THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS.

gazing down the trim graveled path and riches that accrued to it (the that leads to the ivy-clad cottage be-yond. "Nobody's walks are ever as and bred and had thriven in the soft clean as yours, I think. And your roses are something too delicious, far the more trade and a little less blue better than our outdoor flowers at Gow- blood would have made her husband a ran. And so late in the season, too!" degree more perfect. "May I give you one?" says Ruth,

dimpling prettily at her praise. "Thank you. How sweet they are! No, no, Horace, that is altogether too large for your coat. Ruth, will you by kind little notes. It above all hings give Mr. Branscombe a tiny bud? That reconciled her to her lot, when the heir one over there, for instance."

"I don't think I see it," says Ruth

Why, you are almost looking at it, you stupid child."

"I am stupid, I am afraid,"-with a as is this matutinal call. faint smile. "Come in, Miss Peyton, the gate, with a sort of determination from Gowran to spend an hour alone in her manner, and Clarissa, going up with her. to the rose-tree, plucks the delicate rather more to the left, falls apparently in love with an artless white rose- stuffy or overheated, as other rooms people. bud that waves gently to and fro upon its stem, as though eager to attract and rivet admiration.

"I think I prefer this flower, after sofa that might indeed be termed patall," he says, lightly. " May I ask you to give it to me. Ruth?" His manner is quite easy, very nearly indifferent, and his back is turned to Clarissa. But his eyes are on Ruth; and the girl, though with open reluctance and ill- with awe upon the overflowing basket repressed defiance, is compelled to pick the white rose and give it to him.

"Well, I really don't think you have shown very good taste," says Clarissa, never come out of the wash without inexamining the two flowers. "Mine is the most perfect. Nevertheless, wilful man must have his way. Let me

settle it in your coat for you." Almost as she speaks the flower drops accidentally from her fingers; and, both she and Horace making a step forward up one bony hand, decorated with a able to help one's friends." to recover it, by some awkward chance they tread on it, and crush the poor, frail little thing out of shape. It lies yet very sweet in death.

ther quickly, to Clarissa.

"No, dear; I really think-indeed, I am sure-it was you," returns she, calmly, but with conviction. "It doesn't matter; it was hardly worth a discussion," says Ruth, with an odd laugh. "See how poor a thing it looks now; and, yet, a moment since

it was happy on its tree." "Never mind, Horace: this is really a charming little bud," says Clarissa, gayly, holding out the rose of her own choosing: "at least you must try to be content with it. Good-by, Ruth; come up to Gowran some day soon, and take those books you asked for the

"Thank you, Miss Peyton. I shall come soon. "Good-by," says Horace.

"Good-by," returns she. But it is to Clarissa, not to him, she addresses the word of farewell. When the mill has been left some distance beifind them, and Ruth's slight less. Dear, dear, there was a time when know some pity for me. figure, clad in its white gown, had I was never obliged to do such menial ceased to be a fleck of coloring in the

"What a pretty girl that is, and how refined! Quite a little lady in man- married the vicar." ner; so calm, and so collected,-cold, almost. I know many girls, irreproach-

She would not even shake hands with you, when we met her, though you

though she thought you safe in town, remarkably fine." as we all did,-you deceitful boy." "Did she not?"

a matter of indifference to her."

broken for him before he prepares for his mauvais quart d'heure in the library. "And if he should refuse his consent. Clarissa, what then? Von desert that cover that know you might make so much a better marriage."

| Clarissa, what then a desert that cover one up in a moment. I think of it all."
| Scence from phetimonia, levels, and of to, on receipt of ten cents in silver or surely invigorates and builds up the stamps. Sold by druggists.

CHAPTER IX. "A generous friendship no cold medium

degree. Her nose is aquiline, and, as a got married." rule, pale blue. As this last color also "That is the proper ending to all describes her eyes, there is a depressing pretty stories. But is it true," says want of contrast about her face. Her Clarissa, with a wiliness really horrible lips are thin and querulous, and her in one so young, "that just at that hair-well, she hasn't any hair, but her time you refused a splendid offer, all

her cheek, making one at once under-stand that in bygone days she had pro-bably been considered pretty.

