Mary Maguire.

The following song composed by Carolen and addressed to Mary Maguire, who afterwards became his wife, has been thus rendered into English by Thomas Ferguson:

Oh! that my love and I from life's crowded
walks could fly
To some deep, shady vale by the mountain.
When no sound might make its way save
the thrush's lively lay
And the murmur of the clear flowing fountain;
Where no stranger should intrude on our
hallowed solitude,
Where no kinsman's cold glance could
annoy us,
Where peace and joy might shed blended
blessings o'er our bed,
And love! love! alone still employ us.

Still, sweet maiden, may I see that I vainly
talk of thee;
In vain in lost love I lie pining;
I may worship from afar the beauty-beaming star
That o'er my dull pathway keeps shining;
But in sorrow and in pain fond hope will remain,
For rarely from hope can we sever;
Unchanged, in good or ill, one dear dream
is cherished still—
Oh! My Mary, I must love thee forever.

How fair appears the maid, in her loveliness
arrayed,
As she moves forth at dawn's dewy hour,
Her ringlets richly flowing and her cheek
all gayly glowing,
Like the rose in her own blooming bower!
Oh! lonely be his life, may his dwelling
want a wife,
And his nights be cold, cheerless and dreary
Who cold or calm could be with winning
one like thee
Or for wealth could forsake thee, my Mary.

A DOCTOR'S RUSE.

Dr. Paul Ventnor sat alone in his office, his hands crossed on his knees, his eyes fixed upon vacancy, the light from the side-jet falling upon his worn, anxious face.

The room was barely comfortable. The floor was covered with matting. The wall paper was shabby, but was cheerfully relieved by a few cheap, yet brightly colored chromos, and the heavily-gift frame which enclosed his diploma. A desk somewhat littered, a bookcase but partially filled, an old-fashioned sofa, and a few stuffed, stiff-backed chairs, were all the furniture visible. We say visible, because within a small curtained alcove were a low, narrow bedstead, and a dingy toilet stand, in keeping with the cracked washbowl and pitcher which surmounted it, and with the rickety towel-rack which stood beside it.

The doctor was quite a young man, prepossessing in appearance, and positive in his manner—his grave, thoughtful face indicating character and a fair degree of reserved health. His clothes had a seedy look; they were entire, but much worn, frayed around the button holes, the faded binding rendered less noticeable by the application of ink.

In fact the doctor was very poor, and the outlook for the future was in no wise encouraging. He had been located in that quarter of the city for three months, and yet had not received a single professional call. He had spent his means, and been compelled to pawn his surgical instruments and a few of his books; he was in arrears for boarding, while the landlord had given him notice to vacate the room.

The doctor was not to blame for his straitened circumstances. He had practiced rigid economy; he had nailed up his sign and distributed his circulars; he was at least theoretically well up in his profession; his address was in his favor; he had patiently waited. There was not much sickness in the neighborhood, and what little patronage there was went into the hands of older practitioners. No wonder that the doctor's attitude was a forlorn one, and the expression on his face almost devoid of hope.

Suddenly his countenance brightened. Some one had pulled the bell. Who else, if not a patient? He opened the door, and a lady entered. She was closely veiled, and yet he knew that she was young, because of the elasticity in her movements.

"You are Dr. Ventnor?" she asked, her voice sweet and distinct, though slightly tremulous.

"At your service, madam," he answered, with a polite bow. "Pray be seated."

She took the chair which he placed for her, and removed her veil; and, as she did so, he noticed that her hand was small, white, shapely and bejewelled. Her face was exceedingly fair, though it wore a troubled look. Her eyes were black and lustrous. They made a rapid survey of the room, and then rested upon the doctor's face in such a steady, calculating, estimating way, that he felt the blood filling his cheeks.

"I wish you to call upon my father," she said.

"To-night?" asked the doctor.

"Well—no," she debatingly answered, "to-morrow will do. I tell you beforehand, it's an odd case, and a bad one. If you succeed in relieving him you have only to name your fee."

"What is his malady?" asked the doctor.

