

nomics might live within a few streets and never be aware of each other's existence. A ride of ten minutes from the Rue de Valle placed them as far from Grantley's power as if they had been a day's journey.

Margaret took her measures well. Her brother would return soon, and his first feeling on seeing her letter would be a savage resolution to seek them, with some desperate resolution that might end in a tragedy. He would follow them, that was certain.

"He will conjecture that we have made for England," Margaret said. "He knows that having taken this step, my first care would be to leave France, and we are safe; however, he will be puzzled at the very outset. You must keep up your courage, Julia dear. If you give way a point you will cause a delay, and that means danger."

The caution was not unnecessary. There was certain indications of a falling spirit and overstrung nerves in the droop of Julia's eyelids and the whiteness of her lips; but Margaret's timely words restored her.

"I was thinking what might happen if he should come upon us," she said, trying to smile. "It is not very likely. There are three ways out of France; and when he discovers our flight he will not know which one to watch."

"Three ways?"

"Boulogne; but that means a long sea voyage, and you are scarcely equal to it. Calais, for Dover; and Dieppe, for Newhaven. The last is our best way. Men always take the quickest and the shortest route, and Everard will look for us at Dover. We will make for Dieppe."

"Where shall we go, then?"

"To Newhaven. It is on the same line of coast as Hastings, and we can reach Brookdale without going to London."

Miss Grantley acted now with the courage and the method of a man. There was just the bare possibility that Everard might look for them on the way to Dieppe, and to make safety doubly sure, she went out of the direct road, and stayed in various little out-of-the-way towns for an hour or so, to throw him off the scent. They reached Dieppe, and took the boat for Newhaven at about the time Laurence first discovered Julia's absence on his return.

Grantley was not gone more than three hours. Mindful at the beginning of the details that were to make up the method by which he was to win Julia's love, he went to a jeweller's in the Rue Royale, and spent nearly a thousand pounds on a diamond necklace, with pendent brooch and earrings *en suite*. He bought other gifts almost as rich, after a kingly fashion of his own. Nothing was too rare or priceless for her.

"There lies my one great hope," he thought. "The man that I have taken her from is poor, and either does despise or affects to despise the dainty ornaments women delight in. I wonder how she ever learned to love the stern ascetic moralist, who thinks less of things for their beauty than their use. When she is mine—all mine—she shall have the *trousseau* of an orient princess."

He went to the Rue de Valle with the jewel-case in his breast; and his strangely handsome face was almost tender with an expectant hope that she would not shrink from him when they met. Now that she was in his power he meant to show her how thoughtfully elaborate he could be, how patiently and how easy he could subdue himself for her sake.

When he opened the door a chill fell upon him. The empty rooms had that mysterious sense of emptiness and silence that makes itself felt palpably by those whose nerves are finely strung.

He went to the inner room, and called in a low voice—

"Margaret!"

There was no reply.

He looked round then—a fierce doubt fighting with his dread—a savage, impatient resolution that the thing he feared should not, could not be.

"Margaret!"

There was the same dead silence. He strode into room after room like an angry lion, and with the same result: all were empty alike. In one—Margaret's dressing chamber—he saw the first signs of the truth. The dress his sister had worn when he left her three hours ago was thrown carelessly over a chair, the doors of the wardrobe were open, and her travelling costume was missing from its peg.

"She would not dare," he said between his teeth; "she would not dare."

He went back to the apartment he had first entered, and his eye fell upon the letter on the table.

He took in its meaning at a glance; and blind to its pure purpose—seeing only the crushing blow to his hopes—the disappointment to his passion—he muttered such an expression in conjunction with his sister's name as had never before left his lips.

What impious things he said—what fearful oaths of revenge he swore—must have remained unwritten even in the recording angel's book of sin. One fierce resolve struggled through them all: the joy denied to him should never be known by another.

Laurence Drayton was pictured in the savage thought that took him to the Rue Royale, and to the shop of a gunsmith, where he bought a small, finely-finished revolver with five chambers.

He had it tried and tested and the mechanism explained before he completed his purpose. He had it carefully fitted with five patent cartridges, and he bought a box of percussion caps, out of which, with the experience of an old sportsman, he selected five, and with them finished the loading of his weapon.

He meant murder, and nothing less than murder; but he scarcely saw it in that sense beyond a certain point—a point which urged him to meet and slay his rival wherever he might be found. The faculty of reason was blind and dull within him.

Then he sat down to reflect. Margaret would make for England with Julia; but the question was, which route would they take. He could scarcely hope to intercept them.

