DOCTOR BEN.

An Episode in the Life of a Fortunate Unfortunate.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

AT ELMSWOODS.

"I have a proposal to make to you, therefore," the old man continued. "It is my habit to speak plainly, and to do business in the clearest possible way. I am too old, and too much broken down now, to carry the responsibilities which crowd upon me. I must have help: a younger man must take my place, and it must be done soon. Of all the young men in my acquaintance, you are the one I should select, first and last. With your quick, well-tutored intelligence, you can easily master all the details of our business; and I lay the matter before you now, as one that has been much considered, and with the full approbation of my wife. I ask only one thing of you. Let the firm name remain 'Hollins & Son' as long as I live. When I am gone, do what you please. Think it over,—my son,—and tell me, at your own convenience, your conclusion."

It was no time to remain at Elmswoods. Macrae's heart was tugging at him: it all but spoke. The library air stifled him. Had he been charged by Mr. Hollins with all that his own conscience asserted of him, had he been dismissed with anger and contempt, he could not have been more eager to get away to be alone.

Once in the open air, and out upon the road, he gave way to the pent-up storm within. He reproached himself, he congratulated himself, he cursed the hour he was born, he bade himself be strong and watchful.

No man in Macrae's position, and with his strength, would think of making a spring at such a proposition as Ephraim Hollins had laid before him. A weaker man might. Before he had reached Bridge Hill, therefore, for he chose the longest way home that night,—step number one in his progress was fully determined upon. It was, to take his uncle into consultation.

Next morning this was done. The shrewd, old uncle saw the matter in only one light. It was simply a choice of career for his nephew. The law *might* bring prizes: "Hollins and Son" had actual prizes to offer. A Scotchman angles not where there *may be* fishes, but where there *are* fishes. The result of the conference, therefore, was, that Macrae finished all his papers in hand and gave them over to his uncle complete, said farewell to law books, and went to studying ledgers at the mills.

The detail of the arrangement made by and between "Hollins and Son, parties of the first part," and "Thomas Macrae, gentleman, party of the second part, in the —— year of her gracious Majesty, and in accordance with the statute Geor. III. 34 *et al.*," and all the rest of it, would be dull reading. We pass it by, therefore; summing it all up in this, that, any day in October of the year after Ben's disappearance, you might have seen Thomas Macrae walking the mills, as Ben Hollins had before him. You might have witnessed Harper's subservience to him,—always with a slight mental protest; you might have heard many a sly joke at his expense among the older mill-hands in regard to his "marrying that girl." In brief, it was a new Ben that had come into the business; and more mill-men than one thought there ought to have been a feast at Elmswoods.

Even Mother Ballam had her word to say. "Wait," she said to Sandy and Mrs. Dart, "wait till the han' o' God is laid on you young man!"

All that autumn and winter Macrae was again a student, studying machinery, and textures, and raw materials, and all the intricacies of a great and prosperous business, studying at Elmswoods house, also, the labyrinth of an art deeper than any business.

His sonship there grew every day into more apparent shapeliness. The old man and wife drew him closer and closer to them, each striving to outdo the other in efforts to make this man as much their son as might be.

At times he even seemed to have come very near to the real life and soul of that household, that is, to Betty Hartley. But it was as earth comes near to sun. The attraction drew her towards him to a certain point: there was a perceptible shudder, a movement of the elements, and away he went into space again, towards the farther solstice of his orbit of love.

It became his almost daily habit to dine at Elmswoods. The waiting-maid set his place without direction or question. In the December days, when the winds howled bleakly, and the thick, driving snows made night awful, he was even pressed to remain till morning. The lowest of the seven heavens was tendered to him, in the shape of a pair of slippers embroidered by a hand he worshipped, and laid by the fireside, in the blue room,—the chamber directly over the dining-room. From the window he looked over towards Comfort Lodge many a morning, wishing that its doors would open to him in.

"[illegible]! patience!" he exclaimed. "If [illegible] within me hurries me on too fast, [illegible] a fool of myself."

