Fantastical Bicycle.

Fanciful structure on course expeditional
Thou strikest the gaze like a form apparitional,
With strangely bewildering slide.
Thy shadowy outline is phantasmagorical;
Thou seem'st (to utter a phrase metaphorical)
A sort of personified guide.

What wondrous inventor with mind methodistical
Conceived thy idea, aerial, mystical,
Yet so mathematic'ly true?
The brain which concocted thy airy machinery—
Imagined thy spectral effect on the scenery—
Was ghostly and dreamy as you.

Philosophers tell us inventions mechanical
Are made by observing the structures organical
Which all throughout nature abound.
But were she subjected to strictest of scrutiny
By geniuses Archimedean or Newton-y,
The prototype would not be found.

Thou *lusus naturæ*—thou wilt, irresponsible,
Filmy objective to all that's demonstrable—
Fantastic, ridiculous word!
Thy gyrates mesmerical puzzle humanity,
Thou outcome of science, inspired by insanity,
Thou wavy, embodied absurd.

"Drew the Wrong Lever!"

ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

This was what the pointsman said,
With both hands at his throbbing head:

"I drew the wrong lever, standing here
And the danger signals stood at clear;

But before I could draw it back again
On came the fast express, and then—

Then came a roar and a crash that shook
This cabin-floor, but I could not look

At the wreck, for I knew the dead would peer
With strange dull eyes at their murderer here."

"Drew the wrong lever?" "Yes, I say!
Go, tell my wife, and—take me away!"

That was what the pointsman said,
With both hands at his throbbing head.

O ye of this nineteenth century time,
Who hold low dividends as a crime,

Listen. So long as a twelve-hours' strain
Rests like a load of lead on the brain,

With its ringing of bells, and rolling of wheels,
Drawing of levers until one feels

The hands grow numb with a nerveless touch,
And the handles shake and slip in the clutch,

So long will ye have pointsmen to say—
Drew the wrong lever! take me away!"

AT THE TWELFTH HOUR.

BY R. E. FRANCILLON.

CHAPTER I.

The ground was as hard as iron, the sky blue as turquoise, the sunshine yellow as gold, and the air as still and as silent as only the hardest of frosts can be. Nobody, for weeks past, had dared even so much as to dream of a fox—it was Reynard's Holiday. Had things been as they ought to be, Rupert Grayshaw would not, late in the afternoon, have been found upon only two legs instead of four. Things being as they were, he was making the best, or the worst, of them by walking briskly along a winding lane that led from the village of Combe Bassett to nowhere in particular, at the rate of something over four miles an hour.

Rupert Grayshaw was going on for three-and-thirty years old, full of strength and life, handsome and something more. Few people noticed how fine a face he really had until they came to know him well, for those who saw him for the first, second, or third time were struck exclusively by all such signs and symbols of both mental and vital force as would have made plainness forgotten. He was a man who looked both eager and able to enjoy the whole of life all round, with body, brain, and soul. And assuredly, though the foxes were safe, it was a day on which life could be most amply and actively enjoyed. I need make no mystery about Rupert Grayshaw, for there was none to be made, an though, no doubt, he had his secrets and private affairs like other men, he was known, on the whole, rather more openly than most of one's friends. He was the only son of the younger son of an old Yorkshire family; he had taken high mathematical honours at Cambridge; he was a Fellow of St. Kenneth's; he was without near relations; he had no profession, but lived on his Fellowship, and, without sacrificing any pleasures that were open to him, had, with an enduring enthusiasm, adopted scientific investigation and discovery for a career. He held himself as much above and beyond marriage as science is above the brewing of small beer. He had come to Combe Bassett on a visit to his father's old friend, Dick Derwent, for the sake of the coverts; and, so far as the coverts were concerned, had come in vain. And that is the whole history, as completely told as any man's can be—from the outside.

