"Here is somebody waiting for you, Elwell," said Mr. Bigelow.

I looked around, and the man rose and held out his hand.

"Averill-my name is Averill," said he, looking sharply at me out of a pair thousand dollars. of shrewd gray eyes. "I am an old friend of your mother; but I have not met her for a matter of five and-twenty years. So I thought I'd call and ask after her and her family."

"I am glad to see you," said I. "Are you a relative of my mother?"

"No." replied Mr. Averill. "We used to know her and her folks, though, as well as I did my own sisters, and better, too. Let's see-where is your Aunt Augusta now?"

"She is living with her children in Portland," said I.

"Pretty well, is she, do you know it

asked Mr. Averill. "Very well when we heard last. Aunt Augusta has good children and a

get of gold that hung as a charm from his watch-chain.

I hadn't much to do that day, so I was time to go home, and then took Uncle Nathan and his wife. sitting-room and went to find mother. She was mixing biscuits for supper, looking through her glasses and singing a snatch of some cld, half-forgotten love-ditty of her youth.

"Mother!" said I, breaking in upon her song. "Come in the other room. An old friend of yours wants to see vou.'

Mother looked up over her glasses. "An old friend? 'Tisn't any of the Main folks, is it ?" she asked.

Because, if it was so much as a dog that had trotted across a corner of the State of Maine, on his four legs, mother would have run, with her arms out and a smile of welcome, without stopping to even wash the dough off her hands. As it was, with only an indefinite thought of seeing "an old friend," she went, with a dust of flour on her nose, and without her company cap.

As soon as she had stepped inside the sitting-room door, she stood and looked at her guest, and he stood and looked at

"It is Sam, as true as you are born ! she said, at last.

Then they both laughed, and then they both wiped their eyes, though they didn't seem like that sort of people, especially Mr. Averill.

I never knew mother to forget her housekeeping before, but this time she let the biscuit burn till they were black as my shoe; and when she mixed some more she put in sugar instead of salt, and left out the saleratus altogether. But her cheeks grew pink, and her cap strings flew, and she nor her guest seemed to know the difference.

"Oh, honey!" cried my mother, hopping up from the tea-table as soon as she was seated. "You haven't lost your sweet tooth, have you, Ssm?"

"How you do remember!" returned Som, admiringly.

"I should think I ought to," answer-The way you used to pick up walnuts to carry to the cross-roads store and trade for molasses and make candy of! Speaking of the cross-roads store, I wonder if you know our old storekeeper's daughter, she that was Sarah Curly, has lost her husband?"

"No, has she? Strange I never heard of it," replied Mr. Averill, appearing as astonished as though he had been hearing from his own neighbors every week.

"Yes," said my mother. "She married one of old Si Seaver's boys, the den, -all at once; well, it must be something like half-a-dozen years ago, and left his wife and so many children -five children or else six, 1 don't know

"You don't say!" ejaculated Mr. Averill, passing his honey plate for the third time. No, evidently he had not Cowesett. lost his sweet tooth.

After supper, mother washed up the to smoke in my house, but I had nothing to say now. I even filled his pipe and lighted it for him. And then he told the story of his life, which had been full of strange and interesting adventures. He was evidently a man who did not read much and who could not not always gramatically perhaps, but always with force and fascination.

It seemed that years and years ago, his father and my mother's father lived get a prize." in a town in the valley of the Kennobec. My mother's father was a large farmer and Mr. Averill's father was a very small farmer with a very large up-stairs to answer Sam Averill's last family. So his youngest son Sam, came to work for my grandfather. My mother and my aunt Augusta were young girls -they were twins, and I suppose by the way they look now that they must have been pretty then. My mother was early engaged and married to my father; but there was Augusta and there was usually find the other near at hand. Sam never said anything, he was not of he felt, and he supposed Augusta knew

Sam went down to Connecticut to take letters from Sam, and carried hers for throwing open the door of the sitting with his organ before a dairy window, actually the case. charge of a saw-mill for an uncle of his. him to the office. He wrote to Aunt Augusta and Aunt

TAKING IT FOR GRANTED. he went home, and carrying himself grew hotter and more impatient, he black and bright as ever. But the The Lava Overflow of Oregon.

all over him, a man of about fifty years, possessed of twelve thousand dollars, sight or thought of himself. gray and sunburnt, sat in my office. I and immediately went to work to spend everywhere. When he came home at Augusta and settle down. last it was with only fifty dollars in his

> "Now I will come home and marry August, and settle down," said he to time?" himself. But he didn't say it to anybody else. It never occurred to him that was necessary.

