

to into society while attending closely to business at the same time. You must not give up, Courtney, to depression. I think there is a good deal of malarial fever here; our coverage is bad, and strangers suffer a good deal from it. We were afraid that you were sick, but I saw you in the House every day, and that made me think we were mistaken. To-morrow I have to give a dinner to Lord and I wish to introduce you to him. He is a fine fellow. He brought a letter of introduction to me a year ago when he arrived in Canada. He has been travelling north and south. He has hunted in the west, and is delighted with our New World. We like him very much. You will honor us with your company to-morrow?"

"It will give me pleasure to do so. I am indebted to you for the invitation, I do not doubt it," said Mr. Courtney. "I beg that you will make my peace with the ladies, and tell them I have been a miserable, dull fellow ever since my last visit to your house."

"Do not speak of it. We know how much you have to contend with in this season of debates, and any man who can keep his head on his shoulders while party spirit runs as high as it does just now between North and South, is a lucky man. Well, good-bye!"

"It is all right. Courtney is coming to-morrow to dine," said Mr. Crawford to his wife, as his return home. "Poor fellow! He has been slightly attacked with fever, and he has so depressed him, together with his demands here and from home, that he is nearly broken up by them all. We'd better remark on his absence. Tell Emily not to do an hour as comes."

The evening Miss Crawford was singing like a bird. She was as joyous as of old, and the young friends from Baltimore whom she was entertaining asked her if she were ever sad.

"Not often," was her answer. "How could I be unhappy in such a home, and with such friends?"

After Mr. Crawford left Mr. Courtney, Daniel congratulated himself that he had held out so long against the temptation to visit Emily, and now he thought he could feel justified in accepting this invitation to dine, because to refuse it would be unwise, unnecessary, and unkindly. The rumor of Miss Crawford's engagement to Lord L was undoubtedly true, and he would have an opportunity of leaving her almost entirely to the attention of the household. This last thought brought the color to his face, and for a moment he was painfully struggling against a slight jealous feeling.

"So Lord L is to be the happy man!" he thought. "I shall escape from my difficulties now, if I can take advantage of the opportunity, and even Emily will forget me. I must in future only think of her as Miss Crawford, the betrothed." Again he flushed. "It is a lucky turn in my road, as I see it now, and what a tool I have been to make myself so interested in a woman I knew I could never marry!" His spirits rose that day, and he asked himself whether the prospect of seeing Miss Crawford so soon, or to have her had of withdrawing honorably his attentions in that quarter, made him happier? He liked to flatter himself that it was the latter, but he examined his feelings with a severe scrutiny, he weighed the fact that it was the thought of again being in the presence of Emily Crawford that gave him the transient joy. He ordered his carriage for a driver; sent his man Lubin for his box at the theatre for that evening, and answered some letters from applicants in distress, and sent them generous remittances. He posted his day's work before six o'clock dinner by writing an affectionate letter to Amelia, telling her to keep up good spirits, and to look for his return home in Christmas week.

The dinner at Mr. Crawford's was like all such entertainments in the best families in Washington at that time. In every respect it was elegant, well prepared, and well served. It was an intellectual feast, as well as a flowery and good humor. The guests were the select friends of the family, some members of the cabinet, and other distinguished men from the North and the South, among whom Mr. Webster and Mr. Courtney shone at the table pre-eminently in conversation.

Miss Crawford and Lord L were side by side. The guest for whom the dinner was given had a right by the rules of etiquette to this place of honor, and Daniel remarked that his lordship approved of Miss Crawford's charms. She sat to the right of the table, and Mr. W. was opposite to him. Edward Livingston, the celebrated American jurist, was by his side, an Colonel Keane below him. Conversation never flagged a moment. There was the pleasant kind of bawling kept up on subjects discussed between the North and South by Mr. Webster and Mr. Courtney, and anecdotal followed anecdote from other guests, that kept the table in the best possible spirits. There were no ladies present except the Misses Grant from Baltimore, and the ladies of the house. The former were captivated by the handsome young Southerner, his grace and his conversation charmed them, they said.

