There is a Tide in the Affairs of Man which taken at the Flood leads on to Fortune.

We have Good Cause to Believe we have taken the Tide in our Affairs at its Flood.

We do not claim to be endowed with greater wisdom, or to have a keener insight into the future, but fortune and a singular combination of circumstances has favored us, and we have after much serious consideration placed all our orders for FALL GOODS much earlier than usual. The rapid advance in all classes of Merchandise has more than justified our action and now we find we have orders placed for Fall for Thousands of Pounds worth of Goods which if we had to buy today, we would have to pay from 20 to 25 per cent more for, you see that we will be able to sell our Goods at just about what buyers will have to pay, who have left off buying and not taken advantage of the low prices of Goods a month or six weeks back.

Two circumstances led to our placing our orders earlier than than usual. Our resident buyer Mr. D. Williamson, of Glasgow wrote us on different occasions throughout the months of March, April and May of the prospective rise in almost every line of Dry Goods, and urging us to send home our order as early as possible, we delayed as long as possible, as it is unsatisfactory placing orders too long ahead, unless in case of some very practical advantage, but when a particular friend of ours who buys for the American trade, wrote from London, Eng., urging us by all means to place our Orders at once we did so, and have ever since been congratulating ourselves on the fact.

We have not space to publish any letters in this issue but will do so later.

Unless Goods are bought right it is impossible to sell them right. With very few exceptions, ours are all direct from the manufacturer and remember BOUGHT BEFORE THE ADVANCE.

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J. D. Williamson & Co.

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Would call the attention of the Public to his fine selection of Goods of

Black and Colored Worsteds,
Scotch and English Tweeds,
Black and Fancy Pantings
and a fine line of Spring Overcoatings.

Coat makers Wanted. All Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

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The Red Flag, Corbet's Block

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Great Bargains in Hosiery,
Great Bargains in Gloves,
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Great Bargains in Towels.
Great Bargains in Towellings,
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Great Bargains in Underwear.
Great Bargains in Straw Hats.

Always Big Bargains at the Red Flag Bankrupt Stock Emporium.

D. H. MACDONALD.

N. B.—Be sure and get in the RED FLAG STORE.

H. MACDONALD,

Next to O'Brien & Keought's

Hot Weather will be with us in a Day or Two.

Ladies' Underwear in Gauze, Balbriggan and Silk, 20c, 25c. and up.

Men's Linen Underwear 20c, and 25c. up.

Keep your Eye on our Ladies' Straw Shapes at half price.

1,000 pairs Ladies' Black Cotton Hose, at 8c.—a Bargain.

AT

H. MACDONALD'S,

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THAT TERRIBLE PARESIS.

Are the Question People Becoming a Nation of Lunatics? The Rapidly Increasing of this most peculiar Insanity and how it is cured.

THE BRAIN (From a photograph)
In Healthy Condition. With Paresis Lesions.

There are many well known men confined in our Asylums who but a short time ago were prominent among our business and social circles.

Why are they there?

Paresis!

Did it come on at once?

Not at all. It was a gradual but positive growth. They overtaxed nature. The drain on their vitality, their nerve powers, their brain tissue, was too great, and they gradually but surely sank under it. The things they did to bring this sad end about are precisely the same things that are being done by thousands of men and women to-day. It is not necessary to name them. They all end disastrously unless checked or regulated.

Prof. Phelps, of Dartmouth College, knew this fully when he began his experiments which resulted in the discovery of the wonderful Paine's Celery Compound. He realized that paresis (consumption of the brain) was our great National weakness. He knew that the brain and nervous system must be fortified to meet the great strains which modern life bring upon it. He saw that men were becoming debilitated and women weakened by the pressure and demands of life, and he sought and discovered the remedy Paine's Celery Compound, if rightly taken, will renew the brain and build up nerve tissues as fast as they become exhausted. It is not a narcotic. It contains no drugs, no nostrums. It is perfectly pure. It is absolutely harmless. The high character of its discovers guarantees this, and the indorsement of the medical and chemical professions prove it.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

FOR THE Handkerchief, THE Toilet AND The Bath.

Beware of Counterfeits.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S

Florida Water.