The lane presently led through a thick but now brown and leafless wood. Rupert vaulted over a stile to the left, and his feet were soon enjoying the never-palling delight of trampling and crunching over fallen and frozen leaves. He was glowing with health and exercise, and, it might be, with some still more peculiar joy. The wood was a maze of paths, but he either knew their clue by heart or else gave himself up to chance more decisively than most men go towards a known goal. And so, either by accident or design, he reached at last a solitary cottage standing in a small garden and nearly hidden among the trees. It was a humble place enough—a little, but not much, better than the common run of labourers' dwellings in that part of the country—low, rough-cast, and straw-thatched, with small latticed windows and immensely deep eaves. The long strip of garden was given over to vegetables, except a patch in front of the porch, where it was not hard, though in midwinter, to conjure up, in fancy, a little wilderness of full scents and strong colours. Some style was given to the place, even now, by the creeper with evergreen leaves and scarlet berries that covered the porch, and the thick ivy that darkened the lower windows. As if he knew its inmates and all their ways, Rupert went to the window at the side of the cottage and tapped thereon three times. Then he leaned against the pear-tree and waited patiently.

Or perhaps impatiently. For presently the lattice opened, and like a live portrait set in a frame of ivy leaves appeared a face that seemed to say, "Ah! he has a Secret in his life, after all—and I am She!"

Yes; when a man comes to look for Foxes and finds Frosts, he must find something wherewith to fill up his idle days—something or somebody. Of course it is unlucky when it happens to be Somebody instead of Something—when he has both publicly and privately foresworn marriage, and when, if he forswear himself, he must give up the means of study and take to bread-winning instead of working for science and glory. Perhaps it is rash for men to take long holidays until they are at least seventy years old. For if ever there was a face made to come between a student and his books, between a sportsman and his sports, between a sworn bachelor and his vow, it was the face that Rupert had called from out the ivy as if his three taps had been spells. It was a very young girl's; she could not possibly have been more than seventeen. But her number of years was to be gathered from the indefinable expression of girlhood rather than from any palpable signs. She was neither child nor woman, but blent in one face the charms of the two. The delicate glory of perfect health breathed from her; the biting air did her no wrong, but merely deepened the glow on her cheek that proved no frost to lie within. She could be called neither dark nor fair, but simply harmonious; and so quick were the changes of light and shade that Rupert seemed to hear her looks with some subtle inner sense as if they were the melody of a song. And, whatever else the words of that song may be, they were at least gentle and pure. Why need I describe her feature by feature, line by line? Enough that passing and heedless eyes would have called her lovely, while Rupert's as clearly found her a great deal more.

She was no cottager's daughter, though she was found in this out-of-the-way, almost hidden cottage. She suggested one of those lost princesses whom travellers find by chance among woodcutters and charcoal-burners in the forests of fairyland. All things favoured the fancy—the brown, dark, windless wood; the blue sky, the silence, and the loneliness everywhere. She herself had not spoken, except with a smile; and, after a moment of such greeting, shut the window again. But Rupert, having had his answer, went to the door, raised the latch, and entered. And then he seemed to turn over another page of a fairy tale. He passed through an ordinary kitchen, with an open window and brick floor, with nothing out of the common about it except that it was empty on so hard a day, when; labour had nothing to do but sit and rest by its own fireside. But the room into which he passed out of it was very different indeed, in such a place it was even startling to find such a room. It might have been a boudoir of any great lady in the land, if it had not been so obviously an enchanted maiden's bower. In that country of Once upon a Time, soft carpets, fine hangings, luxurious upholstery, books, and pictures cost nothing more than a few waves of a wand, or else their presence here would have seemed something more than strange. And here she, whose face we have for a moment seen, ran forward to meet Rupert quickly and joyfully, and let him take her in his arms.

"I have good news, Bertha!" said he. "And you will never guess it. The post, this very morning, brought me the news that I am rich enough for all things—for You, and Work, and Gladness, and all life means to me: for You and Love, above all! Yes, my darling, it's true. I shall be able to give you a better bower even than the mysterious enchanter who keeps you here in his power."

"Oh, Rupert! What has happened? What is going to happen? Who do you mean?"