He's a hypochondriac," she slowly, half-wittingly admitted, the color coming and going in her face. "He has a strange hallucination, and if he is not lifted out of it, it will end in his death."

The doctor was becoming fascinated with the sweet voice, the graceful gestures, the black eyes, which grew more lustrous because anxiety had filled them with tears. He drew his chair nearer to her own.

"You have consulted other physicians?" he asked.

"Quite a number," she replied, a little flurriedly. "Some of the best in the city."

"Without success?"

"O, of course;" and she spoke with impatience. "They had no—no—intentions. They argued, and—hooted."

There was something charming about those pauses in the choice of words.

"You think they should have humored him?" the doctor asked.

"Yes?" she answered, her face brightening wondrously. "You have caught the idea. Oh, sir, I believe that you can cure him."

In her excited eagerness, she unconsciously laid her hand on his arm, and the touch thrilled him.

"Why did you come to me?" he asked. "I am young—inexperienced—unknown."

"Why?" she inquired, with a searching look. "I do not know,—why do we do queer things?" and she smiled a little oddly. "They come to us like a—a—revelation."

It was an ambiguous explanation, and yet he understood her.

"Perhaps the other physicians were too old, and knew too much," she added, the odd smile again stirring her lips.

"I will do what I can," the doctor gravely said. "What is the character of the hallucination?"

"It is concerning his food," she slowly replied, the piquancy dying out of her face. "Or, to be precise, it concerns what is given him to drink. For days at a time nothing liquid passes his lips. O, it is just dreadful!"

"There are rational intervals?" the doctor asked.

"Yes, thank God!" she exclaimed, with fervor; "otherwise he would be in his grave."

"He fancies the water to be poisoned, eh?"

"Oh, worse!" cried the lovely visitor, "filled with the finest needles."

"Ah!" ejaculated Dr. Ventnor. He was thoughtful for a minute, then added: "Give me your address. I'll call to-morrow."

She handed him a card upon which was printed:

G. B. BRANSON,
No——, Summit Ave., St. Paul.

The doctor knew the gentleman by reputation; he felt sure that there was a heavy fee in prospect.

"You will be sure to come?" his visitor asked, with a delightful tremor in her voice.

She arose, and dropped her veil over her face, her diamond rings catching a thousand sparkles of light.

"Without fail," was the doctor's answer, as he accompanied her to the door. "Is your father in distress now?"

"Very much so, sir."

They had reached the door-step. It was so early in the evening yet, that she was not in need of an escort.

"One thing more, Miss Branson," he said. "It may be best for me not to call as a physician."

"Why not?" asked she, in quiet surprise.

"He may be prejudiced," replied the doctor. "Probably you have not caught my meaning. A great deal will depend on adroitness. Could I not come on some pretended business? Of a kind in which he takes an interest?"

She bent her head, and he noticed how finely poised it was.

"He has houses to rent on Tenth street," she said, after a pause. "To rent and to sell."

"Very good," rejoined the doctor, "that will serve me. "Now, Miss Branson, you must not be surprised if I cut up some queer antics." He laughed as he said that. "Watch me closely for a clue to what I would have you do or say."

He felt that she was keenly regarding him, in the dimness, through her veil.

"I think I understand," she simply said. "Good-evening, sir."

The next morning Dr. Paul Ventnor took from a drawer a strong horseshoe magnet. He rubbed steadily upon the blades of his pocket knife with one of the poles of the magnet, thoroughly electrifying it. He purchased a paper of very fine needles at an adjoining store; then set out for the residence of his patient.

He found the latter to be a man well advanced in life, intelligent and genial; so genial in fact, that the doctor wondered at there being so much of the suspectful in his nature.

The room was magnificently furnished without a violation of harmony or taste. The owner was evidently a man of wealth, disposed to consult his ease.

The doctor at once opened a conversation about the houses on Tenth street, in which Mr. Branson earnestly joined, and vividly explained points in the speculation.

"Sir, could I trouble you for a drink of water?" the doctor suddenly asked.

