

(Continued from fourth page)

have often thought—often when we were here together, but as boy and girl, brother and sister, not as now—I will one day tell her all: here where we have passed whole summer days, and she has seen me at my best and merriest (if, indeed, I have been over merry), seems the fittest place. Nor sea, nor stream can ever be so dear to me as this same moat; alone I have listened here for hours to the croak of the slow flapping rook, and the cock-crow, half-choked, half-clear, from the distant farm, and never wished for better music. But that was before I heard your voice, sweet Mildred! Here he paused a moment, then resumed reflectively, "How slowly the waters creep, as though they loved to linger about this ancient place, and were loath to leave it for the hurrying river; and yet, see, they are dark as death and the bottom is choked with trailing weeds. So has it been with the Clyffards themselves, Mildred. We have kept ourselves so long from the great tide of life, that we have grown stagnant, and—what is stagnant is unhealthy. Where there is nothing to hasten the pulse, to stir the blood, the mind itself will sooner or later grow"—he was looking at her, she felt, so fixedly that she dared not raise her eyes to meet his gaze—"will grow—lethargic."

"You are not lethargic, Rupert." "Not yet," said he; "I trust not yet." There was a pathos in his low, earnest tone that might have almost moved a slighted woman; no wonder, then, that it pierced Mildred's heart.

"Dear Rue," she murmured, "it is not well to speak of such things as these." "But how much worse," sighed he, "to think of them, and not to speak. Oh, do not think that I am hoodwinked, Mildred, by ought that men can say or leave unsaid about poor me. I know the falseness of their assuring speech, as I know the reason of their silence—their 'Hush! Raymond is coming; not one word about the curse.'" "Rue, Rue, dear Rue," sobbed Mildred tenderly, "this is the very thing you should not do the very talk—"

"Nay, Mildred hear me out. Oh, do not join them in the cuckoo-note. Oh, do not you turn against me my one hope." "Against you, Rupert?—I?—When there is not a groom in Clyffe that does not love you?"

"Ay; but not as I would have you love. And if you turn not to me, Mildred, you will work more against me than if all the world besides had sworn my ruin. Oh, how to tell you—how to let you know what hangs upon your answer, and yet not fright you, Mildred! Nay, tremble not sweetest; you have ought to fear, whether your 'yes' shall bathe my life in sunshine or your 'no' provoke the threatening moon to swift eclipses!"

His tones were earnest, but not wild; and though far from mechanically, he spoke as one who has well conched beforehand the substance of what he has to say. "You are very young," said Mildred after a little, "and yet have lived your life here amid the moldering past, afar from all things that befit the young. Your childhood, soon deprived of a mother's care—like mine, Rupert—has been passed among menials, who flattering themselves they were pleasing you, pleased their own vulgar natures by feeding an imagination, hungry as flame, with stories of your ancient house, exaggerated, false and monstrous histories, but which, since they were about the Clyffards, seemed in some sort real. They sowed an evil seed in a soil fertile enough in fancies of its own, but rich and ready to the hand of the true husbandman, had such there been. How soon would yonder well trimmed garden, left to itself, become mere wilderness, and how much sooner if you planted it with docks and darnels?"

"Go on, sweet Mildred; these are Raymond's words, but in your mouth how welcome—welcome as the dawn—welcome as the soft-falling summer rain upon the aching head and stretched out hands."

"Raymond is wise, Rupert, although he has little book-learning."

"I know it, girl, yet he cannot comfort me as you can. The uneasy pillow of the sick man cannot be soothed save by one loving hand; and royal Edward's wound, be sure, would not have healed so swiftly had any lips sucked forth the poison save those of his true wife." Then pausing for a moment, he added in an earnest whisper, "There is poison in my blood, Mildred and you must be my Eleanor."

"Nay, Rupert; there is no poison in your blood, but, as you said yourself, it flows too sluggishly; you need employment, action—you should leave home awhile."

