POETRY.

ON MEMORY'S WALL.

Of all the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest
That seemeth best of all;
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pinks, nor the pale sweet cowslip,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that olden forest
He lieth in peace asleep;
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago;
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn eves
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a sweet embrace
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the treetops bright
He fell, in his saintlike beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth best of all.

SELECT STORY.

BERYL BRENTANO

—OR—

THE SAPPHIRE OF THE SOUTH.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XIII.

Dyce covered her face with her shawl, to stifle her sobs, and her large frame shook. Mrs. Singleton whispered:

"Tell me quick. What is it?"

"Miss Ellie is dead. I got there three days after she was buried."

The warden's wife sank into a chair, and drew the weeping negro into one beside her.

"Do you know what time she died?"

"Yes—I had it all put down in black and white. She died on Tuesday night, just as the clock struck two; and the hospital nurse says——Lord, amercy, Miss Susan! are you going to faint? You have turned ashy!"

As Mrs. Singleton's thoughts recurred to the fact that it was at that hour that Beryl lay in the stupor of the crisis, from which she awoke perfectly conscious, and recalled the dream that the sick girl held as a vision, she felt a vague but bewildering dread seize her faculties, in defiance of cool reason and scoffing scepticism.

"Go on Dyce. I felt a little sick. Tell me——"

She paused and listened to an unusual and inexplicable noise issuing from the next room; the harsh sound of something scraping the bare floor.

"You must pick your time to break this misery to that poor young thing. I can't do it. I would run a mile sooner than face her with the news that her ma is dead; and I have grieved and cried, till I feel like my brains had been put in a pot and biled. It will be a harder heart than mine what can stand by, and tell her she is motherless."

"There is no need to tell her. She knows it."

"How? Did she get the letter the doctor said he wrote?"

"No. She thinks her mother——"

The noise explained itself. Too feeble to walk alone, Beryl had pushed a chair before her, until she reached the door and now stood grasping it, swaying to and fro, as she endeavored to steady herself. One hand held at her throat the black shawl, whose loosened folds fell like a mourning mantle to her feet, the other clutched the door, against the edges of which she leaned for support.

"Dyce, I have known for some days that I have no mother in this world. I have seen her. Your kind heart dreads giving me pain, but nothing can hurt me now. I cannot suffer any more, because I am bruised and beaten to numbness. I want to see you alone; I want to know everything."

At sight of her the old woman darted forward and caught the tall, wasted, tottering form in her strong arms. Lifting her as though she had been a child, she bore her back to her small, bleak room, laid her softly on her cot, then knelt down, and burst into a fit of passionate crying.

As if to shut out some torturing vision, Beryl clasped her hands over her eyes, and when she spoke, her voice was very unsteady:

"Did you see mother alive?"

"Oh, honey, I was too late! I was three days too late to see her at all. When I got to New York, and found the doctor's house, he was not at home; had just gone to Boston a half-hour before I rung the bell. His folks couldn't tell me nothin', so I had to wait two days. When I give him your note, he looked dreadful cut up, and tole me Miss Ellie had all the care and 'tention in the world, but nothin' couldn't save her. He said she didn't suffer much, but was 'lirious all the time, until the day before she died, when all of a sudden her mind cleared. Then she axed for you, honey—God bless you, my poor lamb! I hate to harrify your heart. The doctor comforted her all he could,and tole her bizness of importance had done kept you South. Miss Ellie axed how long she could live; he said only a few hours. She begged him to prop her up, so she could write a few words. He says he held the paper for her, and she wrote a little and rested; and then she wrote a little more and fell back speechless. He put the piece of paper in a invellop and sealed it, and axed her if she wished it to be given to her daughter Beryl. She couldn't talk then, but she looked at him and nodded her head. That was about four o'clock in the evening of Tuesday. She had a sort of spasm, and went to sleep. At two o'clock she woke in Heaven. He said he felt so sorry for you—dear lamb! He wouldn't let them bury her where most was buried that died in the hospital. He had her laid away in his own lot in some graveyard, where his childun was burried, till he could hear from you. He tole me, she was tenderly handled, and everything was done as you would have wanted it; and he cut off some of the beautiful hair—and——"

Dyce smothered her sobs in the bedclothes, but Beryl lay like a stone image.