The discovered because she is so young and friendless in the discovered and the discovered because she is so young and friendless in the discovered and the discovered by disease, it should be built up of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

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The discovered by disease as incurable, by Hood's Sarsaparilla. bably been considered pretty.

but impecunious curate, and had mar- feelings and refrained from inflicting ried him in spite of threats and wither- any injury upon himself." ing sneers. With one consent her family cast her off and consigned her suspiciously choky tone. thing. They always put a capital N to

As years rolled on, though Mrs. Redmond never, perhaps, regretted her mixed. Clarissa goes on sweetly:

"Were you raking your walks?" asks marriage, she nevertheless secretly ac-Were you raking your walks; asks harriage, she herself a hankering after some time, but you have found a diffi-Clarissa, idly, leaning on the gate, and the old life a longing for the grandeur culty in chestly in the old life. goods line), and hugged the demoralizing thought to her bosom that a lit-

It pleased her when the county fa nilies invited the youthful Cissy to their balls; and it warmed her heart and caused her to forget the daily shifts and worries of life when the dushess sent her fruit and game, accompanied ess of Gowran Grange pulled up her pretty ponies at her door, and rinning in made much of her and her children quietly. She has grown pale again, and listened attentively to her grievand her lips have lost a little of the ances, as only a sympathetic nature can. childish petulant pout that character- and therefore unconventional, and for taste for painting, has she not?" that reason the more friendly, sweet-"Just over there. Don't you see? ens all her surroundings. Miss Peyton in the day later on, yet her visits would

not have been viewed with such favor "Cissy is out; she has gone to the village," says Mrs. Redmond, scarcely and gather it yourself." She opens thinking Clarissa has come all the way

"I am sorry; but it is you I most particularly wanted to see. What a deliblossom in dispute. Horace has fol- cious day it is! I walked all the way lowed her inside the gate, but, turning from Gowran, and the sun was rather too much for me; but how cool it always is here! This room never seems ought

ed," says Mrs. Redmond, with a depre- tions?" cating glance directed at a distant

"What are you doing?" asks Clarissa, romptly, feeling she cannot with any lignity defend the sofa. "Darning? Why can't I help you?-I am sure could darn. Oh, what a quantity of socks! Are they all broken?" looking that lies close to Mrs. Redmond's feet. "Every one of them," replies that here." matron, with unction. "I can't think "Th how they do it, but I assure you they numerable tears." Whether she is alluding, in her graceful fashion, to her children or their socks, seems at present doubtful. "I sometimes fancy they must take their boots off and dance on the sharp pebbles to bring them to such a pass; but they say they don't. Yet how to account for this?" She holds faded sock, in a somewhat triumphal fashion, and lets three emaciated fingers start to life through the toe of it.

"Do let me help you," says Clarissa, upon the gravel broken and disfigured, with entreaty, and, stooping to the basket, she rummaged there until she produces a needle, and thimble, and some "You trod on it," says Horace, ra- thread. "I dare say I shall get on splendidly, if you will just give me a hint now and then and tell me when I am stitching them up too tightly." This hardly sounds promising, but

Mrs. Redmond heeds her not. "My dear, do not trouble yourself gayly. with such uninteresting work," she says, hastily. "It really makes me un- has so closely hit the mark. "It is happy to see you so employed; and that sock of all others,-it is Bobby's, and I'm sure there must be something helping me, do try another."

in the attempt," says Miss Peyton, old Betty Martin-valiantly. "It is quite nice work, I after a time I should love it." "Well, perhaps; but for myself, I as- as the gate with me." sure you, though no one will believe it, I abhore the occupation. There are vicar, with a sigh of resignation, walkmoments when it almost overcomes me, -the perpetual in and out of the needle. you will understand,-it seems so endservice, when I had numerous depend- ing, and feeling, deep compassion. landscape, Clarissa says, thoughtfully, ents to wait on me to do my bidding. But then"-with a deep sigh that

sounds like a blast from Boreas-"I "And quite right," says Clarissa with a for the children.' cheerful little nod seeing Mrs. ably born, not to be compared with her. Redmond has mounted her high horse in my opinion. You agree with me?" and intends riding him to death "I and intends riding him to death. Birth is not always to be depended | myself shouldn't hesitate about it, if only got the chance. And indeed She is so quiet, too, and so retiring. where could any one get a more charming husband than the dear vicar?" "Well, well, it was a foolish match wanted her to. Did you remark that?" notwithstanding," says Mrs. Redmond, "Sometimes I am dull about trifles, with a smile and wan sort of blush; though certainly at that time I don't