When the ladies withdrew to the adjoining room, where coffee was prepared, the oldest Miss Grant declared that she had lost her heart, and that she intended to cast her net for Mr. Courtney.

"It is no use, Courtney," said her sister Maud, "Emily has made up her mind not to let you see that!"

"You sunny little one!" cried Emily, attempting to hold her handkerchief over Maud's mouth. "Don't talk in that way. I have no such intentions, and further more, no chance of success, if I had!"

"My dear Emily, you can't deceive us," said Maud. "I saw that you were giving your eyes over to Lord L all dinner time, and the other, with both eyes, to Mr. Courtney!"

"I think Mr. Webster attracted me more," was listening to him," answered Emily, laughing.

"Mr. Webster, indeed?" said Goeviere.

"He is a great man, I confess, but who could remember him in Mr. Courtney's presence?"

"Upon my word Vivie," said Emily, "you have lost your heart! Shall I tell him so?"

"If you like!"

"No, I will not. I never repeat compliments to gentlemen, but I will see that you shall have his company when they come in from the table for coffee."

In a few moments Mr. Courtney came in alone from the dining-room, bowing to the ladies; he took his seat by Emily's side. She said, in a half whisper, "You must allow Miss Grant to have the pleasure of a better acquaintance with you. She has requested it."

Miss Crawford rose and Daniel followed her. She offered him the seat on the sofa by Miss Grant's side, and then she joined Maud, who was looking over the music near the harp. Miss Crawford, accompanied by some of the younger members of the family, came into the room, from which she had gone for a moment to see an old friend in the playroom, and the young ones began to play game at a side table, asking mamma to look on. Lord L and Mr. Courtney soon followed Mr. Courtney, and joined the young ladies at the harp stand.

Miss Maud Grant was invited to sing. She charmed the company with her sym-

thetic voice and the sweet and pensive expression she gave to the following words of her song:—

"Go, forget me, why should sorrow
For thy brow shadow blue?
Go, forget me, and to-morrow
Brightly smile and sweetly sing!

Smile tho' I should not be near thee,
Sing tho' I should never hear thee,
May I but bring thee a picture alive,
Lasting as the gloom of mine!"

Such a stillness had fallen upon the little company, that Maud, always an enemy to gloom, ran away from the harp, and declared she would not sing and make them all sad! No entreaty could induce her to finish the song. Miss Crawford was urged to take her place, and she sang one of Moore's sweetest melodies, and when the sound of her voice died away in the dusk—

"Here still is the smile that no cloud can break,
And the hand and the heart that their own to the last!"

both Lord L and Mr. Courtney were about to comment on the sentiments of the lover, when Miss Crawford remarked:—

"How beautifully Moore expressed his patriotism in this song! He addressed his native land, Ireland, in it."

"I care not, I know not, if you're in that heart,
But I know that I love thee, whatever thou art!"

She repeated what she had sung.

Mr. Courtney led Miss Goeviere to the piano, and stood by her while she played one of Beethoven's favorite compositions. By this time the music had drawn all the gentlemen to the room where coffee was served, and their conversation was very animated. One by one left till all had bid adieu except Mr. Courtney. He lingered, and the family invited him to go with them into the Retreat, where he and the little circle had a half hour of social chat on the pleasures of the reunion, without his having an opportunity to say anything alone to Emily. It must be confessed that in his heart he desired to do so, and would have opened the way to explaining his situation, and it is also true, that Emily, without being a coquette, had a womanly and mischievous intention of punishing him just a little for his long absence, and, therefore, she did not do anything to make the desired opportunity. But when he stood like a culprit before her, blushing and goodly, without taking her hand, as was his custom in saying good-bye, he looked into her face so imploringly for forgiveness, that she said:—

"Shall we see you again before Christmas, Courtney?"

"What, not till then? A month from now?" he asked, in a tone of surprise.

