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and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Gold-licoverer, will send the method entirely free who send him their name and address. He ear from men who have stricture that they have stricture that they

onderful method not only onderful method not only on the likewise all the complications, such as measure at likewise all the complications, such as measure ladder or kidney trouble, heart disease, nervous is shilliy, etc.

The doctor realizes that at is one thing to make claims and another thing to back them up, so he has guade it a rule not to ask for money unless he cure you and when you are cured he feels sure that you wan and when you are cured he feels sure that you wan and when you are cured he feels sure that you will all the proposed to the sure of the sur



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LODGES.



WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month, in the Masonic Hall, Bifth St., at 7.30 p.m. Visiting brethren

ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y.
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DENTAL. .

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Old Hagar's Secret

BY MRS. M. J. HOLMES

Author of "For a Woman's Sake," "Love's Triumph," "Purified by Suffering," "A Grass Widow," "Woman Against Woman," Etc.

"You are a good girl, Maggie." he said, at last, "and I would not for the workd deceive you; Rose is my stepsister. We are in no way connected save by marriage, still I love her all the same. We were brought up together by a lady who is aunt to both, and Rose seems to me like an own dear sister. She has saved me from almost everything. I once loved the wine cup; but her kindly words and gentle influence won me back, so that now I seldom taste it. And once I thought to rua away to And once I thought to run away to And once I thought to run away to sea, but Rose found it out, and meeting me at the gate persuaded me to return. It is wonderful, the influence she has over me, keeping my wild spirits in check, and if I am ever anything, I shall owe it all to her."
"Does she live in Worcester?" asked Maggie, and Henry answered, "No, in Leominster, which is not far distant. It go, home once a month

distant. I go home once a month and I fancy I can see Rose now, jusas she looks when she comes trip-ping down the walk to meet me, her blue eyes shining like stars, and her golden curls blowing over her pale forehead. She is very, very frail; and sometimes when I look upon her, e dread frar steals over me that

there will come a time, ere long, when I shall have no sister."

There were tears in Maggie's eyes, tears for the fair young girl whom, she had never seen, and she felt a

yearning desire to look once on the beautiful face of her whom Henry Warner called his sister. 'I wish she would goine here, I want to see her,' she said, at last, and Henry replied, fore, that it is to the best interests of every man who suffers in this way to write the doctor confidentially and lay your case before him. He sends the method, sa well as many booklets on the subject, including the one that contains the 14 diplomas and certificates, estirely frees. Address him simply.

Dr. S. Goldberg, 208 Woodward P. Detroit, Mich., and it will all immediately be sent you free.

This is something entirely new and well worth knowing more about.

Write at once.

Write at once.

Write at once.

**she said, at last, and Henry replied, "She does not go often from home, But I have her daguerreotype in Worcester. I'll write to Douglas to bring it," and opening the letter. Said, when this was intisced, "you need exercise. Suppose you ride over to the office with these letters."

**Maggie would rather have remained with him; but she expressed her

Magne would rather have remained with him; but she expressed her
willingness to go, and in a few moments was seated or Gritty's back,
with the two letters clasped firmly in
her hand. At one of these, the one
tearing the name of Rose Warner,
she looked often and wistfully;
"twas a most beautiful name," she
thought, "and she who bore it was
beautiful, too." And then there
arose within her a wish, shadowy and
undefined to herself, it is true—but
still a wish—that she, Maggie Miller,
might one day call that gentle Rose
her sister. "I shall, see her sometimes, any way," she thought, "and
this George Douglas, too, I wish
they'd visit us together," and having by this time reached the postoffice, she deposited the letters and
galloped rapidly toward home.

CHAPTER VII. ed with him; but she expressed her

The large establishment of Douglas & Co. was closed in the night. The clerks had gone each to his own place; old Safford, the poor relation, place; old Safford, the poor relation, the man of all work, who attended faithfully to everything, groaning often and praying oftener over the careless habits of "the boys," as he called the two young men, his employers, had sought his comfortless bachelor attic, where he slept always with one ear open, listening for any burglarious so and which might come from the store below, and which, had it come to him listening thus, would have frightened him half to death. George lougias, too, the senior partner of the firm, had re-tired to his own room, which was far more elegantly furnished than

Boils were so painful could not sleep at night.

APPEARED ON NECK, LEOS AND ARMS.

