The Acton Free Press.

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Other names will Be added weekly.

Doetrp. "Do you not intend to be advised?" she

soft grass.

The spirit of mischief, always latent

would-be benefactor, indignantly. "Why.

"You shall not. I forbid you to go on

Glenderoy, sprang up at the sharp tone.

dangerous." he said, laughingly.

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THE ANGLER. See the trouter with his fles-Mottled flies-What a whirl of rod and reel their presence now

implies . How the variegations twinkle In the mellow light ! How we almost hear the tinkle Of the dancing books that wrinkle Crystal waters in their flight-Keeping time, time, time, In a faintly echoed chime,

the deft manipulation of the fisherusa

Many flies, flies, flies. Files, files, files, Many fraudful, finnsy, fluctuating Hear the after coming lies-What a copious stock of them the angler can

who piles

How they take their fluent fight From the piscatorial wight, Who, with adamantine check Can retail them by the week-Quite in tune

With the fertile fabrication of his sire.

In a frautic competition with the fictions of hi Getting botter, hotter, hotter, Till the aural portions totter At they do when Mrs. Potter Generales & terra cotta mud of freney in a gush of tragic ire.

Yet the car it fully knows, By the bleating And repeating Of the Ananias throes: Yet the fatellect expires. By the tension Of havertion How the fables grow in tire-

By the multiple compoundings and perversions By the excepted, sweltering, exercising swetter of swiftly

> Swelling lice-Of the lies, lies, lies, lies, Lies, lies, lies-Of the lingering, levish labyrinth of

> > -Richmond Despatch.

Viscount's Visit.

BY BITTE COURTE.

When Kenneth Ross was abroad he met the Viscount Gleuderoy, and had, happily. her. been the means of saving that adventurous youth's life, when he, in spite of all remonstrances, had invisted upon conducting his Alpine explorations in the face of a thunder storm so violent that even the natives of the neighborhood were terror-stricken. The young nobleman had shown his appreciation of the service rendered him by vowing eternal friendship to his preserver.

Consequently, when he came out to Canada towards the bridge. in the tram of the viceregal party, one of his first acts was to write to his Canadian friend, announcing his arrival and his intention of paying his long-pro-Great was the excitement in Rosemary Dale when this news was made public.

"Now is your chance, Loo!" laughed Kenneth to his handsome sister. "You had better not lose it. A title, with a hand some, good fellow attached, won't fall your way every day. Set your cap for his lordship, my dear, and I shouldn't wonder if you made a conquest."

"Kenneth, don't be vulgar," said Loo, a little snappishly; but the color that surged over her soft, dusky cheek settled there, and barned in a crimson glow.

Louise Ross was a brilliantly beautiful brunette, rather under the medium height, but so erect and imperious in figure and bearing that she had the effect of being tall. had made her relative celebrated as quite a Her eyes were dark and fine; her features character in the place. She certainly felt marked with extreme regularity; and the an absorbing interest in the work, and also coloring of the face quite perfect. Nature the workers, from which she derived the Lad been as generous with her intellectual almost princely revenue that made ber the ciffe as with her physical charms; and so chief heiress of the neighborhood. Loo was accustomed, to find herself "a | Mary Hawthorne was the belle of Roseshining light" in whatever assembly she | mary Dale, and she was the only rival that

happened to be. She may be excused therefore, if she considered her chances above the average in any competition in which she might choose to engage, and she had determined to win the heart and hand of her brother's guest. Early on the morning after his arrival, Lord Glenderoy, followed by his groom, rode out of the park that enclosed his

friend's residence, and giving his horse the rein, galloped over the hills and through the fields with an enjoyment of the familiar exercise that made him quite forget the fact that he was in a strange locality. Pausing to look around, he saw a long,

white bridge spanning a valley through

which there ran a narrow, shallow stream. It was evident that this stream had once been of much larger dimensions, and had been used as the water-power of a mill now fallen into disuse. Upon the other side of the bridge a beautifully shaded carriage drive opened, offering an enticing invitation to the young horseman. He turned with a nod to his servant, and touched up his horse, with the intention of crossing it. when his attention was attracted by the ribbons; and her loose, tawny hair floated | but I would like her better if she were less over her shoulders in an unbound mass of of a coquette; being an engaged girl, you glory. Whether the magnetism of his gaze know, she should not be quite so indepeninfluenced her, or whether she suddenly be- | dent." came conscious of the pawing of the horse's fect, she raised her eyes and met those bent upon her with one steady, full glance ; then auddenly sprang foward with a startled face

