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COUNTY-COURTED.

Doctor Andrew Threipland seated himself in his surgery and passed his fingers thoughtfully through his heavy brown hair.

Perhaps the Doctor knew this. If he did not, his lady-patients did; and how ever they may have differed about other things, they were pretty generally agreed that there was not another man in all London who had such a head of hair as Doctor Threipland—or such a fine face either, many of them said—clear, refined and handsome. It was a determined face too, with at rest; but, when he smiled, with his clever gray-eyes as sweet to any woman's, those who understood—or thought they understood—anything of physiognomy said that such a fine face could go only with an exceptionally fine nature.

“Well, you must take them all to the County Court,” he said at last, taking his fingers out of his hair and leaning back upon his chair.

“I don't think it would be any good to County Court Mr. Morris Capel. I have tried him a dozen times, and he won't pay,” answered the other occupant of the surgery, a dark, shabby-looking man.

“Then he ought to be made to pay. I can't afford to lose my fees,” rejoined the Doctor, with an expression on his face that would have astonished some of his patients could they have seen it.

“But he would most likely defend the case on the ground that he was not responsible for his sister's debts.”

“Then let the sister pay her own debts—unless she is a rogue too.”

“I believe she'd pay if she could; but she has only what she makes by giving music lessons.”

“People can always find money somewhere if they're made to do it.”

No wonder the Doctor felt a glow of satisfaction as he leaned back on his chair and reviewed the past seven years. And the record of this last day—the septenary—was satisfactory also. He had—as the children's hymn says—finished his business with patients and care, and been good and obliging and kind, not only to the patients who repaid his kindness with gratitude, but also to those who looked upon their doctor in the light in which they did their tailor, and considered that, when they had paid him his bill with some grumbling, they had done their duty by him quite as fully as he had done his by them.

Even to those whom he hardly expected to pay him till pressure was put upon them the Doctor had not to-day been harsh, only cool and curt, or else brusque, and perhaps a trifle disrespectful, which was quite good enough treatment for those who were capable of treating him so shabbily.

“Oh, Andy, my dear, here is a letter that was left for you in the forenoon! May I take it in as the boy was out, and I might forget about it till now?”

It was the Doctor's sister who had broken in upon his reverie. She was a tall, fair woman, older than Doctor Threipland, and far from being as handsome. She had a large nose and a large mouth, and though her eyes were large too, they looked small, as they were in a chronic state of being half closed with laughter. Mab Threipland and her brother smiled affectionately on each other as he held out his hand for the letter which she playfully tossed to him.

“He lifted it carelessly from the ground, upon which it had dropped, and opened it slowly. The letters were irregular, as if written with a shaking hand.”

“Dear Sir,—My brother is very ill. Will you come and see him at once? Yours truly, Countess Capel.”

“Countess!” he repeated. “What a funny name!” And then, almost in the same breath—“By George! it must be that sister of Mr. Morris Capel. What cheek!”

A glance at the address of the letter and then at his day-book having shown him that it was the same person, the Doctor hastily scribbled a reply.

“Doctor Threipland presents his compliments to Miss Capel, and begs to inform her that it is not his custom to give attendance to those who have not paid their former account, especially when it has been placed in a collector's hands.”

could be hard; but she knew he could be kind, and was determined that in her case he should ‘set up to’ the nobility of the face that had won her confidence.

“Dr. Threipland, there has been some mistake—I did not know that you had put my account in the collector's hands.”

“I was wrong; but I am now in London, and did not know it ought to be paid at once; and not wishing to trouble Morris, I waited till I should have some money of my own.”

“Well, I make it a rule, as I told you in my note, never to attend where my account is unpaid. You are complete strangers to me.”