[illegible] called Macrae away from Millington exactly once a month. If Harper had had his wits about him, after Macrae came to the mills, he would certainly have drawn conclusions. But Harper and many others did not know that Macrae went to Toronto on the evening express, and returned at noon next day. They did not know that in the evening, or early in the morning, he went to Toronto post-office, and took out one or more letters addressed to "E. P. Hallowell, Esq." They did not know that he made little trips to the towns near Toronto,—to Hamilton, St. Catherines, and even, for a change, over the boarder to Niagara, Buffalo, and Lockport. They did not know that he always selected for these trips only such towns as possessed banking facilities, and that he invariably purchased on these occasions a draft in some assumed name, indorsing it, "Pay to the order of E. P. Hallowell," and "Pay to the order of Dr. Peterson."

Being in ignorance of all this, Harper was not responsible, certainly, for the lapse of interest in Ben's case, nor for the general acceptance of Thomas Macrae as Ben's successor. In after times he blamed himself, accusing himself, averred that he "felt it" all the time, that "something told him," every day, "that Ben Hollins was not dead, and that Macrae knew more about it than any other living man."

This was all very well, but certainly Harper never took the trouble to say these things until all the good which might have been set in motion by them had been accomplished in another way.

These excursions operated upon Macrae himself as a relief to the strain of his daily life at Millington. For a long time, too, the letters from Hickory Hall were monotonously unexciting.

"Your brother remains about the same."

"Symptoms of improvement excited some hope in us last week, but I am sorry to say that they have disappeared."

"There is no change for the better, nor, I am glad to say, for the worse."

The word "improvement" gave Macrae an occasional shock, but he laughed at it. "Improvement! Not much improvement for such a case as Ben's, I imagine. 'Once insane, always insane,' is a good enough adage for me." Thus he blinded himself, and called it reasoning.

Invariably Macrae came back to Millington in better spirits. The dulness of his love-making was relieved. He felt that it might begin afresh. He knew the fierceness of his own ardor, and felt Betty's total want of any such feeling as love for him; but when, out of very courtesy, she softened towards him now and then, he believed that [illegible] the door of her heart a [illegible] to let the archer in. But [illegible]'s part to take ad[illegible] courtesy [illegible]

filled to overflowing with sweet remembrance of the dead,—of him, that is, whom Betty almost, and others altogether, believed to be dead.

And, whether Betty Hartley's words and deeds encouraged or depressed him, Macrae took more and more courage out of the knowledge that in a few months, as per agreement with Ephraim Hollins,—as soon as he should have learned the business thoroughly, and affixed his signature to that formal document in which he was named a "party,"—all that once was Ben's would be his. All except Betty,—and why not Betty too? he asked himself.

Was it really love that drew this man? Or was it that old spirit of gaining his end, of accomplishing a purpose, of having his way?

CHAPTER XIX.

THE ALDERNEY.

Although loath to let Carney go, the Kimber family were thoroughly deceived by her John Roak fiction, and yielded to her. Many persons in their place and circumstances—and not necessarily evil-minded ones—would have given Carney some sort of verbal blessing, and packed her off; but the Kimbers had little knowledge of those "airy nothings" which so largely take the place of practical and substantial things among politer and less genuine people, and therefore gave Carney a paid ticket to Toronto, a snug little sum of money, and, for words, this sincere admonition, "And if you don't find him, Carney, come straight back to us."

Carney reached Toronto just as the sun was sending his last rays of kisses to the crosses on church-steeples and towers. The numerous invitations hanging on the walls, for the behoof of the tired and hungry, she heeded not, for the very good reason that she could not read one word of them.

The tide of incoming travellers was pushing its way rapidly into the busier parts of the city, and Carney could think of nothing better than to float along with it. Soon it spread itself out more and more widely, and was forever lost in the great ocean of humanity, leaving Carney as a bit of wood or of weed is left upon the waters. She peered into people's faces, she looked in at the shop-windows; but there was no greeting for her, no welcome,—not an intimation even, that there was any place for her among these busy thousands.

At last she found herself in front of the new post-office on Adelaide Street; and, as she stood looking at its long frontrage, she was suddenly inspired to enter. A man had just gone in, and Carney recognized that man. She followed him, therefore, at a little distance, saw him go to the "General Delivery," take out a letter in a dark blue envelope, look at the address, and put the letter in his pocket.

