"PATIENCE" PARODIED.

If you want a receipt for that ogre of mystery
Known to the world as "a Grit," very soon,
(*Chorus of Listeners*)—Yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes!
I'll recount the ingredients, founded on history,
And rattle them off to a popular tune,
(*Chorus of Listeners*)—Yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes!
The "Party of Purity," schemes of Mackenzie.
Muddles of Cartwright, devising a plan
Of financial fizzle and workingman frenzy;
Blake and his sophistry (he wants a trepan.)
The chatter of Charlton, who weeps o'er the Syndicate.
Candy of Patterson, eat it who can,
Paradoxical Campbell opposing the "Policy,"
Tho' he knows that its measures have made him a man.
The swagger of Walker, invested with bribery.
Essence of *Globe* and all its old scribery;
Emphatic Oliver—all cry and little wool—
Hardy and Crooks, of fish a whole kettle full;
Mills and McMurrich, and Comedy Joe,
Falsehood and libel, debasing and low.
(*Chorus of Listeners*)—Yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes! yes!
Take of these elements all that is fusible,
Melt 'em all down in a pipkin or crucible,
And a rouge rabit Grit is the residuum.

PITCHERY-BIDGERY.

The Turning of the Long, Long Lane.

BY MONSIEUR DEMOULIN.

"They all got sick at last, and as they had no one to nurse them, I very considerately sent them all to the almshouse, where they got good beds, good attendance, and plenty to eat and drink. No matter what I did for them, they abused me. They reviled me for sending them to a comfortable home, and old Brandy was the worst of all. I used to go and visit them two or three times a day, and he always cursed me. Old Brandy did get awfully profane, that's a fact. The reason was his infernal pride. Look at me, now! I'm not proud. Put me in the almshouse, and would I curse you? I hope not."

"At last old Brandy died, and of course I had to look out for the family. They seemed thrown on my hands, you know, and I was too good natured to let them suffer, although they treated me so abominably. The best thing I could think of was to ship them all off to America, where they could all get rich. So I took them te Liverpool."

"Did they want to go?"

"They didn't seem to have an idea in their heads. They looked and acted just like three born fools."

"Strange!"

"I let a friend of mine see about them, as I had considerable to do, and he got them a passage."

"I suppose you paid their way out."

"I did, sir," said Potts, with an air of munificence; "but, between you and me, it didn't cost much."

"I should think it must have cost a considerable sum."

"Oh no! Clark saw to that. Clark got them places as steerage passengers."

"Young Brandon told me once that he came out as cabin passenger."

"That's his cursed pride. He went out in the steerage, and a devilish hard time he had too."

"Why?"

"Oh, he was a little crowded, I think! There were six hundred emigrants on board the Tecumseh—"

"The what?"

"The Tecumseh. Clark did that business neatly. Each passenger had to take his own provisions, so he supplied them with a lot. Now what do you think he gave them?"

"I can't imagine."

"He bought them some damaged bread at one quarter the usual price. It was all mouldy, you know, said Potts, trying to make Brandon see the joke. "I declare Clerk and I roared over it for a couple of months, thinking how surprised they must have been when they sat down to eat their first dinner."

"That was very neat," rejoined Brandon.

"They were all sick when they left," said Potts; "But before they got to Quebec they were sicker, I'll bet."

"Why so?"

"Did you ever hear of ship-fever?" said Potts, in a low voice which sent a sharp thrill through every fibre of Brandon's being. He could only nod his head.

"Well, the Tecumseh, with her six hundred passengers, afforded an uncommon fine field for ship fever. That's what I was going to observe. They had a great time at Quebec last summer; but it was unanimously voted that the Tecumseh was the worst ship of the lot. I sent out an agent to see what had become of my three friends, and he came back and told me all. He said that about four hundred of the Tecumseh's passengers died during the voyage, and ever so many after landing. He obtained a list of the dead from the quarantine records, and among them were those of these three youthful Brandons. Yes, they joined old Cognac pretty soon—lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death not divided. But this young devil that you speak of must have escaped. I dare say he did, for the confusion was awful."

"But couldn't there have been another son?"

"Oh no. There was another son, the eldest, the worst of the whole lot, so infernally bad that even old Brandy himself couldn't stand it, but packed him off to Botany Bay. It's well he went on his own accord, for if he hadn't the law would have sent him there at last, transported for life."

"Perhaps this man is the same one."

"Oh no. The eldest Brandy is dead."

"Are you sure?"

