PITCHERY-BIDGERY.

The Turning of the Long, Long Lane.

BY MONSIEUR DEMOULIN.

November 28.—For the last three months I have lived in heaven. She is changed. Music has reconciled her to exile. She has found one who speaks, though weakly, the language of that home.

We hold together through this divine medium a lofty spiritual intercourse. I learn from her of that starry world in which for a brief time she was permitted to dwell. Her seraphic thoughts have become communicated to me. I have made them my own, and all my spirit has risen to a higher altitude.

So I have at last received that revelation for which I longed, and the divine thoughts with which she has inspired me I will make known to the world. How? Description is inadequate but it is enough to say that I have decided upon an opera as the best mode of making known these ideas.

I have resorted to one of those classical themes which, though as old as civilization, are yet very new, because they are the truth. My opera is on the theme of Prometheus. It refers to Promethues Demiurgus. My idea is derived from her. Prometheus represents Divine Love—since he is the god who suffers unendurable agonies through his love for man. Zeus represents the old austere god of Vengeance—the stern—the inexorable—the cruel.

Love endures through the ages, but at last triumphs. The chief agent of his triumph is Athene. She represents Wisdom, which, by its life and increase at last dethrones the God of Vengeance and enthrones the God of Love.

For so the world goes on; and thus it shall be that Human Understanding, which I have personified under Athene, will at last exalt Divine Love over all, and cast aside its olden adoration of Divine Vengeance.

I am trying to give to my opera the severe simplicity of the classical form, yet at the same time to prevade it all with the warm atmosphere of love in the widest sense. It opens with a chorus of seraphim. Prometheus laments; but the chief part is that of Athene. On that I have exhausted myself.

But when can I get a voice that can adequately render my thoughts—our thoughts? Where is Bice? She alone has this voice; she alone has this power of catching and absorbing into her own mind the ideas which I form; and with it all, she alone can express them. I would wander over the earth to find her, but perhaps she is in a luxurious home, where her associates would not listen to such a proposal.

Patience! perhaps Bice may at last bring her marvelous voice to my aid.

December 15.—Every day our communion has grown more exalted. She breathes upon me the atmosphere of that radiant world and fills my soul with rapture. I live in a sublime enthusiasm. We hold intercourse by means of music. We stand upon a higher plane than that of common men. She has raised me there, and has made me to be a partaker in her thoughts.

Now I begin to understand something of the radiant world to which she was once for a brief time home. I knew her lost joys; I share in her longings. In me, as in her, there is a deep unquenchable thirst after those glories that are present there. All here seems poor and mean. No material pleasure can for a moment allure.

I live in a frenzy. My soul is on fire. Music is my sole thought and utterance. Colonel Despard thinks that I am mad. My friends here pity me. I smile within myself when I think of pity being given by them to me. Kindly souls! could you but have one faint idea of the unspeakable joys to which I have attained! My Cremona is my voice. It expresses all things for me. Ah, sweet companion of my soul's flight! my Guide, my Guardian Angel, my Inspirer! had ever before two mortals while on earth a lot like ours?

Who else besides us in this life ever learned the joys of pure spiritual communion? We rise on high together. Our souls are borne up in company. When we hold commune we cease to be mortals.

My Opera is finished. The radiancy of that Divine Love which has inundated all the being of Edith has been imparted to me in some measure sufficient to enable me to breathe forth to human ears tones which have been caught from immortal voices. She has given me ideas. I have made them audible and intelligible to me.

I have had one performance of my work, or rather our work, for it all is hers. Hers are the thoughts, mine is only the expression. I sought out a place of solitude in which I might perform undisturbed and without interruption the theme which I have tried to unfold.

Opposite my house is a wild, rocky slope covered with the primeval woods. Here amongst these there rises a barren rock, perfectly bare of verdure, which is called Mount Misery. I chose this place as the spot where I might give my rehersal.

She was the audience—I was the orchestra—we two were alone.

Mount Misery is a barren rock without a blade of grass on all its dark iron like surface. Around it is a vast accumulation of granite boulders and vast rocky ledges. The trees are stunted, the very ferns can scarcely find place to grow.

