PITCHERY-DIDGERY.

The Turning of the Long, Long Lane.

BY MONSIEUR DEMOULIN.

The next day on attempting to go out, Philips told me that I was not to be permitted to leave the house. I considered it the result of John's threat, and yielded without a word.

After this I had to seek distraction from my thoughts within the house. Now there came over me a great longing for music. Once, when in the drawing room on that famous evening of the abortive fete, which was the only time I ever was there, I had noticed a magnificent grand piano of most costly workmanship. The thought of this came to my mind, and an unconquerable desire to try it arose. So I went down and began to play.

It was a little out of tune, but the tone was marvelously full and sweet. I threw myself with indescribable delight into the charm of the hour. All the old joy which music once used to bring came back. Imagination, stimulated by the swelling harmonies, transported me far away from this prison-house and its hateful associates to that happier time of youth when not a thought of sorrow came over me. I lost myself therein. Then that passed, that life vanished, and the sea voyage began. The thoughts of my mind and the emotions of my heart passed down to the quivering chords and trembled into life and sound.

I do not know how long I had been playing when suddenly I heard a sob behind me. I started and turned. It was Philips.

He was standing with tears in his eyes and a rapt expression on his emaciated face, his hands hanging listless, and his whole air that of one who had lost all senses save that of hearing. But as I turned and stopped, the spell that bound him was broken. He sighed and looked at me earnestly.

'Can you sing?'

'Would you like me to do so?'

'Yes,' he said, in a faint, imploring voice.

I began a low song—a strain associated with that same childhood of which I had just been thinking—a low, sad strain, sweet to my ears and to my soul; it spoke of peace and innocence, quiet home joys, and calm delight. My own mind brought before me the image of the house where I had lived, with the shadow of the great trees around, and gorgeous flowers everywhere, where the sultry air breathed soft, and beneath the hot noon all men sank to rest and slumber.

When I stopped I turned again. Philips had not changed his attitude. But as I turned he uttered an exclamation and tore out his watch.

'Oh, Heavens, two hours!' he exclaimed. 'He'll kill me for this.'

With these words he rushed out of the room.

I kept up my music for about ten days, when one day it was stopped forever. I was in the middle of a piece when I heard heavy footsteps behind me. I turned and saw my father. I rose and looked at him with an effort to be respectful. It was lost on him, however. He did not glance at me.

'I came up to say to you,' said he, after a little hesitation, 'that I can't stand this infernal squall and clatter any longer. So, in future you must shut up.'

He turned and left me. I closed the piano forever, and went to my room.

The year ended, and a new year began. January passed away. My melancholy began to effect my health. I scarcely ever slept at night, and to eat was difficult. I hoped that I was going to die. Alas! death will not come when one calls.

One day I was in my room lying on the couch when Mrs. Compton came. On entering she looked terrified about something. She spoke in a very agitated voice: 'They want you down stairs.'

'Who?'

'Mr. Potts and John.'

'Well,' said I, and I prepared to get ready. 'When do they want me?'

'Now,' said Mrs. Compton, who by this time was crying.

'Why are you so agitated?' I asked.

'I am afraid for you.'

'Why so? Can anything be worse?'

'Ah, my dearest! you don't know—you don't know.'

I said nothing more, but went down. On entering the room I saw my father and John seated at a table with brandy before them. A third man was there. He was a thick set man of about the same height as my father, but more muscular, with a strong, square jaw, thick neck, low brow, and stern face. My father did not show any actual ferocity in his face whatever he felt; but this man's face expressed relentless cruelty.

On entering the room I walked up a little distance and stood looking at them.

'There, Clark; what do you think of that?' said my father.

The name, Clark, at once made known to me who this man was—that old associate of my father—his assistant on board the Vishnu. Yet the name did not add one whit to the abhorrence which I felt, my father was worse even than he.

The man Clark looked at me scrutinizingly for some time.

'So that's the gal,' he said at last.

'That's the gal,' said my father.

Clark waved his hand to me. 'Turn round sideways,' said he.

I looked at him quietly without moving. He repeated the order, but I took no notice of it.

'D—n her,' said he. 'Is she deaf?'

'Not a bit of it,' said John; 'but she's plucky. She'd just as soon you'd kill her as not. There isn't any way of moving her.'

'Turn round!' cried my father angrily.

I turned as he said. 'You see,' said he, with a laugh, 'she's been piously brought up—she honors her father.'

