Poetry.

PATIENCE.

Behold how patiently the year
Await the coming of the spring!
Through frosty winter, chill and drear
We feel the days are drawing near
To set the trees a-blossoming.

And in the bitter pinch of cold,
We know that June, with rosy glee,
Again high carnival will hold,
And scatter with the green and gold,
Of nature's lavish charity.

Why should we then at heart repine,
Though tempests overflow the sky?
Since summer suns again will shine
And bring the scarlet columbine—
The palace of the butterfly?

Life has its winters, cold as those
That drop their mantles on the plain,
But through the falling of the snows
We live in memory of the rose
And trust that it will bloom again.

With time's long patience let us bear.
The chill of grief, life's sore distress,
Since hope outlives the darkest care,
And in the springtide we shall wear
Again the flower of happiness.

Literature.

RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XL.

CONVINCED IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

"May it please you, my lord," Mrs. Doan began, "I may say some things that will hit pretty hard, but my orders are to tell the whole story, and so the truth will have to come out, be it pleasant or otherwise."

"Go on, go on!" groaned the earl, the accusing past coming up before him with a vividness that was overpowering.

"Well, my lord, to go back to that night of the reception, I dressed my lady for the grand occasion, and she looked so beautiful that I could have got down on my knees and worshiped her. She said that it was too early for the gentry to come, but she would go down and be the first to offer my lord her good wishes.

"She went out with a beautiful and tender smile on her sweet lips, but she came flying back to me, half an hour afterward, her face white and wild, her dress all crumpled, her gloves torn from her hands. She commanded me not to make any disturbance, but to get her something warm to drink, for she was ill. I had seen her something like this before, but not nearly so bad, when—when——"

Bessie hesitated, and grew red in the face.

"Well, when?" asked the lawyer, encouragingly.

"I don't like to say it, sir—but when my lord had been saying things fit to break her heart. I fixed her some hot drink, rearranged her dress, put on a new pair of gloves, and she, striving to hide her bleeding heart, went down again to meet the company. When it was all over, and the last carriage had driven away, she came running to me again, crying out: "Bessie, Bessie, save me!" and then fell in a dead faint at my feet.

"She was very ill after that, if you remember, for a fortnight, and she did not leave her room for many a long month.

"But as soon as she was able to talk, she told me that she was expecting soon to become a mother, but that it must be a secret between us; and she made me promise—or she would discharge me from her service—that I would never reveal it, for his lordship should never know of it.

"At first I thought she was wild, and not in her right mind, and I trusted that when the time should come, all would be well; so I petted and humored her, and promised.

"But as the time went by, and she revealed to me more fully her plans, I began to be afraid that I was not doing right. But what could I do? I knew she would send me away from her if I betrayed her secret, and there was no one who knew her ways so well, or could do for her as I could.

"One day she sent for her old nurse, Mistress Foeley, and talked with her for more than two hours, and after that, until the children came, she would see no one, not even the good old doctor. I suspect she was afraid that he would discover her secret.

"It was enough to break one's heart to see her sit all day long by the window, with that heart-breaking look of despair on her white face, her poor, thin hands clasped upon her lap, and she was wasting away to a shadow; and many a time I cried, and begged her to tell you all, my lord, and perhaps she might be happy again.

"But she would only look at me with a faraway gaze, and say, "that could never be; her heart was broken, and her only comfort would be in keeping this secret from you, and, by and by, if she lived and was able, she would go away and hide in some place where she could have her little ones all to herself."

"When were these children borne?" demanded the earl, hoping the date she would give would vary from the other, and thus he could catch them.

"The 18th of June, 18—, your lordship."

"Go on," he commanded, wearily.

"Well, my lord, when the 18th of June came it, brought such a terror to my heart as I had never known before, and hope never to know again.

"As the evening came on, my lady sent me again to Nurse Foeley, saying she feared she was very ill again. So I ran for the old woman, and no one knew anything about her being there until the next day. You know my lady's rooms were in the eastern tower, to which there is a sort of secret entrance, or if not secret, at least one very rarely used. It was through this that I afterward carried the children, out, my lady having had the key for a long time in her possession.

"That was an awful night, your lordship. A driving storm had been raging all day, and it ended in the worst thunder shower that I ever knew. Right in the midst of it the children came—one as beautiful a boy as ever you set eyes on, the other a plump little girl, with her mother's heavenly blue eyes and fair, soft skin.

