

Pain's Elixery Compound

Nervous Prostration, Nervous headache, Neuritis, Nervous weakness, Stomach and Liver troubles, Rheumatism, Dropsy, and all affections of the Kidneys.

NERVES
Elixery Compound is a Nerve Tonic which cures all the ailments of the nervous system, restores the blood, and restores the system to a healthy condition. The only for Rheumatism.

DIARRHOEA
Elixery Compound purifies the blood, drives out the lactic acid, cures the diarrhoea, and restores the blood to a healthy condition. The only for Rheumatism.

URINARY COMPLAINTS
Elixery Compound quickly restores the kidneys to perfect health, and cures all urinary ailments. It is the best remedy for all urinary ailments.

DIARRHOEA
Elixery Compound strengthens the bowels and restores the system to a healthy condition. It is the best remedy for all diarrhoea.

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NUTTIE'S FATHER.

BY CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.
CHAPTER XX.—WOLF.

"I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a man against an honest man, I have but very little left of my worship."
—I. King Henry IV.

Another cause besides Ursula's recalcitrance and her mother's ailment contributed to disturb Mr. Egremont, and bring him to his agent, by name Bullfinch, a notary at Redcastle, came to him with irrefragable proofs of gross peculation on the part of the bailiff who managed the farm which supplied the house and garden, and showed him that it was necessary to make a thorough investigation and a change of system.

In point of fact, Mr. Egremont greatly preferred being moderately cheated to exacting himself to investigate, but this was beyond moderation, and the explosion had been too public to be passed over. So he came home and sat by, while his wife and Mr. Bullfinch did the work for him, and made it evident to him that the frauds had been of long standing, and carried on with the assistance of the coachman, of Gregorio, and the house steward, and of the former.

Indeed, it was the housekeeper whom Mrs. Egremont had left in charge, whose refusal to connive had brought about the discovery.

Gregorio's share in all was sufficiently evident, and Alice's heart leapt with hope. Her husband would be fully her own if his evil genius were once departed, but Mr. Egremont would not see it. He had no objection to sacrifice the coachman and all his belongings, with the bailiff and his entire family, and felt none of the pity that Alice felt for the pretty, silly, half-educated daughters; but as to the valet—Pooch! the poor fellow had been out of the way all this time—whatever he had done had been in the dark ages, long ago, before Bridget had been his mistress; he was a foreigner, and that was enough to prevent him from forgetting with the English. It was his English prejudice.

"I can show you facts and figures, sir," said Mr. Bullfinch.

"I daresay, a year or more old. Why, I was an unrepentant carcase then—a mere worm—the fellow only did after his kind."

Alice held her tongue then, but made an effort in private. "Indeed, I don't think I know him out in his charges about his wife, and the servants' wages at Nice, say you wouldn't listen."

"His little perquisites, my dear child!—his manse, these foreign fellows don't give the law the morals you ascribe to our native flunkies—generally without exception either—they are much of a muchness as to that; but your Frenchman or Italian does it more neatly, and is a dozen times better servant than the other is."

"Oh, my! I know you don't like him. But I know his manners to you, I hope!" said Mr. Egremont, with a suddenness that made her wish she could truthfully say he did not.

"Yes, he always is—is respectful, but somehow I see it is under protest."

Mr. Egremont laughed. "Rivals—yes, like; why, you don't consider the sore trial of having a full-grown mistress turned in your hand! Look here, you keep the keys steady, but the new fellow at the farm had the rest of them shall account to you for everything—Gregorio and all. Won't that satisfy you?"

"It is not the money, but I think Gregorio is a bad—not a good—man."

"No, he is! she wants to advertise for a footman and coachman! eh? No, I thank you, my dear Edda, I agree with—what was it who said, 'Volez moi, mais sans coiffeur.'"

The Rectory likewise had hoped for Gregorio's dismissal, and there were grave looks about Alice had to confess that nothing would move her husband against him. The Canon even lashed himself up to say, "I tell you how it is, Alwyn, you'll never do good with your household, while you keep that fellow."

"I am not aware what description of good you expect me to do with it, Will," coolly answered the elder brother in a disconcerting tone.

