

What Northrop & Lyman's

A Miraculous Medicine.—Mr. J. H. CRAWFORD, St. Camille, writes: "Send me at once three dozen NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. It is a miraculous medicine and has performed great cures, testimonials of which we can give you."

Knows it is Good.—Mrs. C. JOHNSON, Melville, writes:—"I have great pleasure in recommending your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. I have used two bottles, and it completely cured me of a bad case of Dyspepsia. I also found it an excellent Blood Medicine, and sure cure for Kidney troubles."

The Best Medicine.—Mr. JNO. BLACKWELL, of the Bank of Commerce, Toronto, writes: "Having suffered for over four years from Dyspepsia and weak stomach, and having tried numerous remedies with but little effect, I was at last advised to give NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY

Vegetable Discovery

It Gives Strength.—Mr. J. S. DRIBBOLD, of Granite Hill, writes: "I have derived great benefit from the use of your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY. My appetite has returned, and I feel stronger."

A Pleasure to me.—Mr. L. N. BOURCIE, of Ripon, P.Q., writes: "It is with great pleasure I

If you are Despondent, Low-spirited, Irritable and Peevish, and unpleasant sensations are felt invariably after eating,

a trial. I did so, with a happy result, receiving great benefit from one bottle. I then tried a second and third bottle, and now I find my appetite so much restored and stomach strengthened, that I can partake of a hearty meal without any of the unpleasantness I formerly experienced. I consider

Was Done.

inform you that your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY cured me of Dyspepsia. I tried many remedies, but none had any effect on me until I came across NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY; one bottle relieved me, and a second completely cured me; you cannot recommend it too highly."

then get a bottle of NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, and it will give you relief. You have Dyspepsia. Mr. R. H. DAVSON, of St. Mary's, writes: "Four bottles of VEGETABLE DISCOVERY entirely cured me of Dyspepsia; mine was one of the worst cases. I now feel like a new man."

it the best medicine in the market for the stomach and system generally." Mr. G. TOLE, Druggist, Gravenhurst, Ont., writes: "My customers who have used NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY say that it has done them more good than anything they ever used."

LIFE OF MANSIE WAUCH.

CHAPTER VI.

PUSHING MY FORTUNE.

"Oh, love, love, lassie,
Love is like a dizziness;
It winna let a pair body
Gang about their business."

—JAMES HOGG.

The days of the years of my penitence having glided cannily over on the working-board of my respected maister, James Hogg, where I sat sewing cross-legged like a busy bee, in the true spirit of industrious contentment, I found myself at the end of the seven years so well instructed in the tailoring trade, to which I had paid a near-sighted attention, that, without more ado, I girt myself round about with a proud determination of at once cutting my mother's apron string, and venturing to go without a hold. "Thanks I to myself, 'faint heart never won fair lady,'" so, taking my stick in my hand, I set out towards Edinburgh, as brave as a Highlander, in search of a journeyman's place. When I think how many have been out of 'breed month after month, making vain application at the house of call, I may set it down to an especial Providence that I found a place, on the very first day, to my heart's content, in by at the Grass-market, where I stayed for the space of six calendar months.

Had it not been from a real sense of the duty I owed to my future employers, whomsoever they might be, in making myself a first-rate hand in the cutting, shaping and sewing line, I would not have found courage in my breast to have helped me out through such a long and dreary time. The change from our own town, where every face was friendly, and where I could ken every man I saw, by the cut of his coat, at half a mile's distance, to the hum and bustle of the High Street, the tremendous canons of the Castle, packed full of soldiers ready for war, and the filthy, ill-smelling abominations of the Cowgate, where I put up,

was almost more than could be hold to by man of woman born. My lodging was up six pair of stairs, in a room of Widow Randle's, which I rented for half-a-crown a week, coals included; and many a time, after putting out my candle, before stepping into my bed, I used to look out at the window, where I could see thousands and thousands of lamps, spreading for miles down streets and through squares, where I did not know a living soul; and dreading the awful and insignificant sense of being a lonely stranger in a foreign land. Then would the memory of past days return to me; yet I had the same trust in Heaven as I had before, seeing that they were the individual stars above my head which I used to glour up at in wonder at Dalkeith—pleasant Dalkeith! Ay, how different, with its bonny river Esk, its garden full of gooseberry bushes and pear-trees, its grass parks spotted with sheep, and its grand green woods, from the bullying blackguards, the comfortless reek, and the nasty gutters of the Netherbow.

To those, nevertheless, that take the world as they find it, there are pleasures in all situations; nor was mine, bad though I allow it to be, entirely destitute of them; for our work-room being at the top of the stairs, and the light of heaven coming down through skylights, three in number, we could, by putting out our heads, have a vizzey of the grand ancient building of George Heriot's Hospital, with the crowds of young laddies playing through the grass parks, with their bit brown coats, and shining leather caps, like a wheen puddocks; and all the sweet country out by Barrowmuirhead, and thereaway; together with the Corsorphine Hills—and the Braid Hills—and the Pentland Hills—and all the rest of the hills, covered here and there with tufts of blooming whins, as yellow as the beaten gold—spotted round about their bottoms with green trees, and growing corn, but with tops as bare as a gaberlunzie's coat—keeping the rowing clouds on their awful shoulders on cold and misty days; and freckled over with

the flowers of the purple heather, on which the shy moorfool take a delight to fatten and fill their craps, through the cosy months of the blythe summer-time.

Let nobody take it amiss, yet I must bear witness to the truth, though the devil should have me. My heart was seasick of Edinburgh folk and town manners, for the which I had no stomach. I could form no friendly acquaintanceship with a living soul; so I abode by myself, like St. John in the Isle of Patmos, on spare allowance, making a sheephead serve me for three days' kitchen. I longed like a sailor that has been far at sea, and wasted and weather-beaten, to see once more my native home; and bundling up, fee from the noisy stramash to the lone dykeside of domestic privacy. Everything around me seemed to smell of sin and pollution, like the garments of the Egyptians with the ten plagues; and often after I took off my clothes to lie down in my bed, when the watchman that guarded us through the night in blue dreadnaughts with red necks, and battons, and hornbouets, from thieves, murderers, and pickpockets, were bawling, "Half-past ten o'clock," did I commune with my own heart, and think within myself that I would rather be a sober, poor, honest man in the country, able to clear my day and way by the help of Providence, than the Provost himself, my lord though he be, or even the Mayor of London, with his velvet gown trailing for yards in the glare behind him—do what he likes to keep it up; or riding about the streets—as Joey Smith, the Yorkshire jockey, to whom I made a hunting-cap, told me—in a coach made of clear crystal, and wheels of the beaten gold.

(To be Continued.)

Dr. Carson's Bitters create appetite, cure dyspepsia, and banish biliousness. 64 doses, 50c.

Constipation poisons the blood. Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters cure constipation. 64 doses, 50c.