





In Brief, and to the Point.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature. The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order. Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy. No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents.

Jonathan Steele, aged 80 years, one of the pioneers of the county of Elgin, died at Union on Friday.

From a Grateful Mother. "My little child suffered from severe cold upon the lungs, until she was like a little skeleton before she took Burdock Blood Bitters, after which she became fat and hearty, and was cured of weak lungs, catarrh and debility and retained a supply of flesh from which two doctors had failed to relieve her." Mrs. Samuel Todd, Sturgeon Bay, Wis.

Daniel Bessant, of Amherstburg, was seriously injured on Friday while making up a train of cars.

Young men suffering from the effects of early evil habits, the result of ignorance or folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted, also suffering from the effects of those who are broken down from the effects of abuse or over-work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, read and read M. Y. Lebon's Treatise on Diseases of Men. The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 5c stamps. Address M. Y. Lebon, 47 Wellington Street East, Toronto.

La Minerva says that Sir John Macdonald has not yet agreed to be one of the Fishery Commissioners.

National Pills are unsurpassed as a safe, mild, yet thorough purgative, acting upon the bilious organs promptly and effectually.

The Department of Militia is calling for one hundred recruits to serve in "A" or "B" Battalions.

Certain Cures. A Cure for Cholera Morbus.—A positive cure for this dangerous complaint, and for all acute or chronic forms of bowel complaint, is evident to summer and fall, is found in Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry; it is procured in any drug store.

Mr. J. O. Row, of Chatham, died suddenly on Friday, while attending a meeting of the creditors.

Freeman's Worm Powders are safe in all cases. They destroy and remove worms in children or adults.

The Fisheries Department is sending a crew of live lobster from Isle de Orleans to the Pacific coast.

When the system is debilitated by disease, it should be strengthened and renewed with Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine invariably proves itself worthy of all that can be said in its favor. Sold by druggists and dealers in medicines. Price \$1. Six bottles, \$5.

The grand jury at St. Thomas threw out the bill against Conductor Spittige for manslaughter.

Grand Results. For several years H. H. Brown, of Kinross, suffered from dyspepsia, he says he tried several physicians and a host of remedies without relief. His druggist recommended B. B. B., which he declares produced "grand results," for which he gives it his highest recommendation.

A number of Jersey cattle have been seized by the customs officials at Rock Island, Que. Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap.—Healing, soothing and refreshing for all eruptions and diseases of the skin. Delightful for toilet use. Cassin's cheese exhibits won high honors at the dairy show at Frome, Somerset.

LITTLE TU'PENNY.

BY S. BARING GOULD.

and crossed the magic circle traced by the wheel of the fan that turns the mill. Then she cautiously approached the stationary wings, which were now full fledged, and strained over them to the topmost. Only a light wind was stirring that day, and every breath had to be caught and utilized; not a reef was taken in. Trip stood behind the sail that rose upright from the ground, screened by it from observation by any one in the road in the garden, or cottage. The sail did not, of course, quite reach the surface. She caught the cross bar and scrambled on to the wing. It had a main beam of great strength, and two sides; across were the strips of wood, or "spines," that held the canvas from bulging in, and to which it could be reefed. The girl climbed to the second of these ribs and fastened the ends of her skipping gaiters to it; she passed the handles behind the main beam, and drew them through and firmly knotted them. Then she stood up, with her feet in the loop, and jumped and stamped, and the knots held securely.

"Now," said she, "I have managed fearfully. When the sail goes up I shall be sitting in a swing, with my head up; then when it goes down I shall descend in the same way, head up. I have only to hold fast by the ropes of my swing, and mind not to touch the spines. Whatever will Joe Miller say when he sees that my opinion is better than his? After that, he'll never dare to call me vulgar names. Little Tu'penny, indeed!"

If Miss Triptolema had discovered this plan unassisted, she would have shown remarkable ingenuity. But she had not been unprompted. The preceding year she had attended a fair with her mother, where she had seen a whirlingig in which those who paid a penny were given a revolution in seats that were swung on pivots to the arms of a vast wheel planted vertically. Consequently, Trip was simply applying to the mill sails a principle she had seen in operation at the fair.

Nevertheless, it is not every one who can apply a principle. She must not be denied some credit for what she did. Having completed her preparations, Trip sat patiently in her swing waiting till the miller and his man returned from their dinner, nothing doubting that they would set the mill going without observing her.

It was as she expected. The man came first, Joe remaining at the house to give his mother some change to pay a bill to the carrier for some crates. The man started the mill without casting a look at the sails. The wind caught, strained the canvas, the woodwork cracked, heaved, and the wings began to move. Trip thought that the grass, the hedges were running away under her feet. Her first sensation was one of alarm, and she uttered a slight exclamation; but this sensation passed rapidly, and was followed by a great outburst of spirits as the strong beam carried her up. Her weight was of no more account than that of a fly on a carriage wheel. She did not feel the breeze, because she sat inside screened by the canvas, but a cold rush of air came down on her head, caused by the rapid upward sweep and displacement.