Poor Alice, on her side, thought of the little Master and then wondered if it was undesirable to do so. For she knew it had become war to the knife with Gregorio! Whether his master told him, or whether it was his own evil conscience, or the wonderous intuition of servants, he certainly knew the pressure for his dismissal, and he resisted it on her as much as he durst.

Outwardly deferential, he could thwart and annoy and her in a hundred ways, from making love to the housemaids to making evil suggestions to his master, yet never giving her any overt cause of complaint. He could worry and sting her under the politest exterior, and he knew very well that the most effective form of annoyance was the persuading his master that any discomfort or lassitude was to be removed by some form of massage. This would have the further advantage of stupefying Mr. Egremont, and making him more ready to lapse under the influence; while the duration and the strength of the new one was already a surprise to Gregorio.

But there was no doubt that Mrs. Egremont had profited by her year of training, looked tired, and less youthful and pretty, but she had gained in grace and appearance as well as in style, and was really the mistress of Bridgetfield.

She was in much distress about it, though May privately told her that she ought to know Blanche's way better than to trust implicitly to any of her reports; and her aunt said much the same thing in more general terms, even proposing that she did not hear the next morning she should go over to Lescombe to ascertain what Mark had really said.

This pacified her a little, but on her way home the alarm grew upon her, and, more over, she recollected the opposition that she believed that her father was certain to make to either her mother or herself going to nurse her aunt. It flashed upon her that she were to hasten to Micklethwaite on this alarm before there could be a prohibition, it would be no disobedience, and perfectly justifiable, not to say noble. Her parents were to return on Thursday evening, and were to return on Thursday evening, and she made up her mind that, unless she were fully reassured as to Miss Headworth's state, she would go off at once to Micklethwaite, before any one could gainay her ways before any one could gainay her ways. She had plenty of money, and she consulted the time table in the hall before going up the stairs. It only concerned the nearest line, but she calculated that if she caught the express, she should reach her destination in time to write to her mother at Waldicote,

and prevent needless shocks. Her eagerness for the plan grew upon her, so that it seemed like liberation; she could hardly sleep for thinking of it, and certainly was not as much disappointed as she believed herself when the post came in—a blank.

Martin was away with her mistress, so Nuttie explained matters to the upper housemaid, who was very sympathetic, carried down her orders for the carriage, procured for her both breakfast and provision for the journey, and packed her clothes. Ursula would have been off before the Rectory was aware, but the two little girls came up with a message about the plans for the day, just as she was beginning an explanatory note, and she entrusted to them the information that she was so uneasy about Miss Headworth that she had decided to see for herself.

In a dashed Adela and Rosalind to their mother's room full of excitement with the news that Cousin Nuttie was gone off by the train, because her aunt was very ill indeed.

"Gone, Adela? are you sure? Really gone?"

"Oh yes, mamma! The dogcart was coming round, and she said she wanted to catch the 10.5 train, and was very sorry she had not time to write a note to you."

"Was there a letter? What had she heard?"

"Oh, only that her aunt was so very ill! She did not tell us—did she, Rosie?"

"There was something about being in time to write to Aunt Alice," suggested Adela.

"I am very sorry about this. I am afraid it will be a great shock to Alice," observed the mother, as she imparted the news at her husband's dressing-room door.

"Young girls are so precocious!" said the Canon.

"Your brother won't like it at all," the lady continued.

"Not he. But after all, it is just as well that he was not asked. They do owe that poor old lady a good deal, and Alwyn's not the man to see it. I'm not sorry the girl took the matter into her own hands, though I couldn't have advised it."

"Except that it will all fall on Alice."

"He is very fond of Alice. She has done more with him than I ever thought possible. Keep him respectable this whole year, and it really grows on him. He makes ever so much more of her now than when he first brought her home—and no wonder. No, no; he won't fall foul of her."

