

| vant of appetite, Satisfied that from poverty of of Vegetine; it is the best tonic set, and am only ese facts to the aly. A. MENZIE Testifying to y. Feb. 23, 1880. ass.: ure in testifying fer the cure of uaded by a friend om which I deriv- recommend any afflicting malady | It kind o' took me by surprise, An' yet I knew 'twas comin' | own room. 'It will new 'for you to stay down s are constantly in dange itors.' Moreover the de ious to ascertain if possi her daughter's heart, be Lawrence Norton. But discover that which Grad self? A serious addres falling in love followed t and so deep was the inter ject, that Mrs. Elton of the approach of the dinn well-known ring of her last a forcible entrance the room by the dear is self. 'Why, what's the ma "here I've been waiting |
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| EN, Chemist, poksville, Ont. | Select Tale. | half hour-dinner grow and colder, and I hotter Then I come and knock |
| UAL. Jan. 29, 1880. Sir: I do not | The Poet's Wife. | my knuckles are black a swer—call till my lung auswer—and now I show |
| advertised medi- t so many of my the use of Vege- th an experience Britain and this ich a useful re- | 'My love,' said Grace Elton's father, one night at tea, ' do you remember that we saw a gentleman sitting upon the gate of the old house in the lane, a few nights ago?' | the meaning of all this. Mr. Elton's wrath had he threw himself into a into a fit of uncontro when the astonished man |
| L. AMBROSE, Company of Lon- cutical Society of Pharmacy of the eons, McGill Street, April 11, 1880. | 'Yes, papa,' answered Grace, color- ing in spite of herself. 'Well, I have found out to-day that he is the author of those poems which you admire so much. His name is Law- | to him the subject of he ture. 'And all because you Grace may be smitten tions of Lawrence Nor with hers? Did not I |
| : nce its introduc- sonal observation s the lead as a N. KNIGHT. Ludlow Streets. | rence Norton.' Up stairs two at a time, flew Grace, and snatching a well worn volume from the shelf, sat down to the twenty-sixth reading. The poems were never half so beautiful before—she was sure of that— | that the man has a wife ton ran down to the par Mrs. Elton followed h Grace, with the blood ru cheek and lips, threw he |
| LLAGE, P. Q., Jan. 8, 1889. f your Vegetine m the favorable mers, I consider in the market, tonic. A. DAWSON, n Baptiste Street. 3. | but somehow she could not help feeling a little uneasy sensation as she gather- ed from certain odd lines that the poet certainly loved somebody with all his heart. Who could it be? What a hap- py creature his sister—his wife must be ! The next Sabbath she saw the poet at church. When she felt sure that he did | her pillow in an agony emotions. She had lear heart, which is not often —why should she not w with shame own to herse Poor Grace! How her ed at the feverish flush of she returned to her si stantly sent for Dr. M |
| BBLEE, le, Brass r | not know it, she looked at him because, he was a poet. Certainly he had a fine intellectual head and face—and his eyes were so dark and expressive! But then it was not right to have such thoughts on a Sunday, so Grace ordered all vain and foolish ones to depart from her mind. One evening, as they sat together at | anxiously she watched h by the pillow of his pat tor was a wise as well a He did not attempt to a to the sick heart, but sin ing quiet in a significant drew. Alas! to what now condemned. The about with listed slip |
| in da of | too Mr Elton said to his wife " My | obliged to part with hi |