An Unfinished Poem by Bryant.

From the March Century.

THE morn hath not the glory that it wore.
Nor doth the day so beautifully die,
Since I can call thee to my side no more,
To gaze upon the sky.

For thy dear hand, with each return of spring,
I sought in sunny nooks the flowers she gave;
I seek them still, and sorrowfully bring
The choicest to thy grave.

Here, where I sit alone, is sometimes heard,
From the great world, a whisper of my name,
Joined haply, to some kind, commending word,
By those whose praise is fame.

And then, as if I thought thou still wert nigh,
I turn me, half forgetting thou art dead,
To read the gentle gladness in thine eye
That once I might have read.

I turn, but see thee not; before my eyes
The image of a hill-side mound appears
Where all of thee that passed not to the skies
Was laid with bitter tears.

And I, whose thoughts go back to happier days
That fled with thee, would gladly now resign
All that the world can give of fame and praise
For one sweet look of thine.

Thus, ever, when I read of generous deeds,
Such words as thou didst once delight to hear,
My heart is wrung with anguish as it bleeds
To think thou art not near.

And now that I can talk no more with thee
Of ancient friends and days too fair to last,
A bitterness blends with the memory
Of all that happy past.

Oh, when I——

ROSYLN, 1873.

DOCTOR BEN.

An Episode in the Life of a Fortunate Unfortunate.

CHAPTER XX.

CHANGES.

It will have been perceived, that the events of the preceding chapter occurred during the second winter of Ben Hollins's stay at Hickory Hall. And now, to return thither, we have to note, that, as that winter advanced, most notable changes were going on within the instution.

Room after room was vacated. Many tearful and yet joyous farewells were uttered at the office-door; and carriages were almost every day rolling down the avenue with restored men and women who were going home again. It was something like the breaking-up of a school for the holidays.

Now, these especially good seasons for the cure of the insane are strongly marked; but there is no known periodicity in them, no rule by which they can be foretold. The fact only is noted, put up for definition, and, —mark the prophecy!—some day it will be defined.

In consequence of the many departures, therefore, and of the corresponding few arrivals, a strange silence reigned in Hickory Hall. The groups which gathered in the grounds, or walked upon the frosty avenues, became unusually small. The trio of magnates grew sad, and were in danger of forgetting all about "general paresis," for lack of new patients to condemn to that dire fatality.

In the general shower of good which seemed to be falling, Ben Hollins was receiving sufficient to make Drs. Peterson and Laidlaw rejoice. Flashes of intelligence grew more frequent; but remember! they were only flashes. The element of permanence was still lacking. Lightning is very bright, but not a good thing to depend upon for reading.

In the crisp atmosphere of December, Dr. Peterson began to take Ben out with him in his carriage. He held the doctor's horse very reliably, when that functionary had occasion to stop at one of the stores. Two or three concert troupes came that way, and Ben was made happy with the sound of sweet music. A stereopticon was brought to the town; and Ben was on a pinnacle of glory while the yellow palaces, the purple mountains, and other monstrosities floated before him.

Meantime, Dr. Peterson cared very little about the music of the "Protean Band," or the glories of Professor Photog's "unrivalled exhibition of the unsurpassed landscapes of Italy, France, and the land of William Tell." He sat through these second-rate performances for Ben's sake; and he made notes of Ben's emotions, of Ben's sayings, and of his conduct.

In January two young men of the town called at the office to invite the doctors to attend a spelling-match at the town-hall, adding, that, if there were any patient at the asylum whom they would like to bring, they also would be made welcome.

Dr. Peterson said, after these young men were gone, "Laidlaw, I shall take Ben."

"What for?"

"To spell."

"To spell?

"Yes. I have noticed that he is an authority on that subject. The men in the convalescent ward appeal to him every day, and I have never known of his making one mistake."

"It is a risk," said Laidlaw.

"Not a great one," replied Peterson.

"What if he should become excited?"

"I shall watch him. To tell you the truth, I am willing that he should be excited, up to a certain point," Dr. Peterson said emphatically.

"Is that point definite, determinable?" asked Laidlaw.

"As much so as the end of that line you are tracing with your pencil. And, in one word, I am determined to try Ben. We have been like watchmakers, you and I: we have had Ben here a good many months; we have taken him to pieces, so to speak, and put him together again. I propose to wind him up now, and see whether he will go, or not. If not, we must be patient. You agree with me?"

Laidlaw replied, "With the slightest hesitation, doctor, with the mere shadow of a doubt. You are far beyond the rest of us, however, in organization. Your diagnosis is always clear, your prognosis more often justified than any other man in the profession. I speak of facts now, I am not bandying compliments. If you take Ben, I would like to go with you."