At this Clark burst into a laugh.

Some conversation followed about me as I stood there. Clark then ordered me to turn round and face him. I took no notice; but on my father's ordering it, I obeyed as before. This appeared to amuse them all very greatly, just as the tricks of an intelligent poodle might have done. Clark gave me many commands on purpose to see my refusal, and have my father's order which followed obeyed.

'Well,' said he, at last, leaning back in his chair, 'she is a showy piece of furniture. Your idea isn't a bad one either.'

He rose from his chair and came toward me. I stood looking at him with a gaze so fixed and intense that it seemed as if all my being were centered in my eyes.

He came up and reached out to take hold of my arm. I stepped back. He looked up angrily. But, for some reason, the moment that he caught sight of my face, an expression of fear passed over his.

'Heavens!' he groaned; 'look at that face!'

I saw my father look at me. The same horror passed over his countenance. An awful thought came to me. As the men turned their faces away from me in fear I felt my strength going. I turned and rushed from the room. I do not remember anything more.

It was early in February when this occurred. Until the beginning of August I lay senseless. For the first four months I hovered faintly between life and death.

Why did they not let me die? Why did I not die? Alas! had I died I might now have been beyond this sorrow; I have waked to meet it all again.

Mrs. Compton says she found me on the floor of my own room, and that I was in a kind of stupor. I had no fever or delirium. A doctor came who said it was a congestion of the brain. Thoughts like mine might destroy the brain forever.

For a month I have been slowly recovering. I can now walk about the room. I know nothing of what is going on in the house, and wish to know nothing. Mrs. Compton is as devoted as ever.

I have got thus far, and will stop here. I have been several days writing this. I must stop till I am stronger.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE BYZANTINE HYMNISTS.

More than a year had passed since that visit to Thornton Grange which has already been mentioned. Despard had not forgotten or neglected the melancholy case of the Brandon family. He had written in all directions, and had gone on frequent visits.

On his return from one of these he went to the Grange. Mrs. Thornton was sitting in the drawing room, looking pensively out of the window, when she saw his well-known figure advancing up the avenue. His face was sad, and pervaded by a melancholy expression, which was noticeable now as he walked along.

But when he came into the room that melancholy face suddenly lighted up with the most radiant joy. Mrs. Thornton advanced to meet him, and he took her hand in both of his.

'I ought to say, welcome back again,' said she, with forced liviness, 'but you may have been in Holby a week for all I know. When did you come back? Confess now that you have been secluding yourself in your study instead of paying your respects in the proper quarter.'

Despard smiled. 'I arrived home at eleven this morning. It is now three p. m. by my watch. Shall I say how impatiently I have waited till three o'clock should come?'

'Oh no! don't say anything of the sort. I can imagine all that you would say. But tell me where you have been on this last visit?'

'Wandering like an evil spirit seeking rest and finding none.'

'Have you been to London again?'

'Where have I not been.'

By this time they had seated themselves. 'My last journey,' said Despard, 'like my former ones, was, of course, about the Brandon affair. You know that I have had long conversations with Mr. Thornton about it, and he insists that nothing whatever can be done. But you know, also, that I could not sit down idly and calmly under this conviction. I have felt most keenly the presence of intolerable wrong. Every day I have felt as if I had shared in the infamy of those who neglected that dying man. That was the reason why I wrote to Australia to see if the Brandon who was drowned was really the one I supposed. I heard, you know, that he was the same man, and there is no doubt about that. Then you know, as I told you, that I went around among different lawyers to see if anything could be done. Nearly all asserted that no redress was possible. That is what Mr. Thornton said. There was one who said that if I were rich enough I might begin a prosecution, but as I am not rich that did me no good. That man would have been glad, no doubt, to have undertaken such a task.'

'What is there in law that so hardens the heart?' said Mrs. Thornton, after a pause. 'Why should it kill all sentiment, and destroy so utterly all the more spiritual qualities?'

'I don't think that the law does this necessarily. It depends after all on the man himself. If I were a lawyer, I should still love music above all things.'

'But did you ever know a lawyer who loved music?'

'I have not known enough of them to answer that. But in England music is not loved so devotedly as in other countries. Is it inconceivable that an Italian lawyer should love music?'

'I don't know. Law is abhorrent to me. It seems to me a profession that kills the finer sentiments.'

'Why so, more than medicine? The fact is, where ordinary men are concerned any scientific profession renders Art distasteful. At least this is so in England. After all, most depends on the man himself, and one who is born with a keen sensibility, to the charms of art will carry it through life, whatever his profession may be.'