"What!" he broke forth, "without you? Never—no, never, Mildred! Be mine, and I will go with you whither you will, and do your bidding, whatever it be. But I will never leave you, be sure of that, my girl; you shall escape me never, no, not in death itself; for if you die, then I will die too, and climb up after you to the highest heaven, though it were from the abyss of hell. Then surely, being a blessed spirit crowned and palmed, you would reach out a saintly hand to lift me into bliss, and save my soul; and therefore now, being an earthly angel, will you not give me that same hand, and save—ah, save my reason?"

The dews of terror stood upon Mildred's brow, for wild and vehement as was Rupert's speech, his eyes spoke things more terrible. All of a sudden she knew that that which she had been combating for his sake as a mere shadow, was a substantial evil which had already fallen upon him. Poor Rupert had all along been right; she was talking with a madman! And yet she pitied him far more than feared him even now. The passionate yearning of his last appeal melted her heart within her.

(To be continued.)

A drunkard took his 11-year-old boy with him on a spree, at Maquoketa, Iowa, and gave him as much liquor as he drank himself. The boy died in the stupor of intoxication.

Rev. S. S. Hunting appeared on the stage of a theatre at Des Moines, Iowa, at the conclusion of a regular performance, and married an actor and actress who still wore the costumes of the play.

Germany has the most accommodating post-offices. It daily transmits birds, beasts and fishes, if of a harmless sort. A goose, unintentionally directed, was lately put up for auction sale, when \$875 was found under its left pinion. The sender has not been discovered.

A STRANGE STORY.

An Anglican Clergyman is Abducted on the Eve of His Marriage.

HE IS HELD IN LONDON AS A LUNATIC.

About the 5th of September the Rev. Robert Bruce-Kennard, rector of Marnhull, Dorsetshire, Eng., aged 57, arrived in London, to be married to Miss M. M. Bade, the daughter of a merchant residing at Woodford, whose age is 37. The consent of the parents had been granted and all was fixed for the wedding, which was to take place in the parish church, Woodford. At the hour appointed all were in the church but the bridegroom, though he had ordered a carriage to take him from the hotel where he lodged to the church. On inquiring it was found that he had been taken away by three men on the previous night, apparently the doctor of a lunatic asylum and two keepers. Mr. Kennard subsequently escaped. His story is that a person was ushered into his private sitting room in the inn at about 8 p. m., representing himself as bringing a message from a relative in the neighborhood asking him to go there at once. Mr. Bruce-Kennard immediately went off in a carriage which waited at the door, and gave directions to be driven to his relative's house. The messenger and another man having entered the carriage, the reverend gentleman's suspicions were aroused. He saw he was being driven in a contrary direction to what he had ordered, and towards London. All his attempts at getting out of the carriage were in vain; he was forcibly held down. He shouted, but was grabbed by the throat and choked into silence. He asked was robbery their aim. They answered that they were no robbers, but gave no explanation. Whenever he shouted, he was temporarily gagged and seized by the throat. In order to leave some traces of his route he threw his hat out of the window and endeavored to do the same with his coat, but was prevented. He was driven on through the forest, across London, past the Angel, Islington, where his shouts to the police attracted no attention, and at last landed in front of a hotel on Hunter street. Here he struggled with all his might, and in vain cried "Police! help! murder!" Knowing that a policeman, whom they had passed a few moments before, could not be far off, he clung to the railings and cried the louder, but to no purpose. He was dragged in and placed in a front room, whence the fire irons were removed, and he was told a gentleman would explain everything. As he had had no dinner he was given some refreshment, and was then advised to go to bed in a double-bedded room. He lay down in his clothes, but did not sleep, and heard mysterious consultations in other parts of the house. At early morning the "messenger" who summoned him from the inn appeared and threw himself on the bed also, with his clothes on. He questioned the man, and found he was detained as a lunatic, and that a doctor would soon visit him. He bribed his companion to send a telegram to Woodford, which was never sent, saying he was unavoidably detained, but that he would explain everything in a few hours. In accordance with a message received by the "messenger," he was detained till 12 o'clock, when another £5 note gained him his liberty. He found a cab at the door, drove to the railway station, and reached Woodford Church at 1 o'clock, an hour too late for the ceremony to be legally performed. He made his statement on oath there and then, and the next morning at 8 o'clock was married by the Rev. Canon Duckworth. He cannot give any reason for his abduction, as no impediment had been put in the way of his marriage by the bride's friends. He intends prosecuting those whom he suspects to be the authors of the outrage.