"Perhaps not; but it is just as bad, or worse, for her if she falls foul of her daughter. Besides, she is very much attached to her aunt. I wish I knew what the account was or whether she knows anything about it."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

The first thing in order when the meeting opened, was a report as to the amount of damages sustained by the raid on Paradise Hall, as described last week. Brother Gardner said that a careful estimate had been made by the committee, and the damage would not fall far short of \$3,000,000. The club would have to bear every dollar of this loss, as the insurance only covered fire. Over 100 sacred and historical relics which could not be replaced for any sum had been destroyed. It was a hard blow at the purse of the club, but business would not be interrupted for a single hour. Even should the hall be destroyed, the next meeting of the club would be held in the Common Council chamber, and permanent quarters would be had within a week. Nothing had thus far been heard of the vandals, and it was probable they made their escape. It might be that human justice would never overtake them, but there was a hereafter from which they could not escape. The hall had been put in shape again, and during the next few days Giveland Jones and Dreadful Smith would protect it, one watching by day and the other by night. Each had been armed with a shot-gun filled to the muzzle with duck-shot, single nails, marbles, carpet tacks and lead nickles and the marauder who got within half a mile of one of them would never attend another ward of cause.

MANY THANKS.
The destruction of relics, as stated last week, was telegraphed over the country, and the many friends of the club bestirred themselves to replace the museum. The following articles were received during the week:

Six swords which were more or less worn by Napoleon on his retreat from Moscow.

Five relics from Valley Forge, all of which were used by George Washington.

Various cups, bottles, candlesticks, needles, boot-jacks and jack-knives used by celebrated privates as they sailed the raging main.

Tomato cans, clay pipes, poker chips and checker boards which were used by various crowned heads from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century.

The secretary was instructed to return the thanks of the club to the various donors and to publish an appeal to the country at large to contribute further objects of interest.

CONDOLENCE.
Letters of condolence were announced from several branches of the government, from a score of different societies, and from nearly 100 honorary members. It was no good and whispered about that not one single missive had been received from a member. It was noticed and whispered about that not one single missive had been received from a member of the Legislature, and presently Waydown Bebe arose to a question of privilege and called the attention of the club to this point. Was it because the Legislature was jealous of the Lime-Kiln Club, and exulted over the great disaster which had come upon it?

The question being declared open for debate, Col. Cahoots said he felt a pain in the region of his heart to see a great legislative body animated by such a principle. He knew several members of the present Legislature, and he had gone out of his way on various occasions to show that he did not feel above them. From this date to the year 2000 he would never speak to nor recognize a member of the State Legislature.

Sir Junkerford Whittington had always respected the Legislature as a body, but he could do so no longer. He owed a member of that body \$7 for hay, but he would never pay it—never.

Judge Shackelford Jackson gave notice that he would ask leave to introduce at some future meeting a resolution calling for an investigation of all the crimes and offenses committed by the Legislatures of Michigan during the last forty years, and several other members spoke with much feeling

against that body for its apparent want of sympathy.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.
The Secretary then read the following: HEADQUARTERS CONCORD SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY, CONCORD, MASS.

Brother Gardner:
SIR—We notice by telegram from Detroit that another attempt has been made to wreck your Lime-Kiln Club. Accept our sympathies, and in case we can help you don't be afraid to prefer a request. We are now distributing a lot of our philosophy around the country free of charge, and have ordered a large quantity sent to you, charges prepaid.

With respect,
C. S. P.

"It was werry kind of 'em," replied Brother Gardner, "an' de Secretary will see dat our thanks ar' duly returned. When de philosophy comes we will spread it on de shelves of de museum, properly labeled, an' it will no doubt attract a great deal of attention."

A DECISION.
An official communication from Branch Lodge No. 124, Florence, Ala., asked that Brother Gardner make a decision in a case before that lodge. The Treasurer, in making change with a number for dues, put three ten-cent pieces in his mouth for the moment, and accidentally falling over a chair he was short in his settlement, as he is on hand and the money, preface, is on hand with him. While he can't produce it, he hasn't converted it to his own use nor intentionally hidden it away. The branch is divided in opinion, and an appeal is therefore made to the head-center.

"While de club can't blame de treasurer for gulpin' down its money," replied Brother Gardner, after a moment's reflection, "he can't blame de club for wantin' him to gulp it up again. It ar' my decision dat a special committee has de right to stand him on his head until it is proved dat de recovery of de cash is a hopeless case."