'But suppose the man himself has neither taste, nor sensibility, nor any appreciation of the beautiful, nor any sympathy whatever with those who love such things, what then?'

Mrs. Thorton spoke earnestly as she asked this.

'Well,' said Despard, 'that question answers itself. As a man is born, so he is; and it nature denies him taste or sensibility it makes no difference what is his profession.'

Mrs. Thornton made no reply.

'My last journey,' said Despard, 'was about the Brandon case. I went to London first to see if something could not be done. I had been there before on the same errand, but without success. I was equally unsuccessful this time.

'I tried to find out about Potts, the man who had purchased the estate, but learned that it was necessary to go to the village of Brandon. I went there, and made inquiries. Without exception the people sympathized with the unfortunate family, and looked with detestation upon the man who had supplanted them.

'I heard that a young lady went there last year who was reputed to be his daughter. Every one said that she was extraordinarily beautiful, and looked like a lady. She stopped at the inn under the care of a gentleman who accompanied her, and went to the hall. She had never come out of it since.

'The landlord told me that the gentleman was a pale, sad-looking man, with dark hair and beard. He seemed very devoted to the young lady, and parted with her in melancholy silence. His account of this young lady moved me very strangely. He was not at all a sentimental man, but a burly John Bull, which made his story all the more touching. It is strange, I must say, that one like her should go into that place and never be seen again. I do not know what to think of it, nor did any of those whom I spoke to in the village.'

'Do you suppose that she really went there and never came back?'

'That is what they say.'

'Then they must believe that she is kept there.'

'Yes, so they do.'

'Why do they not take some steps in the matter?'

'What can they do? She is his daughter. Some of the villagers who have been to the hall at different times say that they heard her playing and singing.'

'That does not sound like imprisonment.'

'The caged bird sings.'

'Then you think she is a prisoner?'

'I think it odd that she has never come out, not even to go to church.'

'It is odd.'

'This man Potts excited sufficient interest in my mind to lead me to make many inquiries. I found, throughout the country, that everybody utterly despised him. They all thought that poor Ralph Brandon had been almost mad, and by his madness had ruined his family. Everybody believed that Potts had somehow deceived him, but no one could tell how. They could not bring any direct proof against him.

'But I found out in Brandon the sad particulars of the final fate of the poor wife and her unfortunate children. They had been sent away or assisted away by this Potts to America, and had all died either on the way out or shortly after they had arrived, according to the villagers. I did not tell them what I knew, but left them to believe what they choose. It seemed to me that they must have received this information from Potts himself, who alone in that poor community would have been able to trace the fortunes of the unhappy emigrants.'

There was a long silence.

'I have done all that I could,' said Despard, in a disconsolate tone, 'and I suppose nothing now remains to be done. When we hear again from Paolo there may be some new information upon which we can act.'

'And you can go back to your Byzantine poets.'

'Yes, if you will assist me.'

'You know I shall only be too happy.'

'And I shall be eternally grateful. You see, as I told you before, there is a field of labor here for the lover of music which is like a new world. I will give you the grandest musical compositions that you have ever seen. I will let you have the old hymns of the saints who lived when Constantinople was the only civilized spot in Europe, and the Christians there were hurling back the Mohammedans. You shall sing the noblest songs that you have ever seen?'

'How—in Greek? You must teach me the alphabet then.'

'No; I will translate them for you. The Greek hymns are all in rhythmical prose, the Te Deum and the Gloria. A literal translation can be sung as well as the originals. You will then enter into the mind and spirit of the ancient Eastern church before the days of the schism.

'Yes,' continued Despard, with an enthusiasm which he did not care to conceal, 'we will go together at this sweet task, and we will sing the Kath' hekasten emeran, which holds the same place in the Greek church that the Te Deum does in ours. We will chant together the Golden of Canons, the grandest song of 'Christ is risen' that mortal ever composed. Your heart and mine will beat together with one feeling at the sublime choral strain. We will sing the 'Hymn of Victory.' We will go together over the songs of St. Cosmas, St. Theophanes, and St. Theodore; St. Gregory, St. Anatobus and St. Andrew of Crete shall inspire us; and the thoughts that have kindled the hearts of martyrs at the stake shall exalt our souls to heaven. But I have more than this, I have some compositions of my own; poor ones indeed, yet an effort in the right way. They are a collection of those hymns of the primitive church which are contained in the New Testament. I have tried to set them to music. They are: 'Worthy is the Lamb,' 'Unto Him that loves us,' 'Great and marvelous are Thy works,' and the 'Trisagion.' Yes, we will go together at this lofty and heavenly work, and I shall be able to gain a new interpretation for your sympathy.'