Meantime my Aunt Augusta had not stood like a rose in a pot, waiting for the gardner to come and pick it. She were of the same name, but not connect- cast out her roots and threw up her ed—unless it may be very distantly. I branches and bloomed as though it was enough to fulfill the laws of being and beauty for their own sakes.

> In that simple neighborhood work was supposed to be the chief end of everybody. So Aunt Augusta learned vest making, and then she went to Coos, where her brother Nathan lived, and set up for herself.

Coos was a little crumb of a town in those days; but it held up its head and pleasant home, and seems quite happy." had its stores and its mills, and its shops, lose her. I'll keep him out of the way "Um-m-m ! That is nice," said and its great white meeting-houses on a Mr. Averill, fumbling at a rough nug- hill, with galleries on three sides, and square pews and a high box pulpit.

The first Sunday after Aunt Augusta went there, she climbed the hill, of talked off and on with my visitor till it course, and went in the front pew with She was him along with me. I left him in the fashionably dressed in a black crape gown, a scaflet shawl and a white silk bonnet and pink roses inside. Her cheeks were as pink as her rose, and her eyes were as black as her gown.

> There was no need that Mr. Keeler should point her out to the young men but he took the pains to do it. Mr. Keeler, the minister, was a little lank man, as plain and gray as a dor-bug, and so afraid of the pomps and vanities speaking. that he wouldn't wear buttons on his

coat. No sooner had his eyes fell on said my aunt Augusta, when he had Aunt Augusta, settling herself in the told his errand East. "I have just enfront pew like a variegated tulip, than gaged myself to another man. he dropped the subject he had started upon for his serman, and he began to said Sam. "You belong to me: you preach against conformity to the world. He was a sincere earnest man, and he ought to have waited till I came. preached with all his might, emphasizing and illustrating his words by pointing with his blunt finger at the scarlet shawl and pink roses. So if anybody had negleted to look at them before, they looked then.

Among those who were obedient to the ministerial forefinger was Abner Stanton, the village blacksmith.

Abner Stanton's heart was a good deal like his fron-net easy melted -but when it once had been hammered into a shape, there it was, fixed and steadfast. And to-day Aunt Augusta's eyes went through it like red-hot arrows as he peered around at her from behind one of the pillars in the gallery.

The next day he came to get a vest made. The day after, he came to bring the buttons for it; and the day after that he thought, as he was going by, he would call and see if she had every thing she needed, and how soon the days more before he was there again to day by Aunt Augusta's family. bring a letter.

"I happened to see it at the post office when I went for my paper, and so I brought it along. I could as well as not," said he.

The letter was from Sam Averill, Aunt Augusta, and learn how the ed my mother, with a girlish laugh.

The letter was from Sam Averil, Aune Augusta, and learn from a general knowledge of the pro
"The way was used to girl and a girlish laugh.

telling about the luck he had in mining, world had fared with her. For in all granted that Augusta understood my from a general knowledge of the prothe weather, and the fact that he was these years of buying and selling and well. Nothing more; nothing about getting gain, he had kept the empty the home he was building in his fancy, room in his heart that had once been and the figure that was always central filled by his love. in his thoughts.

"I hope," said my uncle Nathan, mind upon such a rolling stone as Sam for it will stick to him, and Abner Averill. He has no continuity to Stanton's character never recovered him.'

"If we are going to hunt for a man have a long road to it." returned Aunt them. Even their children proved baroldest one, Jonathan, and he died sud. Augusta, bearing down the heavy pressing iron upon her seam as though trying to crush the life out of something.