"Everything has happened, Bertha! A far-off cousin of my mother's, whom I never saw in my life, is dead, and has left me a fortune—an immense fortune for me and you, but not too large to be a burden—only on condition that I will change my name"—

"What!—you are not to be Rupert, my Rupert, any more?"

"Oh, I shall keep that name—*that* is yours! But I shall give up my Fellowship with more pleasure than I had in getting it; for I hate the least thing that has kept me from you; and there is nothing left but a form or two to keep me from my wife for another hour! When will you come to me? In two weeks?—In one? In"——

"Rupert! *Is* it true?"

"All true—every word! When will you come?"

"And may I tell my father—"

"Your father! Bertha, my darling, now that I can claim you I think this mystery ought to be at an end. Just think what our story has been—a story that nobody could believe. I come down to Combe Bassett with a heart as empty as life without [illegible] wood—I find, by chance, in a common cottage, a Fairy Queen. I win her heart, and her troth plight, and at the end of weeks I know no more of her than that her name is Bertha—Queen Bertha—and that she has no surname, but only a mysterious, nameless father, who comes to see her, like an enchanter, from far away—flying, I suppose, on a magic carpet, or a brazen horse through the air. She is attended by invisible hands—for none but her own have I seen. I am sworn to ask nothing more than if she loves me. She forbids me to enter her bower without a signal, and unless it is answered. And yet I know that she is as innocent as the lilies, and as pure as the snow. Sooner than loose you, Bertha, I would consent to know nothing but that you are lovely, and good, and true, and that you love me; but is it in man not to wish to know more? And is it not time?"

"As if I would not tell you every thought I have in me! But, oh Rupert, how can I tell you a name I never heard? As you say, my father must have some dwelling-place of his own, I suppose that is true too. And——"

"And you really do not know who you are?"

"Surely—that I am Bertha, and yours. . . . . But if it is time——"

"It *is* time."

"Then—my father comes to-morrow, at five o'clock in the afternoon. I *have* told you why you must not come to me without a signal; because *he* does not wish to be seen, and because I do not always know when he is coming. But I do happen to know to-day when his next visit will be—for he never fails to see me on the first day of the New Year——"

"Yes—to-morrow is New-Year's Day. Well?"

"Come, Rupert, and come openly, and tell him——"

"And if he says No?"

"Why should he say No? And—if he does—do I not love you? He cannot forbid that, Rupert——"

"My darling! I *will* come, Enchanter though he be."

Rupert left the cottage just in time to reach the Hall (as his host's place was popularly called) before dinner. He met nobody on the way but an old woman in a blue cloak, of whom he took no special heed—for what were all outward things to a man who loved, and before whom the future was opening out in rainbow colours? Even the mystery of his love story gave it additional charm to him, whose imagination, chronically kept in the grooves of hard study, needed now and then to take a flight into the open air.

There were not many guests at the Hall. Dick Derwent was a bachelor of five-and-forty, who did not care to fill his house for the sake of having it full. The few who were there were men who were waiting for the frost to break, and with whom Rupert—engaged as he was with his own affairs—had but little sympathy. He liked Dick, who was the best of good fellows, and had shown him much kindness; but he did not like Dick's friends, And even to Dick, good fellow as he was, he had never breathed a word of his love-story. There were many reasons for silence, of which each was all-sufficient for him. In the first place—until to-day—marriage had, from his point of view, been simply impossible. He had been merely drifting, and hardly bared to open his own eyes as to the course he had been taking. In the second place, to profane the mystery of his romance by speech would be sure to reduce it from poetry to prose. Again, how could he bear to tell such a story to open-hearted and free-tongued Dick, who had never kept a secret in his life, and would be sure to make Bertha and Rupert's love for her a matter of rough chaff, even if they did not some day, for want of better sport, ride out and draw the cottage with "Yoicks" and "Talleyho!" And who was Bertha's father, and what secret might he not have that ought not, in honour, to be betrayed? And Bertha's existence been known of at the Hall, he would himself have been the first to hear.