She went deliberately towards this man, moving more and more rapidly as she saw him turning in an opposite direction. Presently he disappeared behind a light inside door. The door came to with the muffled bang of rubber listing, exactly in time to swing inwardly against Carney, and push her back a pace or two, bruising her outstretched fingers. Twice it swung in a decreasing arc, each time giving the inexperienced and persisting woman a knock, and eliciting from her remarks not at all complimentary to doors that swung both ways.

At last she conquered this fiendish obstacle, and placed herself on the other side of it, receiving another reminder of its existence in the shape of a blow in the back, which made her heels tingle, and sent her half-way through the vestibule which it covered. In the midst of a fresh objurgation, she remembered that she was pursuing an object, and, looking about her, found that her game was gone. The man had disappeared altogether.

She now opened the outer door, and passed into the street. There were men, numbers of them, hurrying in and out to receive their evening mail, or passing to and fro; but the man whom Carney Dugan wanted, the only one she cared to speak to, was gone. Muttering, and shaking her fist, she resumed her wanderings.

At eight o'clock she was attracted by the open stairway of a fine new building in Princess Christina Street, West, and sat down upon the steps, wearied out. Presently a gentleman of forty years came down these steps, jingling a bunch of keys, and stopped to look at her. An impulse of charity happened to strike this man, all the more notable for that he had just been inquiring of himself where he should find a woman to rid his new building of its last accumulation of carpenters' chips.

"What are you doing here, my good woman?" he asked.

"It's lookin' for worruk, I am sir, dhis blessed day, an'"—

"Can you sweep and scrub?" interrupted Mr. Blossom.

"Is it sweep? Sure, I was born wid a broom in me mouth,—in me han's, I mane, an' it's all the same. Yer anner'd ought to see dhe shweepin' I done in me own parlor, whin I was kapin' house. An' for dhe dust, I'd niver abide a bit nor speck bigger nor a tinp'ny nail."

The recitation of Carney's virtues as a housekeeper, purely imaginary, would have stretched over whole pages if Mr. Blossom had not been in too great a hurry to listen. Breaking in upon her promising speech, therefore, he asked, "How far away do you live?"

"Will, sir, I tell you dhe solemn throot. At prisint I'm stayin' wid me son-in-law dhat kapes dhe big hotel down beyant, be dhe railroad bank. But sure, it yer anner wud hev a room in dhe house now, dhat a body cud slape in, I'd be right here airly, to go at dhe worruk."

"A good idea!" thought Mr. Blossom.

"Only," he said, "there isn't such a thing as a bed in the house."

"Niver mind dhat, sir! Ladies has ways dhat men niver thinks of."

"All right, then. I'll leave you to take care of yourself. Here are the keys of the south hall, third floor. You can sleep in any one of the rooms you like to-night, and in the morning go to work on those rooms first. Mr. Folliss wishes to move in on Wednesday next." Carney almost burst out at sound of that name: her eyes twinkled, and her tongue trembled; but reflection came, and she was silent.

Good-naturedly taking the risk of leaving with Carney a small sum of money to procure the utensils of her new occupation on the morrow, Mr. Blossom went homward. And while this excellent, but for once not very business-like, man was being soundly rated by his wife for taking in a stranger in such a fashion, Carney, after a frugal supper of bread, was rolling up her shawl and bundle for a pillow, and stretching herself upon the bare floor of a room which was soon to be transformed into the cosiest of bachelor's quarters.

Great was Mr. Blossom's triumph over his critical and suspicious wife, next morning, when he found Carney hard at work, and doing her work, we will say, in an unexceptional manner. At dinner,—they dine at dinner-time in Toronto, not at supper-time,—Mr. Blossom was profuse in his account of Carney.

"Come and see for yourself, my dear," he exclaimed: "she is really quite a character."

Mr. Blossom went down to "The Alderney" that afternoon, and changed her opinion.

"On the whole, George," she acknowledged, "this may be the very best thing that could have happened. So much better, at any rate, than one of these young trollops, or even a middle-aged woman, with their nasty, prying ways. The gentlemen will really be pleased, I know." Mrs. Blossom understood bachelors to a nicety.