"Oh, honey! It jest splits my heart in two, to tell you all this—"

"Go on, Dyce."

"The doctor gin me a note to the nuss at the hospital what tended the ward Miss Ellie was in, and I got all her clothes, and packed 'em in a box and brought 'em home. She told me pretty much what the doctor had said, only she was shore your ma spoke jest before she died, and called twice—'Ignace! Ignace!' She said she was beautiful as an angel, and her hair was a wonder to all who saw her, it was so long and so lovely. She tole me the doctor hissef put a big bunch of white carnations and tuberoses in her hand, after they put her in the coffin, and she looked like a queen. The doctor wrote you a letter, 'splainin' everything, and sent it to the postmaster here. He seemed dreadfull grieved and 'stonished when I tole him how I had left you, and said if he could help you, he would be very glad to do it. I tole him we would pay his bill, as soon as this trial bizness was over; and he answered: 'Tut—tut; bill indeed! That poor unfortunate girl need never worry over any bill of mine. I did all I could for her mother, but the best of us fail sometimes. Tell that poor child to come and see me, as soon as she gets out of the clutches of those fire-eating devils of the South.' Honey, I couldn't be satisfied without seeing for myself, where they had laid my dear young Mistiss. I got 'rections from the doctor, and I spent good part of the day huntin' the cemetery, and at last a man in uniform showed me Doctor Grantlin's lot. Oh,my lamb! That was the first and only comfort I had, when I stood in front of that grand, lovely marble portico—with great angels kneeling on the four corners, and knew my dear young Mistiss was resting in such a beautiful place. I felt so proud that ole Mistiss' child was among the best people, sleeping with flowers in her hands, in that white marble house! I had bought a bunch of violets from a flower shop, but I could not get nearer than the door, where some brass rods were stretched like a kind of net; So I laid my little bunch down on the marble steps, and though I couldn't see my dear young Misstiss, maybe—up in heaven—she will know her poor ole mammy did not forget her, and——"

The ole woman cried bitterly, and one thin hand, white as a snowflake, fell upon her bowed head, and softly stroked her black wrinkled face. After some minutes, Dyce took the hand, kissed it reverently, and pressed into it a package.

"The doctor tole me to put that into your hands. He said he knew it would be very precious to you, but he felt shore he could trust me to bring it safe. Now, honey, I know you want to be by yourself, when you read your ma's last words. I will go and set in yonder by the fire, till you call me."

For some moments Beryl lay motionless, then the intolerable agony clutched her throat with an aching sense of suffocation. At last, with a shuddering sigh, she broke the seal, and took from folds of tissue paper, a long thick tress of the beautiful black hair. Shaking it out of its satin coil, she held it up, then wrapped it smoothly over her hand, and laid it caressingly against her cheek.

Prison walls melted away; she stood again in the New York attic, and combed, and brushed, and braided those raven locks, and saw the wan face of the beloved invalid.

What had become of the proud, ambitious girl, who laughed at adverse fortune, and forgot poverty in lofty aspirations? How long ago it seemed, since she kissed the dear faded cheek, and knelt for her mother's farewell benediction. That any other hand than hers had touched her sacred dead, seemed a profanation; and at the thought of the last rites rendered, the loyal child shivered as though some polluting grasp had been laid upon herself. Out of the envelope rolled a broad hoop of reddish gold, her mother's wedding ring; and in zigzag lines across a sheet of paper was written the last message:

"My dear, good little girl, so faithful, so true, my legacy of love is your mother's blessing. You must be comforted to know I am dying in peace, because I trust in your last promise——"

Then a blot, some unintelligible marks, and a space. Lower still, scarcely legible characters were scrawled:

"Tell my darling—to wear my ring as a holy—"

In death as in life, the last word, and the deepest feeling were not for her; the sacred souvenir was left for the hand that had so often stabbed the idolatrous heart, now stilled for ever.