" Stay! You must not cross the bridge!" she cried; and then seeing a look of enquiry amusement, she drew back, with the truant

No sooner had she removed her eyes from his face, than Reginald, Viscount Glen-

deroy, was convinced of the fact that never before had he seen such wonderful eyes in a woman's head; and he considered himself a He had been so absorbed in admiring them that he had forgotten to thank the moment thinking how he could best do so. Before he had reached any conclusion, the

the deep blue of the handsome eyes.

young lady turned again, sharply this time and there was certainly an angry gleam in ing. "This girl is no parvenu," thought the young man's face, and Mary, much per-

asked, with just the limt of a stamp in the though unrestrained, gracious, and gleeful gravely : "Doesn't look dangerous!" exclaimed his as a child's, was always refined, gracious,

I tell you it has been surveyed and con demned, and pronounced unsafe. Pray, don't mistake foolhardiness for courage," she added, throwing back her head scorn-"All the same, I think I will risk it," he replied, amused at her vehemence, and just a little nettled, he hardly knew why.

the bridge!" "You forbid me!" "Yes, I. I own these lands, bridge and all, and if you want to commit suicide be good enough to select some other place than my property." The gentleman sprang from his horse. "Pray, forgive me," he said. "I had no

idea I was trespussing." "Oh, no, not that," the girl said, hastily, blushing at the idea of appearing discourto overcome them. teous. "The road is open to traffic and the bridge too, when it was in condition;

but I feared-I mean, I wished to prevent your becoming too venturesome." "Thank you, very much. I fear you will think I did not deserve your kinduess. | hands of Miss Ross which materially aided of Mary Hawthorne, instead of the bo-

Permit me, before wishing you good morn ing, to re-fill your basket." Mary Hawthorne glauced at the little backet in her hand, and found that in her

excitement she had emptied its contents on "Oh, my precious mushrooms, that I great concern; and kneeling down she I think, the last birthday I shall celebrate

At this moment a distant rattling sound caught her car, and she rose from the ground. '

"Oh, good heavens! look!" she cried, in reat alarm; and following the direction of her finger her companion saw, on the little laugh. "I have been hard to please, opposite side of the bridge, a team of ligrees | but Lord Glenderoy furnishes all requisdrawing an enormous wagon-load of bricks. | ites!" The driver was shouting, waving his arms and otherwise behaving in a wildly hilarious manner. Mary Hawthorne darted away like a flash, but Glenderoy detained

"Stop!" he cried, imperatively, "I will

And putting his two hands to his mouth e shouted a ringing warning to the man "It's no use," said Miss Hawthorne. · He knows the danger, but he has been drinking. I'lease let me go; it's one of our mea. Jerry McAlpine. I have influence with him," and springing away, she ran

Glenderoy followed at once, but it was too late. Before either had reached the bridge, the madman had driven his team furiously on to the crazy structure, and just as Gleuderoy forcibly drew the impetuous girl back, the bridge parted and, with its unhappy burden, fell, oue crashing, tottering mass of destruction, into the varveing gulf below.

Mary Hawthorne gave a piercing scream, and, clasping her hands over her eyes, dropped in a dead swoon into Lord Gleaderov's arms.

Miss Hawthorne had been left in possess ion of the Rosemary Date brick-fields by her grandmother, the eccentric and strongminded widow of the original owner. The young lady was accused, too, of having inherited a very large stock of that same eccentricity and poculiarity of conduct that

caused Miss Ross a moment's serious apprehensions in the project now in hand. Deeply chagrined, then, was that young lady when she learned that Lord Glenderoy had already met Miss Hawthorne, under rather interesting circumstances.

"I hear you encountered a wood nymph on your early morning ride," Loo said with a smile to Glenderoy, on the morning of the accident, making no reference to the tragedy. "I warn you against them, in Canada they are dangerous."

