POETRY.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowded round our neighbor's way;
If we knew the little losses
Sorely grievous day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For the lack of thrift and gain —
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our heart a stain?

If we knew that clouds above us,
Held by gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden
Just in mercy flying past?

If we knew the silent story
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our womanhood dare doom them
Back to haunts of vice and shame?
Life has many a tangled crossing,
Joy has many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-washed are whitest;
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach within our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love to erring nature,
Cherish good that still survives;
So that when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say, Dear Father, judge us
As we judge our fellow men.

SELECT STORY.

BERYL BRENTANO

—OR—

THE SAPPHIRE OF THE SOUTH.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XI.

RICORDO.

"Madam, I ordered the prisoner's head shaved. Did you understand my instructions?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why were my orders not obeyed?"

"Because I don't intend you shall make a convict of her before she has been tried and sentenced. She has the most glorious suit of hair I ever looked at, and I shall save it to the last moment. Doctor Moffat, you need not swear and fume, for I don't allow even my husband to talk ugly to me. You directed a blister put on the back of the neck, as close as possible to the skull; it is there, and it is drawing fast enough to satisfy any reasonable person. I divided the hair into four braids and plaited them, and you can see I have hung up the ends here just loose enough to save any pulling."

Mrs. Singleton spread her arms over the sick girl, as a hen shelters her brood from a swooping hawk.

"But, Susie, the doctor knows better what is ——"

"Hush, Ned. Perhaps he does; but I 'detailed' myself to nurse this case; and I don't propose to surrender all my common sense, and all my womanly judgment, and maternal experience, in order to keep the doctor in a good humor. I will have my own head shaved before hers shall be touched."

Mr. Singleton discreetly withdrew from the conference, softly closing the door behind him; and Doctor Moffat bent over the thermometer with which he was testing the temperature. When he raised his head, a kindly smile lurked in his deep set eyes:

"I can't afford to quarrel with you, madam; you are too faithful and watchful a nurse. After all, the chances are that it will ultimately make very little difference; she grows worse so rapidly. I will come in again before bed-time, and meanwhile make no change in the medicine."

The warden's wife replenished the ice in a bowl, whence a tube supplied the cap or bag on the head of the sufferer, and taking a child's apron from her work-basket on the floor, resumed her sewing. After a while, the door opened noiselessly, and, glancing up, she saw Mr. Dunbar.

"May I come in?"

"Yes. You need repentence, and this is a good place to begin."

"Is there any change?"

"Only for the worse. No need now to tip-toe; she is beyond being disturbed by noise. I think the first sound she will notice will be the harps of the angels."

"I trust the case is not so hopeless?"

"Queer heart you must have! You are afraid she will slip through your fingers, and get to heaven without the help of the gallows and the black cap? Death cheats even the lawyers, sometimes, and seems to be snatching at your prey. You don't believe in prayer, and you have no time to waste that way. I do; and I get down here constantly on my knees, and pray to my God to take this poor young thing out of the world now, before you all convict her, and punish her for crimes she never committed."

"Madam, her conviction would grieve me as much as it possibly could you; and unless she can vindicate herself, I earnestly hope she may never recover her consciousness.

The unmistakable sincerity of his tone surprised the little woman, and scanning him keenly as he stood, hat in hand, at the foot of the cot, her heart relented toward him.

"You still consider her guilty?"

"Since my last interview with her, I have arrived at no conclusion. Whether she be innocent or guilty, is known only by her, and her God. All human judgments in such cases are but guesses at the truth. Is she entirely unconscious, or has she lucid intervals?"

"Mr. Dunbar, on your honor as a gentleman, answer me. Are you here hunting evidence on a death-bed? Would you be so diabolical as to use against her any utterances of delirium?"

The flash of his eyes reminded her of the peculiar blue flame that leaps from a glowing bed of anthracite coal; and she had her reply before his lips moved.

"Am I a butcher, madam? Your insinuations are so insulting to my manhood, that it is difficult for me to remember my interrogator is a lady; doubly difficult for me to show you the courtesy your sex demands. Sooner than betray the secrets of a sick room, or violate the sanctity of the confidence which that poor girl's condition enjoins, I would cut off my right arm."

"I intend no discourtesy, sir; but my feelings are so deeply enlisted, that I cannot stop to choose and pick phrases, in talking to the person who caused that child to be shut up here. She thinks you are the most vindictive and dangerous enemy she has; and I had no reason to contradict her. Don't be offended, Mr. Dunbar."