It was night. There was not a cloud in the sky. The moon, stone—with marvelous mire. Down in front of us lay the long arm of the sea that ran up between us and the city. On the opposite side were woods, and beyond them rose the citadel, on the other side of which lay nestling at its base like those Rhenish towns which lie at the foot of feudal castles.

On the left hand all was a wilderness; on the right close by was a small lake, which seemed like a sheet of silver in the moon's rays. Farther on lay the ocean, stretching in its boundless extent away to the horizon. There under the moon there lay a broad path of golden light—molten gold—unruffled—undisturbed in that dead calm.

My Opera begins with an Alleluia Chorus. I have borrowed words from the Angel Song at the opening of "Faust" for my score. But the music has an expression of its own and the words are feeble; and the only comfort is that these words will be lost in the triumph strain of the tones that accompany them.

She saw with me, exulting where I was exultant, sad where I was sorrowful; still with her air of Guide and Teacher. She is my Egeria. She is my Inspiring Muse. I invoke her when I sing.

But my song carried her away. Her own thoughts expressed by my utterance were returned to her, and she yielded herself up altogether to their power.

Ah me! there is one language common to all on earth, and all in heaven, and that is music.

I exulted then on that bare, blasted rock. I triumphed. She joined me in it all. We exulted together. We triumphed. We mourned, we rejoiced, we despaired, we hoped, we sung alleluias in our hearts. The very winds were still. The very moon seemed to stay her course. All nature was hushed.

She stood before me, white, slender, aerial, like a spirit from on high, as pure, as holy, as stainless. Her soul and mine were blended. We moved to one common impulse. We obeyed one common motive.

What is this? It is love? Yes; but not as men call love. Ours is heavenly love, ardent, but yet spiritual; intense but without passion; a burning love like that of the cherubim; all consuming, all engrossing, and enduring for evermore.

Have I ever told her my admiration? Yes; but not in words. I have told her so in music, in every tone, in every strain. She knows that I am hers. She is my divinity, muse, my better genius—nobler half of my soul.

I have laid all my spirit at her feet, as one prostrates himself before a divinity. She has accepted that adoration and has been pleased.

We are blended. We are one, but not after the earthly fashion, for never yet have I even touched her hand in love. It is our spirits, our real selves—not our merely visible selves that love; yet that love is so intense that I would die forevermore if my death could make her life more sweet.

She has heard all this from my Cremona.

Here, as we stood under the moon, I thought her a spirit with a mortal lover. I recognized the full meaning of the sublime legend of Numa and Egeria. The mortal aspires in purity of heart, and the immortal comes down and assists and responds to his aspirations.

Our souls vibrated in unison to the expression of heavenly thoughts. We threw ourselves into the rapture of the hour.

We trembled, we thrilled, till at last frail mortal nature could scarcely endure the intensity of that perfect joy.

So we came to the end. The end is a chorus of angels. They sing the divinest of songs that is written in Holy Revelation. All the glory of that song reaches its climax in the last strain:

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes!"

We wept together. But we dried our tears and went home musing on that "tearless eternity" which lies before us.

Morning is dawning as I write, and all the feeling of my soul can be expressed in one word, the sublimest of all words, which is intelligible to many of different languages and different races. I will end with this.

"Alleluia!"

CHAPTER XXIII

THIS MUST END.

The note which accompanied Langhetti's Journal was as follows:

"HALIFAX, December 19, 1848.

"Theresoula mia Dolcissma,—I send you my Journal, sorella carissima. I have been silent for a long time. Forgive me. I have been sad and in affliction. But affliction has turned to joy, and I have learned things unknown before.

"Teresina mia, I am coming back to England immediately. You may expect to see me at any time during the next three months. She will be with me; but so sensitive is she—so strange would she be to you—that I do not know whether it will be well for you to see her or not. I dare not let her be exposed to the gaze of any one unknown to her. Yet, sweetest sorellina, perhaps I may be able to tell her that I have a dearest sister, whose heart is love, whose nature is noble, and who could treat her with tenderest care.

"I intend to offer my opera to the world at London. I will be my own impresario. Yet I want one thing, and that is a Voice. Oh for a Voice like that of Bice! But it is idle to wish for her.