"As I said before, I carried them, well wrapped and in a basket, out through the unused passage under the eastern tower, down to Nurse Foeley's cottage, and left them in the care of her daughter Nancy, who has since died. I had promised to do this, and I could not break a solemn vow then when I believed my mistress to be dying. Nurse Foeley had also promised to care for the children until she should be able to claim them.

"We thought she was dead once, and we began to fear that we had got ourselves into a terrible fix; but the old woman was always better than a dozen doctors, and she worked over my lady faithfully, and she began to rally a little just about sunrise.

"Then we summoned help, and had the doctor sent for. He looked kind of queer and puzzled like when he first saw her, but I don't think he ever felt fully sure of what the trouble was.

"The old nurse watched her night and day for a week, and when at last she began to mend, she went back to her cottage and the care of the children.

"It took my lady a long, long time to gain her strength; it seemed as if she had no heart or courage. Even the good news from the little ones, who were growing finely, did not seem to arouse her or give her any comfort.

"Just before you took her away to the Continent, my lord, for—for her health," Bessie said, with a meaning tone and glance, which made Lord Durward cringe with pain, "she gave orders that the children shoul be removed to some place farther away, and she made both the nurse and me swear that, if anything should happen to her, we should rear them secretly until they should be of an age to need masters and teachers, when they were to be given into the care of Sir Horace Vere, with the full particulars of their history, and he was to use his own judgment regarding their future."

"That is why you are here to-day, then," said the earl, turning fiercely upon Sir Horace.

"No, my lord, I have never been the guardian of your children," returned Sir Horace, gravely.

"Then why are you here?"

"I have come to see that justice is done—justice to the wronged."

"Do you know them, then—these that you call my children?"

"I do, my lord, and they are children of whom any father might well be proud. I have a very tender regard for them."

"As you had for their mother, perhaps," said Lord Durward, with a sneer.

"Yes, as I had for their mother," Sir Horace returned sternly, although he flushed painfully beneath the taunt. "I do not deny," he went on, after a moment, "that I had the deepest respect for the first Lady Durward, and I would gladly and faithfully have tried to execute any commands which she might have laid upon me. But happily a more fitting one than I has had the guardianship of your children."

"I do not believe it—this story you have been telling me! I will not believe it! It is some cursed lie, gotten up to lead me into some vile snare."

He was convinced in spite of himself, and yet he could not own it—he could not yield to it. They should not conquer him; he would defy them till the last moment.

"It is no lie," Sir Horace answered severely. "I happen to know something of the circumstances which Mrs. Doan has just related to us; they are true, every word. I happen to know also, or rather I did know at the time—more than twenty years ago—of your tyranny over and abuse of one of the gentlest beings who ever trod this earth. I knew it, I say, and I longed even then for justice to overtake you, but for some wise purpose it seems to have been reserved until this hour."

"Justice! There is no such thing in the world! Will it be just, do you think, for my children, Ralph and Caroline, to have to suffer, as they will have to suffer, if what you say is true?" he cried, wildly.

"You forget, my lord, the words of the good book, where it tells of the sins of the father being visited upon the children," Sir Horace replied, repeating what he had already said to Nina.

"Bah! don't quote Scripture to me in any such way as that," was the angry retort; then turning to Kenneth, who had remained a transfixed listener from first to last, and wondering all the time in what way all this could be connected with him as Sir Horace had said, he demanded excitedly:

"Do you hear, Kenneth? Did you ever listen to such a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end? Do you believe that two children could have been born in this house and I not know it? Do you believe, also, that they could have been concealed from a father's knowledge for twenty years?"

The young man had been deeply shocked to learn of his cruel treatment of his first wife, and a contempt such as he had never experienced before for him took possession of him; yet, at the same time, he could not help pitying him in his misery, and feeling deeply for him in his present embarrassing and distressing situation.

"My lord," he replied, sadly, "I am forced to confess that the statement which these gentlemen have made, and which Mrs. Doan's story goes to prove, has impressed me as being perfectly true."

"I cannot have it so!" his lordship cried.

Then turning fiercely to Bessie again, he demanded:

"And what became of these children after your lady was drowned, if you did not give them up into Sir Horace Vere's care, as she had commanded?"

"My lord," replied the woman, shifting uneasily in her chair, and dropping her eyes beneath his excited gaze, "I—I took them to—to France."

"What part of France."

"To Rouen, my lord."