The evening came, and the town-hall was filled with old and young. Hundreds of faces were uplifted toward the stage, in anticipation of the glee to come. For the highest and best in the town were to be there, and show themselves off. The two coming candidates for Congress were in the ranks; the politicians who could not spell at all sat among the audience, trembling lest these gentlemen should injure their chances by the introduction of this new element into the discussion of personal merits. But oh! lucky chance! they both went down in the vain endeavor to thrust an *f* into "*phlebotomy*."

There were lawyers, clergymen, doctors, school-teachers, editors, merchants, barbers, mechanics, reporters, and young men and maidens from the high school, from St. Brazennose's College, and from Madame du Enna's "French, Italian, German, Spanish, and English schools."

Good old Judge Minturn had been requested to "give out the words." The judge is a pan-opticon, a man who sees, comprehends, and devours everything, including words and definitions. His long, thin body and limbs indicate the dryness of his daily, hourly sustenance. His jaws are always in slight motion, as of one who chews the cud of unnumbered words and definitions. His skin is, in color and substance, precisely like an old monastic volume; one look at him will convince any doubter that the legend of the use of the human cuticle, in ancient times, for manuscript purposes, is not merely possible, but entirely practicable.

The vocabulary of law, theology, anatomy, therapeutics, commerce, politics, astronomy, mythology, botany—in brief, the whole verbal range—was within Judge Minturn's grasp. He stood between the two long lines of contestants, and delivered a genial, yet solemn speech, announcing the rules of the spelling-match, and giving good advice. This was simply sharpening his scythe, so to speak. Then, with a reaper's whirl, he sent a word among the spellers. Down they went, one, two, three. From that point, the contest went on briskly, and the fun waxed warmer and warmer. The ranks thinned with more rapidity than Cæsar solemnly assures us those of the Goths did when his light horse bore down upon them.

So simple a word as "Atticize" slew scores. "Foreflow"—a word which any one can spell, even in public—was treated to a parti-colored coat which made it unrecognizable. F-o-u-r was impossible, f-o-e-r the same, f-o-a-r no better; and the spellers even floundered about with *ph* for a handle to their word. Down they went, and the newest comers turned their bewildered wits to the second syllable. F-l-o, f-l-o-e, f-l-o-h, were pronounced in succession. Next day any inhabitant of Hickoryville could have spelled that little word correctly; but somehow it required many attempts before the one who could do it that evening was found. One solitary colored brother was in line, near the foot. As he solemnly, but confidently, gave it as his opinion that "F-o-f-l-o would fill the bill in Cincinnati or 'Old Bluegrass,'" the house roared.

A politician spelled five words correctly. His turn coming once more, the judge gave him—"*Corruption*." The speller's eye happened to light upon the burly form of an office-holder who had added several mills to the local taxes of Hickory County; and without hesitation he sacrificed himself thus: "M-i-k-e, cor; E-a, rup; g-a-n, tion—*corruption*." The "ins" hissed, the "outs" applauded; Mr. Eagan himself finally quelled the riot by laughing until he was black in the face.

Suddenly the audience became aware that the climax was approaching. Of all the spellers there remained only a judge of the Supreme Court, an Episcopal clergyman, the principal of St. Brazennose's, two very bright young ladies—and a queer-looking creature who stood with his arms dangling, his head moving about as if purpose and attention were unknown to him, and who had unbuttoned his vest and untied his cravat.

The judge surveyed this scattered company with basilisk eye, and called out, "Antiphlogistic."

The clergyman took it up, "A-n, an; t-i, ti; f—"

"Next," said the judge.

A sweet voice responded, "A-n, an; t-i, ti; f—"

"Next."

"A-n, an; t-i, ti; p-h-l-o, phlo; g-i-s-t, gist; i-c, ic—antiphlogistic, oh, yes! ha, ha!"

The audience, struck with the humor of it, looked at poor Ben, then at poor Mr. Episcopal Minister, and burst into a responsive "Ha, ha!"

"Fugist," called out the judge.

Another soft soprano suggestively, almost inquiringly, offered "F-u-g-e—"

"Next."

Proudly and promptly the diapason tones of Judge Blaney, of the Superior Court, rang out—

"F-u-g-e—"

"Next," exclaimed Judge Minturn, poking his finger at his learned brother, and saying, "Not exactly in your line, Judge."