Dinner and billiards had lasted the evening through, when the stroke of a church bell sounded full and close through the thin air. Dick Derwent rose and filled his tumbler to the brim.

"Let all who love me, follow!" cried he, in his bluff, ringing voice. "At the first stroke of twelve, I throw open the front door with my own hands, to let the old year out and the new year in!"

Dick Derwent was a fine, stout, hearty country gentleman, with all manner of jovial ways. He was the very pink of generosity and honour. He had been Rupert's father's staunchest friend, and had, at old Mr. Grayshaw's death, transferred his affection from the father to the son. Indeed, it was more than common affection that he showed towards Rupert, on every possible occasion. Though so much the elder, he had a strong belief in the prudence and worldly wisdom of the younger man, which cannot be supposed to be altogether ill founded—at any rate, Dick Derwent was not the man to have let a hundred fellowships stand in the way of marriage had he been that way inclined. But, then, it is true he was not a man of science, but only a jolly middle-aged gentleman who kept up old customs and followed the hounds well.

The half dozen young and middle-aged men, without a woman or a child among them, gave way to their host's whim, though not without smiles and shrugs of the shoulder at taking part in such a piece of obsolete folly.

"What does it all mean?" asked West—a young man who was wiser in his own eyes even than Rupert Grayshaw was in Dick Derwent's. "Why should we trouble ourselves to let out a good time—thank's to you, Dick—and let in what nobody knows may be death, may be marriage."

"Marriage, eh?" said Dick, turning upon him suddenly. "Perhaps I know more about that than you. But that's neither here nor there—marriage won't come inside this door for many a long day. That isn't what it means. It means that the master of this house has, with his own hands let in two hundred New Years, and that I'm not going to be the first inhospitable fellow that has been surnamed Derwent and christened Richard. Now, then—Welcome, whatever you are!" he said, loudly, as he threw open the front door and let the first cold blast of the New Year rush into the Hall. "God speed the old, and God bless the new!"

"I know it's a common custom," said Rupert, "for the master of the house to open his door at the first stroke of the last midnight of the year. But I could never find out what it means, and yet every superstition must have a meaning somewhere. I wonder what people think would happen if the New Year came to a house and found the door closed?"

"Happen?" said West. "Why, that fewer people would begin the year with a sneeze. What else do you suppose!"

"I dare say," said Dick—"I dare say they knew once upon a time. Well, its done now, and after all it would never have done to have the frost break up everywhere else, and not round the Hall."

But the first day of the New Year did not bring a thaw, either round the Hall or elsewhere. To-day was yesterday's twin brother. Nor was Rubert sorry for it, for had it thawed, he would have found it exceedingly difficult to invent an excuse for staying at home while the other men were all a-field. Of course, while the ground was hard it was natural enough for a philosopher to take solitary walks in company with problems. But problems when the scent lay—even a broken leg would hardly serve as an excuse for him then, after three long weeks of iron. Happily, the weather allowed him. with no more difficulty than usual, to be at the cottage by five in the afternoon. If he had believed in omens, he would have felt that his luck at least had not changed with the change of the year.

He was neither shy nor timid by nature, and was eager rather than anxious for the first interview with the mysterious personage who kept his daughter so strangely confined in such an unaccountable prison. Beyond all question, Bertha was nearly as ignorant as he of her own history. She scarcely knew of any other life, except after the vague and untrustworthy manner of dreams. She was fairly well educated, for she had been thrown upon her own mental resources all her life, and had been put by this same unguessable father into the right way of using them. Oddly enough, she was most familiar with the very books and branches of knowledge that Rupert himself would have chosen for her had her education been given into his hands. She had lived in this way—so he learned from her—all her life, seeing none but her father and an elderly nurse who attended to her admirably, but told her nothing. She was under a strict discipline which she had never thought of breaking through, never going out for exercise except in the early morning in the woods, or being allowed to have a friend. Short of making inquiries, Rupert had invented a thousand theories to account for the mystery, but had rejected them all. But about one thing there was no mystery at all. No wonder that a young girl, with such infinite capacity for the life that had been withheld from her for seventeen years, had snatched at life, love, and liberty as soon as they had found her out in her solitude. She was the sleeping princess who woke when the prince had forced his way to her through the thorns.