The Weather and Probable Events for Next Year.

(From advanced sheets of Vennor's Almanac for 1883, by permission.)

In Newfoundland the winter of 1882 is likely to be extremely severe and stormy. A warm wave is likely to occur over a large portion of North America during the month of November, 1881, and again during January and February, 1882.

A frigid wave may be expected towards the close of November and entry of December, 1881.

The winds and storms of March will probably arrive ahead of time, and render the closing days of February exceedingly disagreeable.

Minnesota is likely to experience more wintry weather than many neighboring sections.

The latter part of April and entry of May, 1882, will remind one of winter again, and the spring is likely to be cold and backward generally.

The winter of 1882 is not likely to be characterized by heavy snowfalls on this side of the Atlantic.

In Western Canada and sections south of the lakes, navigation may remain open all the year, or close but for a very brief period.

December, 1881, will be a month of storms in the lake region.

The summer of 1882 will be generally unfavorable to agriculture, owing to cold and wet weather.

Western sections will probably suffer more from rains and floods than from thunder storms or cyclones during the summer of 1882.

Volcanic disturbances are likely to be exceedingly active on the American continent and will probably occur in entirely new sections.

There will be brief periods of severe cold during the winter of 1882 and longer ones of warmth.

Alexander of Russia is the least happy of sovereigns. He feels himself walking in the shadow of death in its most sinister form. He looks gloomily into the future. When with his great-uncle William the other day, the Emperor promised to recommend his heir to prove a friend to the Czarina and her children in case of her premature widowhood. There was much religious conversation between the two rulers.

Jersey Queen, a famous Vermont cow, owned in Peacham, gave 4,403 pounds of milk during the first 100 days of her yearly test, making 251 pounds of butter.

FEARFUL WEATHER ON THE ATLANTIC.

A Steamer Twelve Days in a Tremendous Gale.

WOMAN AND CHILD KILLED.

A telegram from St. Johns (Newfoundland) says: The British steamship Juliet, Captain Williams master, owned by Boarding Brothers, of Liverpool, has just arrived at this port. The Juliet is on a voyage from Dundee, Scotland, to New York, laden with iron and a general cargo of bale goods. She has on board fifty passengers for the United States. The passage from Dundee to St. Johns occupied twelve days, and is pronounced by Captain Williams to have been boisterous beyond all his former lengthy experience on the Atlantic. From the time of leaving Dundee until last night the wind blew a tremendous gale, varying from west-southwest to northwest, but abating not one jot in violence. In fact, the Juliet may be said to have been under water for ten complete days. On Thursday last, when the storm was at its height, the sea crashed in through one of the port side lights and carried everything before it. A poor lady passenger was dashed to leeward and had her skull fractured. She was landed this morning in a dying state with a coffin child that succumbed last night to its suffering. The Juliet leaves this port for New York at noon sharp.

A RUSSIAN SCOURGE.

Worse than War or Cholera—Diphtheria in its Worst Form—A Fatality of 77 Per Cent.—People Panic-Stricken.