The schoolmaster spelled the word corectly, as a schoolmaster ought, and plumed himself visibly. Next moment he glanced across the stage. His only competitor was that strange-looking creature; an expression of contempt, almost of shame, overspread the schoolmaster's face. The spectators took up the contrast between these two, and the schoolmaster was looked on as the easy victor of the evening. Nevertheless, in physical appearance, Ben had unmistakably the best of it. Had the gleam of well-balanced intelligence, that indescribable something, which some men have and some have not, and which is marked upon men's faces in an infinite scale of degrees—had this lighted up Ben's countenance as it did only a few years ago, the public would have made short work of the comparison.

As it is, however, a chattering lady expressed the public sentiment, probably when she said to her neighbor, "Isn't it absurd? Why, that is one of the patients from the Hall."

And even so, a great hush fell upon the audience and the defeated spellers. Men and women grew very grave, and craned their necks to see and hear the coming contest. A flash of doubt, of pity, instantly covered with judicial gravity, lighted up Judge Mintura's face, and he turned and whispered to Dr. Peterson. The doctor stood up, to make himself heard more distinctly, and said with all his voice, "No, sir; go on, if you please."

Not for all the world would Dr. Peterson have withdrawn Ben from the match at that moment. To his mind, a principle of mental science was struggling towards revelation. He might not succeed in grasping it, but he certainly was not the man to throw away the opportunity.

Judge Minturn returned, therefore, to his task. From the character of the words he now took up, he must have intended to bring the work of the evening to a close as quickly as possible. He became a very catapult; and it would seem an impossibility for child, woman or man, to stand long before the shower of verbal bowlders hurled at the schoolmaster and Ben. For ten minutes, however, they bore it well; until, in fact, their success became monotonous. Some of the audience even went out.

Then the judge called, "Hygroscopicity."

It was the schoolmaster's turn. He fidgeted a little, and thought. Perhaps his brain was bewildered. So had Ben's been for a long time.

"Time is up," said the judge.

"H-y, hy; g-r-o, gro, s-p—"

"Next," said the judge; and the schoolmaster sat down, wondering whereupon this might grow, and building up in his soul a bitter grudge against that abominable science, or art, or whatever it might be—hygroscopicity.

All eyes turned now upon Ben.

"Oh, yes!" said he, "you want to catch me, I imagine. Hygroscopicity! Oh, yes! A word of Greek origin, I should say."

Schoolmaster looked foolish. What would he not have given for a knowledge of Greek roots and forms, for a procession of Greek characters dancing before his eyes, and helping him to spell that dreadful word.

"Spell it, then, my dear fellow," said the judge kindly and patronizingly.

"Oh, yes!" said Ben, "I'll try. I've never been kicked by a goose yet."

The spectators tittered, and Ben began—

"H-y, hy; g-r-o, gro; s-c-o, sco; p-i-c, pic; i, i; t-y, ty,—hygroscopicity. Ha, ha, what a devil of a word!"

O Ben, Ben! for shame! But it was "the Giant's" fault that you made this slip.

The judge waited a moment for the enthusiasm of the audience to subside, and then called order, saying, "the rule is—five words more."

What words! where on earth did they come from? Words heptasyllabic, words octosyllabic, words beginning with an *x* which had succumbed, in pronunciation, to *z*.

"The gentleman has not missed a word," announced Judge Minturn; and Judge Blaney's side, and Mr. Hallowell, are the victors."

Yes, Ben, thou art a gentleman, and would be if thou hadst spelled "bullsfoot" with three *f's*. And more's the pity that a gentleman, nay hundreds of them, should be brought to such a pass!

Awake, science! Spend no more time and strength in petty fightings over this theory and that. Coolly test the theories! Cast out the rubbish, and keep the gold! Press on toward the light! Shall revelation cover only the good of men's bodies? Is there not some Jenner, some Harvey, in the future's womb, who shall discover the pulse of the mind, the mental vaccination?

After returning to his office, and seeing Ben safe in his room, Dr. Peterson took down a volume of records, and looked over [illegible] of the place before.

fully at all he had written there respecting case No. 2,361. He compared old entries with newer ones; he looked at lengthy arrays of facts in cases of other patients, and brought them into close view by the side of the facts in Ben's case.

But to say that Dr. Peterson came to any conclusion by means of these studies, would be to say what is not true. The true physician, whether of mind or body, does not call theories conclusions. The quack is ever ready to proclaim his theories, and call them facts. A conclusion is a very easy thing to him, prophecy mere child's play. Unhappily, there are some quacks with regular diplomas in their possession.

But Dr. Peterson did not derive a great satisfaction from the review of Ben's case. Next day he studied his patient with even greater care than ever; and not that day only, but constantly.

It was plainer and plainer that nature was doing much for Ben Hollins—Hallowell, as they supposed him to be at Hickory Hall. "And I am nature's servant and assistant," wisely said Dr. Peterson.

