CHAPTER XLV .- CONTINUED.

Her voice was calm and passionless, but there was something in the tone which thrilled the very hearts of those present.

ing gesture.

done what I thought right." turned to her. "I will attend to all your things," she

send them to you.'

Miss Cameron's companion turned away. Mr. Layston spoke to her-she did not he could not tell of what. hear or heed. The door was opened, and she It would be all over soon. His dark-eyed an uncomfortable feeling.

taken," said Mr. Beale.

more effrontery than most people."

she said to herself yonth, my love, my hope, my fair name here the best part of me has been killed."

was beginning to lose the power of connect- where Margarita's face, bright as a star, ing her thoughts. The one idea that haunt- would be awaiting him. ed her was that after this disgrace Lord Rylestone could never own her as his landed-"I am in London, and shall be with

said; "but I was acting for him. were on the hedges; the autumn morning dow to greet him. was fair and pleasant, but she walked

would she return there again.

She would walk on, she said to herself, \it? until from sheer fatigue she fell and could Presently a red mist came before her eyes; the lovely lips, the fire in the dark eyes, the then there was a murmur as of rushing water | dusky coils of shining hair; he saw her grand in her ears; and then she turned aside from | in her perfect womanhood; and then he and death seemed so near -- a cry that pierced at the window. the silence, and then she fell with her face hidden in a heap of fallen autumn leaves.

ed to the Court, dire tribulations awaited blue a few stars were seen. Lord Rylestone them. Miss Cameron was standingup,— walked home, leaving directions for his lug-very pale, proud, and stately. Mr. Beale gage to be sent after him—walked through the told the young heiress what he had done, chilly, silvery mist, looking at the bare trees but it would some time or other be solved. and she overwhelmed him with reproaches. as he passed-walked with rapid steps, It was in vain that he unlocked the library | thinking only of his wife. door, and showed her the valuable contents. of the safe on the ground-she would not; were the green lanes that he had seen a thouhear one word against her companion. She | sand times in his dreams, and there was the broke out into a most generous defence of house where his darling was waiting for Margarita, and then added.

Beale," she said; "but I consider you have for himself a better name even than the one taken an unwarrantable liberty. You have he had inherited, grew faint and sick with be sitting together laughing over the mystipresumed upon what you believe to be my the intensity of his own joy. He raised his fications. inexperience. "But, my dear young lady," cried the

lawyer, eagerly. "Sir!" interrupted Miss Cameron.

"I beg your pardon, my dear Miss Camwoman was deceiving you.' "I do not believe it," said Adelaide.

"Her coming here was only a scheme, a

scornfully. "I would rather trust to my own a pilgrim who had journeyed hundreds of come. womanly instinct than to all the lawyers | weary miles, he raised his eyes to the window have made some terrible mistake."

her myself on her knees here, the safe open- lips. She was not there ! ed with the keys she had taken from you, spread around her? How could I be mistak- hearing. en when I saw that ?"

are wrong, I love Miss Avenel. I cannot she?" not understand why she went there; but I wailed with a complaining murmur. The not imagine where she was. She seemed to began seriously to reflect upon what would am quite certain it was with no thought of great branches of the trees swayed helpless. be well-her letters were firmly and plainly be the general consequences of the system if robbing me. You are a poor judge of char- ly. A foreboding that had in it the bitter- written. He waited day after day until he it was indifinitely developed. The names of acter, Mr. Beale, if you think Miss Avenel ness of death came to him, and then he grew sick at heart; but no news came of a score of professional beauties were so habiwould steal. Anything romantic would suit roused himself, and went forward quietly. her. her highly-strung temperament; but, as to He rapped loudly at the door, a warm sweet robbery, you might as well accuse a butter- hope flushing his face and making his heart lasts much longer." He had grown thin and windows, that society wearied of hearing

her at the safe?" he asked, humbly. .

mistress here, I have heard all you have to as one of the servants who had been there never see again. say, and my answer is that I will stake my when he left his home, and at the same molife that you are wrong, and Miss Avenel is | ment the girl recognized him. innocent. Again-even if it were not so, even if she had robbed me of all I valued very sorry sir. I did not know you at alarmed; if Margarita were living and well, is now drawing to a close, and for this fact, most, I would have spared her because I first.' love her!" And the generous heart beat "But you expected me ?" he interrogat- sending for that letter. A thrill of keenest 1881. with anger, the sweet voice thrilled with ed

"What should you, who have spent your but I am glad you are come." life amongst law books, know of such wo- He was standing in the hall then, looking those two days in London hardly recognized men? They are beyond your comprehension | round with a blanched face and trembling -grand, passionate, noble women, who could lips. There was no Margarita-no wife. He blight changes a flower. He went twice to not live in the narrow grooves you would spoke slowly.