In less than a week Abner Stanton called again. He thought perhaps Miss Augusta didn't know the swamp-pinks were out, and so he brought her a handful that he got on the way over from

Aunt Augusta had a passion for flowers—she and my mother are alike about dishes and talked, and Mr. Averill that—and she put a cluster of the blossmoked his pipe and listened. It was soms in her hair at once, and another the first time I ever allowed anybody at her throat, while Abner Stanton looked at her with admiration in every hair of his head.

> "If you were a sister of mine, you should sit in a rocking chair and wear ing surrounded by her children and swamp pinks!" said he.

"Abner Stanton is a most excellent man," quoth Uncle Nathan, when he have written well, but he could talk; had gone his way, "an esquire and a head man in town. He's all wheat and no chaff. He'll make a first-rate husband, and the girl who gets him will

Aunt Augusta made some fierce clippings with her great tailor's shears, but she said nothing, and presently went letter.

The next day Abner Stanton called to see Uncle Nathan on business, and she sent her letter to the office by him. So the months drifted along one after another like pictures in a magic-lanteru. Abner Stanton came often on one ex-Sam; and where one was you might brought flowers and berries strung on cause or another, or on none. He grass, and sweet flag-root and birds' eggs. He was never intrusive with lis ter, with whom she is living. a demonstrative kind, but he knew how love, but he made Aunt Augusta conwith every breath she breathed. It soon as the door was opened. So the years budded and blossomed was below her, above her, and all

All things are fair in love," said he Mr. Averill stepped quickly for

towards Augusta like an accepted lover. kept them back altogether, and still primoses were faded in her cheeks, After a few years he found himself never allowed Aunt Augusta to loose and she were a cap on her head.

found him there when I went in one it. He went abroad, to England and Averill having made and lost and made cried the impatient lover. Rome and Egypt and Paris and Ger- again his twelve thousand dollars among many and Sweden and Russia and the copper mines, came home to "marry

Suddenly one day he appeared before pocket. He next went out among the my Uncle Nathan, travel-worn and nose and all!" she said, holding up copper mines of Lake Superior, and in brown and shaggy. My uncle received her hands. time was again possessed of twelve him with great cordiality.

ta?" returned Sam.

"Oh, Augusta! She is all right. You find Augusta. I will be around in an hour or so and call for you. Augusta will be proper glad to see you, and so'll the rest of the folks. I don't know when there has been such a surprise in Coos before."

So Sam went off with his honest heart to find a razor and a wash bowl, and my uncle Nathan did a very meanthing. He went straight to Abner Stanton. "Abner," said he, going into the smithy, out of breath, "Sam Averill has come, and you must go right up and get Augusta to name the day, or you will as long as I can.'

Abner dropped his hammer without saying a word, and went up the street, rolling down his shirt-sleeves as he went. An hour after Uncle Nathan came home home with Sam Averill.

"Here is an old friend you will be "Here is an old friend you will be now is you to come and share it with sond the cars together with such fury, glad to see, Augusta," said he, opening me. It is you, or nobody, just as it that no man living could attempt the door of my aunts workroom, where always was.' she sat stiching the pocket of a primrosecolored vest, and looked fresh as a hundred primroses herself.

"It is Sam!" said she faintly, starting to her feet and dropping her work.

It was Sam. Sam come at last, with his long-smouldering love and his tardy

"You haven't done right, Augusta,"

"You are too late! An hour too late,

have always belonged to me, and you "You didn't say anything," returned my aunt, with a little pride. "How

was I to know what you meant ? You never spoke a word.' "I took it you knew my mind," reurned Sam. "I never thought of any-

body else. I never should think of anybody else, and it didn't occur to me that you would. You must marry this person now you have promised him, of course. But it isn't right and it never

Mr. Stanton is a wort y man; just as good as gold, clear through to the core. I have always liked him, and you never said anything," repeated my poor aunt Augusta; "I will be your friend, though just the same."

They said no more; there was nothng more to be said, and in a month Aunt Augusta and Abner Stanton were married. Sam Averill stayed till after the wedding, and then he went off, and vest would be done. It was not two had never been heard of again until to-

He went to California, throwing his for the best, we will hope so," pur whole life into work; his work prospered, and he had come back now with houses and lands and gold and minesa rich man. He had come back to find sible for him.