Ben kept up that solemn farce of the professional medic; and Dr. Peterson even tried to make use of it, as he sought to employ any and every indication of mental activity, encouraging and stimulating in one direction, diverting in another. With delight he saw Ben's scope enlarging, even in the factitious exercise of his faculties.

Not a week after the spelling-match an attendant called the doctor from one of the other rooms in Ben's ward, and requested him to go softly to Ben's door. The door was slightly ajar, and Dr. Peterson saw Ben whisking about the room with a pillow. One moment the pillow would be up in the air, the next moment it and Ben went tumbling and rolling about upon the floor, sometimes Ben uppermost, sometimes the pillow. At last, after great exertions, Ben seemed to have conquered this pugnacious adversary, and laid the pillow upon the bed; then wiping his perspiring face, and breathing hard, he turned to address imaginary occupants of the room:

"Well, me desr friends (like a true son of the Dominion, he never said *my*), I had me doubts at first, thinking, in fact, that your son ought to be sent to a different institution; but I think we can take him. He proved to be a little violent when we brought him into the ward, but that was only natural. At all events we can try him here for fifty or sixty years; and if he doesn't improve by that time—I may as well be candid with you—there will be no hope for him. No hope—no hope," continued Ben, slowly and musingly. Dr. Peterson watched him, as he came out of the room and sauntered away down the hall. Again and again Ben was repeating softly to himself, "No hope—no hope," his head bent downward, his carriage indicative of a mental struggle towards the comprehension of *hope* and *no hope*.

Dr. Peterson touched Ben slightly, and asked, "Doctor, is there no hope for your new patient?"

The reverie, the struggle, that is, with memory—just such a struggle as any man may fall into, any day, only in Ben's case it was more difficult than in yours—was broken. Ben stood irresolute one moment, exclaimed, "Oh, I was near forgetting him!" and bounded off to his room. Ben's room was in a short side passage, which stood at a right angle with the main hall. Thither Dr. Peterson followed him, in the interests of science. But at this moment Ben's tormentress seemed to consider herself neglected, and as Ben reached his door she whispered to him. With a bound and a cry, Ben whipped the air with both arms, exclaiming, "Now don't you do that again!" and scampered back into the hall. At the angle he ran full tilt into Dr. Peterson. There was a terrible upset; science was overthrown again, and Ben's cure once more postponed.

Ah, well! it is seldom anything serious happens at Hickory Hall. Dr. Peterson lay upon the floor, laughing so heartily over his *rencontre* that he was obliged to call up some self-control, or he would have screamed outright, and that is not allowed in the convalescent ward of Hickory Hall; and over the doctor stood Ben, blushing, confused, full of regrets and apologies. He stooped to lift the doctor up, and it occurred to him to say, "You went down, sir, as if something had struck you. You must have been kicked by a goose, sir."

"Yes, Ben," replied the doctor; "and a pretty powerful goose, too."

"Ha, ha!" said Ben; "but you can't spell Hyros—what's this now?"

Some of the patients were gathered upon the scene now; and "Merry," always proud of his powers, took up Ben's words.

"Spell what?" he asked, with a sniffle.

"Hygroscopicity," answered Ben.

"Pshah!" snarled "Merry." "I could spell that standing on one leg! Pshah! You ought to hear daughty spell—backwards, forwards, crossways, any way you like—first syllables in the middle! Pshah! I was marshal of the city of New York when I was only—"

"Now, don't you do that again!" cried Ben, hurrying away.

"I shall do it again, if I wish to," replied "Merry" angrily, throwing the words at Ben's retreating figure. "I can be marshal of this establishment, if I say the word—and if you, doctor, will only let me go down town, and get my teeth fixed!"

CHAPTER XXI.

BROUGHT TO BAY.

The day following Carney's second discovery of Thomas Macrae in Toronto, she brought the paper upon which Bly Folliss had written at her request, and asked that gentleman to read it.

"It's dhat haird fur me to remimber names, sir," said she. "An' such a name as dhat! Wheriver did dhe man get it? An' why isn't it Mac—something, an done wid it, like an honest man?"

With this exposition Carney went off, repeating to herself, "Hollyhill—Holly—ull, E. P."

At the post-office, whither she betook herself at once, she courtesied gravely to the clerk, and, doubtless by way of refreshing his memory, opened fire with her questions of the preceding day—

"Has me masther been here the day? Dhe missus is dhat hasty for dhe letthers, she druv me out, she did."

"Your master? Oh! you mean that dark man?" queried the clerk.

"Yis, indade, I do!"

"Let me see, what was his name?"