"Yes. By the bye, she did not seem | deny he was very fascinating. Such a surprised at seeing you here to-day, al- voice, my dear! and then his eyes were since?" "No. But then, of course, it was her husband is sweet to the soul of the darkness and coarseness of the Great men undertake great things the faded Penelope, and that the surest bread; but I have hardly gained on because they are great; fools because They have reached the entrance to is to permit her to maunder on uninter- a perpetual scourge. They have de- ues. the vicarage by this time, and are ruptedly about past glories and dead cided on never again 'darkening the pausing to say farewell for a few hours rendered bright by age. To have church door' (their own words, my her in her kindest humor, before men- dear Clarissa), because I have taken the "I shall come up to Gowran to- tioning the real object of her visit, must vicarage custom from them. They morrow morning first thing, and speak be managed at all risks. "Yours was prefer imperiling their souls to giving from scrofulous, skin or scalp diseases, prick the bubble of unreliability. The

Redmond, who is quite delighted, and comers below the hill." "Very well, dearest. Do whatever actually foregoes the charm of darnmakes you happiest," returns he, se- ing, that she may the more correctly children," says Clarissa.

cretly pleased that the ice will be remember each interesting detail in "But what is to become of my choir? rouses every organ into natural action, imitations. Take only Dr. Agnew's if rouses every organ into natural action, was wish instant relief and a permanent "Might I?"-tenderly. "I don't seys', and it was at the dinner at the think so; and papa would not make me Ramseys' that he first pressed my hand. see, you would never be in time. And, liver or impure blood, as Dyspepsia, I thought, my dear, I should have drop- unfortunately, the services must begin Biliousness, Blotches and Eruptions, it ped, it was such a downright, not-to- always at a regular hour. Punctual- gives most perfect satisfaction. be-got-over sort of squeeze. Dear me, ity was the one thing I never could

I can almost feel it now," says Mrs. teach you,-that, and the Catechism.' Redmond, who is blushing like a girl. "What a libel!" says Clarissa. "I "Yes, do go on," says Clarissa, who shouldn't malign my own teaching if Mrs. Redmond is sitting on a center in reality, is enjoying herself intensely. I were you. I am perfectly certain I ottoman, darning stockings. This is "Well, then, two days afterward, to could say it all now, this very moment, her favorite pastime, and never fails my surprise, he called with some tick- from start to finish, questions and all, have had your salary increased. her. When she isn't darning stockings ets for a concert, to which my mamma, without a mistake. Shall I?" she is always scolding the cook, and as | who suspected nothing, took me. There "No, no. I'll take your word for it," her voice, when raised, is not melliflu- we met again, and it was there, right, says the vicar, hastily. "The fact is, She-Yes, I know, that's what peoous, her family, in a body, regard the as one might say, under mamma's nose, I have just been listening to it at the ple say. As a matter of fact they have work-basket with reverential affection, he proposed to me. He was very elo- morning school in the village, and to. and present it to her notice when there quent, though he was obliged to speak when one has heard a thing repeated comes the crash of broken china from rather disconnectedly, owing to the fourteen times with variations, one natthe lower regions, or when the cold music stopping now and then and my urally is not ambitious of hearing it meat has been unfairly dealt with. mamma being of a suspicious turn; but again, no matter how profitable it may She is of the lean cadaverous order he was young in those days, my dear, be.

for the vicar's sake?" "Splendid is a long word," says Mrs. As clarissa enters, she hastily draws to Redmond, trying to speak carelessly, to be more than unusally kind to her, by actual results, whether he has done greet her. A faint blush mantles in but unmistakably elated, "yet I must because she is so young and friendless more for the world than the discoverer ably been considered pretty.