He deigned no answer, but the dilation of his thin nostrils, and the stern contraction of his handsome lips, attested his wrath. Mrs. Singleton rose and laid her fingers on his coat sleeve.

"If I felt sure I could trust you —"

"I decline your confidence. Madam, if I could tell you that your vile suspicions are too contemptible to merit the indignation they arouse, I should to some extent feel relieved."

"Then having said it, I will let you off without an apology; and wipe the slate, and start fresh. You are sensitive about your honor, and I am determined to find out just how much it is worth. Trusting you as an honorable gentleman, I am going to ask you to do something for me, which may be of service to my patient; and I ask it because I have unlimited faith in your skill. Find out who 'Ricordo' is."

"Why? I must thoroughly understand the import of whatever I undertake, and if your reasons are too sacred to be communicated to me, you must select some other agent. I do not solicit your confidence, mark you; but I must know all or nothing."

"The day she was taken so ill, I was undressing her, and she looked at me very strangely, and said she believed she was losing her mind. Then she raised her hands and prayed:

"'Lord, be merciful! Lord seal my lips! Seal my lips!'

"Since then she has not known me, but several times she cried out 'Ricordo'! Last night she sat up suddenly, and stared at something she seemed to see right before her in the air. She shook her head at first, and said—'Oh, no! it cannot be possible.' Then she clutched at some invisible object, and a look of horror came into her eyes. She struck her palms together, and I never heard such an agonizing cry, 'There is no help! I must believe it—oh Ricordo!—Ricordo—Ricordo.' She fell back and shivered as if she had an ague. I tried to soothe her, and told her she had a bad dream. She kept saying: 'Oh horrible—it was, it was Ricordo!' Once, early this morning, she pulled me down to her and whispered: 'Don't tell mother—it would break her heart to know it was Ricordo!' She has not spoken distinctly since, though she mutters to herself. Now, Mr. Dunbar, if I did not feel as sure of her innocence as I am of my own, I should never tell you this; but I want your aid to hunt and catch this 'Ricordo,' because I am satisfied it will help to clear her."

"Was it not 'Ricardo'?"

"No, sir—it sounded as if spelled with an o not an a—and it was 'Ricordo.'"

"Ricardo is a proper name, but I am under the impression that 'Ricordo' is an Italian word that means simply a remembrance, a souvenir, sometimes a warning. I am glad, however, to have the clue, and I will do all I can to discover what connection exists between that word and the crime. Can you tell me nothing more?"

"Sometimes she seems to be drawing and painting, and talks to her father about pictures; and once she said, 'Hush! hush—mother is ill. She must not know I died, because I promised her I would bear everything. She made me promise.'"

At this moment the keen wail of a young child summoned the warden's wife to her own apartment, and Mr. Dunbar sat down in the rocking-chair beside the iron cot.

Beryl's head, that hitherto had turned restlessly on its pillow, became motionless; the closed eyes opened suddenly, fastened upon the lawyer's; and some inexplicable influence impelled her to stretch out her hand to him.

"Tiberius, you have come for me,"

"I have come to ask if you are better to-day."

Her burning fingers closed tightly over his, and the fever flame lent an indescribable splendor to eyes that seemed to penetrate his heart. Bending over her, he gently lifted a shining fold of hair from her white temple, and still clasping her hand, said in a low voice:

"Beryl, do you know me? Are you better?"

"Wait till I finish the sketch from San Michele. After I am hung, you will sell it. The light is so lovely."

The door was cautiously opened and closed, and noiselessly as a phantom Leo Gordon stood within the room. One swift survey enabled her to grasp all the details. The small, comfortless, dismal apartment, the barred narrow window, the bare floor, the low iron cot in one corner, with its beautiful burden; the watching attitude of the man, who for years possessed her heart. Resting one elbow on his knee, his chin leaned on his left hand, but the light fell full on his handsome face, and she started, marvelled at the expression of the brilliant eyes fixed upon the sufferer; eyes suffused and eloquent with tenderness never before seen in their cold sparkling depths.

The rustle of her dress attracted his attention, and glancing up he saw his betrothed at his side. One might have counted ten, while they silently regarded each other; and as if conscious of having unmasked some disloyalty, scarcely yet acknowledged to himself, haughty defiance hardened and darkened his face. Involuntarily his hold on Beryl's fingers tightened.