Carney hesitated, but was she lost? People who hesitate always are, the proverb says. Not so with Carney.

"It's yersilf dhat has a right to know dhe name," she said. "What do ye kape a letther-office for, but to have all dhe names in creation afore yer very eyes?"

The clerk had found E. P. Hallowell's name by this time, down in the depths of a General Delivery memory, and turned to whirl one of the great revolving stands around until he came to *H*. It was easy enough then to find *Ha*—and next *Hal*. That box was empty.

"No letters," he called out to Carney.

"Good-day to you, thin, and thank you."

The next day, and the next, and the next, Carney was at the window for her "master's" letters. Steadily the answer came, "No letters." But in a week there came a change. The clerk gave her a letter in a blue envelope. With haste she returned to "The Alderney," and knocked at Mr. Folliss's door.

"Misther Fully, wud ye do me a kindness? Tell me where is dhis lether from?" she asked.

She cunningly held her thumbs over the address, leaving Folliss nothing but the postmark and the stamp to look at.

"Hick—hick—o—ville,—must be Hickoryville, but it is very indistinct; the State mark is not readable. The letter is from the States, isn't it? Of course it is, that is a United States stamp."

"An' where is dat, Misther Fully?"

Folliss laughed, as he said, "I give it up, my good woman. Hickoryville has very uncommon name, and I'm sure I never heard of the place before."

Carney put the letter into her pocket, and retired to her own quarters, where she sat cogitating, until the darkness reminded her of her evening duties in the halls below.

Carney was a logician only as far as cunning can be called coincident with that higher exercise of reason. Turn the facts over and over in her mind as she might, she could see but two of them with any clearness. First, Macrae was receiving letters at Toronto with regularity, probably once a week. Secondly, as the letters always look alike—she had noticed the color of the envelopes—they must be from the same source always. Now, these letters might have reference to Ben, and they might not. "The might not," was far away from Carney's thoughts, Macrae's crime was so indelibly impressed upon her, that she leaped to the conclusion that he had Ben in keeping somewhere in the States, and that somewhere was—Hickoryville.

But the States were to Carney *terra incognita*, as far away practically as Africa, to be classed in her geography with Australia or India. Her reasoning, therefore, came to an end, very much like the road in Si Kimber's.

Not so her persistence, however. The very next week she was on the watch. Again came a letter, and Carney received it from the hands of the willing and unsuspecting clerk.

The next week came another. And Carney concealed and guarded the three treasures which had fallen into her hands, looking at them daily, as if they might take voice, and tell her what she had not the power to extract from them.

The fourth week—it was now the early part of March—she appeared at the window again.

"Mr. Hallowell has been here himself," said the clerk. "And a precious row he kicked up too. What's the matter between him and 'the missus?'"

"Didn t I tell ye dhat she was just druv to death wid him?"

"He was pretty mad when I told him that you had taken out his letters; and you must not come any more. He has forbidden our giving letters to anyone but himself. So, if the letters are meant for your missus, tell her to have them directed to her."

"Thank you, sir; dhat I will."

Musing as what step to take next, she set out for "The Prince of Cumberland House." Going through the public room, where men, for the most part ill-favored ones, sat drinking and talking, Carney entered a little sitting-room, affected of an evening by Mrs. Brannigan, the proprietress. Glancing about her, Carney saw that the room was occupied, not by her crony, as usual, but by two men, one of whom she recognized as Tim, Mrs. Brannigan's youngest son, and the other, to her amazement, as Thomas Macrae.

Speech sometimes became impossible to Carney, not for any great length of time. One minute of surprise sufficed on this occasion; and she burst upon the couple with the exclamation—

"You here, Thomas Macrae?"

Macrae had hardly looked at Carney as she entered; thanks to her new bonnet and gown, and her generally bettered condition, he did not recognize her. But he was startled at the sound of her voice.

"What in—merciful goodness! Who are you?"

"Come out of dish, an' I'll tell you," she replied.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Toothsome Morsel.

This from the *Madison (Wis.) Democrat* conveys its own moral:—Hold on! We are cognizant of the fact that an aching tooth was last night cured by the application of St. Jacobs Oil. The young fellow got mad over his raging tooth in the ball room, and rushed straightway to a drug store where he applied the good old German Remedy; in ten minutes the toothache had gone.

Practice makes perfect. True, but a man can contrive to drop a hot horseshoe as readily the first time trying as the second.

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 26 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."

It has long been claimed that using coffee and tea caused nervousness, and now along comes a doctor and denies the statement entirely. The real cause of the greatest nervousness among married men is the expectation of finding their wives awake when they come home late.

NOTICE.