"And this was one of the most dangerous kind, I should think," he answered laughing. "You admire . Miss Hawtherne, then?"

slie asked. "She is a brick of a girl Y' Lord-Gleuderoy said, with a genuine school-boy fervor. Loo gave a merry peal of laughter. " You must not let her hear you say that,

she said. " Why not?" "Oh! because she would take it as facetious reference to their trade. The Hawthornes, you know, made all their wealth out of their brick-fields, and, with figure of a young girl sitting on a fallen tree | the patty pride of the real paryenu, would and intently arranging the contents of a like to hide the source from which their little basket in her lap. She was dressed prosperity flows. The old lady, Miss Hawin a cool, flowing robe of ecru lawn. Her | thorne's gain mother, was not so. She drooping hat had fallen off, and was sus- had too much strength of character for that. pended from her neck by its bright crimson | Miss Hawthorne and I are good friends,

"Is she, then, engaged to be married?" asked Lord Glenderoy, startled, with a vivid recolarction of those dazzling violet eyes, and the waxen, darkly fringed lids from which fear had driven every vestige that had closed over them while he held

"Oh, yes, indeed," auswered Loo. "Her gance is away in the Northwest with a surnot unmingled with a slightly sarcastic veying party, but is expected to return at no distant date. But, really, Lord Glende carmine returning in stronger force that roy, I must have been boring you beyond ever to face and throat. "I beg your par- measure with local gossip. There is Ken don, sir. That bridge is condemned as not | neth au the lawn, waiting for you; pray safe even for foot-passengers. The sign- don't let him tire you with his excessive board has been blown down by last night's activity. Luncheon will be ready in an hour." And bestowing one of her sweetest She turned, with a slight bow, and walk- smiles-and Loo's smiles, because rare

> the conversation. It was at one of Miss Ross's charming kettledrums that Lord Glenderov, was formally introduced to the young lady whose acquaintance he had made so un-

· She acknowledged the introduction with owner for warning, and bow hesitated a a smiling grace, but there was a certain reserve at once shy and tignified, which was meant to counteract whatever of free dom might be inscribed to their last meet

young nobleman, taking note of the casy plexed, told him word for word, for they elegance that marked her every action. were ever in her mind what Loo Ross had And indeed Mary Hawthorne bore the un- shown her. Lord Gleuderoy paused for a mistakable stamp of good birth and breed- | moment, as it became evident to him that ing. In appearance she was lovely, fresh. he and the girl he loved had both been de-"Well, really, you know, it doesn't look and graceful as a flower, while her manner ceived by his friend's sister. Then he said,

> and full of happy fact. "She is the only girl in the room that member now, that I dropped my lighted treats me like a fellow-being," mused cigar on the page, and so had to write it Glenderoy, with a scornful smile. "The over again. My visit has been a happy one others are pleased to consider me of a differ- because I met you, and to love you was ent species." And thinking he would have joy, though I thought I had a successful certainly made his preference noticeable rival. Will that do? Mary, I tell you, had it not been for the "fasce" in the now, that I love you, and want you flo be

> The young viscount's visit was drawing "You have already done so, once or to a close. His reluctance to leave his twice," she said, saucily, "but I don't mind friends could no longer be hidden from your saying it once more." himself, the he made several attempts at self-deception. He was in love, deeply and irretrieivably in love, with Mary Hawthorne. | cheek, "and I so want to hear you say it." Loo Ross, ever watchful, was aware of the fact, and she had also discovered that his affection was ardently returned by its object .. Miss Ross understood the difficulties

"He shall return to England as my be- but one exception, in Christendom, and as trothed husband !" she muttered between for the earl-be only stipulates that my clenched teeth. "Oh, if I really loved him | wife shall be young and pretty!" how I should hate her."

her in her plan of deception. Upon funding it, she immediately made an informal call upon Mary Hawthorne.

"You will be sure to come to my birthday fetement week," she said, slipping her arm through Mary's as, they strolled through the garden. "It will be our wist tose so early to gather!" she exclaimed, in party before Lord Glenderoy leaves us; and helped him pick them up with numble at home," and Loo allowed a pretty little smile to play around her mouth as she

toyed with her sunshade. "Why, Loo, are we going to lose you am surprised-and who is the thrice happy man?"

"Oh, need you ask?" said Loo, with

"Lord Glenderov!" Mary Hawthorne casped the words, then said no more. Miss Ross took no notice of the exclaim

tion, nor of the marble pallor of her sic "See," she said, "he sent me this before he left—he has gone for a couple of day with Kenneth to Nisgura-I would show i to no one but you, Mary dear."