"Prison wards are not proper fields for the cultivation and display of Miss Gordon's amateur kid glove charity. I hope at least, it was a species of exaggerated high-flown sentimentality, rather than mere feminine curiosity that tempted you to precincts revolting to the delicacy and refinement with which my imagination invested you."

"My motives I shall not submit to the crucible of your criticism; and a little reflection will probably suggest to you, that perhaps you are unduly enlarging the limits, and prematurely exercising the rights of anticipated censorship. There are blunders that trench closely upon the borders of crime, and if professional zeal has betrayed you into the commission of a great wrong upon an innocent woman, it is a sacred duty to your victim, as well as my privilege as your betrothed, to alleviate her suffering as much as possible, and to repair the injury for which you are responsible."

"And if I have not blundered; and she be guilty?"

"Then your presence here can only be explained by motives so malignant and contemptible that I blush to ascribe them to you."

"If I am morbidly sensitive about your line of conduct, you should understand and pardon my jealous espionage."

"If I, realizing that you are not infallible, entertain a nervous dread that unintentionally you may have inflicted an irreparable wrong, you at least should not feel offended, because I am sensitive as regards reflections upon your honor as a gentleman, and your astuteness as a lawyer."

Her fair face had flushed; his grew pale.

"Leo, is this to be our first quarrel?"

"If so, you are entitled to the role of protagonist."

He put out his left hand, and took hers, while his right was closely clasping one that lay upon the chintz coverlid.

What strange obliquity of vision, what inscrutable perversity possessed him, he asked himself, as he looked up at the slight elegant figure, clad in costly camels hair garments, with Russian sables wrapped about her delicate throat, then down at the human epitome of wretchedness, represented by a bronze-crowned head, with singularly magnetic eyes, crimsoned cheeks, and a perfect mouth. Was friendly fate flying danger signals by arranging this vivid contrast, in order to recall his vagrant wits, to cement his wavering allegiance?

He was a brave man, but he shivered slightly as he confronted his own insurgent and defiant heart; and involuntarily his fingers dropped Leo's, and his right hand tightened on the hot palm throbbing against it.

On that dark tossing main, where delirium drove Beryl's consciousness to and fro like a rudderless wreck, did some mysterious communion of spirits survive? Whatever the cause, certainly a strangely clear, musical laugh broke suddenly from her lovely lips, mingled with a triumphant "Che sara, sara!" The heavy lids slowly drooped, the head turned away wearily.

Smothering a long drawn sigh, which his pride throttled, Mr. Dunbar rose and stood beside his fiancee.

"You have been feeling her pulse; how is the fever?" asked Leo.

"About as high as it can mount. The pulse is frightfully rapid. I did not even attempt to count it."

"Mrs. Singleton tells me she is entirely unconscious — recognizes no one."

"At times, I think she has partly lucid glimpses; for instance, a little while ago she called me 'Tiberius,' the same appellation she unaccountably bestowed on me the day of her preliminary examination. Evidently she associates me with every cruel, brutal monster, and even in delirium maintains her aversion."

Miss Gordon's hand stole into his, pressing it gently in mute attestation of sympathy. After a moment she said in a low tone:

"She is very beautiful. What a noble, pure face! How exquisitely turned her white throat, and wrists and hands."

He merely inclined his head in assent.

"It seems a profanation to connect the idea of crime with so lovely and refined a woman. Lennox!"

He turned, and looked into her brown eyes, which were misty with tears.

"Well, my dear Leo, what is burdening your generous heart?"

"Do you, can you, believe her guilty? Her whole appearance is a powerful protest."

"Appearances are sometimes fatally false. I think you told me that the purest and loveliest face, guileless as an angel's, that you saw in Europe, was a portrait of Vittoria Accoramboni; yet she was veritably the 'White Devil,' 'beautiful as the leprosy, dazzling as the lightning.' Do I believe her guilty? From any other lips than yours I should evade the question; but I proudly acknowledge your right to an expression of my opinion, when ——"

"I withdraw the question, because I arrogate no 'rights.' I merely desire the privilege of sympathizing, if possible, with your views; of sharing your anxiety in a matter involving such vital consequences. Tell me nothing now; I shall value much more the privilege of receiving your confidence unsolicited."