"My dear Miss Cameron, you are too se- | the girl raised a frightened face to his. vere. Answer me one question satisfactorily, and I will own that I am wrong. What mistress is not here. She went away very was she doing at the safe?"

"I do not know-I do not really care. I returned." only repeat and affirm that she was doing He did not cry out. A great dumb pas- letter was forwarded to him from his club, nothing wrong. And, Mr. Beale, I think sionate sorrow seemed to have overtaken and it proved to be from Miss Cameron. She you took a liberty in acting as you have done him. There was a chair near, and he sat asked him to go over to Walton, if only for a

angry I am sorry for it. I thought that I was have received letters from here-Marpeth. dream. He had forgotten Walton Court, Ade- freedom and, when a younger woman, al-

"That is enough, Mrs. Grame," said Adelaide, with a scornful laugh. "I shall not easily forgive you for what you have done. how all his letters had been forwarded to and resource.

You also have taken a very great liberty." the General Post office, St. Martin's le- He went. It was almost the last day of ular, features, soft hazel eyes, and a dignied you faithfully and well. My only fault in November and he listened like one in a the unhappy termination of her acquaintance agreeably free from the artifices of compliis that I could not stand by and in silence dream

be angry with her faithful old servant, servant who was left with me would not stay ed; after that Mr. Beale said no more.

"I forgive you," she said; "but you must He did not kno v what to say to her. He Cameron had heard nothing of her. Her never repeat the offense. "I hope never to have the chance," she garita's conduct; he knew nothing of her but no one either came or sent. Every hour

with much show of dignity, "You were both blind-worse than mad between him and his fortune, and of her re- "She is angry and indignant, but, when -to treat Miss Avenel in that fashion," re- solve, at any price and at any risk, to dis- her anger cools, and she remembers that I We beg to intimate that every well regu- Pectoral Balsam as a positive cure for all sumed Miss Cameron, after the housekeep- cover all and help him. He did not remem- have had nothing so do with the matter, she lated household should have a bottle of Star | throat and lung complaints, coughs and

amends made to her."

made all inquiries, longing for her return; but to the house whence she had been driven as a criminal, Margarita Rylestone returned no more.

### CHAPTER XLVI.

The exile was over, the two years had passed, and Lord Rylestone stood once more Mr. Beale held up his hands with a warn- on English soil. How long that journey over the sea had seemed to him! There "Hush!" he said. "Those are terrible were whole days when he never left the words. I have acted for the best-I have deck of the ship, feeling inclined to count She did not repeat them. Mrs. Grame one because it brought him nearer to her

whom his soul loved best. He smiled to himself as he wondered how said. "If you do not like to return to the he had borne parting from her. It was over Court, I will have them all prepared, and now, thank Heaven-there would be no more parting for them. From the beautiful . Margarita made no reply, but her dark dark-eyed wife with her face of wondrous eyes lingered for half a minute on the house- Southern loveliness he should never absent keeper's face, leaving in that estimable himself again. He knew she was well and lady's mind a conviction that she was not happy-her letters said so; but of late he considered of the least importance, and then | had fancied there was something more sad than usual in them, a pathetic undercurrent

went slowly out. They watched her with darling, who was so unwilling to part with him, who was so troubled at losing him, "It is hard for her if we have been mis- would be all his own soon. He remembered the flower-wreathed window and the darkly "How could anyone be mistaken who saw beautiful, tender face, that smiled at him nantly. "She is guilty enough, but she has return; they would be dead, and the long, bare stocks would be drooping. But the In silence Margarita walked out of the longed for face would be there—the red lips house, and, as she passed over the threshold, with their radiant smile, the dark eyes with their passion of welcome. How slowly the . This is my tomb. Here I have left my vessel seemed to make her way! If he could but fly to Margarita-if he could but cleave through the air and find himself by her side: She went on through the park without any He gave a great longing sigh, and then condefinite idea as to where she was going. She trolled himself and thought of the window