She laughed and replied:—

"As soon as you please, then, Miss Grant will be here a few days, and I will be glad if you can give to her a little of your valuable time."

He said it would give him much pleasure, and it was at once proposed by Daniel that a party should be made up to drive on the following afternoon, and at eight o'clock, after dinner, they should all go to the theatre with him. This was agreeable to Miss Crawford, and the invitations were accepted by the guests.

No sooner was Daniel in the carriage, than he said the importance into which he would have given himself a severe punishment, if it could have cured him of such indiscretions. There was no use now in self-blame. It was too late. He must and would get out of the engagement in some way! His friend Colonel Keane might help him. So he called to the coachman and told him to stop at the house of Colonel Keane before driving to the hotel.

Mr. Courtney knew that the Colonel had left Mr. Crawford's house with the other guests, and he was hoping that he would find him at home.

"He is at home, sir," said the coachman, returning to the carriage after seeing the servant at the door of Colonel Keane's house.

It was not yet late in the evening, for at that time the custom was to dine much earlier than at present. The Colonel was always glad to see his friend.

"I left before you, Courtney," said the Colonel. "I had a friend I expected from New Orleans, and by the way, her brought some letters to you, from Iggs and Blunt, your young men at the Hill. Here they are." Mr. Courtney put them into his pocket without opening them.

"I'll only say a moment, Colonel. I want you to get me out of a scrape. I am the biggest goose in Washington. I had made a resolution to retire from the society of these Washington ladies, and let them call me a selfish bachelor if they liked. I can't attend to society and to my official duties; and yet, would you believe it, Colonel, I have promised to go out driving to-morrow and to the theatre with Miss Crawford and her young ladies! It is downright improper for me to do so. I must not, and you must help me to get out of it."

"The devil, I must," said the Colonel.

"Yes, you must!"

"Why is it improper?" asked the Colonel, much amused.

"Because you say that it is rumored that I am in the way of Lord L—"

"Pshaw! Courtney. I hope you will be in his way!"

"Colonel, if I have to leave Washington to-morrow, I must do so sooner than go out driving with Miss Crawford."

"Why, if you are so set as that, you can send a note early in the morning, and say that the night before on your way home you were exposed to small-pox, and until you are sure you have not taken it, you will not expose the young ladies to the loss of their beauty!"

Both laughed heartily, but Mr. Courtney said:—

"I can't joke, Colonel, it is to me a serious matter. I must not have it understood in Washington that I am a man who will marry!"

"Lord, man! I will make you ten times more desirable to the ladies! For heaven's sake, Courtney, why do you not marry Miss Crawford and be at liberty!"

"Colonel, I see that you can't help me. I'll go out with them to-morrow, and that shall be the last that I will be seen in public with Miss Crawford, Good night!"

"Good night," said the Colonel, persuaded that his friend had been piqued by a refusal, so he did not like to put his questions too far.

Daniel was again alone in the coach, and was left to his own reflections. They were like unwelcome visitors, and had to be worn with till he reached the hotel.

When he took his pocket from his pocket, he hesitated while looking at them, and then at another of these letters. His head was aching violently, and he argued in his mind that he would wait till he had his work in the house that he did, and accounts of Angelina's loneliness, and in Mrs. Harper's letters, further solicitations that when he came home at Christmas, he would take Amelia and Pura with him to Washington. He laid the letters under his pillow and went to his bed, not to sleep, however, for, do what he would he could not rest. It seemed as if the letters had life in them, and reproached him for the cold welcome he gave to them, so he lighted his candle, wrapped his silk dressing-gown