The Universal Perfume.

PROF. GUSTIN,

The Great Magnetic Healer,

Possesses the power of diagnosing and curing the patient at a distance.

Prof. Gustin finding in the various criminals in the penitentiary the benefits to getting the professional visit at the Commercial Hotel for a few weeks longer, which the services can be had by those requiring them.

Residents in the city and country can verify to the wonderful cures and help received from Prof. Gustin's Magnetic Healing Powers of which names and testimonials of diseases helped and patients who have seen cancerous growths and walked from the office. All diseases cured by Magnetic influence. No medicine used.

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HORSES disposed of by parcel contracts. I am now prepared to undertake the removal of household furniture, pianos, &c., and goodness my baby, and upward, baggage at all the brackets. Orders left at Healey's Livery Stable, St. George's Square, or at Mackenzie's store, will be promptly attended to.

THOS. HEALEY.

The Millionaire's Ward

A LANCASHIRE STORY

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHAT MARK CROMPTON LEARNED, AND HOW HIS HOME HAPPILY REGAINED IMMEDIATE ASSENT.

Young Mr. Crompton, when he parted from Richard Buckley at the foot of the Blackstone Edge, apparently intended to drive direct to Manchester, but in reality he had a different purpose in his mind. Having arranged with Buckley as to Luke Booth, there had been nothing further to detain him at the gamekeeper's cottage, and he was anxious to get away, it being his wish to pay a visit to Joshua Greenhalgh at Todmorden. Mark felt that he could trust the shrewd manufacturer as he could himself, and it had occurred to him that Joshua being almost on the spot, he might assist Booth in case of need or danger.

With this idea in his mind the young man determined to drive over to Todmorden, and, it might be, stay the night with Mr. Greenhalgh—this latter contingency, however, to depend upon circumstances, and his own inclination later in the day. As to reaching Manchester he was in no particular hurry. If he arrived there any time during the evening day, it would be as early as he would be expected to return, either by his uncle or Frank Marsden, who had so kindly lent him the horse and gig.

Thus, at Littleborough, instead of turning homewards, he drove towards Todmorden, and reached Joshua Greenhalgh's mansion just as that gigantic specimen of manhood was about to enter it on his way home from the mill. Joshua worked hard whilst he was at it, as he had done all his life, but now that he had secured a competency, he did not make quite such long days as he had been wont to do in the times of his early struggles.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed Joshua, his honest face beaming with smiles and delight on seeing who was his visitor, "An' wha'd ha' thought to see yo', Mester Mark?"

"I was at Littleborough," replied Mark, with answering smile, "and made up my mind to call upon you."

"That's reet; an' I'm glad to see yo'," said Joshua. "Come your ways in."

"Hear—yo', Robin!" shouted the manufacturer at the top of his voice, and calling to a man who was about the stables. "Tak' this gentleman's horse and see as thee looks weel after it."

"I hope Mrs Greenhalgh is well?" said Mark, as they entered the house together.

"Hoo's gradely," replied Joshua, "an' hoo'll be wi' yo' soon, Mester Mark, if yo'll come in hour."

And Mr. Greenhalgh was leading the way to one of his grand sitting-rooms.

"No, no," said Mark, shaking his head and smiling; "I am going into the kitchen, if Mrs. Greenhalgh will permit me."

"Will yo' really neaw?" exclaimed Joshua, with a broad grin of pleasure. "Tha's wha' I co' hearty."

And away, with long strides, went Mr. Greenhalgh towards his favorite apartment, the front kitchen, in which he knew that preparations were already made for tea, and where he should find foal his long clay pipe resting against the fireplace, ready to be charged and smoked.

"Missus," he said, as his burly form filled up the doorway, "I've brought a gentleman to see yo'."

Mrs. Greenhalgh came forward to welcome their guest with quite as genuine hospitality in her heart as her husband, if in words less demonstrative. Mark was installed in the most comfortable chair in the kitchen, soft cushioned and low-armed, and as much was made of him by the worthy couple as if he had been their own son.