He telegraphed to Marpeth as soon as he

you in twelve hours. He knew that was best; it would give her time to prepare for him-to get all ready; The sun was shining now in its full noon- above all, she would remember his parting tide splendor; great clusters of blackberries | words, and she would be there by the win-

How did he control his impatience? The through it without glancing around her. Earl of Barton laughed at him; the porters, Once she did wonder whither she was going servants, railway officials-every one with of staying away. Nevertheless there was -whither her uncertain, trembling footsteps whom he came in contact—thought he was no mention of where she was staying or would lead her; she could not tell. Never desperately huried. His strong frame trembled what she was doing. An intense love of would she return to Walton Court where his hands burned, his whole soul seemed the beautiful heiress lived who had her hus- swept by a fiery tide of longing impatience. band's money, and who loved him-never He tried to calm the tever of his longing, but he was so near home how could he help al, to the general Post-office, London and be

He was in the train at last, and the train walk no farther. So she proceeded along had started for Marpeth. Steam was powthrough the highroad and over the fields, erful and quick, but not so powerful as the past quiet little homesteads where the rooks passionate love of his passionate heart—not and made her repeat every word that had were cawing in the trees and the gleaners so quick as his fast flying thoughts. The were busy in the corn fields; and as she express seemed to him to crawl. His darling walked the burning pain that seemed to hold | would be standing at the window waiting her head like an iron crown grew worse. for him. He pictured the tender curves of

the high-road into a green lane that was in started to find himself weeping like a child, summer filled with wild roses and woodbine. and thanking Heaven that he had been spar-She never remembered very clearly what ed to see her again. He heard the porter followed. The earth and sky seemed to crying "Marpeth!" and before the train had meet. She caught at the trunk of a tree, stopped he was out on the platform. Noand tried to steady herself, and then she she was not there. He had wondered if she gave a great frightened cry-the shadows of | would come, half hoping that she would not, evening were falling, and she was all alone, for he had fixed his whole heart on seeing her

The afternoon was drawing to a close; there was a soft, tremulous mist that grew colder as the night advanced. The air was When the lawyer and Mrs. Grame return- | bleak, the sky gray, save where in the dark

There was the well-known spire, there him. He stood for a few moments by the and would tell him all about herself, and

head reverently, "I thank Heaven for its goodness!" he said; and then opening the gate, he entered the grounds.

Margarita did not come hastening to meet eron. Pray listen to reason. That young him and to greet him light and swift as a window, and he knew she would be there. "Patience!" he said to his beating heart.

"What mistake could I make when I saw A sharp cry of pain and fear came from his he obtain more than this, that shortly after who lost his heart a short time ago. More-

The shock of the disappointment made him | She then returned, it appeared, and made | patent. The professional beauty was only and the jewel-cases, money, and other things grow faint. He seemed to lose sight and preparations for a longer absence, carefully one star in a galaxy, and not necessarily the

tell what she was doing at the safe-I do The chill mist grew denser. The wind had ne relatives, no friends, and he could Mothers and fathers, husbands and lovers,

y of drawing a plow."

beat.

pale, and had dark shadows round his eyes of them. It also began to be a little apprefrom long and weary watching. He looked hensive as to the consequences. It received Margarita! No-it was opened slowly by like the ghost of the happy man who had some highly practical admonitions in the re-"You should have sent for me," said the some woman who looked hesitatingly out into hastened through the chill autumn mist to velations of the law courts, and it came to young heiress, with a burst of pride. "I am the night. Lord Rylestone recognized her meet the wife he began to think he should the conclusion that on the whole, both in the

"No, sir," she replied, holding the door have happened to her? It must be some seri-"I love her," continued Miss Cameron. open for him to pass; "I did not expect you; ous accident or death.