It was a congenial bit of occupation for this good lady to fit out Carney Dugan with all the requisites for housekeeping in one of the attics of "The Alderney," and also to deck her person in garments suitable to her station. For Mrs. Blossom had finally gone a long distance farther than her husband in regard to Carney's connection with the new building. The husband had only thought of her as a make-shift for the cleaning-out of [illegible] rooms: the wife committed herself to Carney's establishment as a permanent fixture.

"The Alderney" was an experiment. It was built for the accommodation of single gentlemen, for whom public hotel life had no attractions, and boarding-houses were not to be spoken of. Bly Follis, Germaine Parson, and Jack Brandon had engaged three suites of rooms before a brick was laid, on condition that no other rooms should be rented without their consent, and, *per contra* that they should secure, or do their best to secure, suitable tenants for the rest of the premises.

The stipulations were faithfully observed on both sides; and, within a month after the opening, twenty-five gentlemen were installed in quarters which were the envy of all bachelordom in Toronto, while Mr. Blossom congratulated himself on the return of an equal per cent on his investment. An experienced *chef*, whose office was upon the ground floor, revelled in the delight of figuring out just what and how much twenty-five gentlemen would eat and drink daily; and coudted his order-cards with a satisfaction equalled only on Saturdays, when he again and again looked over the entries in his bank-book.

Other servants were duly provided,—younger ones, for the most part; but Carney, without appointment, drifted into the position of Mother Superior. And it must be noted here, that a great change came over the woman. From head to foot she was clad as she never had been clad before. In one of Mrs. Blossom's cast-off hats re-built for Carney's use, in a respectable woollen gown, with hands cleansed by frequent contact with hot water, and with a deal of attention paid by Mrs. Blossom herself to the smoothing of her rough white hair, and to its confinement beneath tidy white caps, you would hardly have recognized Carney Dugan, formerly of Millington. She had become *Mrs.* Dugan of Toronto, if you please.

The day that Bly Folliss moved into "The Alderney," he looked at this tidy Irishwoman twenty times, and was puzzled. She made no sign of recognizing Folliss; and, in the vigor of his labor, Bly looked and forgot with rapidity. Towards evening, however, he flung himself into an arm-chair, and said,—

"Parsy! that woman,—she's a necromancer, a female Balsamo. She'll be the Countess de Fenix to-morrow, Mrs. Pellegrini next Monday, and the Wandering Jewess by Christmas."

"How so?"

"Have you noticed her, looked at her?"

"Not particularly."

"Then let me call her in. Observe her, and tell me what you think."

Carney came, was duly reviewed by Germaine Parson, and passed out after dusting a table-drawer which Follis pretended to wish immediately attended to.

"Well," said Parson, "if I hadn't my full senses, I should say it was the old woman at Si Kimber's."

"Exactly," chimed in Bly Folliss.

"No, not exactly, at all. The name is the same, but the woman is not. There are myriads of these Dugans. A little resemblance, that is all. Heigho! [yawning] I sha'n't distress myself much about it. Plenty to do before I get to bed."

Parson retired to his own apartments, and Folliss set himself to arranging books. Presently Mrs. Dugan came in again, and Folliss was tempted to question her. It did not occur to him that any tact was necessary, as may be seen from his first inquiry, which was,—

"How anout the crazy man, Mrs. Dugan?"

"Which?" asked Carney.

"The crazy man, you know, up at Si Kimber's. You knew something about him, didn't you!"

"What's dhe man sayin'?" said Carney. "What crazy man? An' who's dhis—who's Gimmer?"

"Don't you know Si Kimber? Aren't you the woman whom I saw up there, only a few weeks ago?" asked Folliss.

"Me! exclaimed Carney, "Me at Gimmer's An' where on de airth is dhat?"

Carney's replies were made with such perfect dissimulation, that Folliss began to think, as Parson did, that it was only a resemblance, after all. Moreover, Carney was too old to turn pale or to turn red: her withered vellum-like skin had not a particle of emotion in it, and Folliss was completely deceived.

As if, however, to give his suspicions one last chance for justification, he asked,—

"Isn't your name Carney?"

"Sure, sir," replied Carney, "I'm too old to be called be any nickname, dhe likes o' dhat. It wud be better to say *Mrs.* Dugan to me, sir, wid all respect I say it. An' besides, me name is Margaret."