Aunt Augusta's married life had not "I hope," said my uncle Nathan, been happy. It is very dangerous for a 'you are not jooli h enough to set your man to take in a mean habit temporarily, from the twist those intercepted letters gave it. I don't know what, but somethat has no faults in this world, we'll thing was always going wrong between riers instead of bonds. As he grew older his natural economy and thrift became stronger and stronger, until, as my mother said, "he got so clost he could sit, and seven more like him, on a three-cent piece." Finally, one day, under some provention, he told Auni

Augusta about the lost letters. "You oughtn't to have told me that, Abner," said she. "You ought not to have told me. I can never forgive you." She never did. Ever after, there

seemed to be something separating them, cold and hard and transparent as ice, until at last they agreed to live apart. And so they did until the death of Mr Stanton. Now Aunt Augusta was livgrandchildren, happy and comfortable.

Mother brought down thus the story of Aunt Augusta's life, while Mr. Averill listened eager and ex knocked the ashes from his pipe and starting up, began to walk the floor.

have to say to me. I am of the same did. But now you don't need me, mind I always was. I've never han- and Sam and I have about concluded kered for a moment after any other to make arrangements, only I told woman, and I am as ready to marry him I must have a talk with you first her to-day as ever I was.'

So the next day I saw him on the Portland train, gray with years, but I was not idiotic enough to offer it, if youthful with expectations.

portunity by waiting to make himself | rangements."

"Where is Mrs. Stanton? I want scious of it every step she walked and to see her right away," said he, as

"You will find her here; walk in,

"I have come for you again, Au-Thus the time passed, until Sam gusta. Am I too late this time?"

> The roses came back to Aunt August's cheeks, and the red-hot arrows shot out of her eyes once more. "Bless us! If it isn't Sam Averill,

From twenty to fifty is but as a "Sam, I'm glad to see you!" said he. watch in the night, when the years dred thousand square miles, as far as "How have you fared this great long are past; and it is only when an old "Fair to middling. Where's Angusthe looking-glass, saying, "Here I am, my dear!" or when children that you have nursed in your go to the tavern and fix up, and I'll arms come around with the rights and duties of full-grown men and women, that you remember one is no longer young at fifty. But the sight of Sam Averill'I gray hairs and wrinkles were as good as a looking-glass to remind Aunt Augusta.

"Sit down, Sam," said she, "and let me look at you. It seems like the real old times to see you once more. You look wonderful natural, but dear me, how you have changed! You'v grown old as well as myself,'

But Mr. Averill was not to be di-

verted by any side issues.
"Augusta," he said, earnestly, "I made a scrious mistake once. It was not a mistake about my own mind, nowever; that remains the same it always was. Every woman I've ever seen seemed like a tallow candle beside the sun when I think of you. I have made my fortune, and all I want expression goes in coupling cars, and nowils you to constant the part of the engineer. I have seen segment of the engineer of the engineer. I have seen segment of the engineer of the engineer of the engineer. I have seen segment of the engineer of the engineer of the engineer of the engineer. I have seen segment entirely avoided by care of the engineer of the engineer. I have seen segment entirely avoided by care of the engineer of the engineer. I have seen segment entirely avoided by care of the engineer. I have seen segment entirely avoided by care of the part of the engineer. I have seen segment entirely avoided by care of the part of the engineer. I have seen segment entirely avoided by care of the part of the engineer. I have seen segment entirely avoided by care of the part of the engineer. I have seen segment entirely avoided by care of the part of th however; that remains the same it

Maybe Aunt Augusta's heart throbbed a little with the old yearning toward the love of her youth, but she selves on coupling cars when they are shook her head with unbesitating de. shook her head with unhesitating decision, as she put out her hand to stir the cradle where her youngest grand-

child lay asleep.
"It can never be, Sam," said she. 'I won't deny that it was all a mistake my marrying Stanton. He didn't turn out to be the man I took him for. He proved contrary and ornery, and besides he wrote letters in disguise. But that is all over and past, and can't be undone. And now I am in the midst of my children with my grandchildren growing up about me, and I am in my right place. I shouldn't be contented to leave everything and go off to a new country to begin the world over again, as it were. I am too old an oak to be transplanted."

