expected that he would be put down on the ground, and that the priest would be able to get rid of the men, and effect his liberation before it had gone so far.

It required an effort to prevent himself from crying out; and longer efforts were needed and more time before he could regain any portion of his self control. He now heard the priest performing the burial rites; these seemed to him to be protracted to an amazing length; and so, indeed they were; but to the inmate of that grave the time seemed longer far than it did to those who were outside. A thousand fears swelled within his heart. At last the suspicion came to him that the priest himself was unable to do any better, and this suspicion was confirmed as he detected the efforts which he made to get the men to leave the grave. This was particularly evident when he pretended to hear an alarm, by which he hoped to get rid of the brigands. It failed however, and with this failure the hopes of Hawbury sank lower than ever.

But the climax of his horror was attained as the first clod fell upon his narrow abode. It seemed like a death blow. He felt it as if it had struck himself, and for a moment it was as though he had been stunned. The dull, heavy sound which those heard who stood above, to his ears become transformed and extended to something like a thunder peal, with long reverberations through his now fevered and distempered brain. Other clods fell, and still others, and the work went on till his brain reeled, and under the mighty emotions of the hour his reason began to give way. Then all his fortitude and courage sank. All thought left him save the consciousness of the one horror that had now fixed itself upon his soul. It was intolerable. In another moment his despair would have burst through all restraint, and turned all his energies toward forcing himself from his awful prison house.

He turned himself over. He gathered himself up as well as he could. Already he was bracing himself for a mighty effort to burst up the lid, when suddenly the voice of Girasole struck upon his ear, and a wild fear for Ethel came to his heart, and the anguish of that fear checked at once all further thought of himself.

He lay still and listened. He did this the more patiently as the men also stopped from their work, and as the hideous earth-clods no longer fell down. He listened. From the conversation he gathered pretty accurately the state of affairs. He knew that Ethel was there; that she had been discovered and dragged forth; that she was in danger. He listened in the anguish of a new suspense. He heard the words of the priest, his calm denial of treachery, his quiet appeal to Girasole's good sense. Then he heard the decision of Girasole, and the party walked away with their prisoners, and he was left alone.

Alone!

At any other time it would have been a terrible thing thus to be left alone in such a place, but now to him who was thus imprisoned it afforded a great relief. The work of burial, with all its hideous accompaniments, was stayed. He could collect his senses and make up his mind as to what he should do.

Now, first of all, he determined to gain more air if possible. The earth that had fallen had covered up many of the chinks so that his breathing had become sensibly more difficult. His confinement, with this oppression of his breathing, was intolerable. He therefore traced himself once more to make an effort. The coffin was large and rudely constructed, being merely an oblong box. He had more play to his limbs than he could have had in one of a more regular construction, and thus he was able to bring a great effort to bear upon the lid. He pressed. The screws gave way. He lifted it up to some distance. He drew in a long draught of fresh air, and felt in that one draught that he received new life and strength and hope.

He now lay still and thought about what he should do next. If it had only been himself, he would, of course, have escaped in that first instant, and fled to the woods. But the thought of Ethel detained him.

What was her position; and what could he do to save her? This was thought.

He knew that she, together with the priest, who were commanded to keep their prisoners safe at the peril of their lives. Where they were he didn't know nor could he tell whether she was near or at a distance. Girasole had led them away.

He determined to look out and watch. He perceived that this grave, in the heart of the brigands' camp afforded the very safest place in which he could be for the purpose of watching. Girasole's words had indicated that the work of burial would not be resumed that night, and if any passers-by should come they would avoid such a place as this. Here, then, he could stay until dawn at least, and watch unobserved. Perhaps he could find where Ethel was guarded; perhaps he could do something to distract the attention of the brigands, and afford her an opportunity for flight

He now arose, and, kneeling in the coffin, he raised the lid. The earth that was upon it fell down inside. He tilted the lid up, and holding it up thus with one hand, he put his head carefully out of the grave, and looked out in the direction where Girasole had gone with the prisoners. The knoll to which he had led them was a very conspicuous place and had probably been selected for that reason, since it could be under his own observation, from time to time, even at a distance. It was about half-way between the grave and the nearest fire which fire though low, still gave forth some light and the light was in a line with the knoll to Hawbury's eyes. The party on the knoll, therefore, appeared thrown out in relief by the faint fire-light behind them especially the priest and Ethel.

And now Hawbury kept his watch, and looked and listened and waited, ever mindful of his own immediate neighborhood, and guarding carefully against any approach. But his own place was in gloom, and no one would have thought of looking there, so that he was unobserved

But all this watching gave him no assistance finding out any way of rescuing Ethel. He saw the vigilant guard around the prisoners. Once or twice he saw a movement among them, but it was soon over, and resulted in nothing. Now he began to despond, and to speculate in his mind as to whether Ethel was in any danger or not. He began to calculate the time that might be required to go for help with which to attack the brigands. He wondered what reason Girasole might have to injure Ethel. But whatever hope he had that mercy might be shown her was counterbalanced by his own experience of Girasole's cruelty, and his knowledge of his merciless character.