Burdock **Blood Bitters**

CURED THEM.

It is well-known to all that bad blood is the direct cause of all akin diseases and it is necessary for the blood to be cleaned before the cruptions will disappear. For this purpose there is nothing to equal Burdock Blood Bitters as the thousands of testimonials we have on hand will

that of the old man in the attic, and now in a velvet easy chair he sat reading the letter from Hillsdale, which had arrived that evening, and a portion of which we subjoin for the reader's benefit.

which had arrived that evening, and a portion of which we subjoin for the reader's benefit.

After giving an account of his accident, and the manner in which it occurred, Warner continued:

"They say 'tis a mighty bad wind which blows no one any good, and so, though I verily believe I suffer all a man can suffer with a broken bone, yet, when I look at the fair face of Maggie Miller, I feel that I would not exchange this high old bed, to enter which needs a short ladder, even for a seat by you on that three-legged stool, behind the old writing-desk. I never saw anything like her in my life. Everything she thinks, she says, and as to flattering her, it can't be done. I've told her a dozen times at least that she was beautiful and she didn't mind it any more than Rose does when I flatter her. Still, I fancy if I were to talk to her of love, it might make a difference, and perhaps I shall ere I leave the place.

"You know, George, I have always insisted there was but one female in the world fit to be my wife, and as that one was my sister, I should probably never have the pleasure of paying any bills for Mrs. Henry Warner: but I've half changed my mind, and I'm terribly afraid this Maggie Miller, not content with breaking my bones, has made sad work with another portion of the body, called by physiologists, the heart, I don't know how a man feels when he is in love, but when this Maggie Miller looks me straight in the face with her sunshiny eyes, while her little soft white hand push-

this Maggie Miller looks me straight in the face with her sunshiny eyes, while her little soft white hand pushes back my hair (which, by the way, I slyly disarrange on purpose), I feel the blood tingle to the ends of my toes, and still I dare not hint such a thing to her. Twould frighten her off in a moment, and she'd send in her place either an old hag of a woman, called Hagar, or her proud sister, Theo whom I cannot endure.

sister, Theo, whom I cannot endure.

"By the way, George, this Theo will just suit you, who are fond of aristocracy. She's proud as Lucifer, thinks because she was born in England, and sprung from a high family, that there is no one in America worthy of her ladyship's notice, unless, indeed, he chances to have moncy. You ought to have seen how hereyes lighted up when I told her you were said to be worth two hundred thousand dollars. She told me directly to invite you out here, and thousand dollars. She told me directly to invite you out here, and this, I assure you, was a good deal for her to do. Se don your hest attire, not forgotting the diamond cross, and come for a day or two. Old Bafford will attend to the store. It's what he was made for, and he likes it. But, as I am a Warner, so shall I do my duty, and warn you not to meddle with Maggie. She is my own exclusive property, and altogether too good for a worldly fellow like you. Theo will suit you better. She's just aristocrafie enough in her nature. I don't see how

together too good for a worldly fellow like you. Theo will suit you better. She's just aristocratic enough in her nature. I don't see how the two girls come to be so wholly unlike as they are. Why, I'd sooner take Maggie for Rose's sister than for Theo's.

"Bless me, I had almost forgotten to ask if you remembered that stiff old English weman, with the snuff-colored satin, who came to our store some five years ago, and found so much fault with Yankee goods, as she called them? If you have forgotten her, you surely remember the two girls in flats, one of whom seemed so much distressed at her grandmother's remarks. She, the distressed one, was Maggie, the other was Theo, and the old lady was Madam Conway, who, luckily for me, chances at this time to be in England, buying up goods, I presume. Maggie says that this trip to Worcester, together with a camp-meeting held to the Hillsdale woods last year, is

gie says that this trip to Worcester, together with a camp-meeting held in the Hillsdale woods last year, is the extent of her travels, and one would think so to see her. A perfect child of nature, full of fun, beautiful as a Hebe and possessing the kindest heart in the world. If you wish to know more of her, come and see for yourself, but again I warn you, hands off nobody is to firt with her but myself, and it is very doubtful whether even I can do it peaceably, for that old Hagar, whe by the way, is a curious specimen, gave me to understand when I lay on the rock, with her sitting by as a sort of ogress, that se long as she lived ne city chap with strapped pants (do, pray, bring me a pair, George, without straps!) and sneering mouth was going to fool with Margaret Miller.