Well, after that Mr. Averill might have talked till he was at the age of Methuselah. Aant Augusta bad made up her mind and an earthquake could not shake it.

So Mr. Averill again went away

alone.
"Well, Amelia Augusta wouldn't have a word to say to me," said he walking in upon mother and me, as we sat at supper a few evenings after, 'not a word.'

"I wan't to know if that is so!" cried mother, fluttering up after another plate and knife. "Lay your overcoat right off and have a cup of tea with us. Augusta always was decided, and you couldn't turn her after she got her mind fixed. She wouldn't keep you waiting long for your answer, either. Well, it is likely it is sued mother, reaching over to put an extra lump of sugar in Mr. Averill's cup, as though to sweeten life if pos-

"It serves me right in taking it for intentions. I must have been a selfconceited, inconsiderate fool. But Syrup of Hyphphosphites, I formed it seems bard that a body can't work such a favorable opinion as to be inhis way out of a blunder in a whole duced to recommend it to my patients ifetime.

iropped another lump of sugar in Mr. pophosphites. For several years I have Averili's cup. To my astonishment continued to prescribe it, in many he he seemed to relish it the better, cases with very beneficial results. as if life were growing sweeter and

that night: so late that as I had had a hard day, I went off to bed and left them talking over old times and purring like a cupple of cats by the kitchen fire.

After breakfast next morning, mother followed me into the hall when I started for the office.

"I want to speak with you Elwell just a minute," said she, stroking my coat-sleeve, tremulously .- "What should you say to my going back to California along with Mr. Averill?"
"You, mother!" I cried, feeling as

though the world had tumbled off its axis. "Why, it is Aunt Augusta he wants. 'It is Augusta, or nobody!'

"Yes, so it was," returned mother, like Augusta, as she used to be, than she does herself. I tell you the truth, still, "I suppose it wouldn't have takwas nineteen to the dozen, and I never and get your advice."

Get my advice! Dear little mother!

wing.—The Aldine for February.

and after playing for a while, examined the rotary churn which was there in Augusta wrote to him; and now and to himself. So now and then he forgot ward. Yes, there she sat, stitching operation. "My churn is the best," cards that he has "removed corns then he came to Maine on business, to mail, or to deliver one, dropping it in away as before on some kind of primhe said, at last. "It makes bread and from several of the crowned heads of always going to my grandfather's before the fire instead. At last, as his leve rese-colored stuff, with her eyes as butter; yours only makes butter."

Montana and Idaho. The lava floor covered an area of at least two hunexplored, and it would probably be found to extend over a surface of three hundred thousand square miles, as its limit northwest had never been determined. The depth of the lava crust varied from upwards of three thousand feet in the Cascade and Blue Mountain region to one and two hundred feet and less at remote points on the outer edge of the overflow. Where the tremendous gorge of the Columbia river cut through the lava bed, it had a depth of three thousand five hundred feet. The eruption was comparatively recent, belonging to the latter part of the miocene period, extending perhaps into the mountain slope. post tertiary. - Scienific American.

Car Coupling Dangers.

T. W. H. says: I know-by experience that the danger of coupling cars can be almost entirely evoided by care nd the cars together with such fury, to make the connection with any kind of safety; herein lies the danger. Many brakemen pride themlife or limb, to say nothing of the injury to the cars and drawheads. Yet they make the attempt, though warned | dustry Exhibition in Michigan. by the conductor that they could not make the coupling. Once, when I remonstrated with an engineer for his reckless backing up, he replied: "I am in a hurry." Note how he succeeded in gaining time. He drew shead and backed three times before the connection was made; whereas, if he had come back first time as a sensible man should have done, the connection would have been made with time to spare. Whenever you see a large number of broken drawheads around the car repair shops, you can be assured that somebody has been in a hurry. - Scientific

Langh and be Healthy.

The physiological benefit of laughter s explained by Dr. E. Aeckar, in the Archiv fur Psychiat ie: The comiclike tickling causes a reflex action of the sympathetic nerve, by which the caliber of the vascular portions of the system is diminished, and their neryous power increased. The average pressure of the cerebral vessels on the brain substance is thus decreased, and this is compensated for by the forced expiration of laughter, and the larger amount of blood thus called to the lungs. We always feel good when we laugh, but until now we never knew the scientific reason why.