To the orphaned, forsaken, disgraced captive, sitting amid the sombre ruins of her life, drinking the bitter lees of the fatal cup a mother's hand had forced to her reluctant lips, there seemed nothing strange in the injustice meted out; for had not the second place in maternal love always been hers? Staggering to her feet, she held up the ring, and said in a broken, half audible voice:

"When I am dead, your darling shall have it; until then lend it to your little girl, as a strengthening amulet. The sight of it will hold me firm, will girdle my soul with fortitude, as it girdles my finger; will set a yet holier seal to the compact whereby I pleged my life, that you might die in peace. If, in the last hour, you had known all my peril, all that promise entails, would you have released me? Would you have died content knowing that your idol was guarded and safe, behind the cold shield of your little girl's polluted body? The blood in my veins flowed from yours; I slept on your heart; I was the last baby whose lips fed at your bosom. Mother! Mother, if you had known all, could you have seen the load of guilt and woe and shame laid on your innocent child, and bought the life of your first-born, by the sacrifice of a scape-goat? Dear mother, my mother, would you shelter him, and leave your baby to die?"

Slipping the ring on her finger, she kissed it twice. The hot flood of tears overflowed, and she fell on her knees beside the cot, clasping her hands above her bowed head.

"Alone in my desolation! Oh, father! keep close to my soul, and pray that I may have strength to bear my burden, even to the end! My God! My God! sustain me now. Help me to be patient, and when the sacrifice is finished, accept it for Christ's sake, and grant that the soul of my brother may be ransomed, because I die for his sins."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PRISE CARD.

"Well, dear child, what is the trouble? Into what quagmire have your little feet slipped? When you invite me so solemnly to a private conference in this distractingly pretty room, the inference is inevitable that some disaster threatens. Have you overdrawn your bank account?"

Judge Dent leaned back, making himself thoroughly comfortable in a deep easy chair in Leo's luxurious library; and taking his niece's hand, looked up into her grave, sweet face.

"I want you to honor my draft for a large amount. I am about to draw on your sympathy; can I overdraw my account with that royal bank?"

"Upon my sympathy, never; but mark you, this does not commit me to compliance with all your Utopian schemes. If you were raving mad, I should sympathize, but nevertheless I should see that the straight jacket was brought into requisition. What new hobby do you intend that I shall ride?"

"I have no intention of sharing that privilege even with you; I merely desire you to inspect the accoutrements. Uncle Mitchell, I feel so unhappy about that poor girl, that I must do something to comfort her, and only one avenue presents itself. I want you to have her brought into court on a writ of habeas corpus, and to use your influence with Judge Parkman to grant her bail. I desire to give the amount of bond he may require, because I think it would gratify her to have this public assurance that she possessed the confidence of her own sex; for nothing so strengthens and soothes a true woman as the sympathy and trust of women."

"Looking at the case dispassionately from a professional point of view, I am sorry to tell you that the judge would scarcely be warranted in granting bail. Were I still upon the bench, I could not conscientiously release her, in the face of constantly accumulating evidence against her, although she has my deepest compassion. Conceding, however, for the moment, that Parkman consents to the petition, and the girl is set at liberty, are you prepared to pay the large forfeit, if realizing the fearful odds against her acquittal, should take permanent bail by absconding before the trial? We pity this unfortunate prisoner, but we know nothing in her favor to counterbalance the terrible array of accusing circumstances fate has piled against her. If she be guilty, can she resist the temptation to escape by flight; and if she be innocent, how much more difficult to await all that is involved in this trial, and abide the issue? Because she is beautiful, has a refined and noble air, and seems unsullied as some grand snow image, do not blind yourself to the fact, that for ought we can prove to the contrary, she may have a heart as black as Tullia's, hands as bloody as Brunehaut's."

"You believe that as little as I do. I have pondered the matter in all its aspects, and I take the risk."

"You can afford to pay for her flight?"

"I will pay for her flight, no matter what it may cost."

Judge Dent took her hand between both his.

"Let us be frank.

'The things we do—
We do; we'll wear no mask, as if we blushed!'