"Have you lived there ever since?"

"No, your lordship," replied Bessie, beginning to look uneasy, as if this were not a part of her story.

"Where then? Out with it, and not keep me in this suspense."

"We came to London a little more than seven years ago, my lord."

"From Rouen a little more than seven years ago!"

"The children were about twenty years of age."

Kenneth Malcolm lifted his head as if struck by some sudden thought, and bent forward listening more intently.

"Did you come from London to-day?" further questioned his lordship.

"No, my lord; we have been living again in Leamington for more than a year back."

A strange tremor seized Kenneth.

Toward what did all this revelation tend?

He had been told at first that this business concerned him; light began to break in upon his mind, his heart sank within him, and the suspense was becoming intolerable.

Bessie's last reply seemed to enrage Lord Durward anew.

"Living in Leamington for a year back—in this town with me, and I not know of it!" he cried. "You are all guilty of crime in keeping this knowledge from me, and I will have vengance. I suppose if you have had the care of these children they have been reared in a fine state of ignorance and superstition, and must, indeed, be worthy to occupy the position which these gentlemen claim for them," he concluded, with a bitterness and ferocity which made Bessie shrink from him in terror.

"No, no, your lordship; some one else has."

"Who has reared them, then, tell me?" he demanded, as she seemed unable to get any further; and he brought his fist down upon the table with a violence that made every listener jump.

"My lord," Sir Horace now interposed, with some sternness, "the one who has had the care of them, who has brought them up to be noble, refined, and cultured, and in every way fitted to shine in the highest circles, was the one of all others the best qualified to do so. It was their own mother, your lordship!"

CHAPTER XLI.

PUNISHMENT OF THE GUILTY.

"Their mother!" shrieked the earl, with a burst of almost maniacal laughter, "Their mother is dead! Now I know that you have all lied, for I saw her go down in the English Channel. She was dead when I last looked upon her face before she sank, and though I put out my hand to save her even then, she floated away from me, and was carried down into the depths."

His words were wild, and he had jerked them out with difficulty at intervals, while he cowered and shooked like a man who has the ague.

His eyes glared fiercely, his face was bloodless, while the flesh seemed to shrink and whither upon his bones, with the horror which possessed him.

Kenneth, too, appeared utterly astounded by the announcement.

It was, indeed, almost too much to believe, and, if proved true, what utter ruin it must bring upon all the earl's dearest hopes!

There was a painful silence for several minutes after Lord Durward ceased speaking.

Notwithstanding the contempt and severity with which his visitors regarded him, yet a feeling of deepest pity moved their hearts as they looked upon his wretchedness.

Their silence seemed to strip from him his last hope.

Had they reasoned or argued with him, it would have appeared more as if their position was weak and needed sustaining.

But their quiet composure, their unmoved self confidence, their glances of pity—all seemed to confirm beyond a doubt their assertions.

"Their mother is dead, I tell you. You cannot cheat me into believing any such fable," he said again, but his voice sounded weak, and trembled like the voice of the very aged.

"The Lady Madeline is not dead, my lord: she was saved from a watery grave, improbable as it may seem," returned Sir Horace, very gently, but conclusively.

"I will never believe it until I see her with my own eyes," whispered his lordship in a scarcely audible voice, while with his shaking hands he whiped the clammy drops from his brow.

"Can you bear to see her?" Sir Horace asked, with a compassionate look.

"Yes; if she is in the land of the living, I can bear to look upon her; it will be better than to believe myself haunted by her ghost. I can bear anything now," he mutered, ramblingly.

Sir Horace arose and went out into the great hall.

In another moment he reappeared, leading a tall, queenly-looking woman.

Her hair was silvery white, and she, too, was very pale, while the hand which lay upon her companion's arm trembled visibly. Otherwise she appeared very calm and stately, and looked very handsome clad in her robes of rich black velvet, only relieved by delicate costly lace at her throat and wrists.

"Madam Leicester!" burst forth Kenneth, in startled, suppressed tones, as his eyes fell upon her familiar face.

Then, with a groan, he sank back into his seat, bowed his head upon his hands, and waited to hear the rest.

He had no doubt now regarding the lawyer's statement, not of what was to follow.

Her appearance explained to him many mysteries.

Sir Horace led madame directly to Lord Durward, and the wronged, long-suffering wife, after twenty years, stood once more face to face with the selfish tyrant who had embittered her whole life.