When tea was over—and such a tea as would have astonished a south countryman, unaccustomed to the ways and manner of living of north country folk—Joshua with the pride of ownership, invited Mark to inspect his mansion, inside and out. When this was ended, and the visitor had seen for himself that everything was as perfect in the house and its surroundings as money could effect, the two returned to the kitchen, where Mrs. Greenhalgh left them together over their pipes.

"Ha' yo' seen Luke Booth lately?" inquired Joshua.

"Yes," replied Mark, "only as late as this morning. To tell you the truth, friend Greenhalgh, he is the very man about whom I was going to speak to you.

"He's gotten into trouble again, I heer," remarked Joshua, "an' there's been some chaps lookin' after 'im i' Rochdale, and down heer Todmorden way."

"Indeed!" said Mark. "Do you mean, Mr. Greenhalgh, that the police have been inquiring after him?"

"Tha's just wha' I do mean, Mester Mark," replied Joshua; "an' if they git 'im I reckon they'll mak' it warm for lad."

"I fear they will," said young Crompton, more, it seemed, as a remark addressed to himself than to Joshua Greenhalgh.

But after a brief pause Mark proceeded to enlighten his host, so far as he himself knew the particulars, as to what had transpired in Manchester recently, and Booth's connection, innocent as it undoubtedly was, with the Chartist disturbances. Joshua had heard much of this before, but not the whole. He listened, however, as attentively as though it was entirely new to him. Mark then told the mere fact of his encounter with Booth on Ardwick Green two nights before, and his own share in emptying the factory operatives to escape from Manchester, and, further, where he had taken the Chartist that morning and left him.

"Blackstone Edge!" said Joshua, shaking his head gravely. "Tha's mean as mee as yo' reckon, Mester Mark. There's so few folk on the Edge tha' if a new chap shows his face, they mak' no end o' it. Fellin ha's been here for mee, an' if they ow aay reeds on 'im, it will go hard wi' Luke Booth. Happen he's a reet on Blackstone Edge, an' happen, eg'in, he's a' wrong."

"I hope, then, it may be all right," remarked Mr. Crompton, "for I should be sorry, indeed, if Booth were taken and imprisoned. He is a man, I those fifty millions, who, instead of endeavoring to foster sedition—as some people accuse him of—has done all in his power to induce the work people to keep within the bounds of the law. Knowing this, and thinking thus you shared my opinion, Mr. Greenhalgh, I have ventured to hope that, if you can help him in any way, you will. Being, as one may say, on the spot here, you may have opportunities which to me in Manchester would not occur."

Joshua nodded, and then puffed away at his pipe contemplatively, as it seemed, for opinions or at without speaking. The manufacturer, with all his shrewdness, was anything but quick at grasping an idea, and he was puzzling his brains how he could be of any service to Luke Booth, and through him other Mr. Crompton.

"I'll tell yo' wha', Mester Mark!" said Joshua, suddenly, his face brightening (as the idea occurred to him) "If he stops aboven heer, an' in Yorrk they'll ha' 'im for sartin sure. An' I've been thinkin' as best thing we can do is to send lad out o' th' country. I'll fetched his brass anyeen, and I heer there's work at Lake's trade for them as wants 'im."

"Best for him to emigrate," replied Mark. "Well, perhaps it would, Mr. Greenhalgh, if we could induce him to leave the country, for he will be no good here, after what has happened. As you say, too, there is work abroad for factory operatives—and Luke is an intelligent one. In America and other places I have heard such men can earn good wages; and as to the money which you have so kindly offered to provide, I can find that if he will go."

"Yo'll do aawt o' th' coart, lad," said Joshua, dogmatically. "I've gotten more brass i' th' stockin' foot than aw'm likely ever to know wha' to do wi', an' I'll mean begrudge to spend sum o' it ever Luke Booth, for he's some gradely good phoyan aboawt him."

"Well," replied Mark, smiling, "we will talk about this again before I leave." It had been arranged that Mr. Crompton should remain all night the guest of the hospitable manufacturer and his wife—"and perhaps you could contrive to go over to Blackstone Edge, and sound Luke as to whether he would emigrate?"