But now, at last, the whole secret was to be disclosed. Of the result, Rupert had absolutely no fear. He was rich enough to satisfy any earthly father, and in love enough to satisfy any father, man or demon, who loved his child. His high spirits of yesterday were nothing compared with to-day's. He hardly felt the ground as he walked, but seemed to tread on air.

He reached the cottage well before five. But——

The door stood wide open, and the front garden was littered with bits of broken wood, ends of cord, and straw. The kitchen was without a fire. With a strange feeling of fear in his heart, he went at once into Bertha's bower—it had four bare walls and an empty floor. The lattice was open, and the air seemed deadly cold.

Had it all been but a Fairy Dream? But it was no dream that he loved her with his whole heart—and she was gone.

CHAPTER II.

One: Two: Three: — Ten: Eleven: Twelve!

He whom bettered Fortunes and a testator's fancy had transmuted form Rupert Grayshaw into Rupert Hildreth did not rise from his chair, or throw open so much as an inch of window at the sound. He laid down his pen—but that was all. The twelve strokes came to his ears muffled through double windows and close doors.

"I am not such a fool as that," thought he, "The old year's a great deal too long to lose, and I don't want a better. I've done for six years past with wanting more than I have, since—since—No: I've done with dreams. Perhaps *they* might come back if I opened the door to a change, Let those open their doors who are sick, or sorry, or sinful, or poor: not I, who am rich, and content, and sound in heart and limb and brain . . . and who knows what happened once, when I let out the one sweet dream of my whole life, and when that better waking came in through the open door! Never again. I might let in sickness, or discontent, or worse—who knows? I'll be as I am, with one long, faithful old year all to myself, that I've tried and proved. Yes, it has answered. Fevers have come with the new years, and have emptied other houses, but they have passed by my doors, that had kept out the evils of the unknown like those of a wise man. Fortunes have broken: but mine stand. Others, in the new years, have married and died; I, with the old year under my roof, am as alive and free as I was six years ago. I have seen others grow grey and wrinkled: I am near middle age—and young. Life palls on others, unless they renew it in their children: I have only myself and my book—but they are as fresh as of old. . . . Why, if there be a grain of truth in old wives' tales, to bar the old year out and to bolt the new in, means to stand still at one's best all one's days, to be for always as one is, and to fear no chance or change that comes to the rest or the world. . . . So knock on, New Year, as hard and as long as you like—you'll find one door bolted and barred against you and yours."

He took up his pen again, and worked on. It was true that, ever since that midnight of six years ago, he had practiced the new superstition of keeping his front door close shut, so that no new year might find a chink whereby to creep in. For on the night of long ago he had lain down with joy and hope which the new year had, with its first touch, taken away. Perhaps—so he felt in fancy—if he had kept the new year out, Bertha and the old year would have staid with him: nor was the fancy quite so unreasonable in a man of science as it may seem, or what had Bertha herself ever been to him but a fancy and a dream? And it was true that, while the new years had brought troubles enough on others, they had left Rupert Hildreth, the scholar and chemist, undisturbed in his life and labour. With him the same old year seemed for ever to abide, until it had earned by custom an undisputed right and title to a place by his hearthstone. He and his life never knew a change, from year to year, from day to day. He lived, for quiet study's sake, in the outskirts of the town of Rainham. One year a plague of cholera swept through the place, and broke up households—that would have been safe had they never let the old year go. But he never troubled himself about the matter, and just lived and worked on. Some thought he kept himself too much aloof in time of trouble: and no doubt that same sad new year, while it brought death to bodies, brought good to souls. But what has he to do with the things of new years that have never come to him? Another new year had brought among its gifts a great financial crash that had been felt in most homes, but had not given Rupert Hildreth, though a rich man, a moment's doubt or fear. He had never loved a new face, or made a new enemy. From January to December every year had been one and the same.

