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To the Public.

Having rented Whitten's blacksmith shop for a term of years, I am now in a position to cater to all wants in my line.

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MARCELLA—A BEVIEW.

(Concluded from last week.)

The chapter dealing with the night before Hurd's execution, which Marcella spends in the cottage of the distracted wife, is perhaps the strongest—certainly the most dramatic—in the book. As she sits by the bed of Hurd's dying child and listens to the tick, tock, tick, tock, which measures the second's before the awful dawn—that dawn which is to make this moaning woman a widow, the reader feels the agony of her sympathy, and it is a relief when the tragic moment comes.

"They hung over him, forgetting everything but him for the moment, the only moment in his little life he came first, even with his mother. There was a slight movement of the hand. 'He wants his animals,'* said Marcella, the tears pouring down her cheeks. She lifted them and put them on his breast, laying the cold fingers over them. 'Daddy,' he whispered, looking up fully at his mother, 'Take em to daddy.' She fell on her knees beside him with a shriek, hiding her face and shaking from head to foot. Marcella alone saw the slight mysterious smile...the shudder of departing life...

A heavy sound swung through the air, a heavy repeated sound. Mrs Hurd held up her head and listened. The church clock tolled eight. She knelt there struck motionless by terror—by recollection.

'Oh, Jim!" she whispered, 'My Jim.' The plaintive tone—as of a creature that has not even breath and strength left to chide the fate that crushes it—broke Marcella's heart. Siting beside the dead son, she wrapt the mother in her arms, and the only words, that even her wild spirit could find wherewith to sustain this woman through the moments of her husbands death, were words of prayer—the old shuddering cries wherewith the human soul from the beginning has thrown itself on that awful encompassing Life whence it issued and whither it returns."

Marcella breaks with Aldous, leaves Mellor to go into hospital training as a nurse, and the next glimpse we have of her is as a sick nurse among the poor of London. Passionately devoting herself to them, living among them with only Mrs. Hurd as companion, with occasional visits from former socialist friends who find a subtle change going on within her.

To their reproaches she replies, "So far as Socialism means a political system—the trampling out of private enterprise and competition...I find myself slipping away from it more and more...the emphasis—do what I will—comes to lie less and less on possession—more and more on character."..."Socialism it seems to me like all other interesting and important things—destined to help something else! Christianity begins with the poor and division of goods—it becomes the great bulwark of property and the feudal state.

"The crusaders—they set out to recover the tomb of the Lord!—what they did was to increase trade and knowledge. "And so with Socialism. It talks of a new order—what it *will* do is to make the old sound!"

Meanwhile Raeburn has entered parliament and as one of a commission of inspection, of certain London streets, not unnaturally runs across Marcella in her work. Wharton, too, is pursuing his flashing course across the political heavens, and is just about to achieve his highest ambition, and be acclaimed the Labor Leader, when like a burnt out meteor he sinks in the night of shame and dishonor. But not before he has made a dogged fight, both for power and to win Marcella.

∴

Mr. Boyce dies and the heiress of Mellor must again take up the responsibilities of being a landowner. But with what a different attitude of mind to that of two years ago, may be guessed by the following remarks which she chanced to make during the time she was nursing in London. Talking to an old friend—Lady Winterbourne—while recuiting at her house, she says: "If you only knew how much more possible it is to think well of the rich, when you are living amongst the poor,"..."its when I'm over them—among the people who have nothing—that it does me good to remember that there are persons who live in James Street Buckingham gate...It comes, I suppose of going about all day in those streets and houses, among people who live in one room—and no places to be alone in or to rest in. I come home and *gloat* over all the beautiful dresses and houses and gardens I can think of."

"But don't you *hate* the people that have them? said Betty.

"No!...I only want to be sure that the beauty and the leisure and the freshness are *somewhere*—not lost out of the world." "How strange! in a life like yours—that one should think so much of the *ugliness* of being poor—more than of suffering or pain," said Betty, musing.

Therefore when Marcella goes back to Mellor it is hardly astonishing that she and Aldous should eventually "make it up"—to the intense satisfaction of those who adore a story which ends well.

Space has not permitted me to speak of many other characters, of Hallin nor the Cravens—Socialists in different lines, disinterested workers for what they conceive to be the right—nor of beautiful Lady Winterbourne, and charming Betty MacDonald and that engaging young athlete and block head, Frank Leven. But enough is said when I add that at least one critic has declared *Marcella* to be the greatest novel of the century since *Middlemarch*. DOT.

*Little animals which Wharton's clever fingers had cut out of paper to please the sick child

HAS FOUND IT.

Dr. McCormack Tells of an Absolute Cure for Bright's Disease of the Kidneys.

A LETTER TO THE PROFESSION.