A London despatch says the reports from Orel, a province of Central Russia, show that diphtheria still prevails in that distressed community. No outbreak of which the history of the place has any record has been worse than this. It is actually stated on the authority of local doctors that in 77 cases out of a hundred the persons attacked by the disease die. It attacks all classes and baffles the skill of the oldest physicians. The epidemic so far has not seriously affected any of the adjoining provinces, and as the boundaries of Orel are exceedingly irregular many of the outlying districts are yet unattacked. The province covers about 20,000 square miles, and is one of the most thickly populated in Central Russia, containing no less than 1,500,000 people. The soil is productive, and there are rich mines of iron and copper ore and other minerals. The people are panic-stricken and all who can do so are flying for safety to other parts of the country. The despatches received are by no means full, but the scenes now being enacted in the devoted province must be distressing beyond description.

How It Pays to Take a Newspaper.

Some papers are not of much account as to appearance, but I never took one that did not pay me, in some way, more than I paid for it. One time an old friend started a little paper in Brant County and sent it to me, and I subscribed just to encourage him, and after a while it published a notice that an administrator had an order to sell several lots at public outcry, and one of the lots was in my county. So I inquired about the lot, and wrote to my friend to attend the sale and run it up to fifty dollars. He did so, and bid me off the lot for thirty dollars; and I sold it in a month, to a man it joined for a hundred, and so I made sixty-eight dollars clear by taking that paper. My father told me that when he was a young man he saw a notice in a paper that a school teacher was wanted away off in a distant county, and he went there and got the situation, and a little girl was sent to him, and after a while she grew up mighty sweet and pretty, and he fell in love with her and married her—now, if he hadn't taken that paper, what do you reckon would have become of me? Wouldn't I have been some other fellow, or may be not at all.

A Corn Cornerer Cornered.

A despatch from Buffalo says: A reporter who interviewed the leading grain men and shippers upon the probable effects of the J. B. Lyon failure at Chicago learns that a divided opinion exists. Grain men are of the idea that the syndicate holding the vast body of grain now stored at Chicago and Milwaukee, who are known to be backed by New York capital almost entirely, have entered into their speculation with the intention of carrying the whole amount until an advance is forced in New York, and that the failure of Lyon has the look, from the fact that his shorts were not bought up on a declined market, of being more from effect than from necessity. That a general tumble is not likely is proven by the fact that no aid has been asked from Chicago banks, and that the market has advanced to-day and is quoted firm. Shippers view the advance in rates by lake to this port from 40 per bushel yesterday to 30 to-day as an indication that the body is to commence moving to New York before the usual fall rise in prices by the railroads later in the month. Another theory is that the advance in freights is to get canals in New York, where they will be used for the purpose of storing grain in conjunction with the elevators there.

Pasha Stone, the leader of the revolt in the Egyptian army, is an American. He graduated at West Point in 1845. He distinguished himself in the Mexican war. In 1856 he resigned his position as first lieutenant in the army and went to San Francisco, where he became a banker. When the rebellion broke out he entered the Federal army, and in 1861 he was made Brigadier-General. Having blundered in risking a battle with the rebels at Ball's Bluff in October of that year, in which the Union troops were defeated, he was arrested and confined in Fort Lafayette in 1862. In 1869 he went to Egypt, and became chief of staff under the late Khedive.

Fanny Clow found the ordinary diversions unsatisfactory, at Little Falls, N. Y., and so she amused herself and grieved her friends by lying four days in a pretended trance. A watch was set, and she was caught eating on the sly. Her next fun was obtained by hiding herself, and letting it be supposed that she had drowned herself. This time she was detected in sending her own death notice to a newspaper.

Annie Muller committed suicide in Detroit because her sweetheart gave his trousers to another girl to mend.

THE GOV'NOR'S DAUGHTER.

Secretly Married on a Mountain Top—Romantic Elopement with a Commonplace Denouncement.