BRONCHITIS AND CONSUMP-TION. LETTER FLOW DR. CRANE.

Halifax, N. S. JAMES I. FELLOWS, ESQ. -- DEAR SIR: minent ingredients of your Compound as PREFERABLE and more convenient Mother looked full of symathy, and than my own prescriptions of the Hy-Since, upon solicitation, you kindly afforded me a more intimate knowledge Mother and Mr. Averill sat up late of the composition of your Compound Syrup of Hopophosphites, I have used it freely in my practice, both in diseases of the Chest, as Consumption and Bronchitis, etc., and in infantile dise ses of the prima vta, or Stomach and Bowels with eminent success, considering it superior to any similar preparation yet offered to the public. Thanking you

> I remain, yours truly, CHANDELER CRANE, M.D.

for your kind information,

A DEATH'S HEAD AND CROSSBONES ought to be the trade mark of every dealer in Rum Bitters. But no: to proclaim their real mission, would ruin them, so they sail under false colors, humbly, "but Sam says I seem more and do their deadly work surreptitiously. Fortunately their triumphs over credulity are nearly at an end Elwell," continued mother, humbler | Ever since the introduction of Dr. WALKER'S CALIFORNIA VINEGAR BITen much to turn me toward Sam in TERS the sale of all the burning fluids cited. When she had finished he my young days; but he seemed to advertised as "tonics" has been rapidly take rather more to Augusta. She declining. They are still the unwhole some solace of individuals who wish could hold my own against her. And to satisfy the morbid appetite for strong STEAM ENCINES. BOILERS, "I will start for Portland to morrow then your father, he came along, and drink, without compromising their remorning and see what Augusta will I never was sorry it happened as it have to say to me. I am of the same did. But now you don't need me, where discarding them and adopting the VINEGAR BITTERS. The success of this wonderful vegetable remedy astonishes Dr. Walker himself. He believed, when he gave it to the world, that it was an unequalled tonic, free from the objections urged against the medicated I had any advice to give. So she and fire-waters, and dilutions of strychnine, This time he did not waste his op- Mr. Averill went on and "made ar- quinine and other powerful alkaloids employed in modern practice; but he Which arrangements were that scarcely expected that it would prove a tine, but with the grime and dust of travel upon him, he went directly to that day two weeks, after a quiet the house of Aunt Augusta's daugh.

Which arrangements were that scarcely expected that it would prove a travel upon him, he went directly to that day two weeks, after a quiet specific for chronic dyspepsia, liver to house of Aunt Augusta's daugh. ed off for California to begin life firmed rheumatism, gout, scrofula, neranew on each other's account, as vous affections, general debility, and all blithe and joyous as two birds on the diseases that disorder, without destroying the vital machinery. Yet this, unless thousands of witnesses have

A chiropodist announces on his

Professer Procter, the English astronomer, treats largely upon the probabili-Professor Le Conte. at a recent ties of other worlds than this being inmeeting of the California Academy of habited, the conclusion being that, of Sciences, stated that the great overflow the inner planets, Murcury, Venus, the of live in the West proceeded from Earth, and Mars, our planet only was the Cascade Mountains in Oregon in condition to be inhabited by beings which were of themselves one vast like the dwellers upon the earth. Mermass of lava. From this point the lava cury and Venus must be too hot, and overflowed a great portion of Oregon Mars too cold. Of the other planets Washington Territory, all of Northern their condition was not probably such California, and vast sections of Nevada, as to permit of habitation by creatures such as ourselves.

Beau Reid went to see the calf with five legs at the livery stables of Peter Garvey & Brother a few evenings ago, and on viewing the freak of nature thus remarked to his friend: "I say, Bill, that's wonderful, but down at the Ogden we see calves every night with only one leg apeice, which are a great deal more interesting." Bill blushed.

How pleasant a surprise it is to see the miracle of love motion in objects shat are usually inanimate? We have seen a rope walk, a note run, a watch spring, a horse fly, and a Saratoga hop; and next summer we shall go over the hills to see the big trees leave, and the

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