"Certain—best authority. A business friend of mine was in the same ship with him. He fell overboard and my friend saw him drown. It was in the Indian Ocean."

"When was that?"

"Last September."

"Oh, then this one must be the other of course!"

"No doubt of that, I think," said Potts, cheerfully.

Brandon rose. "I feel much obliged, Sir John," said he, stiffly, and with his usual nasal tone, "for your kindness. This is just what I want. I'll put a stop to my young man's game. It's worth coming to England to find out this."

"Well, when you walk him out of your office, give him my respects and tell him I'd be very happy to see him. For I would you know. I really would."

"I'll tell him so," said Brandon, "and if he is alive, perhaps he'll come here."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Potts.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Brandon, and pretending not to see Potts' outstretched hand, he bowed and left. He walked rapidly down the avenue. He felt satisfied. The horrors that had been revealed to him had been but in part anticipated. Could there be anything worse?

He left the gates and walked quickly away, he knew not where. Turning into a by-path he went up a hill and finally sat down. Brandon Hall lay not far away. In front was the village and the sea beyond it. All the time there was but one train of thoughts in his mind. His wrongs took shape and framed themselves into a few sharply defined ideas. He muttered to himself over and over the things that were in his mind: "Myself disinherited and exiled! My father ruined and broken hearted! My father killed! My mother, brother and sister banished, starved and and murdered!"

He, too, as far as Pottss' will was concerned, had been slain. He was alone and had no hope that any of his family could survive. Now, as he sat there alone he needed to make his plans for the future. One thing stood out prominently before him, which was that he must go immediately to Quebec to find out finally and absolutely the fate of his family.

Then could anything else be done in England? He thought over the names of those who had been the most intimate friends of his father—Thornton, Langhetti, Despard. Thornton had neglected his father in his hour of need. He had merely sent a clerk to make enquiries after all was over. The elder Langhetti, Brandon knew, was dead. Where were the others? None of them, at any rate, had interfered.

There remained the family of Despard Brandon was aware that the Colonel had a brother in the army, but where he was he knew not nor did he care. If he chose to look in the army register he might very easily find out; but why should he? He had never known or heard much of him in any way.

There remained Courtenay Despard, the son of Lionel, he to whom the MS. of the dead might be considered after all as chiefly devolving. Of him Brandon knew absolutely nothing, nor even whether he was alive or dead.

For a time he discussed the question in his mind whether it might not be well to seek him out so as to show him his father's fate and gain his co operation. But after a few moments consideration he dismissed this thought. Why should he seek his help? Courtenay Despard, if alive, might be very unfit for the purpose. He might be timid, or indifferent, or dull, or indolent. Why make any advances to one whom he did not know? Afterward it might be well to find him, and see what might be done with or through him; but as yet there could be no reason whatever why he should take up his time in searching for him or in winning his confidence.

The end of all was that he concluded whatever he did to do it by himself, with no human being as his confidant.

Only one or two persons in all the world knew that he was alive, and they were not capable, under any circumstances, of betraying him. And where now was Beatrice? In the power of this man whom Brandon had just left. Had she seen him as he came and went? Had she heard his voice as he spoke in that assumed tone? But Brandon found it necessary to crush down all thoughts of her.

One thing gave him profound satisfaction, and this was that Potts did not suspect him for an instant. And now how could he deal with Potts? The man had become wealthy and powerful. To cope with him needed wealth and power. How could Brandon obtain these? At the utmost he could only count upon the fifteen thousand pounds which Compton would remit. This would be as nothing to help him against his enemy. He had written to Compton that he had fallen overboard and been picked up, and had told the same to the London agent under the strictest secrecy, so as to be able to get the money which he needed. Yet after he got it all, what would be the benefit? First of all, wealth was necessary.

Now more than ever there came to his mind the ancestral letter which his father had inclosed to him—the message from old Ralph Brandon in the treasure ship. It was a wild mad hope; but was it unattainable? This he felt was now the one object that lay before him; this must first be sought after, and nothing else could be attempted or even thought of till it had been tried. If he failed, then other things might be considered.

