PITCHERY-BIDGERY.

The Turning of the Long, Long Lane.

BY MONSIEUR DEMOULIN.

CHAPTER XVII.

INQUIRIES.

So many years had elapsed since Brandon had last been in the village which bore the family name that he had no fear of being recognized. He had been a boy then, he was now a man. His features had passed from a transition state into their maturer form, and a thick beard and moustache, the growth of the long voyage, covered the lower part of the face like a mask. His nose, which, when he left, had a boyish roundness of outline, had since become refined and chiseled into the straight, thin Grecian type. His eyes alone remained the same, yet the expression had grown different, even as the soul that looked forth through them had been changed by experience and by suffering.

He gave himself out at the inn as an American merchant, and went out to begin his inquiries. Tearing two buttons off his coat, he entered the shop of the village tailor.

"Good morning," said he civilly.

"Good morning sir; fine morning sir," answered the tailor, volubly. He was a little man, with a cast in his eye, and on looking at Brandon he had to put his head on one side, which he did with a quick, odd gesture.

"There are two buttons off my coat, and I want to know if you can repair it for me?"

"Certainly, sir; certainly. Take off your coat, sir, and sit down."

"The buttons," said Brandon, "are a little odd; but if you have not got any exactly like them, anything similar will do."

"Oh, I think we'll fit you out, sir. I think we'll fit you out," rejoined the tailor briskly.

"He bustled about among his boxes, and drawers, pulled out a large number of articles, and finally began to select the buttons which were nearest like those on the coat.

"This is a fine little village," said Brandon, carelessly.

"Yes, sir; that's a fact, sir; that's just what every body says, sir."

"What old Hall is that which I saw just outside the village?"

"Ah, sir, that old Hall is the best in the whole country. It is Brandon Hall, sir."

"Brandon Hall?"

"Yes, sir."

"I suppose this village takes the name from the Hall—or is it the Hall that is named after the village?"

"Well, neither, sir. Both of them were named after the Brandon family."

"Is it an old family? It must be, of course."

"The oldest in the country, sir."

"I wonder if Mr. Brandon would let a stranger go through his grounds? There is a hill back of the house that I would like to see."

"Mr. Brandon!" exclaimed the tailor, shaking his head; "Mr. Brandon! There ain't no Mr. Brandon now!"

"How is that?"

"Gone sir—ruined—died out."

"Then the man who lives there now is not Mr. Brandon?"

"Nothing of the kind, sir! He, sir? Why, he isn't fit to clean the shoes of any of the old Brandons!"

"Who is he?"

"His name, sir, is Potts."

"Potts! That doesn't sound like one of your old country names."

"I should think not, sir. Potts! Why, sir, is generally believed in this community to be a villian, sir," said the little tailor, mysteriously, and with the look of a man who would like very well to be questioned further.

Brandon humored him. "How is that?"

"It's a long story, sir."

"Oh, well—tell it. I have a great curiosity to hear any old stories current in your English villages. I'm an American, and English life is new to me."

"I'll bet you never heard anything like this in your born days."

"Tell me it then by all means."

The tailor jumped down from his seat, went mysteriously to the door, looked cautiously out, and then returned.

"It's just as well to be a little careful," said he," for if that man knew that I was talking about him he'd take it out of me quick enough, I tell you."

"You seem to be afraid of him."

"We're all afraid of him in the village, and we hate him; but I hope to God he'll catch it yet?

"How can you be afraid of him? You all say that this is a free country."

"No man, sir, in any country, is free, except he's rich. Poor people can be oppressed in many ways; and most of us are in one way or other dependent on him. We hate him all the worse, though. But I'll tell you about him."

"Yes, go on."

"Well, sir, old Mr. Brandon, about twenty years ago, was one of the richest men in the country. About fifteen years ago the man Potts turned up, and however the old man took a fancy to him. I never could see, but he did take a fancy to him, put all his money in some tin mines that Potts had started, and the end of it was Potts turned out a scoundrel, as every one said he would, swindled the old man out of every penny, and ruined him completely. Brandon had to sell his estate, and Potts bought it with the very money out of which he had cheated the old man."

"Oh! impossible!" said Brandon. Isn't that some village gossip?"

"I wish it was, sir—but it ain't. Go ask any man here, and he'll tell you the same."

"And what became of the family?" asked Brandon, calmly.

"Ah, sir! that is the worst part of it."

"Why?"

"I'll tell you, sir. He was ruined. He gave up all. He hadn't a penny left. He went out of the Hall and lived for a short time in a small house at the other end of the village. At last he spent what little money he had left, and they all got sick. You wouldn't believe what happened after that."

"What was it?"

"They were all taken to the almshouse."

A burst of thunder seemed to sound in Brandon's ears as he heard this, which he had never even remotely imagined. The tailor was occupied with his own thoughts and did not notice the wildness that for an instant appeared in Brandon's eyes. The latter for a moment felt paralyzed and struck down into nothingness by the shock of that tremendous intelligence.