There were some who thought him hard, cold, and selfish. Others—women mostly—could not help believing that, early in life, his heart had been broken by some great sorrow with which a woman had had to do, and that this made his days so changeless and his life so lonely and self-contained. He would have denied such a theory, had it ever come to his ears, with scorn. His treatment of new years and its effects might be but a superstitious fancy; but he lived as if he thought it based on truth and reason. Never, since that New Year's Eve, had he seen, or even, despite of all his searching, heard of Bertha again or of anybody who had ever heard of her. And now he had shut out the threats of another new year.

He worked late, and rose late, without taking note that a new year had begun for all the rest of the world. Why should he, indeed, when it was still the old year, of years ago, for him?

It was certainly nothing particularly new, though a little unusual, that he should receive a visit from a stranger in the course of the afternoon. The card by which the visitor introduced himself was that of Mr. J. Diamond.

"Mr. Hildreth?" asked Mr. Diamond, a stiff, middle-aged man, with a professional look about him. "Then, in the first place, I have to wish you a happy new year."

"Ah—What? I beg your pardon," said Rupert, absently. "You are on business, I suppose?"

"It is odd you should expect that—[illegible]ry odd indeed, considering the day. [illegible]o Rainrare holiday that has brought me[illegible]nds. But ham, where I happen to have f[illegible] I have taken it is business, all the same; a[illegible]without wasting the opportunity of doing it a day. Time has a wa[illegible] of flying, you see"——

"Or of standing still."

"Not with me, Mr. Hildreth; not with me. Years—landmarks—and so on. I believe you were acquainted with Mr. Richard Derwent, of Combe Bassett. I have been his legal adviser for some years. Perhaps you are not aware"——

[TO BE CONTINUED.

A Suicidal Canary.

DETERMINED EFFORTS OF A PET BIRD TO END ITS DISEASE-BURDENED LIFE.

(New York Mercury.)

A canary, the property of a lady well-known in society in this city, who resides on Fifth avenue, within a stone's throw of Major Cooper's private residence, was about ten days ago taken unwell. The little fellow was about 8 years old, and had been reared by the lady, who was extremely fond of it. No amount of coaxing or persuasion could induce the little fellow to open his bill, and when once or twice a drop of diluted brandy was forced into its mouth it resolutely refused to swallow it, and fluttered and pecked so obstinately that its fair owner was forced to let it alone. After being subjected a second time to what it evidenly considered an indignity, the bird's mode of action showed clearly that it had determined to put an end to itself. The *modus operandi* was watched by its mistress and her husband with great and incresing interest, as it first tried one plan and then another to accomplish its suicidal purpose. First it would climb to the top perch in the cage, and seizing the ring which hung pendant from the bell on the top of the cage in its beak, would hang suspended, its little legs tucked in underneath its wings, nor was it very easy to open the beak and take the bird down, for it resented the sligtest attempt at interferance. As it was found impossiable to prevent the recurrence of these suicidal efforts, the ring was removed. The canary resented this in a very strange fashion. The water-trough used was a very deep one, which was within the reach of the bird when on the lowest perch of its cage; the second perch ran lengthways. Suspending itself by its claws to this, the canary hung with its head down into the water-trough, evidently determined to commit suicide by drowning. When discovered the first time its head was almost entirely covered by the water in the trough. To prevent all chance of misadventure, but very little water was afterward left in the water cup. Getting on the top perch of the cage, it next poked its little head through the wires, and, letting go of the perch with its feet, tried to hang itself, and was only prevented from successfully accomplishing this by the fortunate interposition of the lady. Toward the close of its life it became hardly able to move, but the suicide mania was upon it, and it was constantly caught poking its head through the wires of the side of the cage and trying to strangle itself. Prevented from effecting its purpose, the bird in its last moments seemed to feel affronted, and would not permit itself to be touched, and with its last expiring effort forced its head through the latticing of the cage and died while attempting to commit suicide.

The American People.