Sitting there on his lonely height, in sight of his ancestral home, he took out his father's last letter and read it again, after which he once more read the old message from the treasure-ship:

"One league due northe of a smalle Islet northe of ye Islet of Santa Cruz northe of San Salvador——I Ralphe Brandon in my shippe Pheenix am becalmed and surrounded by a Spanish fleete——My shippe is filled with spoyle the Plunder of III galleons——wealthe wh maybite purchasse a kyngdom—tresure equalle to an Empyr's revenue——Gold and jeweles in countless store——and God forbydde that it shall falle into ye hands af ye Enemye——I therefore Ralphe Brandon out of mine owne good wyl and intente and that of all my men sink this shippe rather than be taken alyve——I send this by my trusty seaman Peter Logit who with IX others toide off by lot will trye to escape in ye Boate by nighte——If this cometh haply into ye hands of my sonne Philip let him herebye know that in this place is all this tresure——wh haply may yet be gathered from ye sea——ye Islet is knowne by III rockes that be pushed up like III needles from ye sande

"Ralphe Brandon."

Five days afterward Brandon, with his Hindu servant, was sailing out of the Mersey river on his way to Quebec.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

It was early in the month of August when Brandon visited the quarantine station at Gosse Island, Quebec. A low, wooden building stood near the landing, with a sign over the door containing only the word "OFFICE." To this building Brandon directed his steps. On entering he saw only one clerk there.

"Are you the superintendent?" he asked, bowing courteously.

"No," said the clerk. "He is in Quebec just now."

"Perhaps you can give me the information that I want."

"What is it?"

"I have been sent to enquire after some passengers that came out here last year."

"Oh, yes, I can tell you all that can be told," said the clerk readily. "We have the registration books here, and you are at liberty to look up any names you wish. Step this way, please." And he led the way to an inner office.

"What year did they come out in?" asked the clerk.

"Last year."

"Last year—an awful year to look up, 1847—yes, here is the book for that year—a year which you are aware was an unparalleled one."

"I have heard so."

"Do you know the name of the ship?"

"The Tecumseh."

"The Tecumseh!" exclaimed the clerk, with a startled look. "That's an awful name in our records. I am sorry you have not another name to examine, for the Tecumseh was the worst of all."

Brandon bowed.

"The Tecumseh," continued the clerk, turning over the leaves of the book as it lay on the desk. "The Tecumseh, from Liverpool, sailed June 2, arrived August 16. Here you see the names of those who died at sea, copied from the ship's books, and those who died on shore. It is a frightful mortality. Would you like to look over the list?"

Brandon bowed and advanced to the desk.

"The deaths on board the ship show whether they were seamen or passengers, and the passengers are marked as cabin and steerage. But after landing it was impossible to keep an account of classes."

Brandon carefully ran his eye down the long list and read each name. Those for which he looked did not appear. At last he came to the list of those who died on shore. After reading a few minutes his eye was arrested by one—

"Brandon, Elizabeth."

It was his mother. He read on. He soon came to another.

"Brandon, Edith. It was his sister.

Do you find any of the names?" asked the clerk, seeing Brandon turn his head.

"Yes," said Brandon; "this is one," and he pointed to the last name. "But I see a mark opposite that name. "What is it? B and A. What is the meaning?"

"Is that party a relative of yours?"

"No," said Brandon.

"You don't mind hearing something horrible then?"

"No."

The clerk drew a long breath.

"Well, sir, those letters were written by the late superintendent. The poor man is now lunatic. He was here last year.

"You see this is how it was: The ship fever broke out. The number of sick was awful, and there were no preparations for them here. The disease in some respects was worse than cholera. Very many died from lack of nursing. But the worst feature of the whole thing was the hurried burials.

"I was not here last year, and all who were here then have left. But I've heard enough to make me sick with horror. You perhaps are aware that in this ship fever there sometimes occurs a total loss of sense which is apt to be mistaken for death?"

The clerk paused. Brandon regarded him steadily for a moment. Then he turned, and looked earnestly at the book.

"The burials were very hastily made."

"Well?"

"And it is now believed that some were buried in a state of trance."

"Buried alive?"

"Buried alive!"

There was a long silence. Brandon's eyes were fixed on the book. At last he pointed to the name of Edith Brandon.

"Then, I suppose," he said in a steady voice, which, however, was in a changed key, "these letters B and A are intended to mean something of that description?"

"Something of that sort," replied the clerk.

Brandon drew a long breath.

"But there is no certainty about it in this particular case. I will tell you how these marks happened to be made. The clerk that was here last told me.

"One morning, according to him, the superintendent came in, looking very much excited and altered. He went to this book, where the entries of burials had been made on the preceding evening. This name was third from the last. Twelve had been buried. He penciled these letters there and left. People did not notice him; everybody was sick or busy. At last in the evening of the next day, when they were to bury a new lot, they found the superintendent digging at the third from the last. They tried to stop him, but he shouted and moaned 'Buried alive!' 'Buried alive!' In fact they saw that he was crazy, and had to confine him at once."