Suddenly he was roused by the rifle-shot and the confusion that followed. He saw the party on the mound start to their feet. He heard the shots that succeeded the first one. He saw shadows darting to and fro. Then the confusion grew worse and all the sounds of battle arose—the cries, the shrieks, and the stern words command.

All this filled him with hope. An attack was being made. They might all be saved. He could see that the brigands were being driven back, and that the assailants were pressing on.

Then he saw the party moving from the knoll. It was already much lighter. They advanced toward him. He sank down and waited. He had no fear now that this party would complete his burial. He thought they were flying with the prisoners. If so, the assailants would soon be here; he could join them and lead them on to the rescue of Ethel.

He lay low with the lid over him. He heard them close beside him. Then there was the noise of rushing men, and Girasole's voice arose.

He heard all that followed.

Then Ethel's shriek sounded out, as she sprang toward the grave.

In an instant the occupant of the grave seizing the lid, raised it, and with a wild yell sprang forth.

The effect was tremendous.

The brigands thought the dead Antonio had come to life. They did not stop to look but with a howl of awful terror, and in an anguish of fright, they turned and ran for their lives!

Girasole saw him too, with equal horror, if not greater. Hawbury. It was the man whom he had killed stone-dead with his own hand. He was there before him—or was it his ghost? For an instant horror paralyzed him; and then with a yell like a madman's he leaped back and fled after the others.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

FLY! FLY!

In the midst of that wild uproar which had roused Diacres and Mrs. Willoughby there was nothing that startled him so much as her declaration that she was not Arethusa. He stood bewildered. While she was listening to the sounds he was listening to the echo of her words; while she was wondering at the cause of such a tumult he was wondering at this disclosure. In a moment a thousand little things suggested themselves as he stood there in his confusion which little things all went to throw a flood of light upon her statement and prove that she was another person than that 'demon wife' who had been the cause of all his woes. Her soft glance, her gentle manner, her sweet and tender expression—above all the tone of her voice; all these at once opened his eyes. In the course of their conversation she had spoken in a low tone, often in a whisper, so that this fact with regard to the difference of voice had not been perceptible; but her last words were spoken louder, and he observed the difference.

Now the tumult grew greater, and the reports of the rifles more frequent. The noise was communicated to the house, and in the rooms and the hall below there were tramplings of feet, and hurryings to and fro, and the rattle of arms and the voices of men, in the midst of which rose the stern command of Girasole.

Forward! Follow me!

Then the distant reports grew nearer and yet nearer, and all the men rushed from the house, and their tramp was heard outside as they hurried away to the scene of conflict.

It's an attack! The brigands are attacked! cried Mrs. Willoughby.

To be continued.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT Established 1810.

—UNLIKE ANY OTHER.—

Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Tonsilitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints and Strains.

AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

It is marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Heals all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps and Chills.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

All who buy direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not satisfied. Retail price by mail 35 cts.; 6 bottles, $2.00. Express and duty prepaid to any part of United States or Canada. Valuable pamphlets sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

NEW PREMIUM PUZZLE.

With this HANDSOME LADY the faces of two others are shown. Can you find them? If so, mark faces and send to us as directed. LADIES AT HOME is the Home Magazine of Canada. Its reading matter and illustrations are all of the best. Nothing like it at the price—only 50 cents per year—has ever before been published in this country. It and its sister publications will soon lead all other Canadian periodicals in point of circulation. To ensure this a fair and legitimate premium system has been adopted at much outlay. During 1895 we purpose giving away Four Elegant Upright Pianos. W. Williams, ex-Reeve of Ayr, Ont., was awarded the splendid Rosewood Piano which was viewed by admiring thousands passing by our showrooms during the past two weeks.

We publish Ladies' Companion, $1.00 a year. Also Ladies at Home, 50 cents a year. Do not mistake any other—with the word "Ladies" or "Home" in the name—for either of these fine magazines.

We also publish Our Boys and Girls, at 25 cents a year. OUR BOYS AND GIRLS has no connection with a young people's paper published on King st., west, which advertises for subscribers but gives no street number in its address.

PREMIUM LIST.