Each bottle of BRIGGS' ELECTRIC OIL will hereafter be accompanied by a corkscrew, as it is important that the cork should be preserved and the bottle well corked when not in use to retain the strength of the medicine. It cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Liver and Kidney Complaints or of the Urinary Organs; cures complaints arising from Colds, such as Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Diptheria, Cough, Asthma and Difficult Breathing.

A New Hampshire man tied a four-pound stone to the end of a cow's tail to keep that member quiet while he milked her. After they got the fragments of teeth and blood, etc., out of his mouth and put arnica and a bandagge on his jaw, he stated that he would never repeat the experiment as the end of the tail naturally hit as hard a blow as he cared to endure.

The soft and silky appearance given to the hair by the use of Carboline, the natural hair restorer and dressing, as now improved and perfected, is the subject of general remark by all who have witnessed its effects upon the human head. Sold by all dealers in drugs.

"I do wish you would come home earlier," said a woman to her husband. "I am afraid to stay alone. I always imagine that there's somebody in the house, but when you come I know there ain't."

ELECTRIC OIL NOT ECLECTRIC OIL.

The two words have very different significations, as will be seen by reference to Webster. The Eclectric Oil has no claim to Electric properties only by the picture on the wrapper, which looks like begging the question. The popularity of Briggs' Electric Oil is such as to induce unprincipled persons to appropriate all the law will allow them to do. The proprietors of the Electric Oil have no claim to the words Eclectric or Thomas; but to the words Briggs' Electric they do lay claim by right, as they have made them of value to themselves.

A little boy who lives in our town, say the *Rome Sentinel*, went to Oswego the other day to see his grandpa. On retiring for the night he was told to say his prayers. He knelt, and, folding his hands reverently, thus unburdened himself: "God bless mamma, and the chickens, and grandma, and the horse, and the cows, and the bull, and grandpa. Amen.'

A.P. 114

St Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures

RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

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"Became Sound and Well."

R. V. Pierce, M. D.: *Dear Sir*—My wife who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good. Yours truly,

THOMAS J. METHVIN,
Hatcher's Station Ga.

Evansville has a girl who can fairly make a piano talk. The other evening she played the "Ice King," and everybody in the room got up and went to the stove to warm their feet.

No Trouble to Swallow.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets" (the original "little liver pills") and no pain or griping. Cure sick or bilious headache, sour stomach, and cleanse the system and bowels. 25 cents a vial.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity," exclaimed the receiver as he pocketed sixty per cent of the estate.

"Their Occupation Gone."

R. V. Pierce, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.—I was attacked with congestion of the lungs, soreness over the liver, severe pain in the joints, a burning fever, and general giving away of the whole system. Falling to find relief in remedies prescribed, I tried your "Golden Medical Discovery." It effected my entire cure. Your medicines have only to be used to be appreciated. If every family would give them a trial, nine tenths of the doctors would, like Othello, find their occupation gone. Yours truly,

L. B. McMILLAN, M D., Breesport, N.Y.

Keep it in your family. The best remedy for accidents and emergencies, for Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Soreness, Sore Throat, Croup, Rheumatism, Chilblains, and Pain or Soreness of all kinds, is that marvellous healing remedy, Hagyard's Yellow Oil. 19

An old adage says: "Hell is paved with good intentions," and it's the only place of which we ever heard that is. Generally paving is done with the intention of cheating the city.

An exchange says it makes a woman sick to keep a secret. He must have guessed at it, as it has never yet been put to a practical test.

A Sure Thing

In the treatment of Chronic disease with that great system renovator and restorative, Burdock Blood Bitters, there is no uncertainty as to its action, its curative powers are speedily manifest by its marked effect upon the Liver, the Bowels and the Kidneys. Every dose performing its work in a perceptible manner. 24.

A witness who had been called to give evidence as to the defendant's character, testified that he always moved in good society. "What do you mean by good society?" asked the court. "Society in which it is fashionable to speak evil," promptly answered the witness.

A Cure for Croup. There is no better remedy for Croup than Hagyard's Yellow Oil taken internally and applied according to the special directions, this is the great household panacea for Rheumatism, Stiff Joints, Pain Inflammation &c. 23.

When a certain bachelor was married, the members of the Bachelor Club broke him all up by sending him as a wedding present a copy of "Paradise Lost."

Vegetine.—"The life of all flesh is the blood thereof." And no one can possibly be healthy when the blood is diseased. Vegetine is composed of substances identical with healthy blood; and when taken into the system for the cure of disease, it is absorbed, and replaces the deficiency which caused the disease.

A man should never tell his wife that he is called away on some "pressing" business. He should always use the word "urgent;" it sounds better.