"Did they examine the grave?"

"Yes. The woman told my predecessor that she and her husband—who did the burying—had examined it, and found the body not only dead, but corrupt. So there's no doubt of it. That party must have been dead at any rate."

"Who was the woman?"

"An old woman that laid them out. She and her husband buried them."

"Where is she now?"

"I don't know."

"Does she not stay here yet?"

"No. She left here last year."

"What became of the superintendent?"

"He was taken home, but grew no better. At last he had to be taken to an asylum. Some examination was made by the authorities, but nothing ever came of it. The papers made no mention of the affair, and it was hushed up."

Brandon read on. At last he came to another name. It was simply this: "Brandon." There was a slight movement on the clerk's part as Brandon came to this name. "There is no Christian name here," said Brandon. I suppose they do not know it."

"Well," said the clerk, "there's something peculiar about that. The former clerk never mentioned it to anybody but me. That man did die at all."

"What do you mean?" said Brandon, who could scarcely speak for the tremendous struggle between hope and despair that was going on within him.

"It's a false entry."

"How?"

"The superintendent wrote that. See the handwriting is different from the others. One is that of the clerk who made all these entries; the other is the superintendent's."

Brandon looked and saw that this was the case.

"What was the cause of that."

"The clerk told me that after making these next fifteen entries of buried parties—buried that evening after these last twelve—he went away to see about something. When he came back next morning the name was written in the superintendent's hand. He did not know what to think of it, so he concluded to ask the superintendent; but in the course of the day he heard that he was mad and in confinement, as I have told you."

"Then you mean that this is not an entry of death at all."

"Yes, the fact is, the superintendent for some reason got it into his head that this Brandon"—and he pointed to Edith's name—"had been buried alive. He brooded over the name, and among other things wrote it down here at the end of the list for the day. That's the way in which my predecessor accounted for it."

"It is a very natural one," said Brandon.

"Quite so. The clerk let it stand. You see, if he had erased it, he might have been overhauled, and there would have been a committee. He was afraid of that; so he thought it better to say nothing about it. He wouldn't have told me only he said that a party came here once for a list of all the dead of the Tecumseh, and he copied all out including this doubtful one. He thought that he had done wrong, and therefore told me, so that if any particular enquiries were made I might know what to say."

"Are there many mistakes in these records?"

"I dare say there are a good many in the list for 1846. There was so much confusion that the names got changed, and people died whose names could only be conjectured by knowing who had recovered. As some of those that recovered or had not been sick slipped away secretly, of course there was inaccuracy."

Brandon had nothing more to say. He thanked the clerk and departed.

There was a faint hope, then, that Frank might yet be alive. On his way up he decided what to do. As soon as he arrived he inserted an advertisement in the chief papers to the following effect:

NOTICE.

INFORMATION of any one of the name of "Brandon," who came out in the ship Tecumseh in 1846 from Liverpool to Quebec, is earnestly desired by friends of the family. A liberal reward will be given to any one who can give the above information. Apply to

HENRY PETERS, 22 Place d'Armes.

Brandon waited in Quebec six weeks without any result. He then went to Montreal and inserted the same notice in the papers there, and in other towns in Canada, giving his Montreal address. After waiting five or six weeks in Montreal he went to Toronto, and advertised again, giving his new address. He waited there some time, till at length the month of November began to draw to a close. Not yet despondent he began to form a plan for advertising in every city of the United States.

Meanwhile he had received many communications, all of which, however, were made with the vague hope of getting a reward. None were at all reliable. At length he thought that it was useless to wait any longer in Canada, and concluded to go to New York as a centre of action.

He arrived in New York at the end of December, and immediately began to insert his notices in all parts of the country, giving his address at the Astor House.

One day, as he came in from the street, he was informed that there was some one in his room who wished to see him. He went up calmly, thinking that it was some new person with intelligence.

On entering the room he saw a man standing by the window, in shirt-sleeves, dressed in coarse clothes. The man was very tall, broad shouldered, with large, Roman features, and heavy beard and mustache. His face was marked by profound dejection, he looked like one whose whole life had been one long misfortune. Louis Brandon had never seen any face which bore so deep an impress of suffering.

The stranger turned as he came in and looked at him with his sad eyes earnestly.