No people in the world suffer as much with Dyspepsia as Americans—and although years of experience in medicines have failed to accomplish a certain and sure remedy until GREEN'S AUGUST FLOWER was introduced for this disease and its effects; yet so well has this remedy succeeded in every case to effect a cure, that there is not a Druggist in the United States but recommends the AUGUST FLOWER in all cases of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, Costiveness, Sour Stomach and Liver. Go to your druggist and get a Sample Bottle for 10 cents and try it. Two doses will relieve any case. Regular size 75 cents.

A SCHOOL girl saw a play performed at San Luis, Cal., in which the heroine died by poison, after suffering very much from unrequited love. The girl had an unhappy love affair of her own, and the performance on the stage impressed her so deeply that she bought arsenic on her way home, and committed suicide.

Various Causes—

Advancing years, care, sickness, disapointment, and hereditary predisposition—all operate to turn the hair gray, and either of them inclines it to shed prematurely. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR will restore faded or gray, light or red hair to a rich brown or deep black, as may be desired,. It softens and cleanses the scalp, giving it a healthy action. It removes and cures dandruff, and humors. By its use falling hair is checked, and a new growth will be produced in all cases where the follicle are not destroyed or the glands decayed. Its effects are beautifully shown on brashy, weak, or sickly hair, on which a few applications will produce the gloss and freshness of youth. Harmless and sure in its operation, it is incomparable as a dressing, and is especially valued for the soft lustre and richness of tone it imparts. It contains neither oil or dye, and will not oil or soil or color white cambric; yet it lasts long on the hair, and it keeps it fresh and vigorous. For sale by all dealers.

THE Boston speculators in Bernhardt tickets have had a hard experience. They bought the best parts of the house for the entire two weeks, and found that, after the great rush of the first night, they not only could sell at an advance, but had difficulty in getting their money back. It was usually possible, at a few minutes past 8 o'clock, to buy a $3 seat for $2.

OAKVILLE, November 16, 1880.

MR. R. C. Balmer. Dear Sir,—It affords me unqualified pleasure to bear testimony to the benefit I have experienced from using Burdock Blood Bitters. For several years I have suffered from oft-recurring bilious Headaches, Dyspepsia, and complaints peculiar to my sex, which now I am entirely relieved from, if not cured by using only about half a bottle of the Bitters. I now beg to return you my sincere thanks for recommending to me such a valuable medicine.

I remain, yours sincerely,
MRS. IRA MULLHOLLAND.

It has been aptly remarked that there is one thing better than presence of mind, in case of accidents, and that is absence of body; but as accidents may happen to all, Hagyard's Yellow Oil is perhaps the best remedy—it is better than an accident policy. Yellow Oil cures all manner of Flesh Wounds, Pains, Lameness, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, and is for external and internal use in all inflammatory and painful diseases. All medicine dealers sell it.

The world should be aroused to the deplorable condition of the females of our land! The enfeebled frame, the pale, [illegible]less cheeks, hollow eyes, nervous debility, female and the various distressing forms [illegible] weakness, are matters that every matron in our country should consider. [illegible] forms of [illegible]liar to the Debility and Irregularities [illegible] by Burdock sex may be promptly reme[illegible] Blood Bitters.

There is a Balm in Gile[ad] to heal each mortal wound,
In Hagyard's Yello[w] Oil the sure remedy is found;
For internal an[d] or outward use you freely may apply it,
For all pain[,] inflammation you should not fail to try it.
It only [costs] a quarter, 'tis worth its weight in gold,
By [eve]ry dealer in the land this great remedy is sold.