"Certainly," replied the other. "Kate, please bring Mr.——?"

"Ventnor," supplied the doctor.

"A glass of water," completed Mr. Branson.

He was addressing his daughter, who had called upon the doctor the evening before, and she was seated in one of the bay windows. She put aside her book, left the room and returned with a glass of water, which the doctor received with a bow.

He was now more impressed with her loveliness than ever, now that he had a better view of her. Her hair was black and abundant, her air dignified, her manner royal; she was undoubtedly an intelligent, refined, sensible, pure-minded young woman.

No glance of recognition passed between them—at least her father did not notice any; but the doctor saw a waiting, wistful, trusting, anticipating look in her eyes which made his pulses throb faster

He raised the glass to his lips, and then a well-feigned look of astonishment crossed his face. He ejected some of the water, plucked at his moustache, he strode to the window, where he seemed absorbed in an examination of the contents of the glass.

"What is the matter?" asked Mr. Branson.

"Matter?" sharply repeated the doctor, as he turned from the window, "Sir, who is this girl?" he sternly asked.

"Girl!" exclaimed Mr. Branson, with a frown, "she is my daughter."

"I beg a thousand pardons," humbly rejoined the doctor, seemingly flurried. "This is remarkable! Very remarkable!" and he stared into the glass.

"What is remarkable?" asked Mr. Branson with a gasp.

"There are needles swimming in the water!" announced the doctor, the nonplussed look still on his face. "Hundreds of them sir! How did they get in? Why did she bring me such stuff as this?"

"Needles!" exclaimed Mr. Branson, becoming very much excited. "There, Kate," he added, with an air of triumph, "what have I always told you?"

Miss Branson stared into the tumbler, her face comically demure.

"I see no needles," she said.

"Oh, you don't, eh?" sarcastically rejoined the doctor. "What do you say, Mr. Branson?" and he handed the old gentleman the glass.

"You are right, sir," declared he; "I see them with the naked eye; and my sight is none of the best, for I am almost seventy. But you cannot convince her."

"Maybe I can," objected the doctor.

He took out his knife, thrust into the glass the magnetized blade, and when he withdrew it, a number of needles were adhering to it, for he had adroitly dropped them into the water.

"What have you to say now?" he asked, his eyes upon Kate.

"I am convinced," she said. "Why, it is just horrible!"

The doctor turned to Mr. Branson and said:

"You do not seem greatly surprised."

"Well, no," replied the old gentleman with a grin, "it is no new experience to me. For months I have found needles in the water, milk, tea, coffee, in fact, everything served up to me to drink. I cannot tell you what I have suffered. I called in several physicians, but they laughed at me, and treated it as the fancy of a disordered mind. You are the only person who ever detected the needles, and I know you had no hint of the matter from me or anybody else. I shall ever hold you in grateful remembrance, if for no other reason than because you have convinced my daughter. She will believe with me that a diabolical and systematic attempt has been made upon my life."

"On mine, sir, in this instance," grimly rejoined the doctor. "It is an outrageous affair and must be looked into. Who filled this glass?"

"Richard," replied Miss Branson.

"Who is Richard?" asked the doctor.

"A domestic."

"Send him here at once," peremptorily ordered the doctor.

Mr. Branson stared with admiration at his visitor; he was a man of purpose and of promptness; he would certainly unravel the mystery.

"This man, Richard," the doctor asked, "is he a colored man?"

"A mulatto."

"Compos mentis?"

"A trifle simple-minded, I suspect."

"How long has he been with you?"

"Three years."

"Ah!" ejaculated the doctor. "He must be sent away at once."

The servant came into the room, preceded by Miss Branson.

"Did you fill this glass with water?" the doctor sharply asked.

"Yes, sah," answered the mulatto, a harmless looking fellow, with high cheek bones and watery eyes.

"Did you drop any needles into it?" asked the doctor.

"Golly, no," exclaimed the man. "Dar's no needles in it. It's an old cranky notion of Mr. Branson's. He keeps us all on edge about it.

"Oh, he does, eh?" frowned the doctor. "Well, it is no fancy."