"Oh!" said Folliss; and dismissed the subject, for the present,—for the present only, for Carney Dugan never came in his sight without somehow suggesting to Bly Folliss the crazy man, Si Kimber's, Thomas Macrae and—general mystification.

All through the late autumn, the early winter, the holidays, and down to a certain day in February, Carney kept to a certain round of duties at "The Alderney," saying little. For a woman who had absolutely no correspondence, she made a remarkable number of visits to the post-office. The "General Delivery," too, seemed to have especial attractions; and Carney became quite an adept in handling the door which swung both ways. Not once, however, in all these months did she have so much as a second fleeting glimpse of the man whom she had once almost laid hands upon, and whom she was looking for.

On the February day before mentioned, Carney had occasion to go across the town, to visit a recent acquaintance, a woman of her own nation, who dwelt in, and was in fact proprietress of, a hostelry dignified with the title of "The Prince of Cumberland House." Mrs. Brannigan was a woman of much ability and of many sorrows. Left a widow long years ago, she had seen her property grow in value, and her two sons in vice. She held up her head, therefore, one minute, and cast it down with shame the next. She had fallen in with Carney somehow, and Carney comforted her; to that extent, that Carney's visits at "The Prince of Cumberland House" became very frequent. This house was near the upper railway station; and on the day in question Carney arrived just as the evening express from the west made its brief stop before going on. The outcoming passengers jostled her, one with especial rudeness. She looked up at him, uttered a cry,—"Misther Thom"—looked at the rapidly retreating traveller, stood one minute collecting her thoughts, and then calling to a coachman standing at the curb ordered him to drive her to the post-office.

"An' mind," said she, "quick, do it in a jiffy!"

The other coachmen laughed. "Room! room!" shouted one. "The royal carriage! Make way for her gracious Majesty, the Queen of Ballimacrew!"

Carney contented herself with firing back a few choice bombs of speech; and the coach rattled on to Adelaide Street, Carney calling out now and then, "Faster! faster!"

Once within the office, Carney quickly selected a station for herself. Going up to the "General Delivery," she took a position inside the railing, turned her back half way to the window, and waited. The clerk saw her through the glass box-fronts, and leaning half out of the window, asked Carney what she wanted.

"I'm waitin', I am, fur me masther. He'd be here at sivin o'clock, an' I was to wait an go wid him till he'd get dhe fish for breakfast an'"—

The clerk disappeared before Carney could finish her speech, and she stopped with a grumble. "It's very good manners dhey tache in dhis schoolhouse! An' me a-freezin' dhe toes aff me a-waiting here." A voice struck upon Carney's ear, and she looked up eagerly.

"Letters for Mr. Hallowell, if you please, the voice said.

"Hallowell?"

"E. P."

Mr. E. P. Hallowell, that is to say, Thomas Macrae, received four letters, all alike outwardly, all in blue envelopes. Carney lifted her hand to touch him, then a great fear came upon her; she hesitated, withdrew her hand, and, instead, turned about and followed Macrae. She went out through the side vestibule immediately behind Macrae, and still neither touched him nor spoke to him. On the sidewalk she stopped, and let Macrae hurry away. "Better! better!" she said to herself, and went immediately back to the delivery-window.

"Has me masther been here yet?" she asked.

"Who is your master?"

"He's the dark gintleman, sir—E. P.—"

"Oh!—Hallowell, is that the man?"

"Yis, sir, an' a thousan' thanks to you."

"Same to you. Mr. Hallowell took his letters a few minutes ago, and went off directly. I say, he's queer, isn't he? Only comes once a month."

"He's dhat quare, young man, dhat dhe missis is druv to death wid him. He pretinds to come afther dhe letthers ivery day uv his blessed life; an' dhe missis is bed-rid, she is, or she'd come herself."

"Oh, ho!" said the clerk. "Queer—I thought so;" and, disiking the cold draught, he unceremoniously closed the glass again.

Carney hurried to "The Alderney," and knocked at Bly Folliss's door.

"Misther Fully," said she, "wud ye be dhat good to write fur me—on a piece uv paper?"

"What shall I write?" asked Bly.