Are you so assured of the woman's fidelity; or do you deliberately leave the door ajar, forseeing the result, deeming this the most expedient method of cutting the Gordian knot?"

For a moment she hesitated, then her soft brown eyes looked down bravely into his.

"I believe she is innocent, and that she will be loyal if released on bail; but if I mistake her character, and she should flee for her life from the lifted sword of justice, then I shall gladly pay the expense of playing Alexander's role, and shall feel rejoiced that she lives to repent her crime, and that the man to whom I have promised my hand has been relieved of the awful responsibility of hunting her to death."

"Have you made him acquainted with this scheme?"

"Certainly not. I owed it to you to secure your approbation and co-operation before mentioning the matter to him."

"Have you considered the opposition which, without inconsistency, he cannot fail to offer? As prosecuting attorney for the Darringtons, he would be recreant to his client if he consented to release on bail."

His sympaty is deeply enlisted in her behalf, and I do not anticipate opposition; nevertheless, it would not deter me from the attempt to free her, at least temporarily from prison. As you have no connection with the trial, I can see no impropriety in your telling Judge Parkman that the girl's health demands a change of air and scene, and that it is my desire to furnish any bond he may deem suitable, and then bring the prisoner under my roof until the day fixed for the trial. If you are unwilling to speak to him, will you permit me to mention the subject to him?"

"I fear enthusiasm is hurrying you into a proposal, the possibly grave consequences of which you do not realize. You would run a great risk in bringing here that unfortunate woman, over whose head has gathered so black a cloud of suspicion. In becoming her gaoler, you assume a fearful responsibility."

"I fully comprehend all the hazard, and, with your permission, I shall not shrink. I have a conviction, for which I can offer no adequate grounds, that this girl is as innocent as I am; and if all the world hissed and jeered, I should stretch out my hand to her. Uncle, will you speak, or shall I?"

"I must first talk with Churchill and Dunbar. Your effort might result only in injury to the prisoner; because if she were brought into court on writ of habeas corpus, and refused bail, as I fear would be the case, the failure would operate very unfavorably for her cause, on public opinion, of which after all, in nineteen cases out of twenty, the jury verdict is a reflection. If I can see any chance of your success, I will speak to Parkman, for, indeed, my dear child, I honor your motive, and share your hope; but unless I find more encouragement than I expect, I will not complicate matters by a futile attempt, which would certainly recoil disastrously."

"Thank you, Uncle Mitchell. Please act promptly. I have set my heart of hearts on having that poor young woman here to spend Christmas. Her freedom to walk about in the sunshine is the one Christmas gift I covet, and I know you will gratify me if possible. You have only four days in which to secure my present."

"When do you expect to see Mr. Dunbar?"

"I promised to ride with him this afternoon, but I prefer not to discuss this subject, as he has earnestly requested me 'to abstain from any reference to that gloomy business during his hours of recreation,' and I have no intention of setting back care en croupe to share our canter to-day. Having told me that when he leaves his office to visit us, he locks his professional affairs in his desk, you can readily understand that good taste enforces respect for his wishes, at least in the matter of avoiding tabooed topics."

"Does it occur to you that he will object very strenuously to seeing the personification of 'that gloomy business' sitting at your hearth-stone? That he may refuse to lock up in his law office the significant and disagreeable reflection that the woman whom he arrested and prosecutes for a vile crime is championed and housed by one whom he claims as his promised wife. I warn you he will be bitterly offended if you bring General Darrington's grand-daughter under this roof."

Her delicate flower-like face flushed, and the slight figure became proudly erect.

"It is my house, and I acquit him of the presumption of desiring to dictate to whom its doors shall be opened. If he has no confidence in my discretion, no respect for my motives, then the sooner our engagement is annulled the better for both of us. When I have taken my vows I shall steadfastly keep them, but meantime I am a Gordon."

Judge Dent rose, put his arm around her shoulders, and drew the sunny head to his breast.

"Leo, listen to me. There is no heaven on earth, but the nearest approach to it, the outlying suburbs whence we get bewildering glimpses of beautitude beyond, is the season of courtship and betrothal. It comes to all, as hope's happy prophecy, this sparkling prologue, and we never dream that it is the sweetest and best of the drama that follows; but let me tell you, enjoy it while you may, and take an old man's advice, do not quarrel with your sweetheart."

