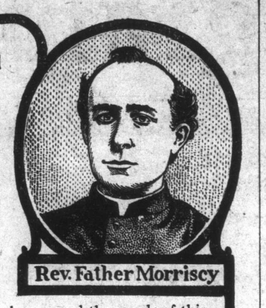
Cured His Rheumatism In Three Weeks.



Rev. Father Morriscy

James LeB. Johnstone, a prominent member of the Citizen's Band, of Chatham, writes:

"I contracted Rheumatism by exposure, five years ago, and was ailing for two months and in great pain all the time. I got Father Morriscy's No. 7 Tablets and took them for about three weeks, when the Rheumatism all left me and I have had no return of the pains since."

Father Morriscy's "No. 7" Tablets have cured thousands of this terribly painful disease.

Rheumatism is generally brought on by exposure, but is really caused by Uric Acid in the blood. This Uric Acid is an irritating poison, formed from the waste matter of the body. The kidneys should remove it, but when they fail it poisons the blood, and, settling in the joints, causes Rheumatism.

"No. 7" Tablets clear out the clogged-up Kidneys and stimulate them to perform their task of filtering the Uric Acid out of the blood. When this is done the Rheumatism simply and naturally vanishes.

"No 7" Tablets cost 50c. At your dealer's. 28

Father Morriscy Medicine Co. Ltd. - Chatham, N.B.

"The Accommodation Bill."

SUCH of the incidents of the following narrative as did not fall within my own personal observation, were communicated to me by the late Mr. Ralph Symonds, and the dying confessions of James Hornby, one of the persons killed by the falling in of the iron roof of the Brunswick Theatre. A conversation the other day with a son of Mr. Symonds, who has been long settled in London, recalled the entire chain of circumstances to my memory with all the vivid distinctness of a first impression.

One evening towards the close of the year 1806, the Leeds coach brought Mr. James Hornby to the village of Pool, on the Wharf, in the West-Riding of Yorkshire. A small but respectable house on the confines of the place had been prepared for his reception, and a few minutes after his descent from the top of the coach, the pale, withere-looking man disappeared within it. Except for occasional trips to Otley, a small market-town distant about three miles from Pool, he rarely afterwards emerged from its seclusion. It was not Time, we shall presently see—he was indeed but four-and-forty years of age—that had bowed his figure, thinned his whitening hair, and banished from his countenance all signs of healthy, cheerful life. This, too, appeared to be the opinion of the gossips of the village, who, congregated, as usual, to witness the arrival and departure of the coach, indulged, thought Mr. Symonds, who was an inside passenger proceeding on to Otley, in remarkably free-and-easy commentaries upon the past present and future of the new-comer.

"I mind him well," quivered an old white-haired man. "It's just three-and-twenty years ago last Michaelmas. I remember it because of the hard frost two years before, that young Jim Hornby left Otley to go to Lunnon; just the place, I'm told, to give the finishing touches to such a miscreant as he seemed likely to be. He was just out of his time to old Hornby, his uncle, the grocer."

"He that's left him such heaps of money?"

"Ay, boy, the very same, though he wouldn't have given him or any one else a cheese-paring whilst he lived. This one is a true chip of the old block, I'll warrant. You noticed that he rode outside, bitter cold as it is?"

"Surely, Gaffer Hicks. But do you mind what it was he went off in such a skurry for? Tom Harris was saying last night at the Horse-Shoe, it was something concerning a horse-race, or Miss Elizabeth Gainsford, whom Burton married a few weeks afterwards, I can't, as Tom Harris says, quite clearly remember."

"Old Hornby had a heavy grip on Burton's farm for a long time before he died, they were saying yesterday at Otley. The sheepskins will now no doubt be in the nephew's strong box."

"True, lad; and let's hope Master Burton will be regular with his payments; for if not, there's jail and ruin for him written in capital letters on yon fellow's cast-iron phiz, I can see."