Himself a Victim of the Disease and a Bed-ridden Invalid for Months—He is cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The following letter has been sent to this paper for publication. The writer, Dr. A. G. McCormack, is a graduate of McGill University, Montreal. He has been for some years, and is now, a successful practioner at Richmond, Que., and occupies a prominent position in the medical profession:—

Richmond, Que., Oct. 5th, 1894.

To the Medical Profession and to the Public:—

I believe it is my duty, not only as a member of the medical profession, but as a citizen, to use every means that lie within my reach to restore health, and with it happiness to my fellow beings. Actuated by these sentiments, I do not hesitate to give my experiences with Dodd's Kidney Pills.

About two years ago I was taken ill with what I supposed to be a billious attack, and following this came La Grippe. I recovered, however, partially, but being far from well I examined my case thoroughly and found that I was a victim of that dread destroyer, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. I consulted other medical men and used all means at my disposal to restore my health, but was doomed to disappointment. I kept gradually growing worse until I was compelled to keep my bed. In March my attention was called to the many remarkable cures made by Dodd's Kidney Pills That of Dr. Rose particularly interested me. I at once decided to give them a trial. My improvement was marked from the first. I continued their use, following directions as closely as possible, until I had taken about a dozen boxes, which resulted in a complete, and, I am satisfied, permanent cure. Before commencing the use of the pills I had been confined to my room for four months. At the present time am well and able to attend to my practice as in the past.

Another peculiar circumstances in connection with my case was that I had been a victim of dyspepsia for 21 years. Since taking Dodd's Kidney Pills I have had no return of this disease. I, therefore, do not hesitate, as a medical man, to say that they will give prompt relief in cases of dyspepsia, as well as being a positive cure for kidney complaints.

For the benefit of the large number of people suffering from the complaints, I desire to give this communication wide publicity.

Yours sincerely,
(Sgd.) DR. A. G. McCORMICK.

See

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Pointers To Purchasers of

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GENTLEMEN,—As the season of snow is approaching, we desire to draw your attention to our stock of Cutters which is now complete, having a large stock to select from, made up in a variety of styles and finished in the finest style of art and at prices that defy competition. In sleighs we are prepared to suit you in light or heavy. All work made of the best material. Kindly give us a call and be your own judges. Seeing is believing. You will find it to your interest to call on

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NO SUCH THING AS OLD AGE

To Those Who Use South American Nervine.

A Lady of Eighty Years Permanently Cured by This Wondertul Medicine.

Three Doctors Said "Old Age Was Her Complaint," and Gave Her Up—Three Bottles of Nervine Gave Relief—Twelve Bottles Cured Absolutely.

MRS. JOHN DINWOODY, Flesherton, Ont.

Wordsworth speaks of "An old age serene and bright, and lovely as a Lapland night." And elsewhere this same writer talks of "An old age, beautiful and free." These are conditions that come to the man or woman, though their years may border close on to a century, when in the enjoyment of good health. In fact it is difficult to think of some of the old men and women on the stage of life to-day as old people, there seems to be such a perennial youthfulness about their every movement and act.

Does someone tell us that cases like this must be the exception and not the rule with those who have approached to or gone beyond the allotted three score years and ten? Not so, if they have become acquainted with the virtues contained in South American Nervine. Before us in this sketch is the picture of Mrs. John Dinwoody, of Flesherton, Ont., a resident of that town for forty years. No person in the town and country side around is perhaps better known than this lady, and none more highly esteemed. Three years ago it was her sad lot to loose a daughter who had been all the world to her. The shock sustained by this event completely broke up the system of Mrs. Dinwoody. She supposed her end had come. She doctored for one year with three doctors, and they gave her case up, saying that it was one of old age and no one, nor any medicine could do her good. Made of the kind of stuff that gives beauty to age at any time she did not despair. She was influenced to try Nervine. She took three bottles, and this was sufficient to show her that her end was not yet. From these she obtained relief. She persevered, and in all took twelve bottles of the medicine, with the result that she is to-day completely cured of that breaking-up of the system that threatened her three years ago.

There is nothing wonderful in the fact that Mrs. Dinwoody would proclaim to the thousands of old people throughout this broad land, that with old age does not necessarily come decline, decrepitude and disease. Why should we not live into the eighties and nineties, and cross the border of the century?

South American Nervine, whether the person be young or old, gets at the nerve centers, and when they are kept in proper condition the system is as well able to withstand disease at eighty as at thirty. With this prospect in view who would not live to an old age and enjoy the pleasures of family, friends and society, and take a part in watching the marvelous progress and developments of these closing days of a wonderful century, which marks as not the least of its wonderful discoveries, the discovery of South American Nervine.

For Sale by Wm. Richardson.