"Ay, surely, Mester Mark," said the manufacturer; and at the same time Joshua favoured his guest with a wink, which the latter, for a moment or two, was at a loss to understand. It was intended, however, Mark speedily discovered, to intimate that they were no longer alone, for Mrs. Greenhalgh had quietly seated herself, and was knitting away industriously.

Mr. Crompton now turned his attention to his hostess, and endeavored—and successfully—to amuse that lady. Manchester was a very gay and very grand town in Mrs. Greenhalgh's estimation, and as Mark could satisfy all her inquiries as to places and people about which and whom she was curious, the manufacturer's wife became so engrossed with the conversation that she actually forgot her counting with the knitting needles, and dropped the stitches as she was taking off the toe of a stocking intended for Joshua.

"You must not let me keep you out of bed beyond your usual time, Mrs. Greenhalgh," remarked the guest, as he noticed the good lady glance across more than once at her husband, who possibly not feeling much interest in Manchester and its doings, nodded palpably over his pipe.

"Bed!" exclaimed Joshua, suddenly aroused to wide awakedness by his guest's comment. "We're noan goin' to bed tell we ha' our bit supper."

Mrs. Greenhalgh supplemented her husband's words with an assurance that it was not yet their hour for retiring to rest. The supper was brought in, and it was fortunate for Mark Crompton that his digestion was excellent, and proof against indulgence, for the meal was quite as substantial as had been the tea, and, moreover, it was useless to refuse Joshua's profuse hospitality.

Richard Buckley and Luke Booth, the brother Chartists, when the former returned to his cottage, after accompanying Mr. Crompton to the Moor Cock, soon become intimately acquainted. They had much in common to talk about, being both natives of that part of Lancashire, and being men of about the same age. But the strongest link between them was that they were earnest members of that political organization then creating such a sensation throughout the country.

Buckley, from his isolated life, knew little of what was going on, excepting from hearsay, and this picked up at the White House, or the Moor Cock, or in an odd visit, at rare intervals, to Todmorden or Rochdale. Now, his guest, a well informed man, and thoroughly at home in all connected with the Chartist movement, could enlighten the gamekeeper, and make clear many things which hitherto had been something of a mystery.

Thus the two men sat talking until it was tea time; and after the meal was consumed the conversation was resumed until the shadows falling through the cottage windows announced that night was fast approaching. It was still quite light, however, when the keeper went out to look about him—a habit which had grown upon Buckley—as it was not his intention to go abroad that night, as occasionally happened.

The sun had already set, but the sky was gorgeous with brilliant coloring, whilst a soft haze which hung over the wide expanse of Blackstone Edge gave to the landscape a peculiar charm. It was a familiar scene of beauty to Buckley, but it was not the less attractive, and he was about to call forth his guest that he also might enjoy the loveliness of the night and the picturesque surroundings of the cottage, when he was startled by something which suddenly caught the eye.

A couple of hundred yards or so away were two men, not standing, but seated upon the ground, and from their position not likely to be observed but by a very keen sight. Buckley, however, was one of those whose vision was like that of a hawk, and he could not only make out the figures distinctly, but see that the two were strangers to the Edge. What was more, they evidently were watching his cottage, for their heads were turned in its direction, and one of the men was shading his eyes with his hand from the red glare in the western sky.

The gamekeeper's suspicions were instantly raised that these men were not concerning themselves with his affairs, but were inquisitive as to his lodger; or, in other words, that they were either spies or police officers in plain clothes. But quickly as he came to this conclusion, he made no undue haste to return indoors—in fact, lingering longer than he might have done but for discovering these people in the vicinity of his house.

However, when he did enter his cottage, he not only closed the door—which was unusual when the weather was warm—but fastened it with lock and bolt. And yet he realized, whilst he was doing this, that if the two men he had seen were officers of the law, and were after his lodger, securing the door against them was useless unless he was prepared to jeopardize his own future safety by offering violence in defence of his guest. Perhaps it was this idea that was floating through his brain which gave Richard Buckley the air of a man startled or betraying anxiety, and which caused Luke Booth to look up, and glance sharply at his host.

As the factory operative did this, the eyes of the two men met, and Buckley made a sign for Booth to follow him into the adjoining bedroom, in which the gamekeeper knew that the blind was drawn down. There they could talk undisturbed, should anyone be hanging about the cottage, for it occurred to the keeper that the two men he had seen, if they were what he suspected, might have others at hand to aid them.