The random hits of these Pool gossips, which were here interrupted by the departure of the coach, were not very wide of the mark. James Hornby, it was quite true, had been publicly horsewhipped twenty-three years before by Henry Burton on the Doncaster race-cource, ostensibly on account of the sudden withdrawal of a horse that should have started, a transaction with which young Hornby was in some way mixed up; but especially and really for having dared, upon the strength of presumptive heirship to his uncle's wealth, to advance pretensions to the fair hand of Elizabeth Gainsford, the eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Gainsford, surgeon, of Otley—pretensions indirectly fovoured, it was said, by the father, but contemptuously repudiated by the lady. Be this as it may, three weeks after the races, Elizabeth Gainsford became Mrs. Burton, and James Hornby hurried off to London, grudingly furnished for the journey by his uncle. He obtained a situation as shopman in one of the large grocery establishments of the metropolis; and twenty-three years afterwards, the attorney's letter, informing him that he had succeeded to all his deceased uncle's property, found him in the same place, and in the same capacity.

A perfect yell of delight broke from the lips of the taciturn man as his glance devoured the welcome intelligence. "At last!" he shouted with maniacal gele; and fiercely crumpling the letter in his hand, as if he held a living foe in his grasp, whilst a flash of fiendish passion broke from the deep caverns of his sunken eyes—'at last I have thee on the hip! Ah, mine enemy!—it is the dead—the dead alone that never return to hurl back on the head of the wrong-doer the shame, the misery, the ruin he inflicted in his hour of triumph!' The violence of passions suddenly unreined after years of jealous curb and watchfulness for a moment overcame him, and he reeled as if fainting, into a chair. The fierce, stern nature of the man soon mastered the unwonted excitement, and in a few minutes he was cold, silent impassable as ever.

The letter which he despatched the same evening gave calm, business orders as to his uncle's funeral, and other pressing matters upon which the attorney had demanded instructions, and concluded by intimating that he should be in Yorkshire before many days elapsed. He arrived, as we have seen, and took up his abode at one of the houses bequeathed to him in Pool, which happened to be unlet.

Yes, for more than twenty bitter years James Hornby had savagely brooded over the shame and wrong inflicted on him before the mocking eyes of a brutal crowd by Henry Burton. Ever as the day's routine business closed, and he retired to the dull solitude of his chamber, the last mind-picture which faded on his walking senses was the scene on the crowded race-course, with all its exasperating accessories—the merciless exaltation of the triumphant adversary—the jibes and laughter of his companions—the hootings of the mob—to be again repeated with fantastic exaggeration in the dreams which troubled and perplexed his broken sleep.

No wonder that the demons of Revenge and Hate, by whom he was thus goaded, should have withered by their poisonous breath the healthful life which God had given—have blasted with premature old age a body rocked with curses to unblessed repose!

It seemed, by this after-confession, that he had really loved Elizabeth Gainsford with all the energy of his violent, moody nature, and that her image, fresh, lustrous, radiant, as in the dawn of life, unceasingly haunted his imagination with visions of tenderness and beauty, lost to him, as he believed, through the wiles, the calumnies and violence of his detested successful rival.

The patronly person who, a few days after the Christmas following Hornby's arrival at Pool, was conversing with her husband in the parlor of Grange farmhouse, scarcely realized the air-drawn image which dwelt in the memory of the unforgiving, unforgetting man.

Mrs. Burton was at this time a comely dame, whose embonpoint contour, however indicative of florid health and serenity of temper, exhibited little of the airy elegance and grace said to have distinguished the girlhood of Elizabeth Gainsford. Her soft brown eyes were gentle and kind as ever, but the brilliant lights of youth no longer sparkled in their quiet depths, and time had not only thinned her flowing hair—necessitating caps—but had brushed the roses from her cheeks, and swept away, with his searing hand, the pale lilies from the furtive coverts whence they had glanced in tremulous beauty in life's sweet prime; yet for all that, and a great deal more, Mrs. Burton, I have no manner of doubt, looked charmingly in the bright fire-blaze, which gleamed in chequered light and shade upon the walls, pictures, curtains of the room, and the green leaves and scarlet berries of the Christmas holly with which it was profusely decorated. Three of her children—the eldest, Elizabeth, a resuscitation of her own youth—were by her side, and opposite sat her husband, whose frank, hearty countenance seemed to sparkle with careless mirth.

'Hornby will be here presently, Elizabeth,' said he. 'What a disappointment awaits the rascally curmudgeon! His uncle was a prince compared to him.'

'Disappointment, Henry! to receive four hundred pounds he did not expect?'