DON'T WANT ONE.
Pickles Smith didn't want to take up the valuable time of the meeting, but he had received several letters from Prof. Einkerhoff, of Louisville, offering to act as weather-prophet for the club at a small monthly salary. He didn't know how to reply, and would therefore ask if the club proposed to employ any such personage.

"No, sah," promptly replied the President, "we ain't so rushed wid bizness dat we can't wait till to-morrow to know what de weather an' gwine ter be. You kin write to your friend dat we doan't need his services, an' it might be well to call his attention to de fact dat pork an' taters an' gwine to be mighty high next spring."

MISCELLANEOUS.
The Librarian reported the number of almanacs on hand at 11,240, and he asked that the sum of \$3 be appropriated for repairs in his department.

The Committee on the Fisheries reported no progress for the last three months, but signs of good fishing for the spring.

The Keeper of the Bear-Traps was given leave of absence for two weeks without responsibility.

The janitor reported finding a bone-handled umbrella in the wood-box, and the same proved to be the article lost by Sir Isaac Walpole seven months ago.

The meeting then adjourned.

Quiet Work.
Much of the work which makes the world better and happier is done by single women. It is done quietly, and often in secret, for women, more frequently than men, heed Charles Dickens' advice to the pupils of the Massachusetts Schoolship: "Boys, do all the good you can, and make no fuss about it."

Dr. Smile, in his "Life and Labor," illustrates this truth by narrating the origin of the London Hospital for the Paralyzed and Epileptic.

Two maiden sisters, orphans, who had been reared by their grandmother, were waiting her return one evening. She had left them, active and cheerful, to make a short visit. A knock summoned them to the door. They could hardly recognize their grandmother in the paralyzed burden which the men brought into the hall.

She lingered in a helpless body, and then died. The orphan sisters nursed at her bedside, and there conceived the idea of founding a hospital for the paralyzed. They were not rich, but they gathered together one thousand dollars as the first offering to the charity. Kind and wealthy men and women heard of the good cause, and were interested. They associated themselves with the orphan sisters, and the hospital was founded.

Wombwell's Famous Menagerie.
"Wombwell's menagerie has been sold to Mr. Barnum who has already caused so much woe to the youth of this island," says the *St. James's Gazette*. "Wombwell's unrivalled collection has for more than seventy years been the chief attraction of all the large fairs in the kingdom: from dead-and-gone 'Bartley' to Birmingham, from Nottingham to Donnybrook. Its founder was Jeremiah Wombwell, who owed the foundation of his considerable fortune to a lucky speculation in box-constrictors. He bought a pair of the first boxes that ever came to England for 275, exhibited them in Finsbury, and recouped his outlay in a fortnight. These snakes were the nucleus of the famous show, which in time became so large that it filled forty vans drawn by 120 horses. For many years the show was divided into two sections, the menagerie was divided 'constantly on the road,' and the expenses are said to have been as much as £800 a week. 'Old Jerry' did good service in his time; for had it not been for his enterprise, millions of people in days anterior to railways would have died without seeing a wild beast. But fairs have had their day and travelling menageries have not been very profitable for some years.

Frank Hartley, of Taylor, Ga., while taking care of his horse, dropped his big pocket-book from his coat. He picked it up and laid it in the manger until he should have finished his work; but the horse took a liking to it, and chewed and swallowed the contents, excepting \$30 in gold. Over \$400 in greenbacks went down the good steed's throat.

OLD WORLD NEWS.

The Continental Outlook—Uncertainty Regarding Unser William's Condition.

LONDON, Feb. 22.—The situation in Europe is enveloped in a strange fog of mystery from which you can get out any impression you like. The *Standard's* Berlin man says the general feeling in official circles there is that the situation is growing steadily worse and that Russian troops are being shoved forward without interruption all along the German, Austrian, and Roumanian frontier. Others say the prospects for peace never looked brighter. All sorts of rumors and contradictions fill and darken the air, to the utter confusion of estimates and predictions. The most circumstantial of the stories to-day is that the Germans have discovered French plans for an invasion by way of Switzerland in case of war, and have offered German aid in protecting Swiss neutrality. The Berne officials are said to have replied that they were prepared to defend their own neutrality and would only accept German assistance in case of an actual violation. What truth there is in this it is impossible to say, but rumors from Brussels, the Hague, Copenhagen, Bucharest, and Athens show that both sides are busy gathering up the threads of their respective combinations, seeking alliances even of the prettiest descriptions everywhere.