The earl had lifted his head and looked upon her, and—recognized her! He knew her, even though the once shining brown hair had become as white as snow; though the once slight figure had rounded and developed into this imposing and stately form; though the delicate, high bred face had grown larger and fuller, and was seamed with many a line of care and suffering.

The eyes were the same, the poise of the graceful head the same, and the sweet lips were the same, though somewhat stern in their expression just now.

"This, my lord, is——"

"Madeline!" gasped the stricken earl, before Sir Horace could finish the sentence, and he threw out his hands with a gesture of despair, as if to keep her off, while he sank back into the depths of his chair, as though he longed to be annihilated from her sight, yet his eyes were fastened upon her with a horrified stare.

Two other persons, a lady and a gentleman, now very quietly entered the room and seated themselves in the background where they remained unnoticed by his lordship, who was too much overcome by the sight of his wife to heed anything else.

The lady was closely vailed, and the gentleman wore his hat drawn somewhat down over his eyes, leaving only the lower portion of his face visible, and this was heavily bearded.

"You recognize me, then, do you?" Madam Leicester said, in cold hard tones, "you recognize the woman whom your cruelty and tyrany crushed at a time when life should have been at its brightest; whose existence you made a burden too heavy to be borne, and then, growing weary of her, doomed her too a living death!"

"What is all this? What spell have you all cast upon me with your vile tales? Who are you woman, that you dare to come to me and claim to be Madeline who was drowned before my very eyes more than twenty years ago?" Lord Durward exclaimed, springing frantically to his feet, and beating the air with his quivering hands.

His eyes were fastened as if by magnetism upon the fair, noble face before him.

She seemed the same and yet not the same.

Madeline had never looked upon him with a gaze so unflinching, so stern and cold; she had ever shrunk timidly at his approach, as if awed by his presence.

This woman regarded him with haughty composure, confronting him with a calm, proud demeanor, which awed and cowed him instead.

Madeline had never presumed to address him in any but the humblest and gentlest tones; this woman's voice, though fatally familiar, was hard and cold and accusing.

Yet in spite of all, he knew that she was his wife!

As they stood thus confronting each other, the one so strangely calm and apparently composed, the other so utterly broken and overcome, there was a little confusion at the farther end of the library and in another moment the present Lady Durward entered, while behind her, with an expression of wonder upon their faces, were seen Caroline and Ralph.

Lady Durward, much excited, came forward and stood beside her husband, thus also confronting Madam Leicester, whom she regarded with an appearance of great hauteur and contempt.

"You do us exceeding honor, madam, by this visit," she said, with a scornful inclination of her proud head.

Madam calmly regarded her gaze, but deigned no reply.

"I saw you leave your carriage and enter the house," the countess pursued, in the same tone as before, "and I have come to learn the reason of such condescension."

Still madam preserved her self-possessed silence.

Lady Durward then turned to her husband, and, notwithstanding her haughty bearing, she trembled as she noted the horror upon his face.

"Dudley," she said, "what does all this confusion mean? What are all these people here for, and why are you so excited and troubled?"

He had grown more distressed and nervous at her appearance.

"Go out, Ida—go out," he replied hoarsely, "this is no place for you now; go, and take Ralph and Caroline with you."

"No; anything which troubles you I have a right to share, and I shall remain!" she answered, decidedly.

"No, no, you must not; go quickly, and take them away at once," he pleaded brokenly, and, too weak to remain longer standing, he tottered back into his chair, wiping the cold sweat from his forehead.

"I shall do no such thing—I mistrusted that the business of to-day contained a mystery. I heard you talking as if you were in trouble, I saw Madam Leicester come in, and I am determined to know the meaning of it all," she returned, with decision.

"Oh, take her away—take them all away; they must not know," moaned the earl, looking up at Sir Horace in a supplicating way.

"My lady," Sir Horace said, turning to her courteously, we have some rather unpleasant disclosures to make to the earl, and it would be more fitting if you would withdraw and wait until some other time to be enlightened upon the subject."

"No, sir, I shall stay by my husband and share whatever trouble he may have to bear. As for Caroline and Ralph, doubtless they will have to know its nature sometime, and they can act their own pleasure. Now, I desire to know what business that woman can have in my house and with my husband?" and she waived her white, shapely hand toward Madam Leicester.

A faint color crept into madam's cheeks at the emphatic use of her personal possessive pronouns, and the slighting way in which see had spoken of her as "that woman," while something of a sneer curled the thin lips of the cold, pratical lawyer.