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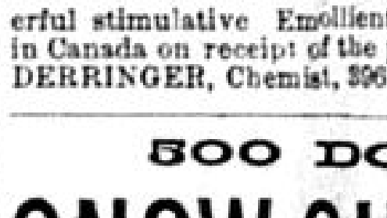

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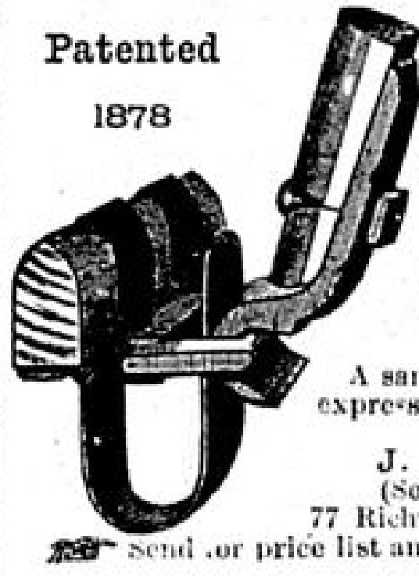

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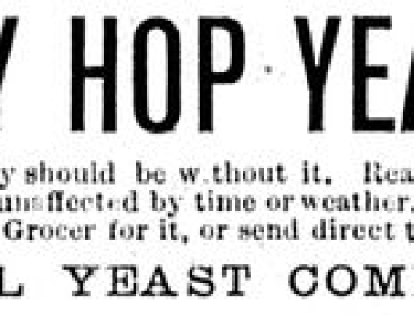

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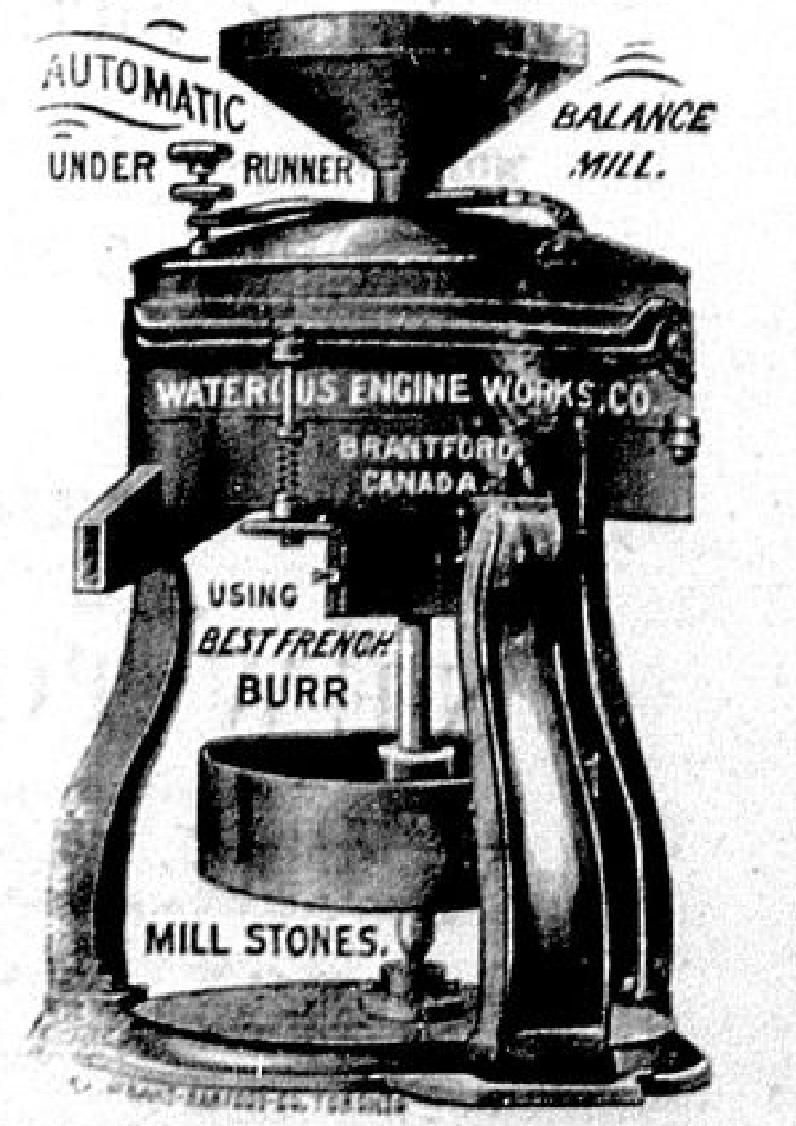

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