"Dar's no needles in de water," declared the man.

"We'll see," said the doctor, as he thrust the magnetized knife-blade into the glass. "What are these pray?" indicating a number of dangling needles.

There was something comical in the way the man's eyes dilated.

"Dey is needles sah, sure as you live!" he exclaimed. "Dey must jist been in the cooler. I didn't put 'em in. I swear I didn't, sah."

"Your services here end to-day," the doctor sternly said. "If there is any money due you Mr. Branson will pay it."

A dumbfounded look settled upon the servant's face, and he was about to protest with vehemence, when Mr. Branson sternly seconded the doctor's order.

"I owe you a week's wages which Kate will pay you at once," he said. "Now, go, and be thankful I didn't have you before a magistrate."

The man bestowed a fierce, angry glance upon the doctor, and then slowly and sullenly left the room.

Mr. Branson and the doctor conversed for an hour upon various topics. The old gentleman was wonderfully pleased with him, and cordial in his invitation to him to call again.

Miss Branson accompanied the doctor to the door.

"Your father is cured," he said.

"Do you think so?" she asked, her handsome eyes on his face. "We will wait a week. That was an admirable ruse. Take this, please; it is simply a remembrance."

A roll of something was placed in his hand.

"Thank you," he gratefully said.

"You were rather hard on Richard," reminded Miss Branson, with a smile.

"I wronged him," admitted the doctor. "But I had to assail some one. Can you explain the matter to him and procure him a situation elsewhere?"

"I will try," she replied.

The doctor bowed and then hurried back to his office. He payed the debts that annoyed him most, and felt like another man.

At the end of the week he refused a second voluntary fee from his fair friend.

The tide turned; patients called on him; his practice became assured; he was soon on the high road to competency.

He became a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Branson, and finally married the fair, dark-eyed young girl who had brought him his first case.

CLEVERLY CAUGHT!

THE RICH MAN'S FEAR OF BURGLARS—THE STORY OF AN ELECTRICIAN.

Buffalo, N. Y., News.

At the dead of night, Mr. B. Anthony, a wholesale grocer of Troy, N. Y., was awakened by his burglar alarm annunciator, which told him that his house had been entered through the roof scuttle. He hastily dresses, rings for a policeman, hurries to the upper story, and hears the burglar in the servant's room, threatening her with instant death if she made a loud noise.

He was captured, convicted and sentenced to Sing Sing prison for ten years.

So said Mr. C. H. Westfall, the electrician of Westfield, N. Y., to our reporter.

"Do city residents generally use burglar alarms?"

"Yes, all first-class houses are provided with them and I have never had any dissatisfaction from my customers, many of whom are the best known and wealthiest people of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and other large cities."

"Do wealthy men have much fear of burglars?"

"As a rule, wealthy men do not keep valuables in their house, and yet they are not sure that they shall escape burglarious attacks, and they don't feel secure without a first-class burglar alarm apparatus in their house. Every door, window and scuttle is connected with the annunciator, and it is quite impossible to effect an entrance without the fact becoming at once known."

"Don't electricians run considerable risk in handling wires?"

"Even the most careful of them sometimes get a shock. A few years ago, while I was descending stairs at Elmira, N. Y., with a wire coil in my hand, I felt as if I had received the entire charge from the battery. For over a half hour I suffered the keenest agony. I did not know but what I had been fatally injured. After completing my business circuit, I returned to Boston, and for eighteen months did not get over the shock. I lost my appetite; all food tasted alike. I could not walk across the common without resting several times.

"My head whirled, and I reeled like a drunken man. I consulted the best physicians in a good many large cities, but none of them seemed to understand my case. About a year ago I was in Albany, and a physician there stated that I would probably not live three months. But to-day," said Mr. Westfall, and he straightened himself up with conscious pride, "so far as I know, I am in perfect health. I weigh 170 pounds, eat well, sleep well, feel well, and am well. One of my old physicians gave me a thorough examination a few weeks ago, and told me that I was in a perfect condition."