'Ay, truly, dame. Lawyer Symonds' son Frank, a fine, good-hearted young fellow as ever stepped in shoe leather—— Lizzy, girl, if that candle were nearer your face it would light without a match'——

'Nonsense, father!'

'Very likely. Frank Symonds, I was saying, believes, and so does his father, that Hornby would rejoice at an opportunity of returning the smart score I marked upon his back three and-twenty years ago.

'It was a thoughtless, cruel act, Henry,' rejoined his wife, 'and the less said of it the better. I hope the fright we have had will induce you to practice a better economy than heretofore; so that, instead of allowing two years' interest to accumulate upon us, we may gradually reduce the mortgage.'

'That we will, dear, depend upon it. We shall be pushed a little at first Kirkshaw, who lent me the two hundred and fifty, can only spare it for a month; but no doubt the bank will do a bill for part of it by that time. But sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Here is the money for Hornby at all events: and here at last comes the shrivelled atomy; I hear his horse. Fanny, light the candles.'

If Mrs. Burton had consciously or unconsciously entertained the self-flattering notion that the still unwedded bachelor who had unsuccessfully wooed her nearly a quarter of a century before, still retained a feeling of regretful tenderness for her, she must have been grievously surprised by the cold, unrecognizing glance which Hornby threw on her as he entered, and curtly replied to her civil greeting. That was not the image stamped upon his heart and brain! But when her eldest daughter approached the lights to place paper and pens upon the table, the flashing glance and white quivering lip of the grave visitor revealed the tempest of emotion which for an instant shook him. He quickly suppressed all outward manifestation of feeling, and in a dry, business tone, demanded if Mr. Burton was ready to pay the interest of the mortgage.

'Yes, thank God,' replied Burton, 'I am; here is the money in notes of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. Count them!'

Hornby bent down over the notes, shading his face with his hand, as if more accurately to examine them, and the glance of baffled rage which swept across his features was not observed.

'They are quite right,' he said, rising from his chair; 'and here is your receipt.'

'Very good! And now, Hornby, let us have a glass of wine together for the sake of old times. Well, well; you need not look so fierce about it. Let bygones be bygones, I say. Oh, if you will go—go in God's name. Good night!'

'Good night!'

'Baffled—foiled!' muttered Hornby as he rode homeward. 'Where could he get the money? Borrowed it, doubtless; but of whom? Well, patience—patience! I shall grip thee yet, Henry Burton!' And the possessed man turned round in his saddle, and shook his clenched hand in the direction of the house he had quitted. He then steadily pursued his way, and soon regained his hermitage.

The month for which Burton had borrowed the two hundred and fifty pounds passed rapidly—as months always do to borrowers—and expedient after expedient for raising the money was tried in vain. This money must be repaid, Kirkshaw had emphatically told him, on the day stipulated. Burton applied to the bank at Leeds, with which he usually did business, to discount an acceptance, guaranteed by one or two persons whose names he mentioned. The answer was the usual civil refusal to accept the proffered security for repayment—the bank was just then full of discounts. Burton ventured as a last resource to call on Hornby with a request that, as the rapid advance in the market value of land consequent on the high war-prices obtained for its produce, had greatly increased the worth of Grange Farm, he would add the required sum to the already existing mortgage.

He was met by a prompt refusal. Mr. Hornby intended to foreclose as speedily as possible the mortgages he already held, and invest his capital in more profitable securities.

'Well, then, would he lend the amount at any interest he chose?'

'The usury laws,' replied Hornby, with his usual saturnine sneer 'would prevent my acceptance of your obliging offer, even if I had the present means, which I have not. My spare cash happens just now to be temporarily locked up.'

Burton, half crazed with anxiety, went the following day to the Leeds bank with the proffer of a fresh name agreed to be lent him by its owner. 'seless! 'They did not know the party.' The applicant mused a few moments, and then said, 'Would you discount the note of Mr. James Hornby of Pool?'

'Certainly; with a great deal of pleasure.'

Burton hurried away; had his horse instantly saddled, and galloped off to Pool. Hornby was at home.

'You hinted the other day,' said Burton, 'that if you had not been short of present means you might have obliged me with the loan I required.'

'Did I?'