"The people felt dreadfully about it," continued the tailor, "but they couldn't do anything. It was Potts who had the family taken to the almshouse. Nobody dared to interfere."

"Did none of the country families do anything?" said Brandon, who at last, by a violent effort, had regained his composure.

"No. They had all been insulted by the old man, so now they let him suffer."

"Had he no old friends, or even acquaintances?"

"Well, that's what we all asked ourselves, sir; but at any rate, whether he had or not they didn't turn up—that is, not in time. There was a young man here when it was too late."

"A young man?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was he a relative?"

"Oh, no, sir, only a lawyer's clerk; wanted to see about business I dare say. Perhaps to collect a bill. Let me see; the lawyer who sent him was named Thornton."

"Thornton!" said Brandon, as the name sank into his soul.

"Yes, he lived at Holby."

Brandon drew a long breath.

"No, sir; no friends came, whether he had any or not. They were all sick at the almshouse for weeks."

"And I suppose they all died there?" said Brandon, in a strange, sweet voice.

"No, sir. They were not so happy."

"What suffering could be greater?"

"They do talk dreadfully in this town, sir; and I dare say it's not true, but if it is it's enough to make a man's blood turn cold."

"You excite my curiosity. Remember I am an American, and these things seem odd to me. I always thought your British aristocrats could not be ruined."

"Here was one, sir, that was, anyhow."

"Go on."

"Well, sir, the old man died in the almshouse. The others got well. As soon as they were well enough they went away."

"How did they get away?"

"Potts helped them," replied the tailor, in a peculiar tone. "They went away from the village."

"Where did they go to?"

"People say to Liverpool. I only tell what I know. I heard young Bill Potts, the old fellow's son, boasting one night at the inn where he was half drunk, how they had served the Brandons. He said they wanted to leave the village, so his father helped them away to America."

"To America?"

"Yes, sir."

Brandon made no rejoinder.

"Bill Potts said they went to Liverpool, and then left for America to make their fortunes."

"What part of America?" asked Brandon, indifferently. "I never saw or heard of them."

"Didn't you sir?" asked the tailor, who evidently thought that America was like some English country, where every body may hear of everybody else. "That's odd too. I was going to ask you if you had."

"I wonder what ship they went out in?"

"That I can't say, sir. Bill Potts kept dark about that. He said one thing, though that set us thinking."

"What was that?"

"Why, that they went out in an emigrant ship as steerage passengers."

Brandon was silent.

"Poor people!" said he at last.

By this time the tailor had finished his coat and handed it back to him. Having obtained all the information that the man could give Brandon paid him and left.

Passing by the inn he walked on till he came to the almshouse. Here he stood for a while and looked at it.

Brandon almshouse was small, badly planned, badly managed, and badly built; everything done there was badly and meanly done. It was whitewashed from the topmost point of every chimney down to the lowest edge of the basement A whited sepulchre. For there was foulness there, in the air, in the surroundings, in everything. Squalor and dirt reigned. His heart grew sick as those hideous walls rose before his sight.

Between this and Brandon Hall there was a difference, a distance almost immeasurable; to pass from one to the other might be conceived of as incredible and yet that passage had been made.

To fall so far as to go the whole distance between the two; to begin in one and end in the other; to be born, brought up and move and have ones being in the one, and then to die in the other; what was more incredible than this? Yet this had been the fate of his father. Leaving the place, he walked directly towards Brandon Hall.

Brandon Hall was begun, nobody knows exactly when; but it is said that the foundations were laid before the time of Egbert. In all parts of the old mansion the progress of English civilization might be studied; in the Norman arches of the old chapel, the slender pointed style of the fifteenth century doorway that opened to the same, the false Grecian of the early Tudor period, and the wing added in Elizabeth's day, the days of that old Ralph Brandon who sank his ship, and its treasure to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy.

Around this grand old Hall were scenes which could be found nowhere save in England. Wide fields, forever green with grass, like velvet, over which rose groves of oak and elm, giving shelter to innumerable birds. There the deer bounded and the hare found a covert. The broad avenue that led to the hall went up through a world of rich sylvan scenery, winding through groves and meadows and over undulating ground. Before the hall lay the open sea about three miles away; but the hall was on an eminence and overlooked all the intervening ground. Standing there one might see the gradual decline of the country as it sloped downward toward the margin of the ocean. On the left a bold promontory jutted far out, on the nearer side of which there was an island with a light house; on their right was another promontory, not so bold. Between these two the whole country was like a garden. A little cove gave shelter to small vessels, and around this cove was the village of Brandon.