Mary looked at the paper, folded so as show but these words :-"Mr Deanest Little Ltlu:- I will soon with you again. I have had a glorious time here -bow bappy you can guess, and why!" And then she showed her the signature:

"Ever and always your own Reginald, and waited for her to reply. She did presently, in a voice that was quite steady, if rather faint :-"I wish you every happiness, Loo, and 'm sure you will have it. Lord Glenderoy could not fail to make the woman he loved

Miss Ross winced at the words.

"I must go now," she said, turning got a little temperance bitters here," said "Remember, what I have told you is yet a secret, shared by you alone. Good-bye, blood, especially in warm weather. Just dear," and dropping a kiss on pale cheek of | try a little." And he poured out a glass

Ross disappeared among the trees. "I'm safe now," she marmured; cannot make love to her, thinking she is now-a-days, they get to be men amazingly engaged to another, and she will treat him coldly, believing him betrothed to me. think I would bring him down a little. With matters so arranged, it will be strange | What do you think, Mr. Myers ! Do you if I cannot win him." Fate, however, interposed for the lovers,

ud Miss Ross's plans fell like a house of deroy returned to Rosemary Dale, Mary Hawthorne went to visit a sick child. vivid and dangerous, no rain falling. Hurry-

o face with Glenderov. "Why, Miss Hawthorne," he cried; in storm! Pray permit me to take you home." "Oh, thank you," she said, gratefully. I'm so glad to have me. you-I mean would welcome any one in this storm, for I um horribly afraid of thunder and light-

"So much afraid that even I would better than no companion ?" Miss Hawthorne laughed a little nervous

"I hardly meant anything so rude," she said, then hurriedly went on :- "I have been spending the afternoon with Mrs. Mc-Alpine, the widow of the poor man who was killed on the bridge, you know. Her help us vote for probibition .- John B little boy is very ill. Oh, dear!

This last exclamation was caused by blinding flash of lightning which ran through the black clouds in a long chain, followed by a peal of thunder that seemed to rend the very earth beneath their feet Mary snatched her hand from his arm, and sank kown in a paroxysm of terror, and as she did so, the large tree by which they stood, fell emishing to the ground, a few feet

distant from her. Lord Glenderoy caught her in his arms "My darling, are you hurt? Mary, dearest love, speak to me," he cried passion: ately; "I love you so dearly, that I must tell you of my devotion. I cannot realize the fainting girl in his arms. that you belong to another !"

> "That I belong to another! said Mary, disengaging herself from his arms. "Yes, Yes! I have known of your en There is no engagement-I don't long to any one, and I don't understand

> > " Ah, then, Miss Ross was mistaken! knew it-I felt it! 'And now, I may speak and tell you how I love you-have loved ou since ever we met by the Bridge! Ab.

were considered irresistible-she left her darling, do not be so cold! You must love companion, well pleased with her part in me a little in return !" Miss Hawthorne was trembling like a eaf, but she waved him off as he once more

> "Miss Ross may have been mistaken own case. She told me of her engagement to yourself, and showed me your letter. Can you explain that ?"

> "What letter? I never wrote a line to Miss Ross in my life." There was no mis-

"Those words were written to my sister Lucy, or Lula, as we call her; I re-

"Ob, but it is your turn now!" he said, pressing quick, warm kisses on her glowing "Ab, yes, I love you," she marmured. but your people - what will they say?" "My people," as you call them, are the best people in the world. My mother is an in her path, but determined more that ever angel, and will, therefore, fraternise with you at once, Lulu is the sweetest girl, with

And so it happened that Viscount Glen-A little piece of waste paper fell into the | deroy returned to England as the busband

That young lady afterwards married a wealthy brewer of a neighboring town, who had long been devoted to her, and, growing supercilious and arrogant as she grew older. was fond of sunbbing his "parvena" relatives by frequent allusions to "My friend -the Viscounters Glenderoy."