At least I so understood you. I am of course not ignorant, Mr. Hornby, that there is no good blood between us two; but I also know that you are fond of money, and that you are fully aware that I am quite safe for a few hundred pounds. I am come, therefore, to offer you ten pounds bonus for you acceptance at one month for two hundred pounds.'

'What?' exclaimed Hornby with strange vehemence. 'What?'

Burton repeated his offer, and Hornby turned away towards the window without speaking.

When he again faced Burton, his countenance wore its usual color; but the expression of his eyes, the applicant afterwards remembered, was wild and exulting.

'Have you a bill stamp?'

'Yes.'

'Then draw the bill at once, and I will accept it.'

Burton did not require to be twice told. The bill was quickly drawn; Hornby took it to another table at the further end of the apartment, slowly wrote his name across it, folded, and returned it to Burton, who tendered the ten pounds he had offered, and a written acknowledgment that the bill had been drawn and accepted for his (Burton's) accommodation.

'I don't want your money, Henry Burton,' said Hornby, putting back the note and the memorandum. 'I am not afraid of losing by this transaction. You do not know me yet.'

'A queer stick,' thought Burton, as he gained the street; 'but Old Nick is seldom as black as he's painted.' He was a plaguy while, I thought, signing his name; but I wish I could sign mine to such good purpose.'

Burton laid the accepted bill, face downwards, on the bank counter, took a pen, indorsed, and passed it to the managing clerk. The gray-headed man glanced sharply at the signature, and then at Burton. 'Why, surely this is not Mr. Hornby's signature? It does not at all resemble it!'

'Not his signature!' exclaimed Burton; 'what do you mean by that?'

'Reynolds, look here,' continued the clerk, addressing another of the bank employees. Reynolds looked, and his immediate glance of surprise and horror at Burton revealed the impression he had formed.

'Please to step this way, Mr. Burton, to a private partment,' said the manager.

To be continued.

OWES HER LIFE TO

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Vienna, W. Va.—"I feel that I owe the last ten years of my life to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Eleven years ago I was a walking shadow. I had been under the doctor's care but got no relief. My husband persuaded me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like a charm. It relieved all my pains and misery. I advise all suffering women to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—MRS. EMMA WHEATON, Vienna, W. Va.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every such suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

This is the age of research and experiment, when all nature, so to speak, is ransacked by the scientific for the comfort and happiness of man. Science has indeed made giant strides during the past century, and among the—by no means least important—discoveries in medicine comes that of

THERAPION.

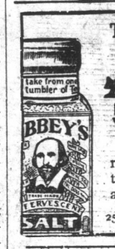
This preparation is unquestionably one of the most genuine and reliable Patent Medicines ever introduced, and has, we understand, been used in the Continental Hospitals by Ricord, Rostan, Jobert, Velpeau, Maisonneuve, the well-known Chassaignac, and indeed by all whose regarded as authorities in such matters, including the celebrated Lallemand and Roux, by whom it was some time since uniformly adopted, and that it is worthy the attention of those who require such a remedy, we think there is no doubt. From the time of Aristotle downwards, a potent agent in the removal of these diseases has, like the famed philosopher's stone, been the object of search of some hopeful, generous minds, and far beyond the mere power—if such could ever have been discovered—of transmuting the baser metals into gold is surely the discovery of a remedy so potent as to replenish the failing energies of the confirmed *roué* in the one case, and in the other so effectually, speedily and safely to expel from the system without the aid, or even the knowledge, of a second party, the poisons of acquired or inherited disease in all their protean forms as to leave no taint or trace behind. Such is

THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY

THERAPION,

which may certainly rank with, if not take precedence of, many of the discoveries of our day, about which no little ostentation and noise have been made, and the extensive and ever-increasing demand that has been created for this medicine wherever introduced, appears to prove that it is destined to cast into oblivion all those questionable remedies that were formerly the sole reliance of medical men. Therapion may be obtained of the principal chemists and merchants throughout the world.—*Diamond Fields Advertiser*, KIMBERLEY.

Therapion may now also be obtained in Dragees (Tasteless) form.



Take Advice and take **Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt**

Physicians recommend it as the ideal laxative and liver regulator.