"No; that is scarcely to be done," he said, setting into a quickude that betokened implacable determination. "Margaret has too much of my own spirit to throw away a chance when her course is once fixed upon. I shall not be in time to intercept them, but I can reach England first and lie in wait. If my course is to end, let it end at Brookdale, where it began. If I must take the dark plunge after all, I will not leave my enemy behind me."

(To be continued.)

**ILL-TEMPER.**—Of all the minor tyrants of domestic life, ill-temper is the most detestable. It is of various kinds, but the three main divisions are those—the petty and violent; the peevish and cross-grained; the sultry and morose. We are all of us liable to some kind of ill-temper. There are two chief causes, want of health, and want of sense. The last is, perhaps, the chief cause of all bad temper. Good sense is shocked and disgusted by the utter foolishness of ill-temper, just as much as good taste is by its ugliness. Good sense sees at a glance the impotence of rage, the stupid brutishness of sultriness, and the absurd waste of time and mental strength in peevishness and perversity. Things that we really despise have no power over our minds; and a man of sense knows that it beneath him to give way to temper upon every petty occasion.

#### HOW A PAPER IS MADE.

##### A PARODY.

"Pray, how is a newspaper made?"  
The question is easy to ask,  
But to answer it fully, my dear,  
Were rather a difficult task;  
And yet, in a bustling way,  
As the whirring mill turns in the glade,  
I'll venture a bit of a lay,  
To tell how a paper is made.

An editor sits at his desk,  
And ponders the things that appear  
To be claiming the thoughts of the world—  
Things solemn, and comic, and queer—  
And when he has hit on a theme  
He judges it well to parade,  
He writes, and he writes, and he writes,  
And that's how a paper is made.

An editor sits at his desk,  
And ponders the things that appear  
To be claiming the thoughts of the world—  
Things solemn, and comic, and queer—  
And when he has hit on a theme  
He judges it well to parade,  
He writes, and he writes, and he writes,  
And that's how a paper is made.

An editor sits at his desk,  
And ponders the things that appear  
To be claiming the thoughts of the world—  
Things solemn, and comic, and queer—  
And when he has hit on a theme  
He judges it well to parade,  
He writes, and he writes, and he writes,  
And that's how a paper is made.

And all that those workers prepare,  
Of every conceivable stripe,  
Is sent to the printer, and he  
Proceedeth to stick it in type;  
His lines, all respecting his will,  
In slow-moving columns parade—  
He sticks, and he sticks, and he sticks,  
And that's how a paper is made.

In short, when the type is all set,  
And errors cleared up, more or less,  
The "locked in form," as we say,  
And hurried away to the press.  
The presman arranges his sheet,  
His ink gives the requisite shade,  
Then he prints, and he prints, and he prints,  
And that's how a paper is made.

(REPRODUCED in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1908.)

## IN AFTER-YEARS; OR, FROM DEATH TO LIFE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER ROSS.

### CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

The evening previous to the day set for their departure for Eaton Sutton, Margaret, accompanied by Adam, took her way to Regent street again to dispose of her drawings. For those she now brought she realized more in proportion than she had done for the others, and she made an arrangement with the bookseller that she would send him others from Eaton Sutton. She had not left home until late in the evening, and as she stood by the door of the shop for Adam to join her, one of the city clocks struck nine.

"Were it not so late," said she, "I would like to take a walk to Bayswater, and ask Mrs. Cox to let me visit the drawing rooms and conservatories I once was so happy in. Perhaps I may never be in London again; as Lady Morton is not in town the house will be in the care of servants."

Margaret did not know that whoever the present Lord Cranston was, he was also proprietor of the villa at Bayswater.

"It is not too late to go there," replied Adam. "The moon is rising, and it will be light as day in an hour after this."

The old man was glad to hear her talk of taking a walk. For the last two weeks she had sat painting in her own room from daylight to dark, with the exception of going to church on Sunday she never went out.

"We will walk there at any rate," said she; "if we think it too late when we reach there we need not go in."

Adam was glad to get her to take a walk like that, no matter what the object.

The night was lovely, and the bright moonbeams now throwing all their light on the still busy street, and again casting a midnight shadow, gave a beauty to the street first and then to the road, as they came to Bayswater, that made her unconscious of fatigue until they were standing in front of the villa.

"How sweet the blossoms of the flowering shrubs smell," said Margaret; "there must be dead falling. We will not go in, but we will go to the end of the venetian balcony and rest under those sweet poplars and birch trees. There used to be an iron garden seat there."