"Never have I heard any voice like hers, my Teresina. God grant that I may find her!

"Expect soon and suddenly to see your most loving brother, PAOLO."

Mrs. Thornton showed this note to Despard the next time they met. He had read the journal in the meantime.

"So he is coming back?"

"Yes."

"She seems to me like a spirit."

"And to me."

Paolo's own nature is so lofty and spiritual that one like her is intelligible to him. Happy is it for her that he found her."

"Paolo is more spiritual than human. He has no materialism. He is spiritual. I am of the earth, earthly; but my brother is a spirit imprisioned, who chafes at his bonds and longs to be free. And think what Paolo has done for her in his sublime devotion!"

"I know others who would do as much," said Despard, in a voice that seemed full of tears; "I know others, who, like him, would go to the grave to rescue the one they loved and make all life one long devotion. I know others," he continued, "who would gladly die, if by dying they could gain what he has won—the possession of the one they love. Ah, me! Paolo is happy and blessed beyond all men. Between him and her there is no insuperable barrier, no gulf as deep as death."

Despard spoke impetuously, but suddenly checked himself.

"I received," said he "by the last mail a letter from my uncle in Halifax. He is ordered off to the cape of Good Hope. I wrote him a very long time ago, as I told you, asking him to tell me without reserve all that he knew about my father's death. I told him plainly that there was a mystery about it which I was determined to solve. I reproached him for keeping it secret from me, and reminded him that I was now a maturaman, and that he had no right nor any reason to maintain any further secrecy. I insisted on knowing all, no matter what it might be.

"I received his letter by the last mail. Here it is;" and he handed it to her. Read it when you get home. I have written a few words to you, little playmate, also. He has told me all. Did you know this before?"

"Yes, Lama," said Mrs. Thornton, with a look of sorrowful sympathy.

"You know all my father's fate?"

"Yes, Lama."

"And you kept it secret?"

"Yes, Lama. How could I bear to tell you and give you pain?"

Her voice trembled as she spoke. Despard looked at her with an indiscribable expression.

"One thought," said he, slowly, "and one feeling engrosses all my nature, and even this news that I have heard can not drive it away. Even the thought of my father's fate, so hard and so mysterious, can not weaken the thoughts that all my life have been supreme. Do you know, little playmate, whose those thoughts are?"

She was silent. Despard's hand wandered over the keys. They always spoke in low tones, which were almost whispers, tones which were inaudible except to each other. And Mrs. Thornton had to bow her head close to his to hear what he said.

"I must go," said Despard, after a pause, "and visit Brandon again. I do not know what I can do, but my father's death requires further examination. This man Potts is intermingled with it. My uncle gives dark hints. I must make an examination."

"And you are going away again?" said Mrs. Thornton, sadly.

Despard sighed.

"Would it not be better," said he, as he took her hand in his—"would it not be better for you, little playmate, if I went away from you forever?"

She gave him one long look of sad reproach. Then tears filled her eyes.

"This can not go on forever," she murmured. "It must come to that at last!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

BEATRICE'S JOURNAL.

October 30, 1848.—My recovery has been slow, and I am still far from well. I stay in my room almost altogether. Why should I do otherwise? Day succeeds day, and each day is a blank.

My window looks on the sea, and I can sit there and feed my heart on the memories which that sea calls up. It is company for me in my solitude. It is music, though I can not hear its voice. Oh, how I should rejoice if I could get down by its margin and touch its waters! Oh how I should rejoice if those waters would flow over me forever.

November 15.—Why I should write anything now I do not know. This uneventful life offers nothing to record. Mrs. Compton is as timid, as gentle, and as effectionate as ever. Philips, poor, timorous, kindly soul, sends me flowers by her. Poor wretch, how did he ever get here? How did Mrs. Compton?

December 26.—In spite of my quiet habits and constant seclusion I feel that I am under some surveillance, not from Mrs. Compton, but from others. I have been out twice during the last fortnight and perceived this plainly. Men in the walks who are at work quietly followed me with their eyes. I see that I am watched. I did not know that I was of sufficient importance.