AN APPEAL FOR PROHIBITION I heard a young man in a railway carri

age tell his own story, while conversing on the Maine law. He said : " My father was a drunkard for years, my mother was strong minded, energetic woman, and with the help of the boys managed to keep the farm free from debt. When my father signed the pledge, that which pleased her most next to his having signed it, was that she could tell him that there was not a debt or a mortgage on the farm. My father used to drive into the city, about 8 miles distant, twice a week, and I recollect my mother saying to me : 'I wish you would try and persuade your father not to go any more. We don't need that which he earns and, George, I'm alraid of temptation and old associates.' 'Ob,' said I, 'dou't think of it, father's all right.' One evening we

had a heavy load, and were going home when my father stopped at one of his old | broken. places of resort, and gave me the whip and the reins, and I went in afterwards. The landlord said: "I am glad to see you, how do you do? You are quite a stranger. How long is it since the temperance whim got hold of you?" "Ou, about two years," said my father, "Well," said the landlord, "you see you are getting on pretty well," and they chatted together for some time. By and by he asked my father to

the landlord, "that temperapoe men use, and they acknowledge that it parifies the the girl she had wounded to the heart, Miss and offered it. I stepped up and said, "Don't give my father that." To which be replied, "Well, boys aren't boys hardly early. If I had a Loy like you, I should bring that boy to take care of you ? That stirred the cld man's pride, and he told me to go and look after the horses. He sat and drapk till 10 o'clock, and every time

have comething to drink. "Oh, but I have

Upon the same afternoon that Lord Glen- the landlord gave him a drink, I said "Don't give it to him." At last my father rose up against me -he was drunk. When Having stayed later than she thought, she he got up to the wagou, I drove. My beart was startled into haste by distant thunder | was very beavy, and I thought of my and darkening clouds. Hoping to reach mother. Ob, how she will feel this home before the storm should come, she | When we got about two miles from home took a short path through the woods, every my father said, "I'll drive." "No," said step of which she knew as well as her own I, "let me drive." He snatched the reins garden. She had not gone far when the from me, fell from the wagon, and before I thunder grew louder, and the lightning | could check the horses, the foward wheel crushed his head in the road. I was till ing along, much frightened, she came face | midnight getting his dead body on the wagon. I carried him to my mother and she pever smiled from that day to the day surprise, "alone, and unattended in this of her death. Four mouths after that she died and we buried her."- Now, said the man ofter he had finished his story, "that

> man killed my father, and he was my father's murderer." There is not a publican but can take your brother, your father, your son, into his dram shop to night and make him drunk in spite of your entreaties and prayers and kick him out at midnight, and you may find his dead body in the gutter. All you have to do is to take the dead body and bury it and say nothing about it; for you have no redress or protection. Now, profection is what we want. Come and

SOME MORE ENQUIRIES.

Bill Nye suggests the following questions in addition to those now asked by the census 1 State your age at nearest birthday

2 Married or single. if so, have you other husbands or wives now living, and if so do you envy them their bappiness ? 3 Do you come up nights or do you have be sent for?

4 Are you male or female? if so, state

our reasons for this course. 5 Il male, do you attribute it to heredity or to our form of government? 6. What is your salary?

7. Do you draw it all at the end of the week or give orders on the cashier before pay day? she ever been a mother?

9 Are your parents living, and if so, are they self-supporting. 10. Do you make your own soap or bay it it the store?

11. Did you consider your parents during

heir lifetime as respectable people? 12. If you produce your own soap, would you mind giving the recipe? 13. Have you any good chewing tobacco

14. Have you any hereditary disease people through the census burean

Sportsmen, spare those birds.

Wound not a single wing: Their music fa the woods Is harbinger in spring. The winter's cold is past, The frost and snow is gone. And from the ley grasp of death

Hail, tipy warbler, bail! How much thy trustful beart Reproves my slow-discerning faith-Biffs doubt and fear depart! If music thrill thy breast,

Barets resurrection's morn.

Thy ceaseles; praise ne'er tire. Madi more should gladeouse gratitudo My being all inspire. Suspended on a bongb; I see thy airy home. Defended by a hand supreme-No harm can ever come.

A sparrow caunot fall

Unheeded by our God

He can thy cuemies confound By His avenging rod. Sing ou, theu, warbler, sing Sing thy Creator's praise. Whose power supplies thy every want And lengthens out thy days. liew lonely werd the woods, --

Or hedge-rows, though so green. Did not thy carols echo wake While flits thy form between ! Then, sportsmen, spare the birds! Stal let the welkin ring. And feathered songsters symphonic To their Creator bring. inviolate be the nest Scheath the verdant shade,

-John Robinson.