Despard spoke with a vehement enthusiasm that kindled his eyes with unusual lustre and spread a glow over his pale face. He looked like some devotee under a sudden inspiration. Mrs. Thornton caught all his enthusiasm; her eyes brightened, and her face also flushed with excitement.

'Whenever you are ready to lead me into that new world of music,' said she, 'I am ready to follow.'

'Are you willing to begin next Monday?'

'Yes, all my time is my own.'

'Then I will come for you.'

'Then I will be waiting for you. By the way, are you engaged for to-night?'

'No, why?'

'There is going to be a fete champetre. It is a ridiculous thing for the Holby people to do; but I have to go to play the patroness, Mr. Thornton does not want to go. Would you sacrifice yourself to my necessities, and allow me your escort?'

'Would a thirsty man be willing to accept a cooling draught?' said Despard eagerly. 'You open heaven before me, and ask me if I will enter.'

His voice trembled and he paused.

'You never forget yourself,' said Mrs. Thornton, with slight agitation, looking away as she spoke.

'I will be back at any hour you say.'

'You will do no such thing. Since you are here you must remain and dine, and then go with me. Do you suppose I would trust you? Why, if I let you go you might keep me waiting a whole hour.'

'Well, if your will is not law to me what is? Speak, and your servant obeys. To stay will only add to my happiness.'

'Then let me make you happy by forcing you to stay.'

Despard's face showed his feelings, and to judge by its expression his language had not been extravagant.

The afternoon passed quietly. Dinner was served up. Thornton came in and greeted Despard with his usual abstraction, leaving his wife to do the agreeable. After dinner, as usual, he prepared for a nap, and Despard and Mrs. Thornton started for the fete.

It was to be at some gardens at the other end of Holby, along the shore. The townspeople had recently formed a park there, and this was one of the preliminaries to its formal inauguration. The trees were hung with innumerable lamps of varied colors. There were bands of music, and triumphal arches, and gay festoons, and wreaths of flowers, and everything that is usual at such a time.

On arriving, Despard assisted Mrs. Thornton from the carriage and offered his arm. She took it, but her hand rested so lightly on it that its touch was scarce perceptible. They walked around through the illuminated paths. Great crowds of people were there. All looked with respectful pleasure at Mrs. Thornton and the Rector.

'You ought to be glad that you have come,' said she. 'See how these poor people feel it! We are not persons of very great consequence, yet our presence is marked and enjoyed.'

'All places are alike to me,' answered Despard, 'when I am with you. Still, there are circumstances about this which will make it forever memorable to me.'

'Look at those lights,' exclaimed Mrs. Thornton, suddenly, 'what varied colors!'

'Let us walk into that grotto, said Despard, turning towards a cool, dark place which lay before them.

Here, at the end of the grotto, was a tree, at the foot of which was a seat. They sat down and staid for hours. In the distance the lights twinkled and music arose. They said little, but listened to the confused murmur which in the pauses of the music came up from afar.

Then they rose and walked back. Entering the principal path a great crowd streamed on which they had to face.

Despard sighed. 'You and I,' said he, stooping low and speaking in a sad voice, 'are compelled to go against the tide.'

'Shall we turn back and go with it?'

'We can not.'

'Do you wish to turn aside?'

'We cannot. We must walk against the tide, and against the rush of men. If we turn aside there is nothing but darkness.'

They walked on in silence till they reached the gate.

'The carriage has not come,' said Mrs. Thornton.

'Do you prefer riding?'

'No.'

'It is not far. Will you walk?'

'With pleasure.'

They walked on slowly. About half-way they met the carriage. Mrs. Thornton ordered it back, saying that she would walk the rest of the way.

They walked on slowly, saying so little that at last Mrs. Thornton began to speak about the music which they had proposed to undertake. Despard's enthusiasm seemed to have left him. His replies were vague and general. On reaching the gate he stood still for a moment under the trees and half turned towards her. 'You don't say anything about the music?' said she.

'That's because I am so stupid. I have lost my head. I am not capable of a single coherent idea.'

'You are thinking of something else all the time.'