He took both her hands, drew her close to him, and looked steadily down into her frank tender eyes.

"Thank you, my dear Leo. Only your own noble self could so delicately seek to relieve me from a painful embarrassment; but our relations invest you with both rights and privileges, which for my sake at least, I prefer you should exercise. You must allow me to conclude my sentence; you are entitled to my opinion—when matured. As far as I am capable of judging, the evidence against her is—overwhelmingly condemnatory. I thought so before her arrest; believed it when her preliminary examination ended, and subsequent incidents strengthen and confirm that opinion; yet a theory has dawned upon me, that may possibly lighten her culpability. I need not tell you that I feel acutely the responsibility of having brought her here for trial, and especially of her present pitiable condition, which causes me sleepless nights. If she should live, I shall make some investigation in a distant quarter, which may, to some extent, exculpate her, by proving her an accessory instead of principal. My generous Leo, you shall be the first to whom I confide my solution—when attained. I am sorely puzzled, and harassed by conflicting conjectures; and you must be patient with me, if I appear negligent or indifferent to the privileges of that lovely shrine where homage is due."

"If you felt less keenly the distressing circumstances surrounding you I should deeply regret my misplaced confidence in your character; and certainly you must acquit me of the selfishness that could desire to engross your attention at this juncture."

Desirous of relieving him of all apprehension relative to a possible misconstruction of his motives and conduct, she left one hand in his, and laid the other with a caressing touch on his arm; an unprecedented demonstration, which at any other time would have surprised and charmed him.

"Ah, what a melancholy sight! So much delicate refined beauty in this horrible lair of human beasts! Lennox, let us hope that the mercy of God will call her speedily to His own bar of justice, before she suffers the torture and degradation of trial by earthly tribunals."

She felt the slight shudder that crept over him, the sudden start with which he dropped her hand, and bent once more over the cot.

"God forbid she should die now, leaving the burden of her murder on my soul!"

His countenance was averted, but the fervor of his adjuration filled her with a vague sense of painful forboding.

"Is it friendly to desire the preservation of a life whose probable goal seems the gallows, or perpetual imprisonment? Poor girl! In the choice of awful alternatives, death would come here as an angel of mercy."

Leo took Beryl's hand in hers, and tears filled her eyes as she noted the symmetry of the snowy fingers, the delicate arch of the black brows, the exceeding beauty of the waving outline where the rich mahogany-hued hair touched the forehead and temples, that gleamed like polished marble.

"Is it friendly to wish an innocent girl to go down into her grave, leaving a name stained for all time of suspicion, if not absolute conviction of a horrible crime?"

Mr. Dunbar spoke through set teeth, and Leo's astonishment at the expression of his countenance delayed an answer, which was prevented by the entrance of Mrs. Singleton.

"Miss Gordon, your uncle wishes to know whether you are ready to go home; as he has an engagement that calls him away?"

Did Leo imagine the look of relief that seemed to brighten Mr. Dunbar's face, as he said promptly:

"With your permission, I will see you safely downstairs, and commit you to Judge Dent's care."

Standing beside the cot, she watched Mrs. Singleton measure the medicine from a vial into a small glass. When the warden's wife knelt down, and putting one arm under the pillow elevated it slightly, while she held the glass to the girl's lips, Beryl attempted to push it aside.

"Take it for me, dear child; it will make you sleep and ease your pain."

The beautiful girl regarded her wistfully, then wandered to the face of the lawyer and rested, spellbound.

"Here swallow this. It is not bad to take."

Mrs. Singleton patted her cheek and again essayed to administer the draught, but without success.

"Let me try."

Mr. Dunbar took the glass, but as he bent down, the girl began to shiver as though smitten with a mortal chill. She writhed away, put out her shuddering hands to ward it off; and starting up, her eyes filled with a look of indescribable horror and loathing as she cried out:

"Ricordo! Oh, mother—it is Ricordo! I see it! Father—it was my Pegli handkerchief!—with the fuchsias you drew! Father—ask Christ to pity me!"

She sank back quivering with dread, pitiable to contemplate; but after a few moments her hands sought each other, and her trembling lips moved evidently in prayer, though the petition was inaudible. Mrs. Singleton sponged her forehead with iced water, and by degrees the convulsive shivering became less violent. The wise nurse began in a subdued tone to sing slowly, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and after a little while the sufferer grew still; the heavy lids lifted once or twice, then closed, and the laboring brain seized on some new vision in the world of fevered dreams.