It would have been pleasanter if possible, to have sat outside. She would have seen more of the world; the great bulk of the mill would not have intervened between her and the prospect. But that was not possible. As a babe crows when swung into the air by the stout arms of father or mother, so did Trip exclaim with exultation as she was carried aloft. She had no fear of the beam giving away—of her swing snapping. She saw the swallows dashing about her, careless of the sails, twittering and screaming and quite indifferent to her presence. She saw away over the bean field, over the park trees to the roof of the miller's house, and she saw what she had never seen before, the well in the roof into which water was pumped to supply the house. She saw over the house—away, away, away—to the blue gleaming river, with specks on it.

She saw nearer a field and a man in it working—it was not a man, it was a scarecrow. There were pieces of tin tied to a string, clattering and flickering in the air and sun. She could not hear the click—she could not see the flash. Yonder was the house of the old woman who took in the washing for the mill. What a fluttering of white there was on the lines, and old one blinding red petticoat, like a tulip.

The beans labored, groaned; the canvas flapped; Trip had reached the highest point of all, she looked over the roof of the mill. Now, down, down, she began to go; and as she sank a sensation of sinking made itself felt in her heart. Now only did she fear lest her rope should give way, lest the knots should relax. She went down faster than she went up; the river, the house, the trees, the bean field went together like a pack of cards. There was a swimming in her head. When she reached the ground she would have leaped down had she dared, but she knew such a leap would lead to broken bones and, perhaps, death.

Up—up—up again. The panorama, fan-like, unfolded once more before her. Again that horrible scarecrow, with the straw sticking out of the crown of a battered hat, again the blinking of the tin shreds. Her hands clung to the ropes quivering. Her heart fluttered; fear began to take possession of her rising like a tide. Tears rushed into her eyes. She could see nothing more, except the black cloud that hung over the metropolis. She cried, but her cries were drowned by the creaking of the sails, or lost among the screams of the swallows. She felt no part of her but her hands, as though she were all hand, nothing but hand clutching at the rope. Every other sensation went away like a dissolving view, and nothing came in its place. A overpowering dread of falling took possession of her, and with the dread a feeling that she must throw herself out of her seat. Only her will held her in—her will concentrated in the muscles of her hands—she was perfectly conscious of what the mill—fall she would when swung to the next round above the gable end of the mill—fall and become a shattered heap like the old miller, Joe's father.

The horror became sickening. The air rushed upward, now blew her hair about her ears and was cold under her chin: an infinite abyss opened under her, her life was pouring out of the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet, and her heart had detached itself from her ribs, and was sinking faster than her body. A spasmodic convulsion came over her arms, and her hands relaxed. Then, as her senses were leaving her, she was caught, and felt strong arms round her, and saw a white face like the moon in daylight above her, and was aware of a smell of flour. She remembered no more.

When Trip came to herself she was lying on the grass, and Joe Western, with a bowl, was sprinkling water on her face.

Struck With Lightning. Neatly describes the position of a hard or soft corn when Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is applied. It does its work so quickly and without pain that it seems magical in action. Try it. Recollect the name—Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sold by all druggists and dealers everywhere.

The Paris Figue says France and Germany have opened a discussion with the object of improving frontier regulations.

AYER'S PILLS.

Sugar-Coated Cathartic. If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightney, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than any other medicine.

Regulate my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Mass.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my face. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with indigestion, and distressing pains in the bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and in less than one month was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Eling, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.

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Medical. W. M. FOSTER, D.D.S., DENTIST. A Guelph Branch of the Guelph & York Dental Office, corner of Wyndham and Macdonald Streets, Guelph. Artificial Teeth made in Guelph. Teeth cleaned, extracted, and filled. Vitisal air administered, or the painless extracting of teeth.

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Ladies before you decide what you will buy for your fall dresses give us a call and see our remarkable exhibition in this line. Patterns from the factories of some of the most celebrated European manufacturers will be shown to you in endless variety of new and stylish patterns, delicately shaded tints, heavy and medium weights. Just the goods for fall and winter wear.

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Julienne Soup, Mulligatawny Soup, Ox Tail Soup, Chicken Soup, Mutton Soup, Anchovy Sauce, Anchovy Paste, Bloaters Paste, Shrimpy Paste, 7 lb Tins Marmalade, 1 lb Tins Marmalade, Pickles, Mixed Chow-chow, white onions, walnut, etc. etc.

Calumet Starch, Antifurmentine, James' Starch, Noble's Loggers, 1887, Horseshoe Salmon, 1887, Honey in Comb, Honey Extracted, Belfast Ginger Ale, Lemon Soda, Apollinaris Water, Soda Water, French Cheese in 2 lb. packages, a very fine article.

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