A Wise Maxim.

"A stitch in time saves nine," not only in making garments, but also in mending health. If Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam were used in the earlier stages of Colds and Coughs, many a "stitch in the side" and many a case of torn lungs might be avoided, that neglected, rapidly develope into irreparable Consumption. 21.

The average age of a hog is only fifteen years. This always consoles us when we see a man spreading himself out over four seats in a railway compartment.

HOLD ON; HOLD FAST.—Patience is genius. Count not the failures. Keep heart and try again. Failure after failure comes upon us, and it is then despondency comes and urges us to give up. Corns came soon after the early budding time of youth and hung on as firmly as the love for the almighty dollar. In vain experiments we nearly chipped and burnt our feet off. Fortunately as a very last experiment we commenced the use of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Perseverance rewarded, for our corns disappeared as by magic. We can cheerfully testify that it is the only sure remedy for corns. Try it, friend. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors Kingston.

There is many a rich man who is no better off than his impecunious brother. The latter has no food for his stomach, and the former no stomach for his food.

Daughters, Wives, Mothers, look to your health! The many painful and weakening diseases from which you suffer, despairing of a cure, can be remedied by that unfailing regulator and purifying tonic, Burdock Blood Bitters. Ask your druggist for proof. 20.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 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.

"Enquirer:" "What is the precise meaning of the word intermittent?" Did you never try to flirt with a woman in a rocking chair at a window? That's it.

Vegetine.

Superior to any Family Medicine.

DOCTORS GAVE HER UP.

VEGETINE CURED HER.

MONTREAL, P. Q. Oct. 22, 1879

MR. H. R. STEVENS—Dear Sir. About fifteen years ago I was troubled with *Scrofulous Humor* which settled on my lungs and brought on a severe cough. I consulted five or six of the best physicians in Boston, but they gave up treating me, said there was no hope of a cure, and they could do nothing more for me. A friend who had used *Vegetine* in his family recommended me to try it. I procured three bottles, and before finishing the third bottle found myself entirely cured, and had not another attack of scrofula for nine years.—After that period I had to get some more *Vegetine*, but it quickly restored me to health again, and I have not had a third attack. I am sixty-nine years old, and since becoming aware of the virtues of your medicine, have given it to my children and grandchidren, and have recommended it to my friends. The results have been invariably all that could be desired. Previous to my first trial of the *Vegetine*, I had a cancer removed and scrofulous sores broke out on me, but none have appeared since, and I believe it superior to any of the *Family Medicines* in use.

MARIA J KIMBALL.

I can vouch for the above statement in every particular, and consider Vegetine the best Family Medicine now in use. MOSES KIMBALL, Husband of MARIA J. KIMBALL.

FOR SKIN DISEASES

TORONTO, July 25, 1879.

H. R. STEVENS, ESQ.:

Dear Sir—Having been troubled with a bad skin dicase, breaking out into little sores over my face, etc., I was recommended to take VEGETINE. I am happy to inform you that it has completely cured me after taking three bottles. I can highly recommend it to any one who is troubled with skin disease.

Yours faithfully, CHAS. E. BUTT.

We hereby certify that the above testimonial is true, the man being in our employ at the time he was sick WESTMAN & BAKER, 119 Bay Street, Toronto.

Vegetine

PREPARED BY

H. R. STEVENS, Toronto, Ont.

Vegetine is Sold by All Druggists.

FOR THE

KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—wherever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore these therefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where WARNER'S SAFE CURE has achieved its great reputation. It acts directly upon the kidneys and liver and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles; for the distressing disorders of women; for Malaria, and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Beware of impostors, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE.

For sale by all dealers.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,
Toronto, Ont., Rochester, N.Y., London, Eng.

The dew of compassion is a tear.—*Byron.*

St. Catharines, May 4th, 1882.

J. N. Sutherland, Esq.:

Dear Sir,—I have been for the past year suffering from "Sciatica." I was recommended by a neighbor to try your cure "Rheumatine," I did so, and am glad to say it completely cured me, and I can now thoroughly recommend it to any one suffering from the same complaint. Giving you the liberty to use this as you may think fit. I remain, yours truly,

N. B. CLENDENING.

Mr. Clendening is a farmer living in Louth, about nine miles from St. Catharines.

A cross eye is really aristocratic, and owes its position to caste.

W. T. Bray, Pharmacist, Wingham, Ont., writes that the sale of Burdock Blood Bitters has very largely increased in that locality, and adds that he hears very favorable opinions expressed regarding it, and, if time permited, could send many names of benefited parties. 22.

PROFESSIONAL.