around him, slipped his feet into the night shoes of velvet lined with lamb's wool that his wife had made for him, and sat down in an easy arm-chair near his bed to read the letters. His hand trembled when he broke the seal of Mrs. Harper's envelope. She had heard what a brilliant and effective speech he had made in the House before it had been reproduced in the papers of the South. All N was talking of his great popularity in Washington, she wrote, and she added, "has no one so interested in your well doing as your old friend Louise, Daniel; and no one knows so well as she does what you are capable of doing. Sometimes her love for you makes her afraid that all this praise will turn the head of so young a man as you are, but then your letters show her how little you value it. A good name is more precious than gold or silver, and you are justified in endeavoring to gain such a reputation. Daniel! Poor little Angelina is half beside herself with joy at hearing from you and from the papers what a lion her husband is at the North as well as at the South. She has a warm and a good heart, and by and by, when you can cultivate her mind a little more, you will be proud of your little wife. I thought yesterday, when I looked at her while she was listening to the account of the enthusiasm which you created in the debate on that bill, I never saw anything more beautiful than she was. Her eyes were brilliant, her cheeks were flushed, and her whole soul was mirrored in her countenance. There was love, joy and exultation eloquently expressed without a word said by her. At last, after listening to me intently, big tears fell down her cheeks, and her full heart overflowed. I wished you could have seen her. I dropt the paper, and catching her in my arms, I kissed her a dozen times for you, Daniel, and I told her I would tell you that she is the best little wife in the world. She laughed through her tears, and said, 'Don't mind, Louise, they are all joy-tears!' I hope, Daniel, that nothing will keep you in Washington at Christmas time. We are depending on your visit home, and you will allow me to say, I think a little in spite to our business matters here will do you no harm. Iggs and Blunt are buying and selling a large amount of real estate, people say. Perhaps it is for you. If it is not the wonder where they get so much money. But people will say 'I only give you this hint. Monsieur Belleschance calls daily to inquire what news I have from you, though I believe that he hears of you from your friends. He is one of your very best friends (leaving myself out of the question), and he is so sure the more I see him the better I like him. He is honorable and sincere. He never makes loud professions, but I can't help knowing he has your interest at heart. He is a man, Daniel, in whom you may confide with safety, and whose counsel will be wise. If ever you stand in need of him, have no fear that he will be false to you. I may be uncharitable, but I think you over-rate Captain Donalson. He is always proclaiming the strong friendship that exists between you and him, and at the Club boasts that you confide in him well for you to be little cautious in what you say to him. Angelina does not like him. Do not think that I judge him too hastily. I have seen a long time studying his character, and I have very little confidence in his professions of uninterested friendship. I must not make you too uneasy about matters here so long as you have to absent yourself for a few months, but I am impelled to put you on your guard, and I will pause until I have been mistaken in King and Blunt. Little Pura looks well and is growing more and more like you every day. It is late at night, and I am wearying you. Why am I so inconsiderate? Because I find it so pleasant to write to you; a selfish, but a true reason. Good night."

"LOUISE HARPER"

Daniel laid this letter aside, quite relieved that there was no allusion made to Angelina's loneliness, and no urging of his necessity to release her from her engagement with Mr. Courtney. He had more courage to open the other letter, and he read as follows:—

(To be continued.)

THE LICENSE ACT.

ARGUMENT BEFORE THE PRIVY COUNCIL ON THE FEDERAL MEASURES.

LONDON, Nov. 11.—Argument was begun before the Privy Council to-day on the application of the Canadian Government for leave to appeal from the judgment of the Supreme Court of Canada, delivered on the 12th of January last, in which it was declared that the Dominion liquor license act of 1855 was an act to amend the liquor license act of 1853 were *intra vires* of the legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada, except such portions of them as relate to the issue of vessel and wholesale licenses and the carrying into effect of the provisions of the Canada Temperance act of 1878. The hearing of the case will probably occupy three days. It is being argued before a strong court, consisting of the Chancellor, Lord Monkswell, Hobhouse, and Fitzgerald, Sir Montague Smith, Sir Barnes Peacock, and Richard Cotton.

Sick and bilious headache, all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No sharp boxes to allow waste of virtue. —Advertisement.

THE SHORE LINE RAILWAY.