Every one in the room was struck by the manner of her speech—Lord Durward shuddered perceptibly, and for a moment it seemed as if no one possessed the courage necessary to tell her the truth.

Then Sir Horace Vere, thinking the worst might as well be known first as last and have it over with, said, as calmly as he could:

"My lady, she whom you have hitherto known as Madam Leicester, is none other than Madeline Leicester Rochester, the former wife of the Earl of Durward."

She staggered as if he had smitten her as he said this.

She gave him one horrified, withering glance.

"'Tis false!" were the words which then came from her hueless lips, in tones so hoarse as to be unrecognizable.

"I regret, for your sake, that is it not," he replied. "Let me lead you to a seat," he added, as he saw how deathly pale she was growing, and pitying her from the depths of his heart.

Then he sprang forward and placed her in a chair, just in season to prevent her from falling to the floor, as the whole of the horrible truth burst upon her.

Madam Leicester, the earl's—her husband's—wife!

This woman whom she hated, insulted and abused, the Countess of Durward!

Then Nina Leicester, the fair girl, whom she had tried by every effort in her power to crush, was their child, and the legitimate heir—she had not yet heard of the existence of a son—to all their vast property!

Great Heavens, what then was she?

What then were her children?

"Leicester—Leicester—Madam Leicester!" murmured his lordship, passing his hand across his forehead, as if to clear his memory, and struck by the name.

"What!" he cried again, aroused almost to frenzy, as it all came to him, "are you that Madam Leicester? and she—Nina, my—oh! why do you not explain all your horrible story, and put an end to this torture?"

Great drops of perspiration gathered upon his face, and, rolling off, dropped upon the floor.

"Yes," replied madam, her hitherto calm, cold face softening into something like compassion for his misery, and speaking in tones which made him think of the gentle Madeline of old.

"I am indeed she, whom you have hitherto known as Madam Leicester. It seems strange, does it not, that we never met before, when I resided so long in London? It seems more strange from the fact of my having had Caroline under my instruction."

The earl groaned aloud.

Poor Caroline! what was to become of her now?

"And she," continued madam, whom you have known and tried to crush as Nina Leicester, is one of your own children."

"One of your own children!" cried Lady Durward, again starting up, and turning her startled face first upon one, then upon the other.

"Yes; I have two children, a son and a daughter," madam replied, quietly.

Then how—what does it mean? I—

"Lady Durward was utterly perplexed by this announcement; but Sir Horace, who was still standing near her, bent down and whispered something in her ear.

"Oh, Ralph! Ralph! my boy!" she sobbed, utterly unnerved by what he told her.

"You little thought," madam said, turning again to his lordship, "that when Nina came to you that day, begging for her husband's address, that she might write to him and vindicate her purity and truth, that it was your own flesh and blood whom you were seeking to ruin—whose brightest hopes you were striving to crush. You little thought, when you were seeking to separate her from Kenneth Malcolm, that the accomplishment of your purpose would frustrate all that you aspired to, in uniting the houses of Durward and Melrose. But I may as well tell you here that she obtained that address, notwithstanding your cruel refusal."

"How?" the earl asked, with some degree of eagerness.

It had been a matter of wonder to him ever since.

Kenneth had informed him of the fact of Nina's having written to him.

"Before my children were born, I took possession of the key belonging to the little door leading into the passage under the eastern tower. Sometimes on quiet evenings, I used to go out by that way for a stroll, and to get the fresh air; and when I had decided to keep my secret from you, I knew I should need it to carry out my plans. So I have had it in my possession ever since. One moonlight night several months since, determined to have Kenneth's address, I came here, entered by that door, made my way to this room, when I found, fortunately, a letter directed to Lord Malcolm. I copied the address, and by that means my child was permitted to write to her husband."

Lord Durward heaved a sigh of relief.

That mystery then was solved, and the figure whom he had seen come forth from the shrubbery, had indeed been flesh and blood, instead of the ghost of Madeline, as his overwrought imagination had led him to believe at the time.

"My children," madam continued, "have both been carefully reared, always with a regard to their birth, and the position which they would occupy in the future. Nina you have already seen, and you know that she is fitted to move in any circle. My boy you have not seen—I will present him to you.

"Nina, Louis, come here please," she concluded, turning to the two persons who had entered the room so quietly and had remained sitting back of the earl.