Mrs. Singleton took the medicine from the attorney, and put it aside.

"Sleep is her best physic. When these nervous shivers come on, I find a hymn chanted soothes her as it does one of my babies. Poor child! she makes my heart ache so sometimes, that I want to scream the pain away. How people with any human nature left in them can look at her and listen to her pitiful cries to her dear Father, and her dying mother, and her far-off God, and then believe that her poor beautiful hands could shed blood, passes my comprehension; and all such ought to go on four feet, and browse like other brutes. I am poor, but I vow before the Lord, that I would not stand in your shoes, Mr. Dunbar, for all the gold in the government vaults, and all the diamonds in Brazil."

Tears were dripping on the costly furs about Leo's neck, as she moved closer to the attorney, and linked her arm in his.

"Mr. Dunbar, we will detain my uncle no longer. Mrs. Singleton has told me that one of her children is ill, had a spasm last night; and since maternal duties are most imperative, it is impossible for her to give undivided attention to this poor sufferer. If you will kindly take me down stairs, I will call at the 'Sheltering Arms,' and secure the services of one of the Sisters, who is an experienced nurse. This will relieve Mrs. Singleton, and we shall all feel assured that our poor girl has careful watching, and every comfort that anxious sympathy can provide."

CHAPTER XII.

THE CRISIS.

It was midnight in November, keenly cold, but windless; and in the purplish sky, the wintry crown of stars burned with silvery lustre, unlike the golden glow of constellations throbbing in sultry summer, and their white fires sparkled, flared as if blown by interstellar storms. The reception given by Judge Parkman to the governor and his staff, on the occasion of a review of state troops at X——, was at its height; and several counties had been skimmed for the creme de la creme of most desirable representatives of wit, wealth, and beauty.

Miss Gordon had arrived unusually late, and as she entered the room, leaning on her uncle's arm, she noticed that Mr. Dunbar was the centre of a distinguished group standing under the chandelier. He was gently fanning his hostess, who stood beside the governor, and evidently he was narrating some spicy incident, whereat all laughed heartily. The exigencies of etiquette prevented for more than an hour any nearer approach, but when Mr. Dunbar had paid tribute of bows and smiles, compliments, and persiflage into the coffer of custom, he made his way through the throng, to the spot where his betrothed stood resting after her third dance.

"Will Miss Gordon grant me a promenade in lieu of the dance, which misfortunes conspired to prevent me from securing earlier in the evening?"

He drew her hand under his arm, and his eyes ran with proprietorial freedom over the details of her costume; pale blue satin, creamy foam of white lace, soft sheen of large pearls, and boquet of exquisite half-blown La France roses.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. If you are Feeble and Emaciated—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

Jumpuppe—"Confound these theosophists." Jasper—Why?" Jumpuppe—"They convinced my wife that she has seven bodies and she went off and bought a dress for each one."

GOOD DEEDS DONE.

The good deeds done by that unequalled family liniment, Hagyard's Yellow Oil, during the thirty years it has been here in ever-increasing esteem by the public, would fill volumes. We cannot hear enumerate all its good qualities, but that it can be relied on as a cure for croup, coughs, colds, sore throat and all pains, goes without saying.

Usually it is the man of least importance who deems it most necessary that his valuable person be protected by a pistol.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. If you have Asthma—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

There was a skeleton in every family's closet after Christmas.

In addition to the usual advantages conferred by leap year on energetic young ladies, 1892 will give them fifty-three Sundays in which to employ these advantages. Next year is going to be a crucial one for bachelors.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. If disturbed at night and broken of rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it mothers, there is no mstake about it. It cures Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind, Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is sold at 25 cents per bottle by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP.

Mrs. Wickwire—"Just think! Mrs. Braggs' husband accompanies his wife whenever she goes shopping. "Isn't he good?" Mr. Wickwire—"H'm! I've got more confidence in my wife than that."

"HOW TO CURE ALL SKIN DISEASES."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

When a man starts out to reform himself he has undertaken a job that will keep him busy for life.

CULLODEN CULLINGS.

Gentlemen,—In 1888 I was severely afflicted with gravel of the kidneys from which I suffered great pain. I was recommended to take Burdock Blood Bitters, which I did, finding great relief, and after taking four bottles can truly say I am cured and have not since been troubled. I highly recommend it.