Fitz-Hubert was a baronet of very ansays the vicar, with a deep—if careful—and yet here is a remedy that has says the vicar, with a deep—if careful—and yet here is a remedy that has says the vicar, with a deep—if careful—and yet here is a remedy that has says the vicar, with a deep—if careful—and yet here is a remedy that has says the vicar, with a deep—if careful—and yet here is a remedy that has says the vicar, with a deep—if careful—and yet here is a remedy that has likely deep—if careful—and yet here is a remedy that has lik she says, with as pieased a smile as the queror, or King Alfred, I quite forget rejoiced, if only for my wife's sake, who the hands of death. In cases where it poor thing ever conjures up, and a lit- which, but it was whichever was the has been worrying herself for weeks seemed that every breath taken poor thing ever conjures up, and a little weakness at the knees, meant for a courtesy. "So very glad to see you,"—

as, indeed, she is.

In her earlier days she had been call.

In her earlier days she had been call. In her earlier days she had been call- a baronet. He proposed to me, but I "Worry is a bad thing. But to-day use removes the disease, even when of having no appetite, I ed a belle,-by her own people,-and rejected him upon the spot with scorn, Mrs. Redmond seems much better than a thoroughly chronic character. had been expected, accordingly, to draw though he went on his knees to me, she has been for a long time. Indeed, a prize in the marriage-market. But and swore, in an anguished frenzy, that she said so." Penelope Proud had failed them, and he would cut his throat with his razor by so doing, had broug'at down eternal | if I refused to listen to his suit! I did by so doing, had brought down eternal and aperied date of the condemnation on her head. In her refuse, but I heard nothing more about mond's maladies being of a purely imsecond season she had fallen foolishly the razor. I am willing to believe he but honestly in love with a well-born put some restraint upon his maddened

"Poor fellow!" says Clarissa, in a to her fate, declaring themselves incapable of dealing with a woman who could Mrs. Redmond, with a sentimental sigh.

Mrs. Gazzam—I believe that you and
Mrs. Taddells are great friends?

Mrs. Cawker—Well, we used to be: willfully marry a man possessed of no- "One does foolish things sometimes." but my six-year-old daughter spent yes- Asthma, Coughs, Colds and Croup are "That, now, was a wise one. I this last word, and perhaps they were would not marry a king if I loved a right, as at that time all Charlie Red- beggar. Altogether, you have behaved mond could call his own was seven beautifully, and just like a novel." younger brothers and a tenor voice of Feeling that the moment for action has arrived, as Mrs. Redmond is now in a glow of pride and vanity well

"I have some news for you"

"Yes, for you. I know how delicate you are, and how unable to manage ly humorous," replies he. "But go on; lose two strong children you have at tell me of this new acquisition to our lome. And I know, too, you have been household. Is she a friend of yours?"
ooking out for a suitable governess for "Yes, a great friend."

"Indeed I have." me, and, though poor now, having lost when she has cut me out at the vicarboth father and mother, is of very good | age? family, and well connected."

and with Henry at school, and Rupert's "I have it ready,-at least, half of known him intimately for over ten or seventy pounds a year at the lowest; twins?" college expenses, forty pounds is as it. How could I tell she was going years. From him we gleaned the folmuch as we can afford to give." "Miss Broughton will, I think, be getically. is her first trial, but she is very clever; to year's end she has a really lovely voice, and paints

"A decided talent for it. All my family were remarkable for their artistic tendencies, so she, doubtless, inherits it; and-yes, of course, it would be a great thing for her to have some one on the spot to develop this talent, and train it. Your friend, you say, is well connected?" "Very highly connected on her mo-

ther's side. Her father was a lieutenant in the navy, and very respectable too, I believe; though I know nothing "That she should be a lady is, of course, indispensable," says Mrs. Redwith all the pride that to belong to soft-goods

that, I think. But why does she not "It is a wretched place, quite wretch- appeal for help to her mother's relahave taken no notice of her." "I admire her," says Mrs. Redmond,