'My brain is in a whirl. Yes, I am thinking of something else.'

'Of what?'

'I'm afraid to say.'

Mrs. Thornton was silent. They entered the gate and walked up the avenue, slowly and in silence. Despard made one or two efforts to stop, and then continued. At last they reached the door. The lights were streaming brightly from the window. Despard stood, silently.

'Will you not come in?'

'No, thank you,' said he dreamily. 'It is rather too late, and I must go. Good night.'

He held out his hand. She offered hers and he took it. He held it long, and, half stooped as though he wished to say something. She felt the throbbing in his hand as it clasped hers. She said nothing. Nor did Despard seem able to say anything. At last he let her hand go slowly and reluctantly.

'You will not forget the music?' said he.

'No.'

'Good night.'

He took her hand again in his. As the light shone through the windows she saw his face—a face full of longing beyond words and sadness unutterable.

He let go her hand, and turning away, was lost amidst the gloom. She waited till the sound of his footsteps had died away, and then went into the house.

On the following morning Despard was walking along when he met her suddenly at a corner of the street. He stopped with a radiant face, and shaking hands with her, for a moment was unable to speak.

'This was too much happiness,' he said at last. 'It is like a ray of light to a poor captive when you burst upon me so suddenly. Where are you going?'

'Oh, I'm only going to do a little shopping.'

'I'm sure I wish that I could accompany you to protect you.'

'Well, why not?'

'On the whole, I think that shopping is not my forte, and that my presence would not be essential.'

He turned, however, and walked with her some distance, as far as the farthest shop in the town. They talked gayly and pleasantly about the fete. 'You will not forget the music,' said he on parting. 'Will you come next Monday? If you don't I won't be responsible for the consequences.'

'Then you mean to say, sir, that you expect me to come alone?'

'I did not hope for anything else.'

'Why, of course, you must call for me. If you do not I won't go.'

Despard's eyes brightened.

'Oh, then, since you allow me so sweet a privilege, I will go and accompany you.

'If you fail me I will stay at home,' said she laughingly.

He did not fail her, but at the appointed time went up to the Grange. Some strangers were there, and Mrs. Thornton gave him a look of deep disappointment. The strangers were evidently going to spend the day, so Despard, after a short call, withdrew. Before he left Mrs. Thornton absented herself on some pretext for a few moments, and as he quitted the room she went to the door with him and gave him a note.

He walked straight home, holding the note in his hands till he reached his study; then he locked himself in, opened the note, and read as follows:

'DEAR MR. DESPARD, How does it happen that things turn out just as they ought not? I was so anxious to go with you to the church to-day about our music. I know my own powers; they are not contemptible; they are not uncultivated; they are simply and wholy, and irretrievably commonplace. That much I deem it my duty to inform you.

'These wretched people, who have spoiled a day's pleasure, dropped on me as suddenly as though they had come from the sky. They leave on Thursday morning. Come on Thursday afternoon. If you do not I will never forgive you. On that day give up your manuscripts and books for music and the organ, and allot some portion of your time to,

Yours, T. T."

On Thursday Despard called, and Mrs. Thornton was able to accompany him. The church was an old one, and had one of the best organs in Wales. Despard was to play and she to sing. He had his music ready, and the sheets were carefully and legibly written out from the precious old Greek sorces which he loved so dearly and prized so highly.

They began with the canon for Easter day St. of John Damascene, who according to Despard, was the best of Eastern hymnists. Mrs Thornton's voice was rich and still. As she came to the Resurrection Day it took up a toned basso, and their blended strains bore aloft the sublimest of utterances, Christ is risen!

Then followed a more mournful chant, full of sadness and profound melancholy, the Last Kiss, the hymn of the dead, by the same poet.

Then followed a sublimer strain, the hymn of St. Theodore on the Judgement, where all the horrors of the day of doom are set forth. The chant was commensurate with the dread splendors of the theme. The voices of the two singers blended in perfect concord. The sounds which were thus wrought out bore themselves through the vaulted aisles, returning again to their own ears, imparting to their own hearts something of the awe with which imagination has enshrouded the Day of days, and giving to their voices that sadened cadence which the sad spirit can convey to its material utterance.

Despard then produced some compositions of his own, made after the manner of the Eastern chants, which he insisted were the primitive songs of the early church. The words were those fragments of hymns which are imbedded in the text of the New Testament. He chose first the song of the angels, which was sung by a great voice out of heaven'—idou he skene tou Theou—Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men!