In a half whispering voice, and in as few words as possible, Richard Buckley made his new friend acquainted with what he had just seen, and his suspicions regarding the men. Then Luke Booth remembered the interview Mr. Crompton and he had encountered just as they arrived at the gamekeeper's cottage in the morning, and he told Buckley of this circumstance, and of the idea which had occurred to both of them at the time that there was something suspicious about this person, and the way he looked at them as he passed.

Then Booth, who seemed to have agreat dread of being arrested, inquired anxiously from the keeper whether there was any chance of concealment about the cottage to which he could be hidden away. The keeper shook his head, but appeared to be thinking on something that was on his mind. After a brief pause, he intimated that he knew of a spot, providing they could leave the cottage unobserved, to which he believed Booth might hide until a safer place might be found for him; but the difficulty was to get away from the house without being seen. Moreover, as he told his guest, it was the only place he could think of, and they must run the risk as soon as it was dark enough to make the attempt, providing, of course, that they were left undisturbed meanwhile.

As yet, Buckley was pretty certain that these men, whoever they might be, had not approached much nearer to the cottage than they were when they saw them, for had they done so, he believed his dogs would have given tongue. Possibly they were waiting for night to set in, or it might be, presuming they were police constables, for a person higher in authority than themselves to arrive.

The half hour which elapsed after Richard Buckley had come to the decision) do his best to prevent the arrest of Booth was a dreary time of waiting to both men, while each listened anxiously for any sound which might indicate that people were about the cottage; but the dogs lay quietly on the hearth, and so far all remained quiet.

The dusk of evening increased, and at length it became nearly dark within the room, for the fire, which Buckley generally kept burning, had been allowed to die down within the grate. In this interval the keeper had sat in his usual place, within full view of the window, whilst Luke Booth had stood where he could not be seen from without; but now the former, drawing down the blind and lighting a candle, placed it on a small table close by the window, where its full light would be thrown without.

Then quickly he wrapt up some cooked food, and this, with a small lantern, which already contained a candle, he gave to Booth, at the same time making a short whispered communication to him. Next he unbolted the front door of the cottage, and removed the key out of the lock, placing it in his pocket. This was done almost noiselessly, and then he took his gun from the corner—the one which had been a present from young Mareden and Mark Crompton—grasping the piece perhaps tighter than was his wont, and with a hard determined look upon his face. Finally he made a sign to one of the dogs to lie down again, both animals having sprung up as they saw indications of their master being about to go forth.

Now seemingly had come the most critical moment of all, for Richard Buckley drew a deep breath as he commenced to unfasten the back door of the house. This was secured only by a lock, and he turned the key as slowly and carefully as he could, and then, opening the door, rushed Booth out before him, and stepped without, one of the dogs being close at his heels. We must explain, for the information of the reader, that from position of the house, this back entrance was hidden from the view of the men, who the keeper believed to be watching—that is, providing they were in the same spot in which he had last seen them, whilst abutting on it was his hen roost, and, at the end of the cottage, the shed or stable.

Looking the door as carefully as he had unlocked it, the gamekeeper made a sign to the dog that had followed him out, which the intelligent animal seemed fully to understand, for he lay down on the doorstep. The next moment Richard Buckley, with his gun resting on his arm, walked boldly out, Booth, by prearrangement, followed so closely in his companion's footsteps that he nearly touched him, and thus in the semi darkness they might have appeared to any watchers in the distance as one man instead of two.

Their progress was not at all hurried at first, but when they had got some two hundred yards from the cottage, the keeper said, "Neaw, then, yo' keep close Booth," and started off at a run. In this way they might have covered half a mile, when Buckly halted and listened. Apparently reassured, he put his fingers to his mouth and gave a shrill whistle. Then the two again proceeded, but at a more moderate pace; for seemingly there was no path to guide the leader, and the ground was marshy and dangerous in the dark.

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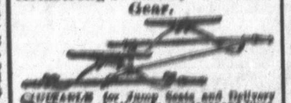

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