Yesterday a strange incident occurred. Mrs. Compton was with me, and by some means or other my thoughts turned to one about whom I have often tried to form conjectures—my mother. How could she ever have married a man like my father? What could she have been like? Suddenly I turned to Mrs. Compton, and said:

"Did you ever see my mother?"

What there could have been in my question I can not tell, but she trembled and looked at me with greater fear in her face than I have ever seen there before. This time she seemed to be afraid of me. I myself felt a cold chill run through my frame. That awful thought which I had once before known flashed across my mind.

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Compton, suddenly "oh, don't look at me so; don't look at me so!"

"I don't understand you," said I slowly.

She hid her face in her hands and began to weep. I tried to soothe her and with some success, for after a time she regained her composure. Nothing more was said. But since then one thought, with a long series of attendant thoughts, has weighed down my mind. Who am I? What am I? What am I doing here? What do these people want with me? Why do they guard me?

I can write no more.

January 14, 1849.—The days drag on. Nothing new has happened. I am tormented by strange thoughts. I see this plainly that there are times when I inspire fear in this house. Why is this?

Since that day, many, many, months ago, when they all looked at me in horror, I have seen none of them. Now Mrs. Compton has exhibited the same fear. There is a restraint over her. Yes, she too fears me. Yet she is kind; and poor Philips never forgets to send me flowers.

I could smile at the idea of any one fearing me, if it were not for the terrible thoughts that arise within my mind.

February 12.—Of late all my thoughts have changed, and I have been inspired with an uncontrollable desire to escape. I live here in luxury, but the meanest house outside would be far preferable. Every hour here is a sorrow, every day a misery. Oh, me! if I could but escape!

Once in that outer world I care not what might happen. I would be willing to do menial labor to earn my bread. Yet it need not come to that. The lessons which Paolo taught me have been useful in more ways than one. I know that I at least need not to be dependent.

He used to say to me that if I chose to go on the stage and sing, I could do something better than gain a living or make a fortune. He said I could interpret the ideas of the Great Masters, and make myself a blessing to the world.

Why need I stay here when I have a voice which he used to deign to praise? He did not praise it because he loved me; but I think he loved me because he loved my voice. He loves my voice better than me. And that other one! Ah me—will he ever hear my voice again? Di I he know how sweet his voice was to me? Oh, me! its tones ring in my ears and in my heart night and day.

March 5.—My resolution is formed. This may be my last entry. I pray to God that it may be. I will trust in him and fly. At night they cannot be watching me. There is a door at the north end, the key of which is always in it. I can steal out by that direction and gain my liberty.

Oh Thou who hearest prayer, grant deliverance to the captive!

Farewell now, my journal; I hope never to see you again! Yet I will secrete you in this chamber, for if I am compelled to return I may be glad to seek you again.

March 6.—Not yet! Not yet!

Alas! and since yesterday what things have happened! Last night I was to make my attempt. They dined at eight, and I waited for them to retire. I waited long. They were longer than usual.

At about ten o'clock Mrs. Compton came into my room, with as frightened a face as usual. "They want you," said she.

I knew whom she meant. "Must I go?" said I.

"Alas, dear child, what can you do? Trust in God. He can save you."

"He alone can save me," said I, if He will. It has come to this that I have none but Him in whom I can trust."

She began to weep. I said no more, but obeyed the command and went down.

Since I was last there months had passed—months of suffering and anguish in body and mind. The remembrance of my last visit there came over me as I entered. Yet I did not tremble or falter, I crossed the threshold and entered the room, and stood before them in silence.

I saw the three men who had been there before. He and his son, and the man Clark. They had all been drinking. Their voices were loud and their laughter boisterous as I approached. When I entered they became quiet, and all three stared at me. At last he said to his son,

"She don't look any fatter, does she, Johnnie?"

"She gets enough to eat, anyhow," answered John.

"She's one of them kind," said the man Clark, "that don't fatten up. But then, Johnnie, you needn't talk, you haven't much fat yourself, lad."

"Hard work," said John, whereupon the others, thinking it an excellent joke, burst into hoarse laughter. This put them into great good humor with themselves, and they began to turn their attention to me again. Not a word was said for some time.