"They opened the gate, gained the seat close to the wall and under the trees she talked of Margaret sat down, and with difficulty persuaded Adam to do the same.

"This is delicious," said she; "it is so long since I have been among so many trees; and sitting under their green boughs in this deep shadow, with the bright moonbeams lighting up the grass and flower plots in front, I could almost fancy myself in Fairyland."

As she ceased speaking, the windows of the lower balcony, which, resting on the ground, projected several feet in front, were suddenly thrown open, flashing out a flood of light that, mingling with the moonbeams, made a portion of the shrubbery in front as bright as day.

It was well for Margaret and her companion that they were under the shadow of the balcony wall and the thick, overhanging branches of the birch trees.

The drawing rooms were full of company, not a gay company, but handsomely dressed ladies and gentlemen.

A lady and gentleman came out on the balcony; a servant brought a couple of low fauteuils and placed them close to where Margaret and Adam sat, so near to Margaret that by bending forward she could have laid her hand on Ernest De Vere's shoulder as he and Lady Nairn seated themselves beside her. They talked of the trees and flowers, the cloudless sky, the bright moon, of all lovely things, then they were silent for a few minutes.

Lady Nairn was the first to speak.

"You must marry, Lord Cranston; will you allow me to have a share in the choice of her who is to be Queen of this beautiful villa, and all the rest of your broad lands and castles?"

"No Lady Nairn, because there will never be such an one."

"You should not say there will never be such an one, say there never has, but make no such promises for a future we none of us can see."

"I can safely promise for the future, my dear cousin, and for the past. I am not free to say there has never been such an one; to prevent you from teasing me on this subject which I find people think they have a perfect right to do, I will tell you a part of my heart's history and then we will never speak on this topic again."

"I'm all attention," replied her Ladyship, in a serio comic voice as if she fancied her companion was playing with her.

"You think no one had ever power enough to move my heart?"

"I do," was her Ladyship's reply.

"You are wrong; no knight more faithfully ever wore his lady's glove than I have borne in my heart the memory of a first and only love; I cannot paint her form to you in words because if I did you would know it full well, neither will I say she was beautiful. I was but a boy when I last knelt at her feet and hung on the accents which condemned me to a solitary life, and yet in my midnight dreams of happiness she mingles in each scene; this night in yonder room, surrounded by the young and beautiful, I found myself following in forgetfulness her sweet face far away. I never listen to a touching voice, or gaze on a graceful form but to fill my memory with that beloved one; it was not that I saw in her realized all my ideal of beauty and young innocence, it was more far more, I felt as if existence went and came even when the meanest kind who served her, breathed her name in the absence of a day. I sought consolation where her most frequent wanderings had marked the place holy ground. I longed to say a thousand things, yet I dared not speak; half happy, half feared that she would read my wishes in my tall-face, and if unconsciously she smiled, my breath came quick and faint, until with very happiness my feeling heart grew sick; oh youth, youth! I have these days back again how gladly would I spurn the pride and glory of all my riper years; that one the soul of my boy life departed, and none came in after years with half the charm which cleaves unto her name."

They sat silent for what seemed to Margaret a long time; she had been listening to words which fell on her heart like the dew of Hermon and yet strange anomaly gave her a sharp pang; why should Ernest De Vere with all his christian virtues, his hard won honors, his world fame, his keen appreciative intellect, and last, though well noted by her woman's eye, his fine face and handsome form, a hundred-fold handsomer now in his large developed manhood than when she had known him as a graceful beautiful boy; why should he be doomed to an unloved solitary life because there was a blight on her name? She longed to leave the place, she felt as if she was committing a crime by sitting there listening to what was certainly never meant to be heard by a third person.

Yet it was impossible to move, the least motion would at once reveal to Ernest De Vere and his companion who it was, who sat there under the rich boughs.

Lady Nairn was the first to speak.

"Do you remember beautiful Margaret Cunningham?" asked she in a dreamy sort of way. "I do remember."

"I wonder if she is still as beautiful as ever."

"More beautiful a thousand fold."

"Have you seen her since your return to England?"

"I have."

"When?"

"On the day I came home."

"Where, in London?"

Ernest could reply a cry of, "Lord Cranston! Lord Cranston!" came from the drawing room while the sound of light footsteps were heard approaching.

"Here I am," replied Ernest De Vere answering hastily, and giving his arm to his companion, they both entered the drawing room where a pleasant hum of cheerful laughing voices greeted their approach.