"Sir," said he, in a voice which thrilled through Brandon, "are you Henry Peters?"

A strange feeling passed over Brandon. He stepped forward.

"Frank?" he cried, in a broken voice.

"Merciful Heavens!" cried the other. "Have you too come up from the dead? Louis!"

In this meeting between the two brothers, after so many eventful years of separation, each had much to tell. Each had a story so marvelous that the other might have doubted it, had not the marvels of his own experience been equally great. Frank's story, however, is the only one the reader will care to hear, and that must be reserved for another chapter.

TO BE CONTINUED.

$100 REWARD.

Is offered for any case of Catarrh that can't be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. Price 75 cents. Sold by J. A. Hacking.

Laid on the Shelf.

Mr. Thos. Claydon, Shelburne, Ont. writes: "I have been suffering with a lame back for the past thirty years, and tried everything I heard of without success. Not long ago I was persuaded to use St. Sacobs Oil. I purchased a bottle, and, strange to say, before I used it all, I was perfectly cured. I can confidently recommend it any one afflicted. No one can speak too highly of its merits." Mr. W. E. Weeckley, also of Shelbourne, thus mentions a matter of his experience: "I have been a sufferer with rheumatism for years. I was laid up with a severe attack a short time ago, and I can truly say that St Jacobs Oil produced the quickest relief that I ever experienced. I cheerfully recommend it to every sufferer.

The Doctor's Last Happy Resort.

EVANSVILLE, Ind., Jan. 11, 1882.

I recently had a very difficult case of Consumption. I treated it in the most scientific manner possible, but to no effect; patient grew gradually worse. Rather than give up, and as a last resort, I decided, much against my wish, to use a remedy that had cured one of my former patients. Greatly to my surprise, the patient began to gain, and in a much shorter time than I dared to ever expect, she was completely cured. The name of this remarkable remedy is Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. I now use it altogether in my practice.—*Leading M. D., Evansville.* Trial bottles free at Michener's Drug Store. Large size $1.00.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Though it is impossible, in this climate of changing temperature, to prevent ill-health altogether, yet its form and frequency may be much mitigated by the early adoption of remedial measures. When hoarseness, cough, thick breathing, and the attending slight fever indicate irritation of the throat or chest, Holloway's Ointment should be rubbed upon these parts without delay, and his Pills taken in appropriate doses, to promote its curative action. No catarrhs or sore throats can resist these remedies. Printed directions envelope every package of Holloway's medicaments, which are suited to all ages and conditions, and to every ordinary disease to which humanity is liable.

Bucklen'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 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'k 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.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.—iy.

"Twenty-four Years' Experience."

says an eminent physician, convinces me that the only way to cure nervous prostration, 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.

TOWN OF LISTOWEL

NOTICE.

The electors are hereby notified that

A PUBLIC MEETING

WILL BE HELD

IN COLLISON'S HALL,

ON FRIDAY, JUNE 16, 1882.

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, NOON,

For the nomination of a Councillor for the West Ward, in place of E. B. Sutherland, removed.

Should a poll be found necessary, it will be held in the above-mentioned place on Friday, June 23rd, commencing at the hour of 9 o'clock a. m. and continue open till 5 o'clock p. m., and no longer.

Wm. Bright, Returning Officer for the West Ward.

All of which particulars the electors will take notice of and govern themselves accordingly.

WILLIAM BRIGHT.
Town Clerk.

Listowel, June 6th, 1882. 23b

TOWNSHIP OF ELMA.

TENDERS WANTED.

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned up to one o'clock on

SATURDAY, JUNE 17TH,

FOR THE

Erection of a New Bridge

on the Maitland opposite lot 16, con. 13, Elma, contractor to furnish everything necessary. Plans and specifications can be seen at Clerk's office, Newry. Also tenders for the putting on of say

850 YARDS OF GRAVEL

on Elma gravel road, 500 yds between Listowel boundary and 19th con.; 350 yds between 10th con. and Monckton. Gravel to be furnished by Township out of Mitchell's, Twamley's, rubber's or McCormick's pits 10th con pit and Dineham's pit; gravel from McCormick's or Grubbers' to be taken two miles north of 8th con., and south as far as Hall road, out of 10th con. put as far south as Maitland. The Council will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender. By order of Council of Elma

THOS. FULLARTON,
Newry, June 1st 1882. 22b Clerk.

HURRAH FOR MANITOBA!