"Can you dance," said he, at last, speaking to me abruptly.

"Yes," I answered.

Ah! I thought so. I paid enough for your education, anyhow. It would be hard if you hadn't learned anything else except squalling and banging on the piano."

I said nothing.

"Why do you stare so, d—n you?" he cried, looking savagely at me.

I looked at the floor.

"Come now," said he, "I sent for you to see if you can dance. Dance!"

I stood still. "Dance!" he repeated with an oath. "Do you hear?"

"I cannot," said I.

"Perhaps you want a partner," continued he, with a sneer. "Here, Johnnie, go and help her."

"I'd rather not," said John.

"Clark you try it, you were always gay," and he gave a hoarse laugh.

"Yes, Clark," cried John. "Now's your chance."

Clark hesitated for a moment, and then came towards me. I stood with my arms folded, and looked at him fixedly. I was not afraid. For I thought in that hour of who these men were, and what they were. My life was in their hands, but I held life cheap. I rose above the fear of the moment, and felt myself their superior.

Clark came up to me and stooped. I did not move.

"Curse her!" said he, "I'd as soon dance with a ghost. She looks like one, anyhow."

He laughed boisterously.

"He's afraid. He's getting superstitious!" he cried. "What do you think of that, Johnnie?"

"Well," drawled John, "it's the first time I ever heard of Clark being afraid of anything."

These words seemed to sting Clark to the quick.

"Will you dance?" said he, in a hoarse voice.

I made no answer.

"Curse her! make her dance!" he shouted, starting up from his chair. "Don't let her bully you, you fool!"

Clark stepped towards me and laid one heavy hand on mine, while he attempted to pass the other round my waist. At the horror of his polluting touch all my nature seemed transformed. I started back. There came something like a frenzy over me. I neither knew or cared what I said.

Yet I spoke slowly, and it was not like passion. All that I had read in that manuscript was in my heart, the very spirit of the murdered Despard seemed to inspire me.

"Touch me not," I said. "Trouble me not. I am near enough to death already. And you," I cried, streching out my hand to him, "Thug! never again will I obey one command of yours. Kill me if you choose, and send me after Colonel Despard."

These words seemed to blast and wither them. Clark shrank back. He gave a groan, and clutched the arm of his chair. John looked in fear from one to the other, and stammered with an oath:

"She knows all! Mrs. Compton told her."

"Mrs. Compton never knew it, about the Thug," said he, and then looked up fearfully at me. They all looked once more. Again that fear which I had seen in them before was shown upon their faces.

I looked upon these wretches as though I had surveyed them from some lofty height. That one of them was my father was forgotten. I seemed to utter words which were inspired within me.

"Colonel Despard has spoken to me from the dead, and told me all," said I, "I am appointed to avenge him."

I turned and went out of the room. As I left I heard John's voice:

"If she's the devil himself, as I believe she if," he cried, "she got to be took down."

I reached my room. I lay awake all night long. A fever seemed raging in all my veins. Now with a throbbing head and trembling hands I write this. Will these be my last words? God grant it, and give me safe deliverance. Amen! Amen!

TO BE CONTINUED.

Worth Mentioning.

When anything worth saying is spoken in that terse and pointed way that bears the impress of honest conviction, we like to have people know the nature of the communication. Of such a nature is the following from Mr. W. F. Haist, Camden P. O., Lincoln Co., Ontario. Mr. Haist says: "With great joy over my restored health, I would write a few lines concerning that wonderful remedy, St. Jacobs Oil. For the last six years I have been using various medicines internally and externally, but nothing would help me. Finally I procured a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me after a few applications. My mother-in-law, who has also been a great sufferer from rheumatism was also relieved by the use of the Great German Remedy. St. Jacobs Oil is a great blessing to suffering humanity, and I shall do everything in my power to make known its merits.

The small boy climbs the apple tree.
And with delighted mien,
Down to his mates below doth he
Let fall the apples green.
They grip the fruit with noisy glee
Just wrestled from the stem;
But soon with grim tenacity
The apple green grips them.