To the first person solving puzzle we will award $100 in Cash; the next will receive Gold Watch; the third a Silver Water Service; the fourth a Silk Dress Pattern; the fifth a Banquet Lamp; the sixth a Dressmaker's Magic Scale with instructions; the seventh a Silver Five O'Clock Tea Set; the eighth a Crayon Portrait; the ninth a Toilet Set; the tenth a Gold Brooch; the eleventh a Silver Watch; the twelfth Plush Work Case; to the next nine each a Handsome Brooch. To the middle sender will be awarded an Upright Piano, valued at $175. To the ten following, each a crayon portrait of sender or any friend. The sender of letter bearing latest postmark, previous to July 15th next, will receive a Sewing Machine, valued at $40. The sender next to last will receive a Silver Watch; ten preceding, each a beautiful Gold Brooch.

CONDITIONS:—Each contestant must mark faces in puzzle in ink or pencil, cut advertisement out and forward to us with fifty cents for a year's subscription to LADIES AT HOME. Address plainly,

"T" LADIES' COMPANION PUB. CO., 166 King St., West, Toronto, Can.

J. W. TABOR,

General Dealer In

Flour, Meal, Pork, Fish, Molasses, Teas and Sugas.

FRUIT! FRUIT!

Apples, Oranges, Lemons, Currants, Raisins, &c.

A Full Line of Shelf Goods. Christie, Brown & Co.'s Celebrated Biscuits always on hand.

ALSO

SHORTS, MIDLINGS & OATS.

A. L. F. VANWART,

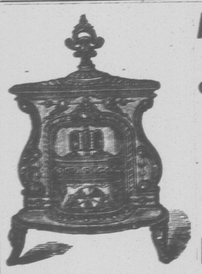
Undertaker And Embalmer,

Upper Side York Street, Fredericton, N. B.

Coffins AND Caskets,

FUNERAL GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

First-Class Hearse in Connection the Country. Special Prices for Orders from All Orders Promptly Attended to with Neatness and Despatch.



A COMPLETE STOCK

OF

COOKING

AND

HEATING

STOVES,

AT

KITCHEN & SHEA'S.

FULL LINES of the following Departments are in stock, which intending purchasers do well to examine.

Silks, Velvets, Velveteens, Plushes, Ribbons, Dress Goods, Wincey's, Cloths, Hosiery, House Furnishing Goods, Cotton Warps,

Tweeds, Flannels, Cotton Flannels, White Cottons, Unbleached do. Ginghams, Shirtings, Prints, Ducks, Harberdashery, Men's Shirts and Drawers Oilcloths.

JOHN HASLIN.

FREE!

The 'Ladies Journal' for One year FREE, to every subscription or renewal of subscription to this paper.

This Paper,

—AND—

"The Ladies" Journal"

OF TORONTO,

A large 36-page Illustrated Fashion Monthly, will be sent to any address

ONE YEAR

—FOR—

$100. Only one Dollar for the two papers. $100.

Call and see a sample copy of

"The Ladies' Journal,"

It is a publication that will interest every woman in the land.

The regular subscription price of "The Ladies' Journal" and this paper is $2 per year. You get the two for

$1.00

Send your money and address to this office.

LATE IMPORTATIONS

—JUST OPENED AT—

OWEN SHARKEY'S.

Ladies' Dress Goods in Cashmeres, Henriettas, Serges, Suitings, Velveteens, etc.

Mantles, Fur Capes, Collars, Fur and Feather Boas.

Cashmere Hose, Gloves, etc.

Pantings, Overcoatings, Ulster Cloths, Men's Youths' and Boys' Clothing in Ulsters, Overcoats Reefers and Suits, Shirts, Ties, Collars, Silk Handerchiefs, Under-Clothing and Furnishing goods.

Carriage Rugs, Robes, Blankets, Lamp Blanketing and Flannels, Tickings, Towellings, Linens, Grey and White Cottons.

A Lot of odd Coats, Pants and Vests very Cheap.

Remnants Always on Hand.

O. Sharkey.

All Sizes.

Harvey's

PHOTOGRAPHS.

All Styles.

164 Queen St.

Remember there is a

FISH MARKET

—ON—

Regent Street

Telephone Connection No. 91.

Fresh Fish at All times. Next Door you can get P. E. I. Oysters and Bay de Vin Oysters served in the Latest Styles.

J. H. Parsons

RIPANS TABULES.

RIPANS TABULES are compounded from a prescription used for years by well-known physicians and endorsed by leading medical authorities everywhere. In the Tabules the standard ingredients are presented in a form that is becoming the fashion with modern physicians and modern patients everywhere.

RIPANS TABULES act gently but promptly upon the liver, stomach and intestines; cure habitual constipation, dispel colds, headaches and fevers. One Tabule taken at the first symptoms of a return of indigestion, or depression of spirits, will remove the whole difficulty within an hour.

Persons in need of the Ripans Tabules will find the gross package most economical to buy. It is also in convenient form to divide up among friends. The above picture represents a quarter gross box, sold for 75 cents. A single bottle can be had for 25 cents.

RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., 10 SPRUCE ST., NEW YORK.