25c and 60c. At dealers. 71

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar

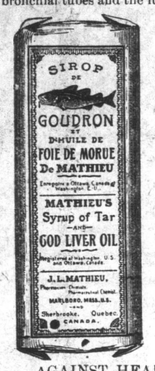
No Alum, No Lime Phosphate

CHRONIC BRONCHITIS

Cannot be cured with ordinary soothing syrups. The disease must be attacked at the root to eradicate the irritation of the lungs, heal the wounds and strengthen the respiratory organs. The composition of

MATHIEU'S SYRUP

of Tar and Cod Liver Oil and other Medicinal Extracts marks it amongst all other remedies as the true specific for the diseases of the throat, the bronchial tubes and the lungs. Here are a few conclusive proofs:



PORT GREVILLE, C.B., Dec. 31, '09.
Blacking & Mercantile Co'y, Ltd.
Dear Sirs,—Please ship by next express if possible, 3 doz. Mathieu's Syrup. It is the best cough mixture on the market. Yours truly,
W. STERLING.

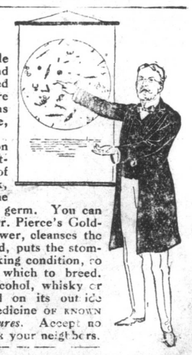
CHURCH POINT, July 31, '08.
Blacking & Mercantile Co'y, Ltd., Amherst, N.S.
Dear Sirs,—Nearly one year ago I had my first order of "Mathieu's Syrup" from you. It was not known in this country, and I gave samples to several families whom I knew would use it. After a few weeks I began to have a call for it, and trade has increased wonderfully since. I have not the least doubt but that it will soon be the best selling remedy for coughs, colds, etc., on the market. In my store here sales are good and our people ask for it. Several stores in this country now keep it in stock and report sales increasing. I have bought from you since August 16th, 1907, 4 Gross and have only 3 dozen on hand at this date, and which I am holding for retail trade in my store.
Yours truly, LOUIS A. McLANSON.

AGAINST HEADACHE there is no remedy so active as **Mathieu's Nervine Powders** which contain no opium, morphine or chloral. 25 cts. per box of 18 powders.

J. L. MATHIEU CO., Sherbrooke, Can

JOS. McMURDO & Co., Wholesale Chemists and Druggists, St. John's, Nfld.

Afraid of Ghosts



Many people are afraid of ghosts. Few people are afraid of germs. Yet the ghost is a fancy and the germ is a fact. If the germ could be magnified to a size equal to its terrors it would appear more terrible than any fire-breathing dragon. Germs can't be avoided. They are in the air we breathe, the water we drink.

The germ can only prosper when the condition of the system gives it free scope to establish itself and develop. When there is a deficiency of vital force, languor, restlessness, a sallow cheek, a hollow eye, when the appetite is poor and the sleep is broken, it is time to guard against the germ. You can fortify the body against all germs by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It increases the vital power, cleanses the system of clogging impurities, enriches the blood, puts the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition in working condition, so that the germ finds no weak or tainted spot in which to breed. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, whisky or habit-forming drugs. All its ingredients printed on its outside wrapper. It is not a secret nostrum but a medicine of known composition and with a record of *40 years of cures*. Accept no substitute—there is nothing "just as good." Ask your neighbors.

The West End Literary Society.

Scheme of Winter Amusement for Members a Very Beneficial One.

The Catholic Literature Distribution Society of the West End, comprising over fifty odd members, has been organized for the winter season, and the proposed schedule of amusements, which, of course, include athletic and similar pastimes, also mentions lectures and debates. The object of the institution will unquestionably be advanced by the adoption of this proposition, as some of our most prominent laymen will assist in the movement. Messrs. L. C. Murphy as Chairman, John P. Flynn as Secretary, and W. Maloney, J. Partridge and D. Scurry have been appointed in consequence of last night's meeting to make arrangements in connection with the matter.

Dr. de Van's Female Pills

A reliable French regulator; never fails. These pills are exceedingly powerful in regulating the generative portion of the female system. Refuse all cheap imitations. **Dr. de Van's** are sold at $5 a box, or three for $10. Mailed to any address. **The Scobell Drug Co., St. Catharines, Ont.**

"GOSPEL MISSION."—This Mission will hold its first service in its new quarters on to-morrow afternoon at "Oddfellow's Hall," over the Bank of Nova Scotia. Entrance, first door opposite the Bank of Montreal. A cordial invitation is extended to all.—dec 2,11

Hair Help Ayer's Hair Vigor has no effect whatever upon the color of the hair. It cannot possibly change the color in any way. But it promptly stops falling hair, and greatly promotes growth. Ask your doctor first. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

City Council.