SHERBROOKE, Nov. 11.—At a meeting of the directors of the International Railway Company, held here to-day, the Hon. Mr. Pope and some local directors resigned, and the following were elected in their stead:—Messrs. Dunan, McIntyre, Geo. Stephen, R. B. Angus and W. R. Ives, M.P. Mr. Dunan McIntyre was elected President.

It is understood that the new Board will enter into a contract with the Government for the immediate construction of the Shore Line from Montreal to the Maritime Provinces.

URIC ACID.—When the Liver and Kidneys fail in their action, this acid in excess is thrown into the blood, causing Rheumatism and other painful conditions of blood poisoning. You may cure this condition by a prompt resort to the purifying, regulating remedy Burdock Blood Bitters.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—Diseases of the most formidable and chronic characters have been cured by Holloway's Remedies. Ulcers of any other kind means have followed kindly under the regenerating and purifying influence of this excellent Ointment. Sprains, stiff joints, contracted muscles, and glandular swelling can be most safely and effectually healed by Holloway's Ointment and Pills, which can do no harm under any circumstances. Neither of these medicaments has anything deleterious in its composition; both are essentially purifying and strengthening in their nature. The combined power of these noble remedies enables them successfully to cope with most descriptions of impurities, and to cure, or at least relieve, most varieties of diseases.

A PERSONAL CARD.

A MATTER IN WHICH THE PUBLIC SHOULD HAVE A DEAL OF INTEREST.

To the readers of THE POST:

Why does the government spend so much money and risk so many lives in trying to capture the counterfeiter?

Suppose the government had made government bonds and notes, surely the government is rich enough to stand any loss his act may confer.

But the individual citizen could ill afford to be put to continual financial loss if such desperadoes were let go unpunished of justice.

It is only the valuable thing that is counterfeited; it is only in the light of purity and virtue that impurity and vice can be known. No one in these days would counterfeits a Confederate bond or note.

People who commit fraud always do it by simulating the highest virtue; by preying on the clearest reputation, by employing the fair name of virtue with which to give respectability to vice.

Let us explain: Seven or eight years ago, so we have been informed many times in public prints, a New York State gentleman pronounced, as many millions have been ruined and his own health made an extreme disorder. By suggestions which he believed were providential, he was led to the use of a preparation which had been for several years employed by a select few physicians in New York city and one or two other prominent places. The result was that he was cured, he whom doctors without number and of conceded ability said was incurable. Having secured possession of the formula, absolutely and irrevocably, he determined to devote a portion of his accumulated wealth to the manufacture and sale of this remedy for the benefit of the many who suffer as he suffered, in apparent hopelessness. In less than three years, so tremendous became the demand for this remedy and so exalted the reputation, that he was obliged for his purposes to erect a laboratory and warehouse containing four and a quarter acres of flooring filled with the most approved chemical and manufacturing devices. Probably there never was a remedy that has won such a meritorious name, such extraordinary sales and has accomplished so much good for the race.

Unprincipled Parties who flourish only upon the ruin of others, saw in this reputation an available opportunity to reap a golden harvest, (not legitimately, but honorably) for which purpose they have made imitations and substitutions of it in every section of the country, and many druggists, who can make a larger profit on these imitation goods, often compromise their honor by being a sale upon the unsuspecting customer.

Yes, undoubtedly the manufacturers could well afford to ignore such instances of fraud so far as the effect upon themselves is concerned, for their pocket books have a constant running fire, but when they feel that their duty to the public is to guard against such imitations and substitutions, they are otherwise. The individual who buys them and the public who countenance their sale alone suffer in mind, body and estate therefor.

The authors of some of these fraudulent practices have been prosecuted and sent to prison for their crimes, but there is another class who claim to know the formula of this remedy, and one Sunday school journal, we are told, has promised its high and holy calling so far as to advertise that for twenty-five cents it will send all new subscribers a transcript of the Warner formula! This formula, by the way, must be a wonderfully kaleidoscopic affair, for there is hardly a month passes when some paper is not sued which pretends to give the only correct formula.