"Do you not know, sir?" she said. "My thing of his lost wife. He had sent advermistress is not here. She went away very soon after you left home, and she has never they did not bring him a reply. While he returned "they did not bring him a reply. While he was debating within himself what to do. a left home, and she has never to me at 1924 South Tenth st.—Philadelphia Times.

down upon it, echoing the words slowly- day, as there was something wrong about "I merely tried to save you from being "She went away soon after I did, and she John Leech's lease. imposed on," he returned. "If you are has never returned. How can that be? I That letter seemed to rouse him as from a built, and carries ber head with an air of What do you mean?"

"What friends?" he asked brusquely.

all was not right. I would not go."

had not the faintest clue to account for Mar- | clothes had been packed and were ready, replied, leaving Miss Cameron's presence desire to know the secret of the will, of her of the day Adelaide thought of her, and half-jealous, morbid dread lest she had come hoped for some intelligence of her. er's departure. "I must have all possible ber that he had told her to read Miss Cam- come back to me," said Miss Cam- come back to me," said Miss Cam- come back to me," said Miss Cameron's letters, or that one of them contained 'eron.

not open it. with joy-tore it and trampled it under his ed at him half horrified. the minutes as they passed by, blessing each feet-and then sat still, as one stunned by This haggard, care-worn, thin, pale, de-

ed and said to himsir? I have lit the fire and the lamps." his lips. As his eyes fell on the familiar objects, he trembled like one seized with a or have you worked yourself to death in deadly chill. Silently and thoughtfully the Canada?" girl brought refreshments, and set them before him. He could not touch them. He poured out some brandy and drank it. "Will you bring me all the letters that

you have received since your mistress went | self?" In a few minutes the girl returned bring- am in desperate trouble. ing a small bundle of Margarita's letters in

her at the safe?" asked Mrs. Grame, indig- from it. There would be no flowers on his her hand. She laid them down by his soul of love shining in her eyes. "I hope, sir," she said, wistfully, "that there is nothing the matter?"

Even in that hour of bewilderment and pain he was careful of her reputation. "No," he said, trying to speak cheerfully. "There must have been some mistake-and by reading these letters I may find it out." Ellen went away, leaving him with the

letters in his hands. He read them carefully, but they did not contain the least clue to the mystery. The only source of comfort was, that in them he recognized a great love of home. The directions given to the servants were minute, and he noted that they often had reference to himself-everything that he prized must be in the metropolis. The muffin bell, together attended to; and the letters of the latest dates all referred to her coming home and to what was to be prepared. Evidently, in her mind, there was not the least intention home was revealed on every page, but the

only allusion to herself was-"Send any letters that may arrive, as usucareful to post the inclosed.

Lord Rylestone sat puzzled, bewildered, almost inclined to think that he must be in some dreadful dream. He called Ellen in

He was as hopelessly in the dark as ever. Whither or why his wife had gone away was incomprehensible to him; he could not even ever so faintly account for it. He did not know what to do. He opened his pocketbook and took out the letters that she had written to him. Not one of them contained the name of a third person; they were filled with loving words to himself, and with earnest prayers for his return, but not one word hinted at her leaving home-yet few of them had been written at home.

She had deceived him! He could not deny that; he avowed it to himself with deepest pain. She had purposely and willfully misled him; and she had written those letters purporting to be sent from home, and she had not told him that she intended being What was he to think? Why had she

gone? He thanked Heaven afterward that no doubt as to her fidelity had ever occurred to him. Her absence was a terrible mystery, Perhaps she had not felt quite sure about the date of his return; it might be that she would be there on the morrow.

He tried to persuade himself that it would be so-that she would come on the morrow.

he wanted to hear the sound of her name .-

"Margarita, where are you?" chill of the November mist seemed to enter

he left home his wife was absent two days. over, the absurdity of the whole thing was concealing from every one whither she was | brightest! Her own vanity might be grati-"My darling !" he cried, stretching out going, and not even trusting her servants fied at the selection, but not more than was "I cannot tell how, but I know that you his hands to the empty window-"where is with her address. He could discover no the boredom which this condition of things more than that. He knew that she resulted in provoked a wholesome reaction.