"E.—P.—what's dhis now? Holly—I think it would be Holly—hill, mayhap. Dhat's nigh or next to it, annyway. I've something to do fur dhe gintleman, an' I'd forgit his name, as sure's me own's Car—what's dhis I'm sayin'?—*Margaret* Dugan. Dhim cars is always runnin' in me head, whin I've been to Mrs. Brannigan's, she lives dhat near to dhe station. Good-night, sir, an' manny thanks."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

How to Dispose of Mongrel Pups.

A citizen of Paducah, Ky., recently became possessed of a litter of pups of a worthless breed, but, being a humane man, was averse to slaughtering them. So he proposed to the captain of a steamer that he should take them up the Tennessee river and try to give them away. The captain told the owner to put them in a basket, cover it with mosquito netting, and invoice them to some person in Florence, Ala., at a value of $25 each. This was done and the basket of pups placed at the foot of the cabin stairway, where they were surrounded by an admiring throng, the captain occasionally speaking a good word for them. Before the boat reached Johnsonville every pup in the basket had been stolen and spirited away by admirers of choice dog flesh.

Electric Motors in Mines.

A novel application of the electrical transmission of power has been made at the Trafalgar Collieries, Forest of Dean, England. A pump in the underground workings is driven by an electric motor, the current, generated by a dynamo machine at the surface, being led down the shaft and along the workings a distance of 500 yards. The drainage water of the deep workings is raised by the electric pump 115 feet vertically and forced through 500 yards of piping to the bottom of the shaft, whence it is raised by steam pumps to the surface of the ground. The workings of the electric pump is said to be very satisfactory.

The *Fredericton (New Brunswick, Can.) Reporter* says: "Nobody can but admire the persistent enterprise manifested by the owners of St. Jacobs Oil in keeping the name before the public. It received a big 'send off' in the House the other day by the Hon. Mr. Perley, who warned his colleagues in the Government of the danger of Bear Killers receiving two bounties for one nose; the judicious use of the Oil causing rapid growth."

In Signor Berti's plan for re-foresting Italy about $9,000,000 is apportioned among the provinces.

Extract from a letter just received (December. 1882.) by Mrs. Thos. Murray, from her husband, Mr. Thos. Murray, who was for many years' Bridge Conductor for the Great Western Railway at Niagara Falls, afterwards one of the contractors on the enlarged Welland Canal (section 12), and is now in Northern Michigan, looking after his timber interests in that country. He writes:

"Tell Sutherland I am now starting for the woods with 36 men, where I will be all winter, and that I am now without ache or pain in either my knees or arms (something I have not known for years), thanks to the two bottles of Rheumatine which I procured from him before leaving St. Catharines.

The Baltic provinces of Russia are the scene of so much agrarian agitation and disaffection that they are called the Russian Ireland.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous powers of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs' Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, dysentry, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaints.

It is reported that the remaining vacancies in the Senate will be filled within a few days.

VEGETINE is nourishing and trengthenings purifies the blood; regulates the bowels; quiets the nervous system, acts directly upon the secretions, and arouses the whole sytem to action.

A special tax is to be placed on drugs in Japan, in lieu of the ordinary trade tax. Large revenue is expected.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

Russia had last year 776 periodical publications, including newspapers. The largest circulation was 70,000.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles were covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time but poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it.

Old Rye to Young America: "I am thy father's spirit."

Carboline, a natural hair restorer and dressing, as now improved and perfected, is pronounced by competent authority to be the best article ever invented to restore the vitality of youth to diseased and faded hair. Try it. Sold by all druggists.

One gains courage by showing himself poor; in that manner one robs poverty of its sharpest sting.

An Admonition.

To neglect a cough or cold, is but to invite consumption, that destroyer of the human race. Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam will cure the cough and allay all irritation of the bronchial tubes and lungs, and effectually remedy all pulmonary complaints, such as Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, &c. 17

"A. P." 113

ST JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

Young and middle-aged men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred affections, as loss of memory and hypochondria should inclose three stamps for Part VII of World's Dispensary Dime Series of pamphlets. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

A Scotch terrier, belonging to Philippe, late housekeeper at the Legislature building, Toronto, has died of grief at his death.