The manufacturers inform us that they would be perfectly willing that the public should know what the true formula of Warner's safe cure is, (none that have been published are anything like it), but even if every man, woman and child in the United States were as familiar with this formula as with their A B C they could not compound the remedy. The method of manufacture is a secret. It is impossible to obtain the results that are wrought by this remedy if one does not have the perfect skill acquired only by years of practice for compounding and assisting the simple elements which enter into its composition.

The learned Dr. Foster, the honored head of Clifton Springs sanitarium, once said that having roughly analyzed this remedy he recognized that the elements that compose it were simple, but he attributes all the benefit and its power to the method of its compounding, and this method no one knows except the manufacturers and no one can acquire it.

Our advice to our readers, therefore, cannot be too strongly emphasized. As you would prefer virtue to vice, gold to brass, physical happiness to physical misery, shun the imitations and refuse thereby to lend your aid financially to those who seek to get by trading upon another's reputation and honesty, a sale for wares and goods which on their merits are fit only to be rejected as the vilest refuse. You can neither afford to patronize such people, nor can you afford to take their injurious compounds into your system. When you call for Warner's Safe Cure see that the wrapper is black with white letters and that the wrapper and label bear an imprint of an iron safe, the trade mark, and that the safe is blown on the back of the bottle and that a perfect leaden seal is stamped over the cork. You can't be imposed on if you observe these cautions.

We have the highest respect for the remedy we have mentioned and the highest regard for the manufacturers, and we cannot too highly commend their dignified and considerate tone in relation to those who would traduce their fair name and ruin the best interest of the public in such matters.

A New Jersey pauper has a peculiar disease. No matter in what position any part of his body may be placed, in that position it remains until changed. Stand him up in a corner and he will remain there until removed. If he is ordered to fold his arms they are folded, and remain so until separated by force. If his mouth should be open and full of flies, he neither notices the flies nor shuts his mouth until so directed by the keeper.

THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS of regulating the system are the stomach, the liver, the bowels and the blood. With a healthy action of these organs sickness cannot occur. Burdock's Blood Bitters acts promptly upon these organs, restoring them to a healthy action.

A military balloon just invented in France is shaped like a whale and presents an extraordinary appearance when raised in the air.

PLEURISY AND LUNG FEVER.

Inflammation of the Lungs, the pleurs covering them, is the result of sudden colds. Haggard's Peppery Balsam relieves the sore chest, loosens and cures the cough and difficult breathing, and allays inflammation arising from cold.

The Victory, the war ship which Nelson fought and fell at Trafalgar, is still kept, as a memento of naval prowess, at Portsmouth, Eng.

LONDON CLUBS.

The growth of clubs in London during the past half century has been marvellous, and proves conclusively their economy as well as convenience. If the literary celebrities who frequented the old chop houses of Fleet Street in the last century could have been told that in 1885 the West End clubs would number sixty thousand members they would have treated the prophecy with ridicule. Nevertheless, such is the case, and twenty clubs could be named, possessing in the aggregate forty thousand members.

Among the oldest clubs are White's, Brook's, and Arthur's in St. James street, which are a survival of the old chocolate houses of Fleet Street.

The Travellers made its advent in 1820, and no member was eligible unless he had traveled five hundred miles from London. The Athenaeum came into existence in 1824, Sir Walter Scott and Thomas Moore being present at the first meeting, which took place in the Strand. At present there are clubs for all professions and classes; clubs for science, clubs for art, clubs political and clubs non-political, clubs for the army and navy, and clubs for travelers. Until late a member paid the same subscription to his club whether he lived in London or Lind's End, but in 1873 the Wanderer's Club in Pall Mall started with a modification of the principle by establishing different rates of subscription for its members, the country subscription being fixed at half the town subscription. This arrangement was found most successful, and the Wanderer's soon numbered 1400 members.—Society, October 17th, 1885.