A Hagerstown (Md.) despatch dated Oct. 4th says: Miss Clara Hamilton, the 17-year-old daughter of Governor Wm. T. Hamilton, is the heroine of a romantic runaway marriage which has just come to light in this town. Miss Hamilton has been for several months receiving attentions from Mr. John Stanhope, a young man 20 years old, and it was well known in society that a strong attachment had sprung up between the two. It was equally well known that the Hamiltons frowned on the courtship, first, because they considered Clara too young to marry, and, secondly, because of Stanhope's inferior social standing and lack of means to support a wife. The lover was forbidden the Hamilton mansion about the 1st of August, but the young people frequently met at social gatherings. It was learned to-day that on August 17th they went to Pen Mar, a resort on the summit of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and were married on the topmost peak by the Rev. Mr. Murray, of West Minister. The romantic spot where the ceremony took place is 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, and is the highest point in Maryland. After the marriage Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope returned to their respective families, and no intimation of what they had done was received until last Saturday, when a friend of Governor Hamilton discovered a marriage license for the couple on file in the Clerk's office of Carroll County. The young lady was charged with the marriage, and after many tears admitted that she was Stanhope's wife. The groom has made several efforts to see his little wife, but without success, as she has been secluded in her father's house here. Stanhope is the son of a canal superintendent, quite boyish in appearance and rather good looking. His wife has \$25,000 in her own right, and is the favorite daughter of her father, who is very wealthy.

A HEINOUS CRIME.

An Old Man Brutally Murdered in His Bed—His Wife the Guilty One.

A despatch from Coral, Mich., says a horrible and mysterious crime was committed at Corwell last night. A man named Owen Garrett, aged 69 years, was this morning found dead in his bed, having been brutally murdered some time during the night. Garrett and his wife have not been on good terms for some time past, as he has been living with another woman named Hicks. Garrett's wife is suspected of knowing something about who did the heinous deed. A later despatch says: The coroner's verdict sets forth that he came to his death by blows inflicted upon his head from a sharp instrument, supposed to have been in the hands of his wife, Lavina Garrett. On this finding she was arrested and taken to Stanton Jail. Mrs. Garrett first "gave herself away" by going to a neighbor's house and telling that her husband was dead, and mentioning the hour at which his death took place. Upon visiting the house it was found that Garrett had been foully murdered in his bed, his head having evidently been split by a blow from an axe. Since the first despatch about the tragedy, search has been made upon the premises and the woman's night dress found hid in a partition between the upright part of the house and an addition thereto. The garment was daubed with blood and hair, and with it was found the axe with which the deed was done. The Garretts were both spiritualists, and Mrs. Garrett is 53 years of age.

Looked Happy.

Suicide is very common in the present day, and it is difficult to read the evidence given at coroners' inquests without feeling that in nine cases out of ten there has, to say the least, been mismanagement somewhere. At an inquest, for instance, held at Rotherham a few days ago on the body of a girl, aged 16, the daughter of a laborer, who hanged herself in her father's house, some really remarkable evidence was given. The deceased, according to the statement of her mother, suffered from a "bad leg." She applied to the doctor at the infirmary for advice, and was told by him that she must have her leg cut off. "The doctor," said the witness, "told her (witness) that morning that he did so to cheer deceased up." A woman who was called into the house where the deceased was found hanging stated that as soon as she saw the deceased she addressed her as follows: "Maria, if you are happy, speak; and if you cannot speak, open your eyes. She asked that question, she said, because the deceased, as she was hanging, 'looked happy;' but she subsequently wished she had cut her down. As it came out that the deceased's mother had thrashed her about the back, head and face before she was found hanging, the coroner adjourned the inquest; and the case is certainly one that seems to call for further inquiry.—St. James Gazette.

A Common Hymn Book.