> "I am very glad you have so described. I know of no place in which I she? with tender self-reproach) had misfailed to cure me. Scarcely a month would rather see a friend of mine than "Thank you, my dear. Then will you

write to her, or shall I?" 'Let me write to her first, if you don't mind: I think I can settle every-"Mind?-no, indeed: it is only too good of you to take so much trouble

about me.' To which Clarissa says, prettily,no pleasure so keen as that of being it would be! Then she rises, and, having left behind her three socks that no earthly power can ever again draw upon child's foot, so hopelessly has she brought heel and sole together, she says good-by to Mrs. Redmond, and leaves the room.

Outside on the avenue she encounters the vicar, hurrying home. "Turn with me," she says, putting her hand through his arm. "I have something to say to you." "Going to be married?" asks he,

Nonsense!"-blushing, in that he not of anything so paltry I would unburden my mind.' "Then you have nothing of importwrong with his heels. If you insist on ance to tell me," says the vicar; "and I must go. Your story will keep: my No. I shall stitch up Bobby, or die work will not. I am in a great hurry:

"Must wait. I insist upon it. Dyshould think, and so easy. I dare say ing! nonsense! she has been dying every week for three years, and you "Should you?" says Mrs. Redmond. believe her every time. Come as far "Your command, I obey," says the

> ing on beside his pet parishioner. "But if you could only understand the trouble I am in with those Batesons you would "What! again?" says Clarissa, show-"Even so. This time about the bread. You know what unpleasant bread they bake, and how Mrs. Redmond objects to it; and really it is bad | Wilmot.

"It is poison," says Ciarissa, who never does anything by halves, and who is nothing if not sympathetic. "Well, so I said; and when I had expostulated with them, mildly butfirmly, and suggested that better flour declined to take any notice of my pro- against truth finds in his own hand a Supposin' a fire was to break out in test,-why, I just ordered my bread blade without a hilt.-Landor. from the Burtons opposite, and--"

The vicar pauses. "And you have been happy ever they are wrong.-Rochefoucauld.

crafty Clarissa, knowing that praise of miss the inevitable breakfast lecture on ton. means of reducing her to a pliant mood other points, and the Batesons are they think them easy .- Vauvenargto your father: is that what you wish me to do?" asks Horace, her hand in bis of Isaac E. Bowman, M. P., now the question is, whether I should be managed at all risks. Tours was prefer imperiting their souls to giving from scrotulous, skin or scalp diseases, but the business of Isaac E. Bowman, M. P., ought to be given Dr. Pierce's Golden to be given Dr. Pierce's Golden for Waterloo, is that he found Dr. now the question is, whether I should Medical Discovery, for purifying the local properties of the business of the bus (She had listened patiently to every not consent to the slow poisoning of blood. For children who are puny, pale Agnew's Catarrhal Powder accomplish-"Yes. But, Horace," looking at him earnestly, "I think I should like to fore.) "I do so like a real love-affair." is him to the arms of the Metho-which builds up both flesh and strength. tell it all to papa myself first, this "There isn't much to tell," says Mrs. dists, who keep open house for all What is said of it for children applies case of catarrhal trouble in the head or

of womankind, and is bony to the last and well favored, no doubt. So we "When I spoke of filling Charlotte's place," says Clarissa, "I did not allude in any way to myself, but to-- And

now I am coming to the news." overtake old Betty yet."

comical, transient smile, Mrs. Red- seeming rich .-- Shenstone. aginary order. "What are you laughing at now?"

terday afternoon at her house and I cured every day by Shiloh's Cure. don't know what the little girl may There is nothing so agonizing to the have told her.

Sensibility would be a good fortress, if she hand but one hand; with her right she opens the door to pleasure, but with her left to pain.-Colton.

asks Clarissa, who has marked this passing gleam of amusement.

At you, my dear, you are so quaint-

"Then of course we shall like her."