At the name "Louis" Kenneth and Caroline both started, the latter uttering a cry of astonishment, the former a groan of despair.

The young man removed his hat and revealed the face of the handsome soldier whom they had seen with Nina clasped in his arms that morning in the servants' parlor.

Kenneth, too, instantly recognized him as the one whom he had so carefully nursed through that terrible sickness on the Island of Malta, and whom until within a few moments he had firmly believed to be the lover of his forsaken bride.

The lady threw back her vail, and he looked again upon that face, always so exquisitely beautiful to him, now so doubly dear, and the sight seemed to wither his very soul, for he felt that she could never forgive him—that she was lost to him forever.

He had forfeited all claim or right to her love by his cruel injustice and desertion.

With a bitter cry he dropped his head upon the arm of the sofa where he was sitting, and prayed that he might die.

He could not live with this added weight of misery to crush him down.

The brother and sister came forward and stood before the earl.

They were a goodly sight to look upon.

Nobility, truth, and honor were stamped upon the manly face of the young soldier, purity and refinement upon the brow, and beaming from the grave, sweet eyes of the fair Nina.

Lord Durward lifted his head and looked upon them.

It was a guilty, agonizing look.

Guilty, because he suddenly realized all the wrong which he had heaped upon the gentle, long suffering wife who had borne them, and whom he should have sheltered with the tenderest love and care, and because of the heartless insults, taunts, and abuse which he had cast upon this pure and lovely girl, with the cold-blooded design of ruining every bright hope of her life.

Agonizing, because he realized all the comfort and happiness which might have been his, but for his own folly and selfishness, and because of the disgrace and suffering which he had thus entailed upon those dear ones, whom he had reared with so much pride for the position which he believed they were to occupy; and with one of old, his tortured soul cried out: "My punishment is more than I can bear."

Nina stood looking down upon him, infinite pity shining in her clear, lovely eyes.

Her heart ached for his woe, and she would gladly have comforted him; but she knew that his misery was too deep to be assuaged by aught of human sympathy.

The young man—his son—so tall and manly, looked into his father's countenance with an expression of inquiry upon his handsome face.

He was wondering what manner of man this could be, who could have been guilty of abusing a woman like his mother.

Something of this Lord Durward read in his expressive countenance, and his eyes drooped in shame beneath his gaze.

Yes, he knew that he was his son—he could no longer doubt the truth of what he had heard, as he looked upon him.

He had his own dark eyes—the same glossy, raven hair, the same massive head and features as his own, though softened and refined by a blending of his mother's expression; his frame, too, was a counterpart of his own powerful, stalwart form.

Even Lady Durward was convinced beyond a doubt as she, too, looked upon him, and marked these points of resemblance; and it is beyond the power of mortal pen to portray the conflict of emotions which surged in the hearts of that stricken couple.

(To be continued.)

Satisfied Confidence.

J. B. H. Girard of St Edwidge, Clifton, P. Q, says, "I am well satisfied with the use of Burdock Blood Bitters; it has cured me of dyspepsia that I had for three years. I used five bottles, and shall tell every person I know that may be attacked with similar sickness, and should not be afraid to guarantee every bottle used."

A new society in England is called "The Speak-no-evil Society." Its members are enjoined before speaking evil of any one to ask themselves three questions—Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary? Four texts from the New Testament bearing on the subject are printed at the foot of the membership card.

A Word to the Wise is Sufficient.

Catarrh is not simply an inconvenience, unpleasant to the sufferer and disgusting to others—it is an advanced outpost of approaching disease of worse type. Do not neglect its warning; it brings deadly evils in its train. Before it is too late, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It reaches the seat of the ailment, and is the only thing that will. You may dose yourself with quack medicines 'till it is too late—'till the streamlet becomes a resistless torrent. It is the matured invention of a scientific physician. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

A LIFE SAVED FOR A DOLLAR.

BREWER, Me.

This is to certify that having been troubled for a number of years with a distressing cough and bleeding at the lungs, and receiving no benefit from medical aid, I was to all appearances in the last stage of consumption. My legs swelled so that I was unable to stand or help myself. At that time Johnson's Anodyne Liniment was providentially recommended to me—and, by the use of three or four bottles, I was entirely cured, and have since been able to work every day. I have also for the last twenty years been subject to severe attacks of bloody dysentery, and never found permanent relief until I took your Liniment, since which I have had no return of this complaint. I can truly say I think your Anodyne Liniment was the means of saving my life. JOHN T. ATKINS.