Margaret touched Adam lightly on the shoulder, the old man was fast asleep; another touch and he was awake standing upright ready to go.

They passed swiftly and unseen in the shadow of the house, and sheltered from view of the open balcony by the thick sweeping boughs of the avenue trees, whose branches in many places swept the ground.

In a few minutes they were out on the road walking quickly in the direction of their little home in Duke street, Margaret thinking of all she had seen and heard within the last hour. She now knew that Ernest De Vere was Lord Cranston, a British Peer, owner of large landed property and fine castles in both England and Scotland, a man whose rent roll was counted by tens of thousands; she had never dreamed of his being heir to Lady Morton's invalid son; it was because he was an invalid that they never spoke of his heir; if he had been a strong man likely to marry they would have talked of his heir apparently unreservedly.

Margaret raised up her soul in praise to her Heavenly Father who had given her strength to do as she had done, and say what she had said in the painful past; the worse was over, the bitterness of death was for her no more; they were leaving London. In a quiet place like Eaton Sutton there was no chance of ever meeting Lord Cranston. It was better she should never see him on this earth again, better for both; he was a young man scarce thirty years of age, he would find some beautiful good and gentle woman to share his titles, his wealth and fame, one who would suit herself in his love, "and for me, poor me," she mentally said, "I will try to walk on my way with a quiet spirit, working the work given me to do."

It was afternoon ere they reached Eaton Sutton; they were delighted with the appearance of the village, its quiet streets almost entirely formed of detached cottages, to each of which there was a small portion of garden, the climbing roses and honey-suckle encircling nearly every door and window, the streets which looked more like green lanes than streets, everything so new seemed to give life an interest to Mrs Lindsay she had not known for years.

Do what Margaret would, her head would ache and her heart beat uneasily; she tried to smile pleasant replies to her sister but it was with a white face and heavy eye.

Mrs. Churchill's cottage was neatness personified; the portion of it laid aside for her lodgers, a pretty parlour where Margaret's piano and harp had more room than in their London home; boxes of mignonette in the windows,

while the roses leaning in scented the whole house. Both windows opened on the plot of grass in front, smoothly mown and mossy, sparkling with rose-lipped daisies; the bedrooms were on each side and beyond the parlour, all their rooms with new crimson carpets, muslin curtains and pure white dimity covering sofas and chairs, looked more like a pleasant home than anything they had known since their residence in the Isle of Wight.

Mrs. Churchill had a nice breakfast of country fare, milk and eggs, raspberries, brown bread and clear coffee, laid on a snowy white cloth, with flowers placed on each napkin as if to make a gala welcome for her city lodgers. When they had breakfasted, Mrs. Lindsay lay down to rest; and Margaret, who was impatient to see the boy she yet feared to see, fully assured, now she was near him, he was nothing to her, asked Mrs. Churchill to take her to see Mrs. Brown and her adopted child.

The house they sought was exactly opposite, and only a few yards from the cottage in which they had made their home. The young woman, Mrs. Brown, a gentle, sweet-faced woman, was busy sewing in the room which formed the entrance to the house. Her aunt explained to her that Margaret was one of the lady lodgers she had told her were coming from London to live with her, and had a great desire to see Master Willie because he was so like a picture she had.

Margaret fastened the portrait from her neck and put it in Mrs. Brown's hand, watching the expression of her face as she looked at it, a look in which surprise, pleasure, regret and fear were strangely mingled, as the woman looked earnestly at the pictured face, from it to Margaret and again at the portrait. At last she said, speaking in a voice almost choked with emotion:

"This is Master Willie. Is he your brother, ma'am?"

"He is not my brother, certainly," replied Margaret; "but perhaps he is a relative of mine that we lost four years ago."

As she spoke her heart sank so as scarcely to beat, while her thoughts said: "Oh, it cannot be; such a thing is too good to be true." She felt so thankful she had not spoken to her sister of even the likeness of the boy to their own lost one.

"What was your boy's name, ma'am?" inquired the woman.

"Willie Hamilton Lindsay."

Mary Brown's face became as white as ashes. Her very lips were pale, and trembled as if a great fear or sorrow were coming over her.

"Had he any mark about his body?"

"Yes, on his arm, about two or three inches below the shoulder there was a pale mark like a skeleton leaf."

Mary Brown put up her hand to her forehead as if her head ached, or she would help herself to think, the unbidden tears falling from her eyes. She sat thus for a minute or two, and then rose, saying:

"I'll go for him, but it's hard for me to give him up now, after so long thinking you were all dead."