Brandon hall was one of the oldest and most magnificent of the great halls of England. As Brandon looked upon it it rose before him amidst the grove of six hundred years, its many gabled roof rising out from amidst a sea of foliage, speaking of wealth, that men hope for, or struggle for, or fight for; from all of which he and his had been cast out; and the one who had done this was even now occupying the old ancestral seat of his family.

Brandon entered the gate, and walked up the long avenue till he reached the hall. Here he rang the bell, and a servant appeared. "Is Mr. Potts at home?"

"Yes," said the man, brusquely.

"I wish to see him."

"Who shall I say?"

"Mr. Hendricks, from America."

The man showed him into the drawing room. Brandon seated himself and waited. The room was furnished in the most elegant manner, most of the furniture being old, and all familiar to him. He took a hasty glance around, and closed his eyes as if to shut it all out from sight.

In a short time a man entered.

He appeared to be between fifty and sixty years of age, medium size, broad shouldered and stout. He had a thoroughly plebian air; he was dressed in black, and had a bunch of large seals dangling from beneath his waistcoat. His face was round and fleshy, his eyes were small, and his head bald. The general expression of his face was that of good natured simplicity. As he caught sight Brandon a frank smile of welcome arose of on his board, fat face.

Brandon arose and bowed.

"Am I addressing Mr. John Potts?"

"You are, sir. John Potts of Potts hall."

"Potts of Potts hall!" repeated Brandon. Then, drawing a card from his pocket he handed it to Potts. He had procured some of these in London. The card read as follows:

BEAMISH & HENDRICKS.

FLOUR MERCHANTS AND PROVISION DEALERS,

88 Front Street, Cincinnati,

OHIO.

"I, sir," said Brandon, "am Mr. Hendricks, junior partner in Beamish & Hendricks, and I hope you are quite well."

"Very well, thank you," answered Potts, smiling and sitting down. "I am happy to see you."

"You keep your health, sir?"

"Thank you, I do," said Potts. "A touch of rheumatism at odd times, that's all."

Brandon's manner was stiff and formal, and his voice had assumed a slight nasal intonation. Potts had evidently looked on him as a perfect stranger.

"I hope, sir, that I am not taking up your valuable time. You British noblemen have you valuable time, I know, as well as we business men."

"No, sir, no, sir, not at all," said Potts, evidently greatly delighted at being considered a British nobleman.

"Well, Sir John—or is it my Lord?" said Brandon, interrogatively, correcting himself, and looking inquiringly at Potts.

"Sir John'll do," said Potts.

"Well, Sir John. Being in England on business, I came to ask you a few questions about a matter of some importance to us."

"Proceed, sir!" said Potts, with great dignity.

"There's a young man that came into our employ last October whom we took a fancy to, or rather my senior did, and we have an idea of promoting him. My senior thinks the world of him, has the young man at his house, and he is even making up to his daughter. He calls himself Brandon—Frank Brandon."

At this Potts started from an easy lounging attitude, in which he was trying to do the British nobleman, and with startling intensity of gaze looked Brandon full in the face.

"I think the young man is fairish," continues Brandon, "but nothing extraordinary. He is industrious and sober, but he aint quick, and he never had any real business experience till he came to us. Now, my senior from the very first was intatuated with him, gave him a large salary, and, in spite of my warnings that he ought to be cautious, he wants to make him head clerk, with an eye to making him partner next year. And so bent on this is he that I know he would dissolve partnership with me if I refused, take the young man, let him marry his daughter, and leave him all his money when he dies. That's no small sum, for old Mr. Beamish is worth in estate round Cincinnati over two millions of dollars. So, you see, I have a right to feel anxious, more especially as I don't mind telling you, Sir John, who understand these matters, that I thought I had a very good chance myself with old Beamish's daughter."

Brandon spoke all this very rapidly, and with the air of one who was trying to conceal his feelings of dislike to the clerk of whom he was so jealous. Potts looked at him with an encouraging smile, and asked, as he stopped.

"And how did you happen to hear of me?"

"That's just what I was coming to, Sir John!" Brandon drew his chair nearer, apparently in deep excitement, and in a more nasal tone than ever, with a confidential air, he went on.

"You see, I mistrusted this young man who was carrying everything before him with a high hand, right into my very teeth, and I watched him. I pumped him to see if I couldn't get him to tell something about himself, but the fellow was always on his guard, and always told the same story. This is what he tells: He says that his father was Ralph Brandon of Brandon hall, Devonshire, and that he got very poor—he was ruined, in fact, by—I beg your pardon, Sir John, but he says it was you, and that you drove the family away. Then they come over to America, and he got to Cincinnati. The old man, he says, died before they left, but he won't tell what became of the others. I confess I believed it was all a lie, and didn't think there was any such place as Brandon hall, so I determined to find out, naturally enough, Sir John, when two millions were at stake."

Potts winked.

"Well, I suddenly found my health giving way, and had to come to Europe. You see what a delicate creature I am!"