The Doctor Said, "Let Him Try It."

SOUTH JEFFERSON, Me.

Some time ago my son was taken sick with a serious lung difficulty, which threatened to end in quick consumption. We summoned our family physician who attended him faithfully for four weeks, during which time he gradually grew weaker. Becoming very much alarmed about himself, and being satisfied that he was growing worse all the time, he finally refused to take any more medicine from the physician, and expressed a wish to try Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. I immediately told the physician, expecting that he would object to his using it; but he did not. He said 'let him try it; it won't hurt him, and may do him some good.' He did try it, and continued to use it some time, taking it inwardly, and bathing the chest and lungs outwardly. Very soon he began to improve, gradually gaining strength, until at last we had the satisfaction of knowing that the foundation of his disease was broken up. My son is alive and well to-day, possessing a strong and vigorous constitution, which we attribute, under God to the use of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. I can further say that I never allow myself to get out of the article; and that in my judgment, it is the best family medicine in the world.

[Dea.] JOHN HODGKINS.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 Wall street, New York.

SCROFULA

Humors,

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting, result than any medicine I ever used.—E. Haines, No. Lludale, O.

Erysipelas,

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease.—W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Canker, and

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured.—Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

Catarrh,

I have suffered, for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and, in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Can be cured by purifying the blood with

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Salt-Rheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Golden Medical Discovery

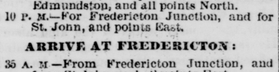
Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength, and soundness of constitution will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

Golden Medical Discovery cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating, and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. It promptly cures the severest Coughs.

For Torpid Liver, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Dyspepsia, and Indigestion, it is an unequalled remedy. Sold by druggists.

DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS—Anti-Bilious and Cathartic. 25c. a vial, by druggists.



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

'86 Winter Arrangement '87

On and after MONDAY, November 22nd, 1886, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave St. John.:

Day Express,	7.30 a. m.
Accommodation,	11.20 a. m.
Express for Sussex	4.35 p. m.
Express for Halifax & Quebec,	6.10 p. m.

A Sleeping Car runs daily on the 6.10 P. M. Train to Halifax.

On TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will arrive at St. John:

Express from Halifax & Quebec,	7.00 a. m.
Express from Sussex,	8.35 a. m.
Accommodation,	1.30 p. m.
Day Express,	7.20 p. m.

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., Nov. 17th, 1886.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY CO.

ALL RAIL LINE.

Arrangement of Trains---In effect October 24th, 1886.

LEAVE FREDERICTON:

(*Eastern Standard Time.*)

7 00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.
9 00 A. M.—For Fredericton Junction, and for McAdam Junction, and St. Stephen, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and all points West; St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and all points North.
1 10 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, and for St. John, and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:

11 35 A. M—From Fredericton Junction, and from St John, and all points East.
3 35 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, and from Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and all points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, and points North.
6 40 P. M.—Express from St. John, and intermediate points.

LEAVE GIBSON:

7 00 A. M.—Express for Woodstock and points North.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON

4 30 P. M.—Express from Woodstock, and points North.

F. W. CRAM,
Gen'l Manager.

H. D. McLEOD,
Sup't Southern Division.

J. F. LEAVITT,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent.

St. John, N. B., October 20, 1886

1886. FALL 1886.

WM. JENNINGS,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

is now showing a

LARGE and VARIED

ASSORTMENT

of the following Goods, suitable for this season's trade.

MELTON NAP,
Chinchilla and Worsted
OVERCOATINGS,
in Plain and Fancy Colors.

BEAVERS AND PILOTS, FANCY TROUSERINGS.

Also, a nice selection of English and Scotch Suitings, in all the latest patterns.

WM. JENNINGS.

Fredericton, September 15, 1886.

Sled Shoe Steel

In 7, 8, 10, 11, 12, 14, and 16 feet Bars, for sale at NEILL'S HARDWARE STORE, opp. County Court House.

EBEN MILLER & CO.,

BUILDERS OF

FINE CARRIAGES,

King Street, - - - Fredericton, N. B

Concord Wagons,	Piano Box Wagons,	Iver's Wagons
Miller Spar Wagons,	White Chapel Wagons,	Top Phætons,
Brewster Wagons,	Cronin Wagons,	Open Phætons.

Sole Manufacturers of Miller's Patent Shifting Rail.