Nor may the wanton, ruthless hand,

WHAT AILED THE BELL. It was the first of school after a vacation. The children were playing in the yards. The teachers sat at their desks waiting for

the bell to strike to call the children to the .! different rooms. The hands of the different clocks pointed to a quarter before nine. The bell was a sort of a gong, fastened to the outside of the building, and the master could ring it by touching a knob in the wall near his desk. It was now time to call the children into school. The master pulled the bell and waited. Still the merry shouts could be heard in the school-yards. Very strange! The children were so engaged in play that they could not hear the bell, he thought. Then he pulled

The master raised his window, clapped his hands, and pointed to the bell. The children rushed into line like little soldiers, . and waited for the second signal. The teacher palled and pulled, but there was no sound ; then he sent a boy to tell each line to file in, and he sent another boy for a carpenter to find out if the hell-cord was What do you think the carpenter found?

it more vigorously, Still the shouts and

laughter continued.

A little sparrow had built its nest inside the bell, and prevented the hammer striking against the bell. The teacher told the children what the trouble was, asked if the nest should be taken out. There was loud chorns of " No, sir." Every day the four bundred children would gather in the yard and look up at

the nest. When the little birds were able

to fly to the trees to the yard, and no longer

needed a rest, one of the boys climbed on a

ladder and cleared away the straw and

hay so that the scoud of the bell might call the children from play.

A CURIOUS ERFOR. A friend of Sir John Lubbock's, who was travelling sound the world, sent him specimens of marine animals, which he studied cyrefully, and of which he published a description. One of these was new to the naturalist, and, to bis disappointment, his friend said nothing 'to his cotes of the habitant. He wished very much to add this information to his account. At last he had found the important statement, for the label on the bottle in which the animal was preserved and sent home, read, " 48. 4W." "Evidently," thought Sir John "this means that the animal was captured in a spot half a degree west longtitude and half degree south latitude." He published this conclusion, and rested content until his friend caine home, and demanded : "aly dear fellow, what on earth made you say that I found that animal in the latitude and longitude you mentioned? I was never within five handred miles of the place." Sir John produced the bottle and pointed to the label. . " I took the information from this," he said. "What else can 'half S. half W.' mean ?" "Mean ?" was the reply; "why, it means that the

GEORGE WAS IN HARD LUCK. She was a bride. Her dress showed it. and she was a pretty one too.

Her light silk dress fitted ber perfectly.

animal is preserved in a mixture half sprit

and her hat was the acme of good taste. She sauggled up to him in the seat. "George, dcar," whispered she, "now that we are married you won't object to auntie and sister, cousin Flora and brother Jack's family coming to see us once in a while will you?"

" No, pet."

left the car.

"And I may have seven of your eight dollars a week to shop with, mayn't I, George ?" "Yes, love."

" And you won't smoke cigarettes, George

" No. sweet." "And you won't stay out later than ? o'clock Lights, will you George ?" " No. dear."

" And we'll hire a fist and buy a lovely piane, won't we, George ?" And the solemu looking man in the forward seat mattered, " Poor George," and

" Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers," was a line of alliterative nonsense, that the children used to say. Nowadays they can practice on the Perfect. 8 Do you keep a milch cow ! if so. bas | Painless, Powerful Properties of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. Itwill impress a fact which will be useful to

know. These Pellets cure sick headache, bilious attacks, indigestion, constipation and all stomach, liver and bowel troubles. They are tiny, sugar-coated pills, easy to take, and, as a laxative, one is sufficient for a dose. No more groads and gripes from the old drastic remedies! Pierce's Purgative Pellets are as painless as they are perfect in their effects. Children and fools says the old ada

which you would like to mention to the always tell the truth. " Mother sent me," said a fittle girl to a neighbor, to ask you to come and take tes with her this evening." Thin and impure blood is made rich and |" Did she say at what time, my dear ?" "No, ma'am; she only said she would sak you, and then the thing would be of bee mind; that was all she said."

healthful by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. taking the genuine bewilderment of the It cures scrofula, salt rheam, all blood dis-

HAMILTON's Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the gore, corner of Woodwich and Norfolk treets; Guelph, Oat. Wholesale and retail dealer and direct importer and manufacturer of all kinds of Granite and Marble Monuments, Tombstones, etc. Having