He went to London, and he found, from to lose than to gain by perpetuating the reinquiries that he made, that his last letter gime. This conviction reached its climax "Mr. Estcourt !" she exclaimed. "I am | was lying unclaimed. He grew seriously during the London season of the year that nothing would have prevented her from if for no other, we may well be grateful to anguish shot through his heart. What could

People who met Lord Rylestone during him; the handsome face had changed as a ing concerning St. Jacobs Oil, says: The Mr. Beale's office, but that worthy lawyer reports from the several superintendents "Where is your mistress?" he asked ; and | was absent. He was at a loss what to dowhat steps to take in order to learn something of his lost wife. He had sent adverwas debating within himself what to do, a

had departed fro a Layston Park, and Miss tion.

"Yes," he replied; "she knew the day But he did not write. He gave no sign of children. and the hour," And then he asked about any intention to visit Walton; and, if John the telegram, and the girl brought it to Leech had not threatened a lawsuit about his lease, the chances were that he would "I took it in, sir," she said, "but I did not have gone, and the mystery of his wife's absence would never have been solved. As He tore it into shreds, the telegram that it was, when he reached the Court, Adelaide, he had hoped would fill Margarita's heart in the flush of her beauty and strength, look-

some terrible blow. He did not know how spairing man-this could not be the Lord air you fond of broken crockery, and them long he had been there, when Ellen return- Rylestone from whom she had parted on a sweet June night over two years back; those "Will you come into the drawing-room, worn, hollow eyes were not, surely, the same eves which looked so kindly on her then. He followed her into the pretty room, where There was pity, almost awe, in the glance he had spent such happy hours with Mar- she gave him. Her warm, soft fingers garita. A low cry of intense pain came from | tightened round his cold, nerveless hand. "Lord Rylestone," she asked, "are you ill

> He smiled as he answered her, and she 'Os car. turned away with a cry. "That is the ghost of your old smile," she said. "What have you done with your-

"I am very unhappy," he replied, "and She looked at him. He did not see the

"You are unhappy?" she said, gently. "Tell me why, that I may help you. "You can help me; but it is a long story, and I want to recover myself before I tell it to you. I want to forget and to rememberto grow strong. Pardon me, I am not quite myself, Adelaide.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## The Disestablishment of Bells.

London Law Journal. The law has, in the matter of bells, less disregard for the nerves than regard for the with all other noisy modes of advertising wares, has been in theory at least silenced. The call bell for ringing workmen up to time is prohibited like steam whistles and horns, used for the same purpose without the sanction of the sanitary authority. Musical hand bells are liable to the same suppressions as most deservedly popular remedies for the the street organ, the common enemy of all cure of coughs, colds, sore throat, asthma. mankind who live above the basement floor. | whooping cough, croup, bronchitis, and all Church bells alone, except at one time the pulmonary complaints. For sale by all unorthodox bells of Roman Catholics, have | dealers. been subject to no statutory repression. Bells in their purely musical function may, if they pass the bounds of the definition of nuisance be restrained by injunction, as happened in chapel at Clapham; but the passing bell, the funeral bell, and the bell for service are

not only allowed but enjoined by the canons. Some repression on these most disturbing forms of ringing may fairly be ask- the most reliable article in use for restoring ed. Passing bells may well be listened to gray hair to its original color and promoting altogether in towns; and funeral bells in the neighborhood of houses might, without impropriety, be required to be closely muffled. Better reminders of morality are found nowadays in the columns of the daily news-