"So, you see, my mouth is at fault again. Hang it all, I can't imagine what alls it that everybody should think I'm making fun of them. Even old Safford mutters about my making mouths at him when I haven't thought of him in a month! Present my compliments to the old gentleman, and tell him one of "the boys' thinks seriously of following his advice, which you know is 'to sow our wild oats and get a wife.' Do pray come, for I am enly half myself without you.

"Yours in the brotherhood,
"HENRY WARNER."

For a time after reading the above, George Douglas sat wrapt in thought, then bursting into a laugh as he thought how much the letter was like the jovial, light-hearted fellow who wrote it, he put it aside, and leaning back in his chair muses.

long and silently, not of Theo, but of Maggie, half wishing he were in Warner's place instead of being there in the dusty city. But as this could not be, he contented himself with thinking that at some time not far distant he would visit the old stone house — would see for himself this wonderful Maggie—and, though he had been warned against it, would possibly win her from his friend, who, unconsciously perhaps, had often crossed his path, watching him jealously lest he should look too often and toe-long upon the fragile Rose, blooming so sweetly in her bird's-nest of a home 'mong the tall old trees of Leominster.

"But he need not fear," he said, somewhat bitterly, 'he need not fear for her, for it is over now. She has refused me, this Rose Warner, and though it touched my pride to hear her tell me no, I cannot hate her for it. 'She has given her love to another,' she said, and Warner is blind or crazy that he does not see the truth. But it is not for me to enlighten him. He may call her sisten if he likes, though there is no tie of bloed between them. I'd far rather it would be thus than something nearer." and slowly rising—up. George Douglas retired to dream of a calm, almost heavenly face, which but the day before had been bathed in tears as he told to Rose Warner the story of his love. Mingled, too, with that dream was another face, a laughing, sparkling, merry face, upon which no man ever yet had looked and escaped with a whole heart.

The morning light dispelled the dream, and when in the store old Safford inquired "What news from the boy?" the senior partner answeded gravely that he was lying among the Hillsdale hills, with a broken leg, ceursed by a fall from his horse.

"Always was a careless rider," muttered old Safford mentally de-

the boy?" the senior partner answered gravely that he was lying among the Hillsdale hills, with a broken beg, caused by a fall from his horse. "Always was a careless rider." mutered old Safford, mentally deploring the increased amount of labor which would necessarily fall upen him, but which he performed without a word of compliment.

The fair May blossoms were faded, and the last June roses were bloeming ere George Douglas found time or inclination to accept the invitation indirectly extended to him by Theo Miller. Rose Warner's refusal had affected him more than he chose to confess, and the wound must be slightly healed ere he could find pleasure in the sight of another. Possessed of many excellent qualities, he had unfortunately fallen into the error of thinking that almost any one whom he should select would take him for his money. And when Rose Warner, sitting by his side in the shadowy twilight, had said. "I cannot be your wife," the shock was sudden and hard to bear. But the first keen hitterness was over now, and remembering "the wild girls of the woods," as he mentally styled both Theo and Maggie, he determined at last to see them for himself.

Accordingly, on the last day of June, he started for Hillsdale, where he intended to remain until after the Fourth. To find the old house was an easy matter, for almost every one in town was familiar with its locality, and towards the close of the afternoon he found himself upon its broad steps applying vigorous strokes to the ponderous brass knocker, and half hoping the summons would be answered by Maggie herself. But it was not, and in the bent, white-haired woman, who came with measured footsteps, we recognize old Hagar, who spent much of

herself. But it was not, and in the bent, white-haired woman, who came with measured footsteps, we recog-nize old Hagar, who spent much of her time at the house, and who came to the door in compliance with the request of the young ladies, both of whom, from an upper window, were curiously watching the stran-

(To Be Continued.).

Judge Rowndes—Your face is famil-iar. I've seen you before. Prisoner—Well, yes, your Honor, nuite often.

quite often.

Judges Rownde--Ah! what was the charge the last time I saw you?

Prisoner-I think it was 15 cents, your Honor. I mixed a cocktail for

Wealth can cover a multitude of sins, but can't wipe any of them out.

Could scarcely get up or down without help.

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Was treated in the Hotel Dieu, Kingston, but not cured.

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