"You are a very fortunate man, sir," remarked the scribe, "to have escaped instant death after an electrical shock."

"O, it was not electricity that prostrated me. It was a uremic convulsion. For all my physicians told me I was a victim of a very serious kidney disorder. And when they and a dozen widely advertised medicines failed to benefit me, warner's safe cure restored me to perfect health. That preparation is invaluable to every grade of society, for it is a priceless blessing."

"There is no need of death from handling electrical wires if the operators will exercise care. In our burglar alarm attachments there is no possible danger from that source."

A Skilful Surgical Operation.

The American Ambassador at Vienna, Mr. Kasson, has lately forwarded to his Government an interesting account of a remarkable surgical operation lately performed by Professor Billroth, of Vienna, which, wonderful to tell, consisted in the removal of a portion of the human stomach, involving nearly one-third of the organ—and; strange to say, the patient recovered—the only successful operation of the kind ever performed. The disease for which this operation was performed was cancer of the stomach, attended with the following symptoms:—The appetite is quite poor. There is a peculiar indescribable distress in the stomach, a feeling that has been described as a faint "*all gone*" sensation; a sticky slime collects about the teeth, especially in the morning, accompanied by an unpleasant taste. Food fails to satisfy this peculiar faint sensation; but, on the contrary, it appears to aggravate the feeling. The eyes are sunken, tinged with yellow; the hands and feet become cold and sticky—a cold perspiration. The sufferers feel tired all the time, and sleep does not seem to give rest. After a time the patient becomes nervous and irritable, gloomy, his mind filled with evil forebodings. When rising suddenly from a recumbent position there is a dizziness, a whistling sensation, and he is obliged to grasp something firm to keep from falling. The bowels costive, the skin dry and hot at times; the blood becoming thick and stagnant, and does not circulate properly. After a time the patient spits up food soon after eating, sometimes in a sour and fermented condition, sometimes sweetish to the taste. Oftentimes there is a palpitation of the heart, and the patient fears he may have heart disease. Towards the last the patient is unable to retain any food whatever, as the opening in the intestines becomes close, or nearly so. Although this disease is indeed alarming, sufferers with the above-named symptoms should not feel nervous, for nine hundred and ninety-nine casesout of a thousand have no cancer, but simply dyspepsia, a disease easily removed if treated in a proper manner. The safest and best remedy for the disease is Seigel's Curative Syrup, a vegetable preparation sold by all chemists and medicine vendors throughout the world, and by the proprietors, A. J. White (Limited), 17, Farringdon road, London, E. C. This Syrup strikes at the very foundation of the disease, and drives it, root and branch, out of the system.

St. Mary-street, Peterborough,
November 29th, 1881.

Sir,—It gives me great pleasure to inform you of the benefit I have received from Seigel's Syrup. I have been troubled for years with dyspepsia; but after a few doses of the Syrup, I found relief, and after taking two bottles of it I feel quite cured.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
Mr. A. J. White. William Brent.

September 8th, 1883.

Dear Sir,—I find the sale of Seigel's Syrup steadily increasing. All who have tried it speak very highly of its medicinal virtues: one customer describes it as a "Godsend to dyspeptic people." I always recommend it with confidence.

Faithfully yours,
(Signed) Vincent A. Wills,
Chemist-Dentist, Merthyr Tydvil.

Every observer who walks the streets of a great city, and scans with intelligent eye the colorless faces of more than fifty per cent. of the people he meets, can easily agree with us in the statement, that this age, which makes such drafts upon the working energies of the greater part of men in the intense pursuit of business, has destroyed in a proportionate degree their animal health and robust constitution. Nature, in this stage of exhaustion, cannot be restored of itself, but requires some stimulating tonic, to strengthen and keep the system in regular order, and in Northrop & Lyman's Quinine Wine we have the exact remedy required. The peculiar operation of this medicine, in cases of general debility and nervous prostration, has undergone long and close observation, and it is believed it will never fail, if properly and judiciously administered. Prepared by Northrop & Lyman, Toronto, and sold by all druggists.