These Shifting Tops have no rival, as a glance at the cut will show for itself; it is so simple. It requires only one person to take it off or put it on, and when off no one would think a Top had been on, as no unsightly ends are sticking out. When the Top is on it is as firm as a rock. It can be put on any carriage in use. Persons ordering Buggies or Canopy Top Carriages should see that they have this Rail, as it will be greatly to their interest.

These Tops were awarded a Diploma at the Provincial Exhibition in October, 1880

Particular attention given to orders. Repairing done in the best manner, and at the shortest notice

Price List.—BUGGY TOPS, $32 to $50; CANOPY, $15 to $25

Patented in Canada, March 31st, 1877, and in the United States, Dec. 10th, 1878

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

EBEN MILLER & CO

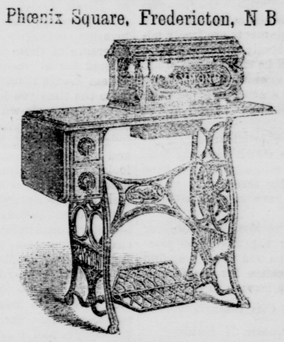
CALL AND SEE THE

NEW "RAYMOND,"

With Large Improved Arm, at

D. M'CATHERIN'S SALES ROOM.

Phœnix Square, Fredericton, N B



These machines can be had at the following offices, viz:—

Fredericton, N.B., Newcastle, Mir michi, N.B., Chatham, Mirmichi, N. B., Bathurst Gloucester Co., N. B., Campleton, Restigouche Co., N. B., St. Stephen, N. B.

Agents wanted for P. E. Island and Nova Scota.

D. McCATHERIN,
Manager for Maritime Provinces

Address all communications P. O. Box 162, Fredericton, N. B.

Fredericton, May 18, 1886

GREAT CLEARANCE SALE!

AT THE STORE OF

S. F. SHUTE.

NOW IS THE TIME TO PURCHASE

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry,

Silver, and Silver Plated Ware,
Diamond Sets,
Diamond Pins,
Diamond Ear Drops,
Diamond Lockets and
Diamond Rings.

PEARL RINGS, BAND RINGS,
Stone Rings,
PLAIN WEDDING RINGS,

Gold and Silver Head Covers,
Plush Goods, Bronze Goods,
Brass Goods, Leather Goods,
And a full line of Fancy Goods.

WALTHAM WATCHES,
Elgin and Springfield Watches
Swiss and the Celebrated Quick Turn
Fredonia Railroad Watches.

All going at Ruinously Low Prices,

Sole Agents for the Celebrated Lazarus & Morris perfected SPECTACLES and EYE-GLASSES.

November 17, 1886.

JUST RECEIVED:

Sulphate of Lime for Preserving Cider;
Scott's Emulsion;
Eno's Fruit Salt;
Keplonized Milk and Cod Liver Oil;
Ayer's Sarsaparilla;
Sharp's Balsam;
Diamond Dyes;
Pain Killer, West Fills;
Burdock Blood Bitters;
Kennedy's Medical Discovery;
Holloway's Pills and Ointment;
Warner's Safe Cure;
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral;
Pond's Extract Teaberry;

ALSO IN STOCK:

5 GROSS DAVIS'

Quinine Iron and Wine,

—AT—

GEORGE H. DAVIS',
DRUGGIST,
Cor. Queen and Regent Sts.

Fredericton, Nov. 3, 1886.

THE KEY TO HEALTH.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

T. MILBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

5 and 10 Cent Store.

WE have on hand this season, a larger and more varied assortment of

CHRISTMAS GOODS

than ever. Our display of Dolls, Toys and Fancy Goods is complete. Call and Examine. We have also on hand a full line of Glassware, Jewelry, Tinware, Woodenware, etc., etc.

Come early before the rush.

Fredericton, December 15

HUMPHREYS'

HOMEOPATHIC

Veterinary Specifics

Cure Diseases of

Horses, Cattle, Sheep

DOGS, HOGS, POULTRY.

In use for over 20 years by Farmers, Stockbreeders, Horse R. R., &c.

Used by U. S. Government.

STABLE CHART

Mounted on Rollers & Book Mailed Free.

Humphreys' Med. Co., 109 Fulton St., N. Y.

HUMPHREYS'
HOMEOPATHIC
SPECIFIC No. 28

In use 30 years. The only successful remedy for Nervous Deb