As a remedy for Sea Sickness, for any irritation of the stomach and bowels, for canker of the stomach and mouth, for piles and hemorrage, and for all varieties of bowel complaints, Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry is nature's true specific.

The electric light experiment in Ottawa has been a sad failure, owing to the bungling way in which things have been carried out. The city is minus $1,700 by the experiment.

"Time is, Time was, Time Shall be no More."

The glorious oracle of the Brazen Head! —so often quoted, and so little attended to. "Taking things in time!" is so proverbially mentioned as to be almost a trite remark. But what is "in time?" A man meets a friend casually, who seems desperately ill, and naturally asks him, "What on earth is the matter with you? —what are you suffering from?" "Oh, nothing particular," replies the invalid, "I have lost my appetite, and do not sleep well at night, and of course I look poorly." And so they part: the friendly inquirer shaking his head, and muttering to himself not very cheerful prophecies as to his friend's condition. The fact of the case is simply this, videlicet: that the invalid so addressed is in want of proper treatment; his liver is out of order and will not perform its proper functions: consequently his stomach speedily becomes disordered and alternate cold shiverings and feverishness supply the place of the natural secretions with which, during a tranquil sleep, a healthy skin recruits a healthy body.

Has this sufferer (and there are many such) ever heard of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT?—or, having heard of those remedies, does he despise the testimony of thousands, ay, we may say millions, as to those remedies' efficiency? What we say to men in the position we have supposed is this—delay no longer—Time is: but Time, with you, may soon be no more. Delay then, say we, no longer: delay may be death. A little attention, a little ordinary precaution and observance of the rules which accompany "Holloway's Remedies" will restore any sufferer, in any climate, to health, strength and happiness. Can we say more? If more is needed, let the reader refer to the world-wide-spread testimonials in favour of the "Pills and Ointment" which have made Professor Holloway's name known as a benefactor to the human race from the mouths of the Ganges in the east, to the sources of the Mississippi in the west; from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Sydney Harbour. And to the doubter we say, as is said with regard to the monument of the grand old architect, "If testimony is what you require—look around you." But to the actual sufferer we repeat what we have begun with—Time is—and Time may be no more.—*The Irvinite.*

The average attendance at the Wiman swimming baths in Toronto since they were opened reaches 600 per day.

W. H. Crooker, Druggist, of Waterdown, under date of June 1st, writes that "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cannot be surpassed, when all other remedies fail then it comes to the rescue, and I find the sales large and increasing." Wild Strawberry positively cures all Bowel complaints.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Coughs, Influenza.—The soothing properties of these medicaments render them well worthy of trial in all diseases of the lungs. In common colds and influenza the Pills taken internally and the Ointment rubbed externally are exceedingly efficacious. When influenza is epidemic this treatment is easiest, safest, and surest. Holloway's Pills and Ointment purify the blood, remove all obstructions to its free circulation through the lungs, relieve the overgorged air tubes, and render respiration free without reducing the strength, irritating the nerves, or depressing the spirits. Such are the ready means of saving suffering when afflicted with colds, coughs, bronchitis, and other complaints by which so many are seriously and permanently afflicted in most countries.

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The BEST SAVE in the world for cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions. The Save is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction in every case or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. H. Michener

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.

"Brown's Household Panacea" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago and any kind of a Pain or Ache. It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted," as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle.

Mack's Magnetic Medicine—the great brain and nerve food, will restore lost nature to young, middle-aged and old. Life is too short to waste away. Read the advertisement in another column, and if you are afflicted make no delay in procuring the cheapest and best medicine ever sold. Sold in Listowel by J. A. Hacking.

"Twenty-four Years' Experience," says an eminent physician, convinces me that the only way to cure nervous exhaustion, and weakness of the sexual organs is to repair the waste by giving brain and nerve foods, and of all the remedies compounded, Mack's Magnetic medicine is the best. See advertisement in another column. Sold in Listowel by J. A. Hacking.

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No Preparation on earth equals ST. JACOBS OIL as a *safe, sure, simple* and *cheap* External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap and positive proof of its claims.

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Are pleasant to take. Contain their own Purgative. Is a safe, sure, and *effectual destroyer of worms* in Children or Adults.

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