The chant was a marvellous one. It spoke of sorrow past, of grief stayed, of misery at an end forever, of tears dried, and a time when 'there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying.' There was a gentle murmur in the flow of that solemn, soothing strain, which was the sighing of the evening wind among the hoary forest trees; it soothed and comforted; it brought hope, and holy calm, and sweet peace.

As Despard rose from the organ Mrs. Thornton looked at him with moistened eyes.

'I do not know whether your song brings calm or unrest,' said she, sadly, 'but after singing it I would wish to die.'

'It is not the music, it is the words,' answered Despard, 'which bring before us a time when there shall be no sorrow or sighing.'

'May such a time ever be?' murmured she.

'That,' he replied, 'it is ours to aim after. There is such a world. In that world all wrongs will be righted, friends will be reunited, and those severed here through all this earthly life will be joined for evermore.'

Their eyes met. Their spirit lived and glowed in that gaze. It was sad beyond expression, but each one held commune with the others in a mute intercourse, more eloquent than words.

Despard's whole frame trembled. 'Will you sing the Ave Maria?' he asked, in a low, scarce audible voice. Her head dropped. She gave a convulsive sigh. He continued: We used to sing it in the old days, the sweet, never-forgotten days now past forever. We sang it here. We stood hand in hand.'

His voice faltered.

'Sing,' he said, after a time.

'I can not.'

Despard sighed. 'Perhaps it is better not; for I feel as though, if you were to sing it, my heart would break.'

'Do you believe that hearts can break?' she asked, but with indescribable pathos.

Despard looked at her mournfully, and said not a word.

TO BE CONTINUED.

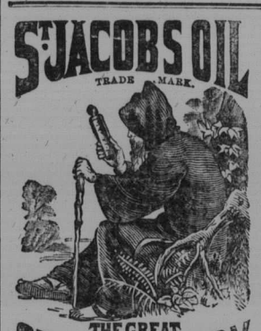
Bocklen's Arnica Salve.

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 realy 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.

"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.



THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY. FOR RHEUMATISM,

Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains,

Tooth, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

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.

Directions in Eleven Languages.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

A. VOGELER & CO.,
Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not needed. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time only or give your whole time to the business. You can live at home and do the work. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine.

HAGYARD'S YELLOW OIL CURES RHEUMATISM

FREEMAN'S WORM POWDERS.

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

PATENTS

We continue to act as solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copywrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had **thirty-five years experience.**

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendid illustrated weekly paper, $3.20 a year, shows the progress of Science, is very interesting and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Publishers of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents sent free.

Burdock BLOOD BITTERS

WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD,

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, TORONTO.

Mack's Magnetic Medicine

Brain and Nerve Food

(BEFORE) TRADE MARK. (AFTER.)

Is a Sure, Prompt and Effectual Remedy for *Nervousness in ALL its stages, Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Sexual Prostration, Night Sweats, Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, and General Loss of Power.* It repairs *Nervous Waste, Rejuvenates the Jaded Intellect, Strengthens the Enfeebled Brain, and Restores Surprising Tone and Vigor to the Exhausted Generative Organs.* The experience of thousands proves it an INVALUABLE REMEDY.

☞ Full particulars in our pamphlet, which we desire to mail free to any address.

Mack's Magnetic Medicine is sold by Druggists at 50 cts. per box, or **12** boxes for **$5** or will be mailed free of postage, on receipt of the money, by addressing

MACK'S MAGNETIC MEDICINE CO.,
Windsor, Ont., Canada.

Sold in Listowel by J. A. Hacking, and all Druggists everywhere. 6y.

L. O. L. NO. 617. The members of this Lodge meet in their Lodge Room, on Regian street, on the 1st Thursday of every month, at 7.30 p.m. Brethren from other lodges are cordially invited to visit us whenever convenient.

DR. J. A. BURGESS.

SALESMEN WANTED.

To begin work at once on Sales for Fall of 1882, for the

FONTHILL NURSERIES.

THE LARGEST IN CANADA.

Head Office—Toronto, Ontario.
Branch Offices—Montreal, P. Q. & St. Paul, Minn.

NURSERIES—FONTHILL, ONTARIO.

We can start in addition to our already large force,

100 Additional Canvassers,

and want men who can give full time to the business. Steady employment and good salaries to successful men. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been. If you are willing to work your success is almost certain. The best of references required. Apply to STONE & WELLINGTON, Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE! ON *MILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS*

Terms to suit buyers.