SENTENCED FOR LIFE.

OTTAWA, Nov. 11.—At six o'clock this evening the jury in the Assize Court brought in a verdict of guilty against McHugh, Brock and Goodman, the prisoners charged with committing rape on Miss Bella Graham. The scene in Court at this moment was very painful, the mothers of the young men crying, begged of the Judge for mercy. Mr. Justice Ross then proceeded to declare sentence on the eight young men found guilty of committing rape on Miss Bella Graham and Miss Trema. After commenting on the atrocious nature of the crime of which they had been found guilty, the Judge sentenced each of the prisoners to imprisonment for life in Kings Penitentiary. But for the recommendation to mercy His Lordship said he would have imposed the death penalty. The Court room was crowded, and when the sentence had been passed the streams of the relatives of the condemned men were pitiable in the extreme.

THE ANTI CHINESE CRUSADE.

LONDON, Nov. 11.—The Times, commenting on the anti-Chinese crusade on the Pacific coast of the United States, says: "If Chinese immigration into the United States has become a serious evil, it would be well to consider the means for its removal. The individual who buys them and the public who countenance their sale alone suffer in mind, body and estate therefor. The authors of some of these fraudulent practices have been prosecuted and sent to prison for their crimes, but there is another class who claim to know the formula of this remedy, and one Sunday school journal, we are told, has promised its high and holy calling so far as to advertise that for twenty-five cents it will send all new subscribers a transcript of the Warner formula! This formula, by the way, must be a wonderfully kaleidoscopic affair, for there is hardly a month passes when some paper is not sued which pretends to give the only correct formula."

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WHAT IS THIS DISEASE THAT IS COMING UPON US?

like a thief at night it steals in upon us unawares. Many persons have pained about the chest and sides, and sometimes in the back. They feel dull and sleepy; the mouth has a bad taste, especially in the morning. A sort of sickly shimmer comes about the teeth. The appetite is poor. There is a feeling like a heavy load on the stomach; sometimes a faint all-gone sensation at the pit of the stomach which food does not satisfy. The eyes are sunken, the hands and feet become cold and feel clammy. After a while a rough scurf is at first dry, but after a few weeks it is attended with a greenish coloured excoriations. The afflicted one feels tired all the time, and sleep does not seem to afford any rest. After a time he becomes nervous, irritable, gloomy, and has evil forebodings. There is a giddiness, a sort of whirling sensation in the head when rising up suddenly. The bowels become constipated; the skin dry and hot at times; the blood becomes thick and stagnant; the whites of the eyes become tinged with yellow, the iris is scanty and high-colored, depositing a sediment after standing. There is frequently a spotting up of the foot, sometimes with a sour taste, and sometimes with a sweetish taste; this is frequently attended with palpitation of the heart, the vision becomes impaired with spots before the eyes; the arteries are filled with gravel, and weakness. All of these symptoms are to turn present. It is thought that nearly one-third of our population has this disease in some of its varied forms. It has been found that medical men have mistaken the nature of this disease. Some have treated it for a liver complaint, others for indigestion, etc., but none of these various kinds of treatments have been attended with success, because the remedy should be such as to act harmoniously upon each one of these organs, and upon the stomach as well; for in Dyspepsia (for this is really what the disease is) all of these organs partake of this disease and require a remedy that will act upon all at the same time. Several medical men, who have given almost immediate relief, the following letters from chemists of standing in the community who they live show in what estimation the article is held.

John Archer, Harthill, near Sheffield.—I can confidently recommend it as all ways a very good thing for liver and stomach complaint, having the testimony of my customers, who have derived great benefit from the Syrup and Pills. The sale is increasing wonderfully.

Geo. V. Webb, 141, York Street, Belfast.—I have sold a large quantity, and the parties have testified to its being what you represent it to be. Several of my customers have mentioned its name, saying it was very good, and that they had never known a case in which it has not relieved or cured, and I have sold many gross.