At the meeting of the Methodist Ecumenical Council, Mr. John Macdonald, of Toronto, moved a resolution bearing upon a matter that has long received his attention, namely:

Resolved, That the spirit of brotherly love which has been manifested throughout the various meetings of this Ecumenical Council is evidence of the feelings of unity among all branches of the Catholic family, and with a view of strengthening this bond and drawing it still more closely together this Conference is of the opinion that the adoption by the Methodist Church throughout the world of a Common Hymn Book would greatly tend to secure this most desirable end, and that this resolution be referred to the Business Committee to report upon the best method of bringing it about, in having it submitted to the various Churches, and have reference to the time needed for the disposal of hymn books specially in those Churches which have but recently adopted revised hymnals.

There is no probability of this resolution being carried into practical effect, inasmuch as the British American and Canadian Churches have quite recently at great expense issued new hymn books.

All the beautiful presents given to Gen. and Mrs. Grant while they were abroad have just been sent to New York by Mr. George W. Childs, who has had charge of the eighty-two cases containing them. The Philadelphia Record says: "It is understood that in the two and a half year trip around the world General Grant received presents equivalent in value to double the expenses of his journey."

STE. THERESE COLLEGE CONSUMED.

The Beautiful Building Burned—Several Other Houses Destroyed—Large Library Lost.

MONTREAL, Oct. 5.—At 12 o'clock to-day a fire broke out in the dormitory of Ste. Therese College. The students, numbering 250, were at dinner at the time, and the scene of confusion which followed the alarm was indescribable. The ladder rushed off in all directions in the effort to save their clothing. A few moments sufficed to fill the dormitory with smoke, and several of the more adventurous spirits, who saved a few articles, had narrow escapes with their lives, and were beaten back, leaving their personal effects a prey to the destroying element. The fire quickly spread over the building, and by the time the village hand pump had reached the scene it was evident that nothing short of a couple of steam engines could save the building. The priests and laymen in charge of the building made strenuous efforts to save the library and paintings, and in this were partially successful. The building was doomed, and owing to the high wind prevalent it was soon evident that the village was in danger.

The college was built of stone, was six storeys high, had an octagon tower 150 feet high and was fitted in modern style. The main building was 145 by 77 feet wide and the wings were correspondingly large. As soon as it was apparent that the town was in danger, Montreal was asked to assist them. The fire engine and reel from No. 1 Station, along with the reel and hose from No. 2 Station, and six men were immediately despatched by special train from Hochelaga at 2 o'clock. The college by this time was in ruins and several other buildings were in flames. The hand pump had grown tired and useless, and when the Montreal men reached the scene they found that all they could do would be to save the rest of the village. This they succeeded in doing after a hard struggle, and at 5 o'clock the fire was under control. The district burned represents more than a score of buildings, and besides the destruction to the college there will be much loss to individuals. The following is a list of those whose property was destroyed, and who have not a penny of insurance: L. Beauchamp, barn and outhouses; J. Lemoges, barn and outhouses; J. Ouimet, barn and outhouses; Joseph Beauchamp, dwelling house; A. Desjardins, dwelling house; J. Jubinville, stables; Joseph Chartrand, barns and stables; J. Deslorier, outhouses; W. Adze, one barn; Mrs. Paquet, outhouse; Joseph Gravel, house. The Model Farm was also destroyed, and in this the inhabitants suffer severely, as their supply of seed was stored in the buildings. The college loss is set down at about \$200,000; insured in the Royal for \$31,000, and in the North British for \$10,000. In the library were 10,000 volumes, and the professors' library also contained a large number of curiosities of literature. So far as could be learned there were no serious casualties. The Principal is the Rev. Father Nantel, the assistant being Rev. Mr. Charlebois. Bishop Bourget was upon the ground and a meeting was held after the fire had been controlled, resulting in the determination to go on with the education of the students in temporary buildings, such as can be procured. Ste. Therese is a village on the North Shore Railway, twenty miles from Montreal. It is the alma mater of Hon. Messrs. Masson, Chapleau and others and was founded forty-five years ago.

Extensive wharves and warehouses will be commenced at Victoria (B.C.) harbor in a few days.

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