For Rough conditions of the Skin, Shampooing the head, Pimples, Eruption and skin diseases, use Prof. Low's Sulphur Soap.

Woman's Suffering and Relief.

Those languid, tiresome sensations, causing you to feel scarcely able to be on your feet; that constant drain that is taking from your system all its former elasticity; driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces, rendering you irritable and fretful, can easily be removed by the use of that marvelous remedy, Hop Bitters. Irregularities and obstructions of your system are relieved at once, while the special cause of periodical pain is permanently removed. None receive so much benefit, and none are so profoundly grateful, and show such an interest in recommending Hop Bitters as women.

A Postal Card Story.

I was affected with kidney and urinary Trouble—
"For twelve years!"
After trying all the doctors and patent medicines I could hear of, I used two bottles of Hop
"Bitters;"
And I am perfectly cured. I keep it
"All the time!" respectfully, B. F. Booth, Saulsbury, Tenn.—May 4, 1883.

BRADFORD, PA., May 8, 1875.

It has cured me of several diseases, such as nervousness, sickness at the stomach, monthly troubles, etc. I have not seen a sick day in a year, since I took Hop Bitters. All my neighbors use them.

MRS. FANNIE GREEN.

$3,000 Lost.

"A tour to Europe that cost me $3,000, done me less good than one bottle of Hop Bitters; they also cured my wife of fifteen years' nervous weakness, sleeplessness and dyspepsia." R. M., Auburn, N. Y.

So. BLOOMINGVILLE, O., May 1, '79.

SIRS—I have been suffering ten years, and I tried your Hop Bitters, and it done me more good than all the doctors.

MISS S. S. BOONE.

Baby Saved.

We are so thankful to say that our nursing baby was permanently cured of a dangerous and protracted constipation and irregularity of the bowels by the use of Hop Bitters by its mother, which at the same time restored her to perfect health and strength. —The Parents, Rochester, N. Y.

☞ None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

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Seldom does a popular remedy win such a strong hold upon the public confidence as has HALL'S HAIR RENEWER. The cases in which it has accomplished a complete restoration of color to the hair, and vigorous health to the scalp, are innumerable.

Old people like it for its wonderful power to restore to their whitening locks their original color and beauty. Middle-aged people like it because it prevents them from getting bald, keeps dandruff away, and makes the hair grow thick and strong. Young ladies like it as a dressing because it gives the hair a beautiful glossy lustre, and enables them to dress it in whatever form they wish. Thus it is the favorite of all, and it has become so simply because it disappoints no one.

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FOR THE WHISKERS

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WAX BLEACHERS & REFINERS
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In presenting our **Moulded Bees Wax Candles** to the public and especially to the Reverend Clergy and Religious, we wish to say that we have now succeeded in producing a *perfectly pure* Moulded Bees Wax Candle, which has heretofore been deemed almost impossible, owing to the peculiar nature of bees wax. However, by means of special appliances which we have perfected after years of labor and study, we are now enabled to turn out *pure* Bees Wax Candles from moulds, unequalled for beauty of finish, compactness, evenness and burning qualities. We make both the White (bleached) and the Yellow (unbleached) Candles in sizes 2, 3, 4, 6 or 8 to the pound.

Ask your dealer for **R. Eckermann & Will's MOULDED BEES WAX CANDLES**, and take no other. If he does not keep them, send us your order, and we promise same our best attention.

Yours respectfully,
R. ECKERMANN & WILL,
Syracuse, N. Y.

For sale by D. & J. SADLIER & Co., Montreal, P. Q.; THOS. COFFEY, London, Ont.

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COOK'S FRIEND
BAKING POWDER.

Is a PURE FRUIT ACID POWDER, It contains neither alum, lime, nor ammonia, and may be used by the most delicate constitutions with perfect safety. Its great success, arising from its being intrinsically THE BEST VALUE IN THE MARKET, as well as thoroughly adapted to the wants of the kitchen, has excited envious imitations of its name and appearance. Beware of such. No addition to or variations from the simple name:

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IS GENUINE.

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