The grand row among the doctors more or less connected with the Crown Prince's case is evidently near the point of explosion. Between the conflicting reports the public had long since given over trying to understand the case with the natural result of a pretty general conclusion that he is going to die. Unfortunately there is something much worse than a mere scientific difference of opinion in the wrangle going on over what may be poor Unser Fritz's deathbed. The introduction of an English doctor was of itself very annoying to the German profession from the beginning, but they are beginning to whisper now that it was done through interested motives. The Germans wanted to perform the operation originally, but this was vetoed by the Prince and Princess under cover of Mackenzie's advice. The German doctors allege that this shrinking from an operation was due to knowledge that the disease was cancer and a fear that there was a slight chance of a fatal result, Mackenzie preferring to let the disease make progress to the stage where recovery was impossible, in the hope that the aged Kaiser would die in the meantime, and thus make the Crown Prince Emperor and leave his widow a millionaire dowager Empress, instead of a mere Princess. Of course the implication in all this is that the English deliberately plotted the sacrifice of whatever chance of ultimate recovery the Prince had to the prospect of his becoming Emperor just long enough to leave their Princess in the possession of imperial revenues and a crown rank. The idea is as revolting as it is improbable, but it has obtained a certain lodgment in German minds of a suspicious type, and may soon be blurted out if the professional discord continues.

The Colors of the Alpine Sky.
When the Alpine sun is setting, or better still, some time after it has set, leaving the limbs and shoulders of the mountains in shadow, while their snowy crests are bathed by the retreating light, the snow glows with a beauty and solemnity hardly quelled by any other natural phenomenon. So, also, when first illumined by the rays of the arisen sun, the mountain heads, under favorable atmospheric conditions, shine like rubies. And all this splendor is evoked by the simple mechanism of minute particles, themselves without color, suspended in the air. Those who referred the extraordinary succession of atmospheric glows, witnessed some years ago, to a vast and violent discharge of volcanic ashes, were dealing with "a true cause." The fine floating residue of such ashes would undoubtedly be able to produce the effects ascribed to it. Still the mechanism to produce the morning and evening red, though of variable efficiency, is always present in the atmosphere. I have seen displays, equal in magnificence to the finest of those above referred to, when there was no special volcanic outburst to which they could be referred. It was the long-continued repetition of the glows which rendered the volcanic theory highly probable.

Erratic Briefs.
The central attraction—Gravitation. Easily suited—A clothier's model. A hard case—A font of Greek type. A dry subject—An Egyptian mummy. In high feather—A new bonnet at the theatre. A still hunt—A search for moonshiners. An Abel discourse—A sermon on the first murder. A winding stare—Watching your best girl as you hold her skein of floss. When hour-glasses were in use people always had a rattling time. In the days of manuscript books people learned by wrote.

His Generosity Explained.
They tell down East of a poor fellow who owned a remarkably fat hog, and who also owned a rich man. The hog was about the only property the poor debtor had worth levying on, and the law exempted a man's only pig. One day the creditor meeting the debtor said:—"You need another pig. Let me send you a nice little one." The poor man was astonished. "Why, I owe you for the hog I've got now," he stammered. "Never mind, you need another one and I'll send it," and he did, and the little pig was put in the pen by the side of the fat one. In less than an hour the constable came and attached the fat hog and took it away, and thus the law and the rich man were satisfied.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

A young lady, visiting for the first time in the country, was alarmed at the approach of a cow. She was too frightened to run, and shaking her parasol at the animal she said in a very stern tone: "Lie down, sir! lie down!"

Final Cure

Send your address and we will mail you a copy of our book on the treatment of the various forms of Debility.

W. LUBON, 47 Wellington St., Toronto, Ont.