16 GEORGE DRAPER

ORGANS AND PIANOS.

THE

DOMINION, THOMAS, POWELL, AND UXBRIDGE ORGANS.

THE

WEBER, FISHER, AND STEVENSON PIANOS.

ORGANS FROM $75 UPWARDS.

PIANOS FROM $260.

SHEET MUSIC!

Shaw's publications of Sheet Music, 50 per cent. less than ordinary retail price.

M. H. DOWD,
MAIN ST., PALMERSTON.
Next door to Anderson's Harness Emporium.

JOHN GABEL,

WALLACE STREET, OPPOSITE SCOTT'S BANKING HOUSE,

keeps one of the largest stocks of

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

of any retail house in Western Ontario.

IN FINE GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES

he invites comparison in variety, quality or price. All the latest designs in

GOLD CHAINS, NECKLACES, LOCKETS, RINGS, BRACELETS, SETS, ETC., ETC.

A great variety of Clocks, and all first-class value. Fine Walnut Clocks at very low figures.

SPECTACLES IN GOLD, SILVER AND STEEL FRAMES.

THE LARGEST STOCK OF SILVERWARE IN TOWN.

Engraving done free on all Silverware bought from us.

Our stock of Fancy Goods is very large, and contains all the latest novelties

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

SCHOOL BOOKS, POEMS, BIBLES, PRAYER AND HYMN BOOKS, WRITING PAPER, ENVELOPES ETC., ETC.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, VIOLIN STRINGS, &c.

REPAIRING—Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, &c., repaired promptly, and all work guaranteed

JOHN GABEL.

NEW ARRIVALS!

SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK

—OF—

DRY GOODS, TWEEDS, COTTONS, PRINTS, READY MADE CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS, &C.

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT

will always be found very complete.

TEAS AND COFFEES

at rock-bottom prices since the tariff has been taken off.

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE

HEAVY STOCKS AND LOWEST FIGURES. FLOUR, OATMEAL, CORNMEAL, &C SALT AND SHINGLES ALWAYS ON HAND.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

The largest stock in town, and the choicest brands. All kinds of produce taken. Goods delivered to any part of the town.

GEO. ZILLIAX.

Wallace Street, Listowel.

1882--STOVES & TINWARE--1882

JOHN SUTHERLAND

Takes pleasure in informing the public that he is in a better position than ever to supply them with

COOKING, HALL & PARLOR STOVES,

TINWARE OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,

LAMP GOODS. COAL OIL, ETC.,

having a much larger stock than heretofore, and having bought at prices which enable him to sell at very lowest figures. Remember the stand.

ONE DOOR WEST OF TATHAM & CO'S HARDWARE STORE.

TORONTO TEA STORE.

NEW MANAGEMENT.

The undersigned takes pleasure in informing the public that he has bought out the stock of

GROCERIES, TEAS, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE LIQUORS, &C., &C.

OF MESSRS. D. W. PALMER & CO

AT GREAT REDUCTION,

and is prepared to give bargains second to no other retail house in the trade; special attention is invited to my large

STOCK OF TEAS,

which I have marked down at very lowest figures. For quality and price, I defy competition in this line. The largest stock in town of

CANNED GOODS

25 CASES CANNED TOMATOES, TO BE SOLD AT COST.
10 CASES CANNED CORN, 100 PACKAGES SALMON TROUT,
50 PACKAGES WHITE FISH, 50 PACKAGES HERRING,
5 CRATES CROCKERY, IMPORTED FROM LIVERPOOL

ALL OF WHICH WILL BE SOLD CHEAP FOR CASH OR TRADE.

All goods delivered to any part of the town free of charge, and on the shortest notice soliciting a liberal share of public patronage.

ADAM DAVIDSON.

READ! READ!

E. GABEL,

LATE CUTTER FOR MR. JOHN RIGGS,

Takes pleasure in intimating to the citizens of Listowel and neighborhood that he has commenced business for himself, and has opened a

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

OVER J. C. BURT'S STORE,

MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL,

and all who wish to

SAVE MONEY,

at at the same time get their clothes made in

FIRST-CLASS STYLE,

and guaranteed to fit, are invited to leave their orders with him.

Special attention given to cutting suits. A call is respectfully solicited.

For stylish fit and low prices we will be found to be second to none.