“The voice was harsh, his tone was harsher, and his face was the hardest of all. He had risen, and was standing as if waiting for her to go, and the marked discourtesy of his manner stung Miss Capel to the quick. Before her there rose the memory of a quiet country home, where she had been hedged in by love and respect from the hard usage of the world, and of a kind old friend there who had never kept any account of the constant visits he had paid through long illness that had ended at last in the death of both father and mother. But she was just even in her resentment; she knew that things must be different in London, and that she ought to have remembered that; and so, in spite of a lump that was rising in her throat, she answered, as composedly as if wrangling with a doctor about his bill were quite a common occurrence with her—

“I will pay you the day after tomorrow, Dr. Threipland. I cannot promise it sooner; but I promise to pay you when—and you must come and see my brother now.”

“There are other doctors you can get to see him,” he answered, not willing to trust to a promise when he knew from experience how often such promises were broken.

“I have told him you were coming, and it would excite him to know that you had refused. He is very ill, and you must come!” she repeated, with a tight clenching of her unglued hand, as a sudden passionate desire to seize him by the collar and drag him away without any further loss of time sprang up in her heart, her dark eyes glittering dangerously.

Doctor Threipland would not have succeeded so well in his profession had he not been a quick observer; neither the clenching of the hand nor the glitter of the eyes escaped him, and the reason she gave for her persistency made him think better of her.

“I wonder if she will keep her word,” thought the Doctor. “I am in for it now pay or no pay, for the poor fellow is very ill, and I cannot drop the case now I have undertaken it.”

Doctor Threipland found his patient rather better when he called the next day. Miss Capel opened the door for him as before, and he passed her with the same careless, disrespectful air. He never addressed her, except to ask some questions about her brother, and then his tone was icy cold; but to Morris he was as kind as if he had been his brother, and once, when he had been making some playful remark to his patient, and turned round to give some directions about the medicine, with the pleasant gleam still lingering in his clear gray eyes, she could not help thinking, ‘I could forgive him anything if he looked like that at me!’

Miss Capel's bow was as cool as the doctor's own when he was leaving, but there was a great fear at her heart—a fear that she would not be able to keep her promise of payment the next day.

She had left her landlady in charge of Morris that morning while she went to see a lady who owned her a small sum for music lessons; but she had found that her employer had gone into the country and would not be back for a week. There was no one else to whom she could apply, and she had only one shilling in her purse.

Doctor Threipland saw the trouble shadowing her face.

“I don't believe she's going to pay me tomorrow,” he said to himself.

He was sure of it when he came on the following day. Miss Capel's eyes fell when he looked at her, and with an air of embarrassment she sat turning the turquoise ring on her finger all the time he was there. She had her face to the right, so that he could not see its expression—the Doctor himself always sat with his back to the window that he might make his observations without his own face being too closely scrutinized. When he rose to go, she sat still instead of following him into the hall, and when he looked full at her, she did not raise her head.

“So much for trusting to a woman's promise,” he muttered, as he let himself out and strode away.

And Miss Capel, watching him from behind the window-curtain, cried in her heart, ‘What shall I do? What can I do? He will lose all respect for me unless I pay him, and no man ever treated me with disrespect before!’

“More apologies, I suppose,” he said, with a sneer, as he lifted it from his desk; and then he found that there was money inside the envelope.

Yes, there was the amount of his bill at last. And it was not all in half-crowns, as it ought to have been, but was partly made up of single shillings and sixpences, as if to emphasize the paltriness of the amount. One of the sixpences had a hole through it. He remembered that Miss Capel had a sixpence suspended from the ribbon that she wore as a watch-guard.

“Surely this cannot be the same!” he thought. “They have no appearance of being in such poverty as that!”

And, whistling softly to himself, he slipped the sixpence into his waistcoat pocket before he looked at the note that accompanied the money. It was, properly speaking, not a note at all, but simply a brief memorandum, written in a firm, clear hand—

“With Miss Capel's compliments, and thanks to Doctor Threipland for a painful and humiliating lesson.”