The woman looked and spoke as if her heart were breaking, making Margaret feel that if it was not their darling she would be reconciled to know that the poor woman could keep her adopted child.

She was gone about five minutes, when she returned leading by the hand, not a boy like Willie, but Willie's very self. Margaret was certain that the moment hereafter fell on the child, and with a cry of joy she tried to kiss the boy, who pushed her away with a defiant, proud look.

"Keep away; I don't want your nasty kisses."

Mary Brown was now fairly overcome, and sat down sobbing audibly.

"What's the matter, nurse, are you awful sick?" said the boy as he climbed up into Mary Brown's lap and put his hands on each side of her face, pressing his own face against hers.

The woman could not answer but he saw that her eye turned to look at Margaret, and jumping down he went up to her and putting his hands in his pockets asked her with a bold air and with quick angry words:

"What did you do to my nurse? I don't want you here, go home to your own house."

The whole scene was to Margaret's depressed heart exciting in the extreme, and the boy spoke and looked so like her own father that the variety of emotions which contended in her heart were nearly overpowering her; Mrs. Brown saw that she was both perplexed and hurt, and endeavoured to repress her own feelings at the prospect of losing the child she had nursed so tenderly and for two years back had considered her own; Catchem had said she would either see or hear from him in two years; he neither came or sent, and although at times she was distressed at the idea of her darling not receiving the education he ought to have as the son of a great man, which she believed him to be, upon the whole she was rejoiced at the thought that he would be always her own.

"Come here, master Willie," said she, with an effort at composing herself, "don't be rude to the lady, she is a lady from London and a relation of your papa."

The boy went to Mary Brown's side and stood by her knee, his hands held tightly behind his back as if he was afraid he was to be pulled by them towards the stranger whom he regarded with no favourable eye.

"She needn't come here, for I won't go back to London with her, I'll stay always with you and marry you," said the child clinging to the weeping woman and kissing her fondly.

"Will you allow me to look at the mark on the child?" said Margaret, "I think I could at once tell by it if he is the child we lost."

"Perhaps you would know the clothes, I have them all safe here."

She went to a bureau in the room, and taking a pasteboard box from one of the drawers sat down beside Margaret, and lifting up a sheet of tissue paper disclosed to her delighted eyes the little white hat and cherry coloured feather which the child had on when he left the garden that bright May morning four years before; the ticket with the markor's name and street where it was bought, "Roch 524 Rhinogosse Bonn" where they stayed a day or two on their way coming home to reside in the Isle of Wight.

Next came the little embroidered frock, one his mother had herself embroidered. Margaret knew every flower, every open stitch in it.

Margaret stopped the woman and proceeded to give a minute description of the clothes the child had on; which she could easily do, it was she who dressed him that morning; the child awoke earlier than usual, Simpson was busy,

and as Margaret was in the room she took up the child from his crib and dressed him.

Each article as she described it was lifted up and displayed, down to the little chemise with his name in full written across the breast 'Willie Hamilton Lindsay.'

It was not so easy to get the boy to allow himself to be undressed to show the leaf on his arm, but on being assured that he would not be taken to London, that they had come to live in Eaton Sutton, and that he would be allowed to live with his nurse, and sleep in his own crib, he reluctantly consented.

The Hamilton leaf as it was called, a mark common to the family of Sir William Hamilton, was as distinct on Willie's arm as it had been in his childhood when Agnes and Margaret used to wonder why their father and now Willie, had a mark which none of their race had ever borne, and which whenever seen was said to mark one of the hardy Hamiltons.

Margaret now told the woman how Willie had strayed from the garden and had never been seen again, and of her conviction that the man who had given him to her had stolen him. In talking of the weary search they had for months, she said that their servant Adam had often gone away for days at a time in hopes he would hear something of the child, even six months after he was lost.

"He used to speak of Adam and Simpson, and his mamma and papa and 'Margaret dear,'" said the woman. "He used to take fits of crying for a week after he came here and he used to pacify; he used to go to the garden and call out 'Margaret dear, Margaret dear,' so loud and so pitiful like it often made our hearts sore to hear him."

"This was the name by which he used to call Margaret, imitating his father and mother, who called her 'Margaret dear,' and the reason he called her in the garden was probably because she used to play with him in the garden in the Isle of Wight, and show him how to use his little hoe."

Margaret untied her bonnet and laid it aside, and then said:

"Willie, do you remember me. I am Margaret dear."