Potts laughed with intense glee.

"And I came here after wandering about, trying to find it. I heard at last that there was a place that used to be Brandon hall, though most people call it Potts hall. Now I thought, my fine young man, I'll catch you; for I'll call on Sir John himself and ask him."

"You did right, sir," said Potts, who had taken an intense interest in this narrative. "I I'm the very man you ought to have come to. I can tell you all you want. This Brandon is a miserable swindler."

"Good! I thought so. You'll give me that, Sir John, over your own name, will you?" said Brandon, in great apparent excitement.

"Of course I will," said Potts, "and a good deal more. But tell me first, what that young devil said as to how he got to Cincinnati? How did he find his way there?"

"He would never tell."

"What became of his mother and sister?"

"He wouldn't say."

"All I know," said Potts, "is this, I got official information that they all died at Quebec."

Brandon looked suddenly at the floor and gasped. In a moment he had recovered.

"Curse him! then this fellow is an imposter?"

"No," said Potts, "he must have escaped. It's possible. There was some confusion at Quebec about names."

"Then his name may really be Frank Brandon?"

"It must be," said Potts. "Anyhow, the others are all right."

"Are what?"

"All right; dead you know. That's why he don't like to tell you about them."

"Well, now, Sir John, could you tell me what you know about this young man, since you think he must be the same one?"

"I know he must be, and I'll tell you all about him and the whole cursed lot. In the first place," continued Potts, clearing his throat, "old Brandon was one of the cursedest old fools that ever lived. He was very well off but wanted to get richer, and so he speculated in a tin mine in Cornwall. I was acquainted with him at the time and used to respect him. He persuaded me—I was always off-handed about money, and a careless, easy fellow—he persuaded me to invest in it also. I did so, but at the end of a few years I found out that the tin mine was a rotton concern, and sold out, sold at a very high price, for people believed it was a splendid property. After this I found another mine and made money hand over fist. I warned old Brandon, and so did everybody, but he didn't care a fig for what we said, and finally, one fine morning he waked up and found himself ruined.

"He was more utterly ruined than any man I ever knew of, and all his estates were sold. I had made some money, few others in the country had any ready cash, and the sale was forced, and I bought the whole establishment at a remarkably low figure. I got old Brandon—Brandy was a nickname I gave the old fellow—I got him a house in the village, and supported him for a while with his wife and daughter and his great lubberly boy. I soon found out what vipers they were. They all turned against their benefactor, and dared to say that I had ruined their father. In fact my only fault was in buying the place, and that was an advantage to old Brandy rather than an injury. It shows, though, what human nature is.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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I. O. L. NO. 617.

The members of this Lodge meet in their Lodge Room, on Reglan 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.

10. GEORGE DRAPER

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 ¼ 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 ¼ 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.

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.

NEW MANAGEMENT.

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

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

OF MESSRS. D. W. PALMER & CO

AT GREAT REDUCTION,

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

STOCK OF TEAS,

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

CANNED GOODS

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

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

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

ADAM DAVIDSON.

NOT MANITOBA SPECULATION!

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, 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) of 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 MAN

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

CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC R'Y

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

"ALBERT LEA ROUTE."

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

All Through Passengers Travel on Fast Express Trains.

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

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

For detailed information, get the Maps and Folders of the

GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE,

At your nearest Ticket Office, or address

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

CHICAGO.

USED ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA

—FOR—

Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia

And for Purifying the Blood.

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

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

It is sold by all responsible druggists at one dollar for a quart bottle, or six bottes for five dollars. 43F.

Sold in Listowel by Dr. Michener.

THE STARR KIDNEY PAD

MANUFACTURED IN TORONTO,

A Permanent, sure cure for Diseases, Disorders and Ailments of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Secretive System, or attendant complaints—causing Pain in Small of Back, Sides, etc., Gravel, Catarrh of the Bladder and Passages; Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Piles, Nervous Debility, etc., etc.

Pamphlets and testimonials can be obtained from Druggists free.

Prices—Child's Pad, $1.50 (cures Bed-wetting.) Regular Pad, $2.00. Special Pad for Chronic Diseases, $3.00. Sold by

J. H. MICHENER, M. D., SOLE AGENT, LISTOWEL.

W. T. BRAY, WINGHAM.
C. J. PASMORE, GORRIE.
JOHN STANDISH, M. D., PALMERSTON.
S. A. HODGE, MITCHELL.
J. A. GARLICK BRUSSELS.

Success the Best Test of Worth!

NEVER DESPAIR

HOLLOWAY'S

OINTMENT and PILLS.

THIS UNIVERSAL MEDICINE IS A HOUSEHOLD REQUISITE EVERYWHERE.

THE PILLS

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

LIVER AND BOWELS,

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

FEMALE COMPLAINTS

removing all obstructions, skin blemishes, pimples and boils