He kissed her cheek, and when the door closed behind him, she sat down and covered her face with her hands.

Was that witching light already fading in her sky? Was the storm even now muttering that would rudely toss aside the rose leaves that garlanded the feet of her beloved? In the midst of her eloquent prologue would darkness smite suddenly, and end the drama? Into the chill shadow of this problem plunged Miss Patty.

"An extraordinary and most unexpected thing has happened, and I know you will be surprised."

"What is it, Aunt Patty? Something very pleasant, I hope."

"I have actually changed my opinion; and you know how tenacious I usually am of well matured views. Quite surprised, arn't you?"

"That is far too mild and inadequate a term to express my sensations. I should not be much astonished to hear that Cynosure had grown giddy, had swung down, and waltzed in the arms of Sirius."

"Leo, I came in to tell you, that I have experienced quite a change of feeling with reference to that poor young lady whom Mr. Dunbar with such officious haste arrested and threw into gaol. I am now convinced that a great wrong has been committed."

"I am glad to hear it; but to what circumstance is so decided a revulsion of sentiment attributed?"

"You know I have great confidence in Sister Serena's sagacity, and during the past fortnight she has talked frequently with me on the subject of the prisoner. When she undertook to nurse the poor child, she too considered her guilty of the unnatural crime; but by degrees she began to doubt it. About ten days ago, she says she went to the penitentiary, and found the prisoner reading a Bible which she had borrowed from the gaoler's wife. She asked her if she would like her to offer up a prayer, in her behalf, and they knelt down side by side. Sister Serena prayed that God would melt her heart if she was guilty, and help her to repent. While they were still on their knees, Sister Serena put one arm around her and said:

"'God knows whether you are the criminal; and if so, let me beg of you to make a full confession; it will unload your conscience, and may be the means of arousing more sympathy in the public heart.' She says that the poor girl looked at her a moment so reproachful, and answered: 'When we meet in heaven you will understand how cruelly your words hurt me. I know that appearances are hopelessly against me, and I expect to die; but I am so innocent, I keep my soul close to God, for He who knows the truth, will help me to bear man's injustice.' Then she prayed aloud for herself, that she might endure patiently and meekly an awful punishment, which she did not deserve. She has fallen completely in love with the poor young creature, and tells me she finds her wonderfully talented and cultivated. This morning she showed me some of the most beautiful designs for decorating our altar on Christmas, which the prisoner sketched for her, and when Sister Serena thanked her, she says the most touching smile she ever saw came into that child's face, as she answered: 'I shall spend Jesus' birthday with Him.' I felt so uncomfortable when I heard all that passed between her and Sister Serena, that I would not be easy until I had seen for myself; and as Sister Serena was going over to carry some letters to be painted and gilded, I went with her. I have seen her and talked with her, and I pitty the hard, bitter, unregenerate and vindictive heart of the man who is prosecuting her for murder. I do not believe that in all the world, Mr. Dunbar can find twelve men idiotic and vicious enough to convict that beautiful orphan girl; and his failure will do as little credit to his intellect, as success would to his moral nature."

"While I prefer to exclude Mr. Dunbar's name from our discussions, I think it merely bare justice to the absent, to assure you that he desires her conviction even less than you or I; and will do all in his power to avert it. I feel more interest in this matter than you can possibly realize, and, believing her innocent, will befriend her to the last extremity. Did Sister Serena succeed in fitting the black dress I sent?"

"The poor child had on a mourning dress, but I was not aware that you sent it. Losing her mother seems to have broken her heart. Poor Ellice Darrington! Petted and fostered like a hot-house flower, and then to die a pauper in a hospital! What an awful retribution for her disobedience to her parents! There is the bell."

"Yes, auntie, and I must ask you to excuse me. Some of my Sunday school class are coming to practice their carols, and conclude a little holiday preparation, and I hear them on the steps."

"Did Mitchell show you Leighton's telegram?"