Robt. G. Gould, 27, High Street, Andover.—I have always taken a great interest in your medicine, and I have been much benefited by it. I have found numerous cases of cure from the pills.

Thomas Chapman, West Auckland.—I find that the trade steadily increases. I sell more of your medicine than any other kind.

N. Doolittle, Cham, Sadop.—All who buy it are pleased, and I recommend it.

Jos. Talkwill, A. P. S., Kingston.—The public seem to appreciate the great value of your medicine.

Amos Black, Market Street, Dalton of Furness.—It is needless for me to say that your valuable medicine has been of great use in this district—greater than any other I know of, giving great satisfaction.

Robt. Fawcett, Melksham.—I can well recommend the Syrup and Pills, having found it a great benefit for indigestion, and dyspepsia.

Friedrich, Aroostook, Forthright, Sept. 23, 1882.—Dear Sir,—Last year I sent you a letter recommending Mother Siegel's Syrup. I have very much pleasure in still bearing testimony to the very satisfactory results of the Syrup and Pills. Most patient medicines, and the out with me. Mother Siegel's has had a steady sale ever since I commenced, and it still in as great demand as when I first began to sell the medicine. The cure which it has done for me and my family are chiefly those of liver complaint and general debility.

A certain minister in my neighborhood says it is the only thing which has benefited him, and restored him to his normal condition of health after being unable to preach for a considerable length of time. I could mention also a great many other cases, but space would not allow. A near friend of mine, who is very much addicted to constipation, or constipation, finds that Mother Siegel's Pills are the only pills which give him relief. All his normal condition of health which was very annoying. Mother Siegel's Pills do not have a bad after-effect. I have the pleasure in commending again to suffering humanity Mother Siegel's medicine, which has done so much for me, and which I believe is a service you can publish it.

(Signed) William S. Glass, Chemist, A. J. White, Esq.

15th August, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I write to tell you that Mr. Henry Hillier, of Yatesbury, Wilts, informs me that he suffered from a severe form of indigestion for upwards of four years, and took no end of doctor's medicine without the slightest benefit, and that Mrs. Mother Siegel's Syrup which he got from me has saved his life.

Yours truly,
A. J. White, Chemist, Calne.

A. J. White, (limited) 67 St. James Street, Montreal.

For sale by all druggists, and by A. J. White (limited), 67 St. James street city.

IN MALE ATTIRE.

A WOMAN RUSS A SALOON AND GROCERY AS A MAN.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 11.—Some two years ago a smooth-faced individual came to this city and started a saloon, which was conducted successfully, and returned the owner a handsome profit.

Later, the same person, who was known to the business fraternity of Kansas as Frank Gray, opened a grocery store at 7th and Wyandott, and soon secured a paying patronage. During this time Frank Gray dealt largely in real estate, and the investments "showed" that Gray possessed good judgment.

Gray was involved in a law suit, however, and the startling discovery was made that Gray was a woman named Mary B. Walcott. This revelation was followed by others, and it is finally learned that Mrs. Walcott had been thus masquerading as a man for fifteen years, and had a married daughter living in this city. The discovery is said to have been made by a private detective, who received a "pointer" from her son-in-law.

During her dual existence Mrs. Walcott has drunk at saloon bars with men, smiled on ladies and transacted business like a man; but when she walked Colman's, Oitic, the home of Mrs. Walcott, she presented the appearance of a woman, and her dress in clothes becoming her sex. While she was in this city, however, her disguise was so complete and her voice so masculine that nobody suspected that she was a woman. She has even, by constant shaving, cultivated a slight moustache. A piano-tuner, L. W. Foster, even became jealous of his wife because of her intimacy with Gray at a boarding house, and sent to her father, in Chicago, announcing his intention of getting a divorce.

NATIONAL PILLS are unsurpassed as a safe, mild, yet thorough, purgative, acting upon the biliary organs promptly and effectually.

William Hill, of England, taxed bachelors in order to raise money to carry on his war with France. There is talk of reviving the law.