"Thank you," says Clarissa. is very pretty, and very charming. Well, I think I know one who will Perhaps, after all, I am doing a fooljust suit you. She was at school with ish thing for myself. How shall I feel

"But the salary?" says Mrs. Red- Aphrodite herself. You are much too known residents in the county of mond, with some hesitation. "The good a child to be liked lightly or by Northumberland, being a retired farsalary is the thing. I hear of no one halves. Well, good-by; you won't for-now who will come for less than sixty get about the flannel for the Batley financial dealings with hundreds

quite content with that: she only wants "It certainly was very inconsiderate to be happy, and at rest, and she will of her." says the vicar, with a sigh, be all that with you and Cissy and as he thinks of the poverty that clings Mr. Redmond. She is young, and it to the Batley menage from year's end

"Well, never mind; she shall have excessively well. Ethel has rather a it all next week," promises Clarissa, and then she bids him farewell, and goes up the road again in the direction abid. For the past ten years, a resident of Murray town-She is glad to be alone at last. Her

mission successfully accomplished, she has now time to let her heart rest contentedly upon her own happiness. All the events of the morning-the smallest word, the lightest intonation, the most passing smile, that claimed Horace as their father-are remembered by her. She dwells fondly on each separate remembrance, and repeats to herself how he looked and spoke at such-and-such moments.

She is happy, quite happy. A sort of wonder, too, mixes with her delight. "I need hardly say Only a few short hours ago she had left her home, free, unbetrothed, with only hope to sustain her, and now she is returning to it with her hope a cer-"Because she prefers honest work to tainty,-bound heart and soul, to the begging from those, who up to this dearest, truest man on earth, as she be-

How well he loves her! She had nowarmly. If you think she will be sa- ticed his sudden paling when she had tisfied with forty pounds, I should like begged for some delay before actually to try what she could do with the naming her "brydale day." Sh ehad hardly believed his love for her was so Getting Into My Rig Was Agonizing. judged him,-had deemed nim somewhat cold indifferent; unknowing of the deep stratum of feeling that lay beneath the outward calm of his demean- foot and suffering untold agonies. Two

never disbelieve in him again; he is her "Do not put it in that light; there is as she is to-day, what a glorious place | rig is agony.

Not that it is such a bad place, by seems, indeed, a misfortune. Yet why abuse a lovely world? How bright the day is, how sweet and fresh the air, though evening is nigh at hand! She hardly ever remembers a September

birds--Had he thought her unloving or capricious when she pleaded for a longer engagement? (Here the tears rise unoidden in her eyes.) Oh, surely not; he understood her thoroughly; for had he not smiled upon her afterward? never be any cross words or angry frowns to chill their perfect love! golden legend, a pure, fond idyl. Thus beguiling time with beliefs too sweet for earthly power to grant, she hastens home, with each step building up another story in her airy house, until at length she carries a castle, tall and

stately, into her father's house. (To Be Continued.)

ARPELS OF TRUTF

Whatever is pure is also simple.-Good company and good discourse are the very sinews of virtue.—Isaac Wal-

The sun does not shine for a few trees and flowers, but for the wide world's He who brings ridicule to bear

No persons are more frequently wrong than those who will not admit The excesses of our youth are drafts "Well, yes, my dear. I suppose in upon our old age, payable with inter-"'Were'-are, you mean," says the a way I have; that is, I have ceased to est about thirty years after date.-Col-

Children Who Suffer

equally to adults. As an appetizing, throat. But what Mr. Bowman says Write at once. Addess D.T. Morgan, Manag 'I don't think I should poison the restorative tonic, it sets at work all the of it is what everybody is saying of processes of digestion and nutrition, this great medicine. Reject worthless

"Thank you, my dear. But, you For all diseases caused by a torpid

Not Prepared to Try It. She-No, Ned, it wouldn't be judicious for us to marry until after you He (pleadingly)-But two can live cheaper than one, you know, Nellie.

GREATER THAN PASTEUR.