Willie looked at her. He was a little mollified because he saw his nurse was pleased with the strange lady, but he was too much afraid of being run off with to come near her.

Margaret explained to Mrs. Brown that the child's mother was not dead, as had been represented to her, but that his father had been drowned in the Indian Ocean the same year in which Willie was lost, and that, in consequence of her sorrow for both child and husband, she was weak and nervous; that it would be necessary to prepare her for the joyful intelligence she had to hear, and, in order to do this, she would now go, and when she had spoken to her sister, she would return for herself and the child, in order to show him to his mother.

The sympathy of the woman was now excited in favour of the poor mother, who had been so long deprived of her child, and she readily agreed to go with the boy, saying:

"You will need some one to take care of him; I will do it better than a stranger. Pray ask the lady to take me. I'll take care of him without any wages. If she'll let me sew a little I can earn my own wages."

Margaret assured her that there would be some arrangement made which would be agreeable to her, and left the poor woman, who promised to try to make Willie behave better to his mamma than he had done to her.

(To be continued.)

**LAPLAND.**—When I went to Sweden, and announced my intention of going to Lapland, says Paul Chittell, I was told that I should have to wait until the mosquitoes had gone for good and then I laughed at the idea; but when I arrived there you may be assured I believed it; why, Jersey is not for a moment to be compared with it for mosquitoes. During the evening of the 1st of August I went to the mountains. The Laplanders are most astonishingly honest; they leave their valuables in sight of their servants when they retire, and have never known them to be stolen. I left my money bag once, and travelled some distance before I missed it. I tried to make my guide understand my loss, and, in so doing, awakened the sympathies of a young woman (the Laplanders are beautiful) who volunteered to get it for me, which she soon did. I offered her some of the gold, but she said she would not accept it. Not knowing how else to reward her, I gave her a kiss; she looked astonished, and I gave her another. These people are intensely fond of flowers. In summer, when the flowers are in bloom, it is a national custom to visit the graveyards each Saturday, and strew the graves with them. Great interest is attached to the study of flowers in America, and New York and Chicago are household words. The country has a very thick growth of birch and spruce over nearly the entire surface, some of the trees measuring from four to six feet in circumference. The scenery is magnificent.

#### CONSUMPTION.

Letter from Captain Cobell, of the Brig "Potoni," of Windsor, N. S.

St. John, N. B., May 22nd, 1868.

**Mrs. JAMES I. FELLOWS, Chemist:**

Dear Sir,—In May, 1865, I was attacked with a severe dry cough, which continued in harshness for some time, when I commenced expectorating a thick whitish substance, then I raised a greenish yellow and slate colored matter, then blood, then mucus set in, and other symptoms of a very alarming character, showed themselves. I consulted the leading physicians in Philadelphia and other cities, who gave me no satisfaction, as my disease was Consumption. I spared no expense to obtain relief, but found none. In August, I had fallen in flesh from 150 to 130 pounds, and sinking rapidly every day. My friends in Philadelphia advised me to take a sea voyage and go home. At home they considered my case hopeless, and wished me to remain there, and not die in a foreign country. I visited St. John, in October of the same year, on my way to Philadelphia to join my ship, and was advised by a stranger, who noticed my shrunken form and racking cough, to try your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites; and, as a drawing man will grasp at straws, I saw a ray of hope in the suggestion, and procured a bottle. The effect warranted a further trial, and I bought a dozen bottles, and left St. John, and have been knocking about the Atlantic ever since.

This is the first time I have visited your City since, I feel under an obligation to let you know the effects produced by this Syrup. I continued taking the remedy regularly. At first my appetite improved, my regained strength, my cough gradually left me, and finally the expectoration ceased; and although the benefit was gradual, I could not see the change for the better every day, so that after having taken ten bottles I considered myself well. This was about five months from the time I commenced taking the Syrup. A short time after I had considerable trouble, and feeling some of the old symptoms returning, I finished the other two bottles; and now I consider myself as well as I ever was in my life. My present weight is 162 seven pounds above my usual healthy standard. My nerves are good, my appetite good, and general health excellent. I heartily recommend your Syrup to all persons troubled with any difficulties or disease of the Lungs or Nervous System, firmly believing that had I not used it, I would not now be living.

Hoping my letter may meet the eyes of others similarly affected, and induce them to use the same means of cure, I remain yours very truly,  
HARRIS COFFILL,  
Master of brig "Potoni," of Windsor, N. S.