MR. FORSTER, ARTIST, HAS RETURNED from Europe and opened a Studio, 81 King-st. East, Toronto. Portraits in oil life size.

MISCELLANEOUS.

$5 PER DAY can be made by agents, male or female. C. W. DENNIS, Toronto.

WATCHES repaired. Trade work a specialty. A. BALLABEY, 8 King St. E., Toronto.

RUBBER STAMPS.—ADDRESS R. H. COX, 4 King St. East, Toronto. Agents wanted.

CHRIS. SHEPPARD, Manuf'r of Masonic and other Society Jewels, 151 King E., Toronto.

AUTOPHONES, $6.50. INCLUDING FOUR tunes. T. CLAXTON, dealer in Musical Instruments, Piano Music, Band Music, &c. Catalogues free. 197 Yonge St., Toronto.

PRICE TICKETS, SHOW CARDS, WINDOW SHADES. Newest designs. Send for price list. F. WILLIAMS, 4 King E., Toronto.

WATCHES. Send for free illustrated catalogue to RYRIE, the Jeweler, 113 Yonge Street, Toronto.

WIRE WINDOW GUARDS, WIRE CLOTH and Wire Goods at the Toronto Wire Works, 116 King St. West, T. G. RICE.

100 Choice selections for the Autograph Album and 6 Handsome Cards for one 3-cent stamp. The CALL, Mattapan, Mass.

$1.00 FOR A WORKING MODEL steam Engine, with lamp complete. C. POTTER, 31 King-st., East, Toronto.

CARDS. Valentine and Easter; in $1, $2, $3, or $10 lots. By post prepaid H. J. MATTHEWS & BROS., Toronto.

FARMS IN MARYLAND—IMPROVED—$10 to $25 per acre; catalogues free. H. P. CHAMBERS, Federalsburgh, Maryland, U. S.

R. S. WOOD & CO., OAKVILLE—MANUFACTURERS of outside and inside Blinds, Sash, Doors, and Mouldings. Send for prices. Oakville, Ont.

ROOFING MATERIALS, CARPET AND Building Papers, wholesale and retail, at low price, at HODGE & WILLIAMS, 4 Adelaide St., East, Toronto.

TAGS. Patent eyelet, smooth surface, heavy and very tough. Send for new price list. J. G. WOODLAND & CO.: Steam Printers, Toronto.

OWNERS OF FARM LANDS, CITY AND Town Properties, desiring to realize, will find purchasers by sending me full descriptions, lowest prices, and terms of payment. J. W. G. WHITNEY, Estate Agent, 25 Toronto street, Toronto.

THOSE WISHING TO DISPOSE OF OR purchase a business of any description in the city or elsewhere should call or send particulars to C. J. PALIN, 53 and 55 King-street East. Business Agent and Valuer.

MANITOBA FARM—TO AN ACTUAL Settler the north ½ of sec 1. Tp. 12 R. 29 W. is offered for $3.00 per acre, 6 years time. Soil the very best, only 2 miles Elkhorn Station, main line C. P. R. Apply to A. BOWERMAN Box 19, Winnipeg, or J. H. MACMULLEN 49 Yonge Stree, Toronto.

FOR SALE—WATER POWER SAW MILL Shingle, Lath, and Cider Mills; also grain crusher, in good order; business well built up large stock of logs; dwelling house (new), and ten acres of land just south of the pine ridges; to enable us to accept an offer in the West, we offer the above for a short time for less than value; $2,500 down; balance on easy payments. Apply on the premises, or by letter to Gormley P. O. W. & I. LEARY, Proprietors.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

DRUG BUSINESS FOR SALE IN CITY of 16,000 population, doing cash trade of $6,500 annually, stock about $1,500. MACKINTOSH & PETERS, Toronto.

MERCHANT TAILOR'S BUSINESS FOR sale in Toronto—first-class stock bought for cash about $1,200, all available for spring trade. MACKINTOSH & PETERS, Toronto.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS BUSINESS for sale in thriving western city of 10,000 population; stock about $1,400; in first-class shape. MACKINTOSH & PETERS, Toronto.

PLUMBING AND GAS-FITTING BUSINESS for sale in live western town of 5,000 population, having its gas works (water works now being built), stock and tools about $1,000; rent low. MACKINTOSH & PETERS, Toronto.

MILLINERY AND MANTLE BUSINESS for sale; a general merchant, in live western village of 1,000 population, with a good country around, would sell out this branch of his business; stock about $800; at 40 cents on dollar; largely available for coming season's trade. MACKINTOSH & PETERS, Toronto.

Use "TEABERRY" and you will find
Your Teeth become as pearls;
'Twill