"Golden Medical Discovery" is not only a sovereign remedy for consumption, but also for consumptive night-sweats, bronchitis, coughs, influenza, spitting of blood, weak lungs, shortness of breath, and kindred affections of the throat and chest. By Druggists.

Liberalism is creeping into all churches; but the poor preachers notice that it has not yet struck the contribution-box.

Beautiful Women

are made pallid and unattractive by functional irregularities, which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will infallibly cure. Thousands of testimonials. By druggists.

A San Francisco grocer had a woman prosecuted for theft, though she was 96 years old, and what she stole was a handful of snuff, worth three cents.

A Secret

The secret of beauty lies in pure blood and good health, without the one the other is impossible. Burdock Blood Bitters is the grand key that unlocks all the secretions, opens the avenue to health by purifying and regulating all the organs to a proper action. It cures all Scrofulous Diseases, acts on the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Skin and Bowels, and brings the bloom of health to the pallid cheek. 14

A number of Boston and Worcester men, among whom are two Judges and half a dozen lawyers, dare not go into Maine, because they would be arrested for having shot moose and deer in that State out of season. They would not so much dread a fine of $100, but the possibility of imprisonmens is terrifying.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Dep ot. 450 elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to $1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

If you would be perfectly sure that your evil deeds will not be found out the best way is not to do any.

Davy & Clark, Druggists, Renfrew, date of June 3rd, write," Burdock Blood Bitters though comparatively a new preparation, has taken the lead in this locality as a blood purifier, our sales of it being equal to that of all other medicines used for the purpose during the last year." 18.

AN exchange wants to know: "What are our young men coming to?" Coming to see our girls of course.

Teacher Questions Small boy: Which is is the most delicate of senses? Small boy—The sense of touch. Teacher—give class an example. Boy settles down on teacher's corns and exclaims—You can feel them, but we cannot see them. Grand transformation scene. This occurred before the introduction of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, that positive remedy for corns. Putnam's Corn Extractor acts only upon the part affected, makes no cavities in the flesh, leaves no ulcers, and is satisfactory in every respect. N. C. Polson & Co., prop's, Kingston.

Immense demand for Vegetine

We are not at all surprised to learn that the demand of the people everywhere for that famous medicine, Vegetine, is constantly becoming more and more extended. It has long been in demand all over our own country, and had some time ago made its way into various foreign lands. At the present time the esteemed proprietor, Mr. H. R. Stevens, of Boston, is sending it to order to some of the remotest foreign countries: and it seems now evident that Vegetine is to become a universal medicine. It is a "patent medicine," but it has gained its fame and made its way everywhere on its own intrinsic merits. Such were the unmistakable and undeniable results of the use of this astonishing, and, at this day, world-renowned medicine, in speedily effecting cures of the very numerous diseases or ills for which it was declared to be a remedy, that people everywhere were open and decided in expressing their opinion that this "patent medicine" must not only be ranked equal with, but altogether superior to, all the regular "doctors' stuff" that had ever been given in sickess.

There was and there could be no dispute about the astonishing cures effected by the medicine. The doctors could not deny them—especially as many of such cures had been effected in the most respectable, wealthy and well-known families, where the suffering invalids had obtained and taken the Vegetine as a last resort, after the regular physicians had utterly failed to do them any good.

Moreover, testimonial letters from perfectly well-known persons in high standing and of undoubted character and veracity began to pour in upon Mr. H. R. Stevens, the proprietor, in abundance, declaring, and often with the deepest gratitude, the surprising cures wrought by the great medicine.

Such testimonials have continued to flow in upon Mr. Stevens, from first to last, until he has enough to make volumes were he to print them all. But he don't publish even in the newspapers, only a small fraction of them. Is it any wonder, then, that the sale of Vegetine is now increasingly at a surprising rapid rate?—*Providence (R. I.) Gazette.*

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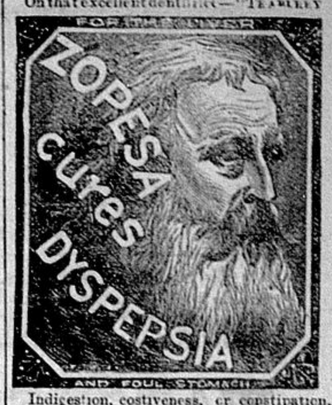
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