papers than in the church steeple. Decline of Professional Beautydom. Professional beauties, says the London World, were rapidly becoming disturbing influences in the best conducted London circles. To be the rose, or to boast the presence of the rose, in a brilliant company was | cased," is to take Peruvian Syrup, a proone thing; the display of a multitude of buds | tected solution of the protoxide of iron, which vying in their ambitions with the mature gives strength and vigor to the whole sysand perfect blossom, was another. The tem, restores the digestive organs to the spirit of a burning, and, in nearly every in- perfect health, thereby restoring the mind stance, most unbecoming conquetry was in- to its natural vigor. stilled into a number of breasts. Society When Doctors Disagree, who shall Decides was agitated by the discussion of rival claims till it grew sick of hearing about them. There was not a youthful or a middle-aged or elderly beau who did not think it incumbent upon himself to start some lady who had been sufficiently unfortunate to attract for themselves, and take Burdock Blood "I am sorry to speak harshly to you, Mr. big, brave man, who was beginning to make with whom and where she had been. Per- his favourable attention in the professional Bitters, and speedily recover. It is the haps at that time on the morrow they would beauty line. This, it was felt, was going a grand key to health that unlocks all the little too far. There was no reason why in- secretions, and liberates the slave from the dividual cavaliers might not have their pre- captivity of disease. It was a cruel disappointment-a strange ferences, but there was every reason why they should not ask society to indorce their "Margarita," he said to himself, softly- | choice. If Paris had only one of a multitude of connoiseurs in feminine beauty, the apple which he gave to Venus would not have The wind sighed and the bare branches been so bitterly grudged by the brace of bird, because he had asked her to be at the mustled. There came no other answer. The neglected goddesses. The system of professional beautydom was, in fact, found to his soul. He sat all night in the drawing- be incompatible with the harmonious work-In one more minute he would see the window room, saying to himself that she would ing of the social machine. Drawing-rooms "I do not believe it," repeated the heiress -see her. He knew the path; and then, as come on the morrow-that she would surely were split up into different camps. The gentlemen who pleaded the claims to pre-But that morrow, and many others, came | eminence of the particular lady they had and detectives in the world; and my instinct | -those loving, eager eyes that pierced the and went without bringing any news of her honored with their championship were growtells me that as regards Miss Avenel you chill November mist, that would almost |-without bringing either word or letter. ing as much nuisances as, according to the pierce the clouds if she were beyond them. Nor, try as he would for information, could retrain of Bon Gaultier's ballad, the man

tually on people's lips, their photographs way of enjoyment and of credit, it had more

New York Post Office. Supt. Third Division Mailing and Distribut- if a friend had not recommended St. Jacobs Oil. ing Dept., New York Post Office, in writand clerks who have used the Oil agree in praising it highly. It has been found efficacious in cuts, burns, soreness and stiffness U. S., concurred in the foregoing.

### Rosa Bonneur.

Rosa Bonheur is below the average height of her sex, but she is robustly and broadly laide, and all else in his absorbing distress most of defiance. The carnation has not yet "I am sure madam," interposed Mrs. He spoke in a strange, gasping fashion; he about his wife. He decided to go; and he left her cheeks, and her comely face speaks of the drought; in some parts of the country Grame, "you were being robbed-imposed was bewildered. And then the girl told him said to himself that, if he could find an op- of health and vigor. Her hair, however, is there is a great deal of suffering. There are upon-and no one could say how it would all-how her mistress had found the place portunity he would tell his story to Ade- fast turning gray, and she still wears it cut plenty of men and women in this country, who, have ended, I do not think your life would dull, and had gone with some friends to the laide, and ask her advice. He felt sure of and parted like a man's. When in her stud- f some friend would put them in the way of her sympathy; and perhaps she might think | io and at home her attire also tollows that of of some hing which had not occurred to him the sterner sex, but, as a clever contempor-Ellen Smith did not know. She told him |-women were always so quick of invention ary remarks, "her face restores a perfect womanliness to her whole figure-small, reg-"Very well, my lady, since it pleases you Grande, London; how Mrs Estcourt every November when he reached the Court, whith- fied benignity of expression. The manner to say so, I submit humbly. I am sorry that month had sent them money for all expens- er he had hoped to take Margarita as his matches the face. She has a low, pleasant you should be angry with me. I have serves; how she always spoke of returning early wife. Miss Cameron remained alone since voice, and a direct sincerity of speech most with Margarita. She had not engaged an ment. When she goes to Paris she dresses "I was getting very anxious and unhappy" other companion. Mr. Beale had spoken to in the uniform of her own sex; but she never The pain in the voice and in the quivering continued Ellen. "It is six weeks since my her about it once, and her answer was that assumes petticoats without deprecating the old face touched Adelaide. She could not mistress wrote or sent anything. The other she should wait until Miss Avenel return- custom, and complaining of their interfering with the freedom of her limbs, whose only fault was that she had been any longer. She said she was quite sure that It was now some weeks since Margarita and thereby impeding the power of locomo-

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But the opportunity for that never came.
Day by day, and night by night, Miss Cameron waited for tidings of Miss Avenel: she made all inquiries, longing for her return:

But the opportunity for that never came.
Days and weeks went by, but they did not bring her or any news of her; and then, hear brings her or any news of her; and then, hear brings her or any news of her; and then, hear brings her or any news of her; and then, hear brings her or any news of her; and her or any news of her; "You expected to find my mistress at laide thought less constantly of her. She home, sir?" she said. "She may come to-morrow. She knew, of course, when you stone was back, and she should soon see lic houses in four hours. Of this number lort, and cleanliness; send for circular. Earth CLOSETS.—THIS COMPANY'S automatic closets minister to health, complete the public houses in four hours. Of this number lort, and cleanliness; send for circular. Earth CHOICE NEW SEASON TEAS 54,074 were men, 36,803 women, and 13,415 Closet Co., I3 Jarvis street, Toronto.

from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, should send two stamps for large treatise, giving successful treatment. World's DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo,

She-"Patsey, air you extetic ?"-"Say what air you givin'us?" She-"You know;

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir-I have advised many ladies to try you "Favorite Prescription" and never see it fail to do more than you advertise. Yours truly, MRS. A. RANKIN,

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Liver Pills." Of all druggists. The meanest man that the world has ever known has at length been discovered. He died of spoutaneous combustion, so that his estate might escape the payment of the un-

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Angel of Mercy. At the Centennial Exhibition, 1876, the Wheeler & Wilson received a silver medal. information you require: Sample free. Pam-The Wanzer Sewing Machines were awarded phlets, with maps, sent free. Holbrook's first party kinds have one by one been disestablished in the matternal a gold medal (the only one given to the Sewin the matternal a gold medal (the only one given to the Sewing Machine Trade). The public can decide as to which is of the most value. The Wan- their fast freight train. Please address with zer C and F machines are all the rage this stamp for reply. fall, and deservedly so, owing to their many

improvements and general excellence. A Popular Remedy. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is one of the

### Dyspepsia,

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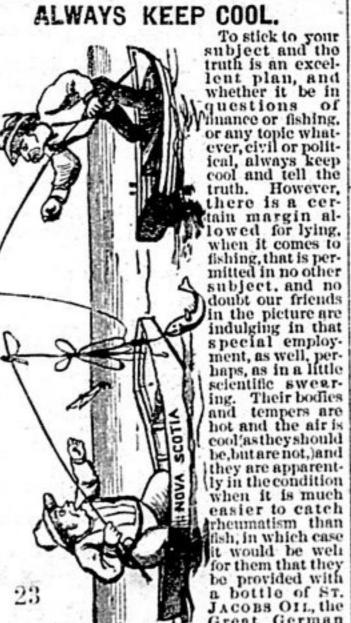
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## A. P.60



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"I thought I would go under the hatches this time," continued Denniston. "I never suffered so much in my life. I had the rheumatic gout so bad that I could not get off the bed or put my foot to the floor, and would have been there yet bottle, thinking it was another one of those advertised nostrums, but was finally induced to give it a trial, and a lucky day it was for me. Why, bless my stars! after bathing the limb thoroughly with the Oil I felt relief, and my faith was pinned to ST. Jacob and his Oil after that. I freely say that if it had not been for ST. Jacobs Oil I should, in all probabilty, be still housed. My foot pains me but little, and the swelling has entirely passed

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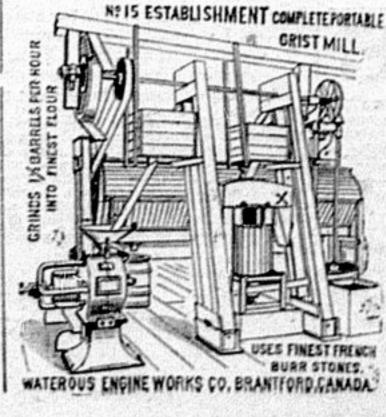
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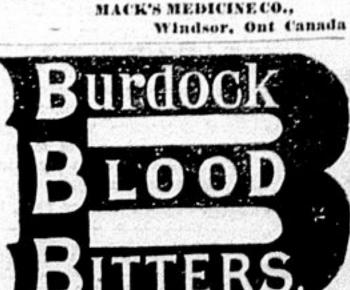
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