"He told me the good news, that at the last moment Leighton had filled his pulpit for the holidays, and would preach for us on Christmas. How delightfully it will revive the dear old days to have him back? Fancy our hanging up our stockings once more at the foot of Uncle Mitchell's bed! I know you are so happy at the thought of taking the Holy Communion from the hand of your dear boy, that it will consecrate this Christmas above all others; and I congratulate you heartily, dear Aunt Patty."

TO BE CONTINUED.

INTENSE SUFFERING!

Mr. William Buchanan, 24 years engineer in the Cunard Steamship Company's service, 8 St. John's Road, Kirkdale, Liverpool, Eng., writes: "I suffered two years of agony from an affection in the head which six physicians pronounced incurable. They were divided in opinion as to whether it was acute neuralgia of the head or rheumatic affection of the brain, but all agreed that I could never recover. In my paroxysms of pain it needed two and sometimes three men to hold me down in bed. When at death's door,

ST. JACOBS OIL

was applied to my head. It acted like magic. It saved my life. I am well and hearty, and have had no return of the trouble."

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

Modern Science.—Gilhooly: It is astonishing what progress has been made by science during the last few years. It is wonderful in how many instances, thanks to science, that the genuine article can be imitated.

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.

Editor of Organ—"Coarse and abusive remarks." That's a good phrase. By the way, Mr. Blower is on the other side, isn't he?

City Editor—Oh, no; he's one of our speakers.

Editor—So? Let me see. I think you'd better change that to "keen and incisive."

ATTACKED BY AN ENEMY.

Dear Sirs,—About a year ago I had a very bad attack of dyspepsia. For nearly four months I never ate a meal without suffering pain after. I got so weak I could scarcely walk, when one day I saw an advertisement for B. B. B. and thought I would try a bottle. Four bottles cured me completely, and I am now strong and healthy. MISS JANET STUART, Muskoka, Falls, Ont.

If women will only not walk three abreast on our narrow streets, there can be no objection to their taking any walk in life.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. If you have Catarrh—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle

"What would you do if you were in my shoes, Jephson?" asked Hobbs. "Black 'em," replied Jephson, eyeing Hobbs' understandings critically.

KNIGHTS OF LABOR.

The Knights of Labor aim to protect their members against financial difficulties, etc., Hagyard's Yellow Oil protects all who use it from the effects of cold and exposure, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat and all inflammatory pain. Nothing compares with it as a handy pain cure for man and beast.

No matter how cleanly the seafaring man may be while on the ocean, he has a strong antipathy to being washed ashore.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S Oxygenized Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil. If you have a cold—Use it. For sale by all druggists. 35 cents per bottle.

"Wives of great men oft remind us,
We should pick our wives with care;
So we may not leave behind us
Half our nature crop of hair."

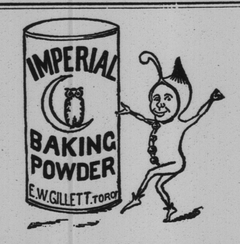
FIVE TO ONE.

Dear Sirs,—Last winter I had five large boils on my neck and was advised to use B. B. B. Before I had finished the first bottle I was completely well and think B. B. B. cannot be excelled as a blood purifier. JOHN WOOD, Round Plains, Ont.

British horses were famous when Julius Cæsar invaded the country. He carried some of them to Rome with him.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, used externally, cures rheumatism; not in a minute however.

A good many men are more interested in having work than poverty abolished.



THE IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injuriant.

E. W. GILLETT, Toronto, Ont.

Children always Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk.

A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER

It is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of substitutions and imitations.

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,

Speaking Tubes, &c.

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.

"August Flower"

Dyspepsia. There is a gentleman at Malden-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., named Captain A. G. Pareis, who has written us a letter in which it is evident that he has made up his mind concerning some things, and this is what he says:

"I have used your preparation called August Flower in my family for seven or eight years. It is constantly in my house, and we consider it the best remedy for Indigestion, **Indigestion.** and Constipation we have ever used or known. My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, relieves the difficulty. My wife frequently says to me when I am going to town, 'We are out **Constipation** of August Flower, and I think you had better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."

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

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