A Remedy for Heart Disease Greater in its Results Than the Great Discoveries of Louis Pasteur. All honour to that great Frenchman,

"So glad!" says the vicar: "I may Louis Pasteur, whose famous hydrophobia cure and other scientific dis-"I have secured a governess for Mrs. coveries have made him famous. Peace Redmond. Such a dear little gover- to his ashes now that he has left this ness! And I want you to promise me world. But it is a problem, measured

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; "Did she?" says the vicar, with a an extravagant man grows poor by fit, kindly recommended me to try it. I and all Throat and Lung diseases are would not be without Hood's Sarsaparilla cured by Shiloh's Cure.

Brave conquerors! for so you are, Mrs. Gazzam—I believe that you and and the huge army of the world's dethat war against your own affections sires.-Shakspeare. Mrs. Cawker-Well, we used to be; Thousands of cases of Consumption.

> of a rough truth.-Bulwer. Karl's Clover Root Tea is a sure cure for Headache and Nervous Diseases. Nothing relieves so quickly.

FRIENDLY ADVICE

Is the Means of Renewed Health to a Sufferer.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Succeed Where Doctors Had Failed for Thirty Years-The Sufferer One of Northumberland Co.'s Best Known Men. From the Trenton Advocate.

Mr. John Frost's case is a most re-"Not much fear of that, were she markable one. He is one of the best throughout the townships. We have to have twins?" says Clarissa, apolo- lowing facts in February last :- "I was born in England and at twelve years of age arrived in Canada with my parents, who settled in Prince Edward county and remained there for three years. We then moved to Rawdon township in the neighborhood county of Hastings. For thirty years I was fails.

a resident of Rawdon, three years I It is resided in Seymour township and I am like philosophers, but to act with wisship. For thirty years I have been a blood and gives a clear and beautiful martyr to rheumatism. During that time I have been treated by scores of



quently I am confined to bed six or Dear, dearest Horace! She will that I would have to have an arm taken off to save my life. I tell you I have own now, her very own, and she loves been a great sufferer in my time and him with all her heart, and he loves I would give anything to find relief .just the same, and—Oh, if every wo-man in the world could only be as happy driving and getting in and out of my

sheet metal workers, 124 Adelaide W., Toronto Knowing his story to be true and anxious that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills any means, as some people would lead should have a severe test, we prevailed one to imagine. Surely these are dis- on Mr. Frost, much against his will, agreeable people, misanthropists, mis- to give them a trial. He got six boxes SAUSAGE CASINGS. Finest imported Eng-lish sheep and narrow American hog casogamists, and such like heretics; or and commenced to use them. At the else, poor souls! they are in a bad start he smiled at our confidence in the strait, without present hope and with-out any one to love them! This last the first box and he admitted some rethe first box and he admitted some re-lief and said he believed there was something in the remedy. He continued their use and by the time he had finished the six boxes he was as sound and proud a man as could be found in so fine, so free from damp; the very five counties. A couple of months have passed since the cure was effected and we deferred giving a history of the case markets. No clearing, drainage or irrigation in order that we could see for a cer- needed. Low prices; easy terms, W. J. tainty that the cure was permanent. We see him several times a week active- Machinery of all Kinds, ly attending to his business and at all times loud in his praise of Pink Pills. So he will always smile. There shall All who know Mr. Frost know that his word is as good as his bond. Yesterday we said to him, "Now, Mr. Frost, do you Their lives will be a summer dream, a really feel that you are cured of rheumatism? Do you feel any twinges of the old trouble at all?" He replied, "I am cured. The Pink Pills have thoroughly routed the disease out of my system, and I feel a route out of my system. The outer of the old of the route of the old of the tem and I feel a new man. The use of the pills has given me new life and I am telling everyone I meet about the G DUTHIE & SONS cure." Such is the case, and having known Mr. Frost for years the sufferer he was, and seeing him now active, and almost youthful again, the rapid change from suffering to health seems nices, Felt, Tar, Roofing Pitch, Etc. Gutte almost a miracle. However, we are not at all surprised, for on all sides we hear of cures effected by the use of Pink

their customers. First Tramp-It makes me nervous to sleep in one of dese lodgin' houses. Second Tramp-Dat's so. Dem fire-

men would turn a hose on yer in

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