16 E. GABEL.

MONTHLY CATTLE MARKET IN LISTOWEL. The next Cattle Fair in Listowel will be held on

Friday, Aug. 4th, 1882.

NORMAN'S Electric Belt Institution,

No. 4 Queen Street East, Toronto.

THERE IS NOTHING SO PERMANENTLY beneficial to the sufferer as Norman's Electro-Curative Belts, Bands and Insoles. They immediately relieve and permanently cure

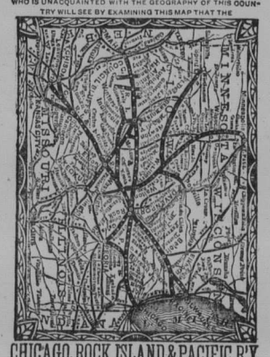
ASTHMA, LIVER COMPLAINT, LUMBAGO, NERVOUS DEBILITY, INDIGESTION, RHEUMATISM, SWELLINGS, INJURIES, NEURALGIA, ETC.,

And a host of troubles over which medicine has little or no control. Circulars and consultation free.

J. H. MICHENER, M. D., Druggist, &c. agent for Listowel. 3y

IA MAN

WHO IS UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THIS COUNTRY WILL SEE BY EXAMINING THIS MAP THAT THE



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

By the central position of its line, connects the East and the West by the shortest route, and carries passengers, without change of cars, between Chicago and Kansas City, Council Bluffs, Leavenworth, Atchison, Minneapolis and St. Paul. It connects in Union Depots with all the principal lines of road between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. Its equipment is unrivaled and magnificent, being composed of Most Comfortable and Beautiful Day Coaches, Magnificent Horton Reclining Chair Cars, Pullman's Prettiest Palace Sleeping Cars, and the Best Line of Dining Cars in the World. Three Trains between Chicago and Missouri River Points. Two Trains between Chicago and Minneapolis and St. Paul, via the Famous

"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

A New and Direct Line, via Seneca and Kankakee, has recently been opened between Richmond, Norfolk, Newport News, Chattanooga, Atlanta, Augusta, Nashville, Louisville, Lexington, Cincinnati, Indianapolis and Lafayette, and Omaha, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points.

All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

Tickets for sale at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada.

Baggage checked through and rates of fare always as low as competitors that offer less advantages.

For detailed information, get the Maps and Folders of the

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE,

At your nearest Ticket Office, or address

R. R. CABLE, Vice-Pres. & Gen'l M'g'r. E. ST. JOHN, Gen'l Tkt. & Pass. Agt.

CHICAGO.

USED ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA

—FOR—

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia

And for Purifying the Blood.

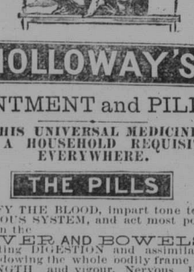
It has been in use for 20 years, and has proved to be the best preparation in the market for SICK HEADACHE, PAIN IN THE SIDE OR BACK, LIVER COMPLAINT, PIMPLES ON THE FACE, DYSPEPSIA, PILES, and all diseases that arise from a disordered Liver or impure blood. Thousands of our best people take it and give it to their children. Physicians prescribe it daily. Those who use it once recommend it to others.

It is made from Yellow Dock, Honduras Sarsaparilla, Wild Cherry, Stillingia, Dandelion, Sassafrass, Wintergreen, and other well known valuable Roots and Herbs. It is strictly vegetable and cannot hurt the most delicate constitution. It is one of the best medicines in use for Regulating the Bowels.

It is sold by all responsible druggists at one dollar for a quart bottle, or six bottles for five dollars.

Sold in Listowel by Dr. Michener. 6y.

Success the Best Test of Worth!



HOLLOWAY'S

OINTMENT and PILLS.

THIS UNIVERSAL MEDICINE IS A HOUSEHOLD REQUISITE EVERYWHERE.

THE PILLS

PURIFY THE BLOOD, impart tone to the NERVOUS SYSTEM, and act most powerfully on the

LIVER AND BOWELS,

promoting DIGESTION and assimilation, and endowing the whole bodily frame with STRENGTH and vigour. Nervous Headaches, Trembilings with Lassitude and GENERAL DEBILITY quickly yield to the potent force of these well-known Pills, and they are unrivalled in their efficacy in all

FEMALE COMPLAINTS

removing all obstructions, skin blemishes, pimples and boils, better than any other family medicine known.

THE OINTMENT

HAS A WORLD-WIDE REPUT