The Doctor's brow flushed as he read it; he was beginning to feel that he had been needlessly harsh with one who perhaps deserves kinder treatment.

Miss Capel opened the door for him as usual on his next visit. He stood back to allow her to pass into the parlour before him; and as he did so, he noticed for the first time what a finely formed head she had, and how soft and glossy were the dark braids that adorned the back of it. She was perfectly self-possessed and nonchalant in her manner; it was the Doctor who was embarrassed to-day, and he had some difficulty in disguising it.

The sixpence was gone from Miss Capel's watch-guard; but it was not until he had taken his gloves from the table in token of departure that he observed that the ring was gone from her finger as well. She saw him looking fixedly at her hand, and knew that he missed the ring, and the slowly-coming color began to creep painfully into her pale cheeks. Her confession only betrayed the truth he had only half suspected; she had parted with her betrothal-ring to raise money to pay him!

Doctor Threipland felt remorseful, and heartily wished he had not made such a point of his bill being paid. He would have liked to return her the money, and tell her he was in no hurry for it; but she might feel herself insulted if he did so, after what had passed; and now that he had begun to see how greatly she respected herself, he dared not risk offending her afresh.

“What's not true? I say it is true, and I speak it with thundering emphasis!” A tremendous burst of applause greeted the rejoinder.

During his sermon Mr. Beecher put in a word for reform in men's dress, being in favor of more color being introduced.

A BEECHER RECOMMENDATION. Jacob A. Emery, of Canmore, states that he has taken Rutlock Blood Bitters with great benefit in a lingering complaint, and adds that he would gladly recommend it to all.

Wheeler's Tissue Phosphates. WHEN MAN ARRIVES AT MIDDLE AGE it is time to take stock of the resources of energy remaining to see the machinery of the body. Many hard workers at that period of life are so impaired they stand up from the wear and tear incident to the active struggle for life. Examination will disclose a serious state of affairs requiring immediate attention to secure the vital forces from rapid waste. Wheeler's Phosphates and Calceola possess special power to repair damaged and inveterate work organs, and their timely use may prevent much suffering and greatly prolong life.

A BANKER'S TESTIMONY.—For a Cough, Cold or any Bronchial Affection. “Fectoria,” in my opinion, is just the thing. I have used it in my family for Coughs and Colds for the past four years with the most unvaried success, and today my opinion of it is that I continue to think still more of that which I began thinking well of. Geo. Kemp, Manager Ontario Bank, Pickering. Price 25 cents at all druggists.

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THEODORE'S STORY. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: “I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers. Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known, and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at 50 cents a bottle or J. Wilson. [3]

A MARVELOUS STORY. TOLD IN TWO LETTERS. FROM THE SON: “28 Coler St., New York, Oct. 25, 1884. ‘Gentlemen: My father resides at Glover, Vt. He has been a great sufferer from Scrofula, and the enclosed letter will tell you what a marvelous cure.’ Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have had in his case. I think his blood must have contained the humor for at least ten years; but it did not show, except in the form of a scrofulous sore on the wrist, until about five years ago. From a few spots which appeared at that time, it gradually spread so as to cover his entire body. I assure you he was terribly afflicted, and an object of pity, when he began using your medicine. Now there are few men of his age who enjoy so good health as he has. I could easily name fifty persons who would testify to the facts in his case. Yours truly, W. M. Phillips.”

FROM THE FATHER: “It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to state to you the benefit I have derived from the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Six months ago I was completely covered with a sore on the inner and scrofulous sores. The humor caused an itched and intolerable itching, and the skin cracked so as to cause pain to flow in many places whenever I walked. My sufferings were great, and my health ruined. I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla in April last, and have used five or six bottles since that time. My condition has improved at once. The sores have healed, and I feel perfectly well in every respect. I have now able to do a good day's work, and I have had no return of the disease. I have had to tell you, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Glover, Vt. Sold by J. Wilson. Yours gratefully, HIRSH PHILLIPS.”

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