PETER WEST, Culloden P. O., Ont.

There is no particular harm in riding a hobby if you do not take up the whole road with it.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. If you have consumption—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

That hard-hearted fellow who sent a member of parliament a floral lyre ought to be strung up.

COMING EVENTS.

Coming consumption is foreshadowed by a hacking cough, night sweats, pain in the chest, etc. Arrest its progress at once by taking Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, which never fails to cure coughs, colds, bronchitis, hoarseness, etc., and even in confirmed consumption affords great relief.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder, but present causes it to glow like full moon.

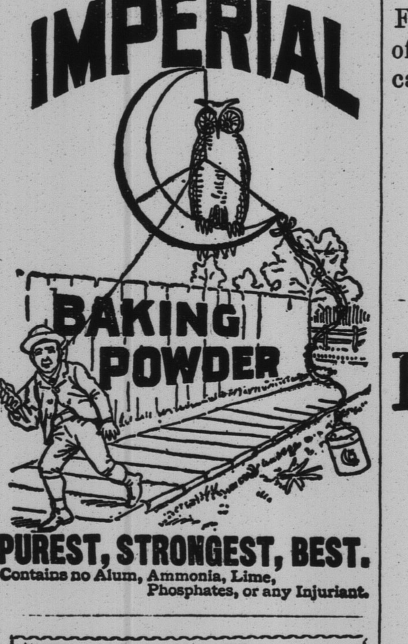
DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. If you have a Cough—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents a bottle.

The man who borrows trouble never thinks of paying it back save by distribution among his friends and acquaintances.

Slush, dirt, wet feet; rheumatism and colds follow. Use Johnson's Anodyne Liniment freely.

Whaling in lap-land is among the earliest adventures of youth.



PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injuriant.

"How are you?"
"Nicely, Thank You."
"Thank Who?"
"Why the inventor of

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Which cured me of CONSUMPTION."

Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it.
Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil.
Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer.
Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for *Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Coughs and Colds.*
Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and $1.00.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

R. C. MACREDIE,
Plumber, Gas Fitter,
AND
TINSMITH,

WOULD inform the people of Fredericton and vicinity that he has resumed business on Queen Street,

OPP COUNTY COURT HOUSE,

where he is prepared to fill all orders in above lines, including

ELECTRICAL AND MECHANICAL
BELL HANGING,
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CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPRESS and P. O. address.
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE St., WEST TORONTO, ONT.

ST. JACOBS OIL
CURES
RHEUMATISM--NEURALGIA,

Sciatica,
Sprains,
Bruises,
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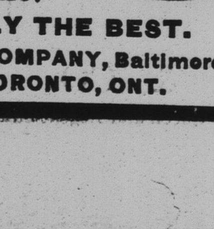

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"August Flower"

Biliousness, Constipation, Stomach Pains.

"I have been afflicted with biliousness "and constipation "for fifteen years; "first one and then "another preparation was suggested "to me and tried but "to no purpose. At last a friend "recommended August Flower. I "took it according to directions and "its effects were wonderful, relieving me of those disagreeable "stomach pains which I had been "troubled with so long. Words "cannot describe the admiration "in which I hold your August "Flower—it has given me a new "lease of life, which before was a "burden. Such a medicine is a benefaction to humanity, and its good "qualities and "wonderful merits should be "made known to "everyone suffering with dyspepsia or biliousness

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BURDOCK

Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

BLOOD

CURES
DYSPEPSIA. BILIOUSNESS.
CONSTIPATION. HEADACHE
SALT RHEUM. SCROFULA.
HEART BURN. SOUR STOMACH
DIZZINESS. DROPSY.
RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES

BITTERS

Moulding Nails.

JUST RECEIVED:

3 CASES Moulding Nails, in one pound papers 7/8 1/2 5/8 3/4 7/8 1 1 1/4 1 1/2 inches; 10 Kegs in 1 1/2 2 2 1/4 2 1/2 2 3/4 and 3 inches long. Well finished bright nails.

And for sale by
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JUST RECEIVED:

25 DOZEN Team Bells. Straps to suit. Chimes for Shafts. Gongs for Back Saddles.
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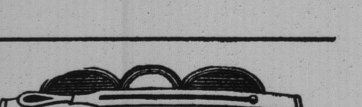

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