WM. WELCH

Takes pleasure in informing the public in general, and parties about leaving for the Northwest in particular, that he has just received his

SPRING STOCK

—OF—

BOOTS & SHOES,

comprising a large variety of Men's, Women's and Children's wear, of first-class quality and which he will sell at astonishingly low figures for cash.

SPECIAL ATTENTION

—GIVEN TO—

ORDERED WORK.

The best material used, and none but experienced workmen employed. Good fit guaranteed or no sale. Repairing promptly attended to.

Trunks and Valises at Cost,

Splendid chance for parties going to Manitoba.

Sign of the White Boot, opposite Tatham's Hardware, Main Street.

WM. WELCH.

ST JACOBS OIL

TRADE MARK.

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, Copyrights, 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,

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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, Nervous 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 50cts. 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. 45y

I. 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.

HAGYARD'S PECTORAL BALSAM CURES COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, ETC.

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 STREET

Terms to suit buyers.

GEORGE DRAPER

10.

TWO HOUSES AND LOTS FOR SALE.

A two story frame house, 18 x 26, good cellar and well in connection, also a piece of ground containing ¾ of an acre; a young orchard commencing to bear; a good frame stable and driving house; school on adjoining lot; within ¼ of a mile of railway station. Also a one story frame house, 18 by 24, and lot containing ¾ of an acre, adjoining previous lot. Will be sold together or separately. For further particulars apply to owner W. COGHLIN.

15. Britton's Corners.

NEW ARRIVALS!

SPRING AND SUMMER STOCK

—OF—

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

—:o:—

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, OATMMAL, 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.

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

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.

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NO SPECULATION ABOUT THE FACT THAT THE

THOMAS ORGANS

ARE EQUAL TO ANY MADE AND

SECOND TO NONE!

Having received the highest honors at the Provincial Exhibition, 1881, pronounced by the judges to be

UNEQUALLED FOR TONE AND WORKMANSHIP.

To show that we have confidence in these organs we are willing to place them side by side with any maker and let disinterested judges pronounce upon their merits.

THE CASE OF THESE ORGANS IS MADE OF THOROUGHLY SEASONED WALNUT, AND IS FURNISHED WITH IVORY KEYES AND FIRST CLASS ACTIONS

Each instrument is accompanied by the following guarantee.

GUARANTEE:

That Organ No....., manufactured by E. G. THOMAS, is a first-class instrument in every respect, made from the best material and finished in the most workmanlike manner, and I hereby warrant said Instrument for a period of SIX YEARS against failure of any part, except such as may be caused by accident, misuse or neglect; and should such Organ fail to give satisfaction as above stated, I bind myself to make it good, or exchange it for a new one of the same value within the time stated.

E. G. THOMAS.

The undersigned having secured the control of the above Organ in this county, I would respectfully direct the attention of those about to purchase an instrument, to the fact that he can furnish them with a first-class Organ or Piano for less money than any other agent or dealer. I am not selling on commission. I buy my Organs at as reasonable rates as any dealer can buy a first-class instrument, (I can myself buy cheaper organs, but not so good an article) and my expenses being less than those of a dealer who has large rent, coal and gas bills to pay, I am enabled to sell at rates which they cannot touch. As to prices, I will furnish you with a No. 1 Organ, 7 stops, having grand organ and swell levers, for the small sum of $75, and other styles at equally low rates. But as I wish to introduce these instruments, I will make a reduction of five dollars to parties who will take the trouble to come to Burns and examine not only the new instruments, but also old ones, some of which have been in constant use for five years.

ONE PRICE.

We have only one price. We do not ask $30 or $40 more than we will actually take for an instrument. Should an agent call on you or quote prices write us the style or name of instrument, say nothing of his prices, and we will quote our rates. It will pay you to write me whether you buy from me or not.

☞CATALOGUES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.☜

PURCHASING AND SALE AGENCY.

I also desire to inform farmers and others that in consideration of a small fee I am prepared to purchase implements &c., from any maker they may desire at wholesale rates.

FOR SALE—BLACKSMITH SHOP.—I have been instructed by Mr. Thos. Ferguson to offer for sale his shop and business in the village of Burns, (there is not a better country stand in the county) or Perth, with one acre of land, a good house with dry cellar, hard and soft water, good stable and driving house, two forges in shop. Terms reasonable. Apply at once to

M. H. DOWD,
PALMERSTON.

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

Friday, July 7th, 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

A MAP

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. Ag't, 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, Hondras 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. 43F.

Sold in Listowel by Dr. Michener.