At the regular meeting of the City Council held last night Councillor Martin occupied the chair.

On the advice of Mr. J. Barter, architect, it was decided that the City Hall roof be repaired on days works.

Hon. R. Watson, Colonial Secretary, wrote to say that the letter sent re the Parade Ground has been referred to the Department of Justice.

Secretary Harris, of the Board of Works, complained that the water had been shut off at the Poor Asylum and asked the Council to attend to the matter.

Mr. J. M. Kent wrote in reference to the lighting of the outskirts of the city.

J. W. Morris, M. F. Murphy and R. F. Horwood petitioned to have a crossing placed on Hamilton Street.

Councillors Coaker and Mullaly will investigate the complaint of C. F. Lester on horse taxes.

Mr. Duggan will be ordered to fence his land on Barter's Hill.

The Council will not recognize S. March & Sons counter claim and will make them pay their horse taxes.

The complaint of James Phelan re stable built at Merrymeeting Road is referred to the Health Officer for report.

The Council referred Mr. F. W. Knight to the Fire Department in re his argument for increased fire protection.

R. F. Hayse is given permission to shingle house on Wickford Street.

Council refuses to allow Mr. Jackson to erect sign on his store, Water Street.

It was ordered that a barbed wire fence be put around the forest land belonging to Touissant's estate, Windsor Lake.

Work on the sewer and water cuts will be closed down next week for the winter.

The Council will take no cognisance of the complaint of the Health Officer about McKay Street, as it was not opened with the knowledge and authority of the Council.

Mr. W. Harris was appointed to repair the roof of the City Hall.

The Rooney affair will be taken up when the Mayor comes back.

The Gas Co. and Reid Nfld. Co. will be asked to give more care to lighting the streets.

The Health Officer reported two new cases of scarlet fever. There are five in Hospital, eight at home; two of typhoid at Hospital and one at home.

Meeting adjourned at 9.30.

IT IS NEWS WORTH GIVING TO THE WORLD

HOW RAVAGES OF KIDNEY DISEASE ARE CHECKED IN QUEBEC.

Mrs. Julien Painchaud, for seven years a sufferer, finds quick relief and complete cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Withworth, Temiscouata Co., Que., Dec. 2. (Special.)—With the coming of winter the ravages of Kidney Disease are again felt in this province, and the fact that a sure cure is vouched for in this village is news worth giving to the world. Mrs. Julien Painchaud is the person cured and she states without hesitation that she found her cure in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

For seven years my heart and Kidneys bothered me." Mrs. Painchaud states. "I was always tired and nervous. I could not sleep. My limbs were heavy and I had a dragging sensation across the loins. My eyes had dark circles under them and were puffed and swollen. I was so ill I could hardly drag myself around to do my housework.

"A neighbour advised me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I found relief in the first box. Six boxes made me perfectly well."

If you have any two of Mrs. Painchaud's symptoms your Kidneys are diseased. Cure them and guard against serious, if not fatal results by using Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Banquet Will Form Official Opening.

At a recent meeting of the committee of management of the People's Club, Springdale Street, it was decided that the official opening of the club house will take the nature of a banquet to be given on the premises shortly after the commencement of January month. The toast list will be a lengthy and elaborate one, as there are some recognized speakers in the club; while the Premier, Mayor and other prominent individuals in the Society will grace the affair with their presence. The membership in this organisation has now passed the two hundred mark, with the anticipation of many new members before the end of the year.

Wedding at Carbonear

The wedding of Mr. John Gibbons, of St. Mary's, and Miss L. Woods, daughter of Mr. Woods, Carbonear, was solemnized in St. Patrick's Church at that town, November 22nd, by Rev. D. F. McCarthy. The bride was attended by Miss Fitzgerald and Miss Colford, while the groom was supported by Mr. J. Woods, brother of the bride. After the ceremony there was a wedding supper followed by a dance which was kept up till daylight in the good old style. The bride and groom come to Holyrood on Wednesday night's train whence they were driven to their future home at St. Mary's. They received many useful and valuable presents from their many friends.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.