Curling A LANG TOB THE CURLERS.

The' fiery an' fiercely the sun may arise, He'll be pale are he sinks in the west, A match will be waged till it e'en shakes th

A making the bound of the best. You brag o' the brave wha ha'e won for you fame In the red ranks o' danger so grim ; The brave for the present, whaurever their hame, Are the skips with the best nicket brume !

Chorus-Then, hurst hi Johnsy Frost in his grey suid age reigns, An' burshi for his boyai men a'; Hurshi for the brunes an' the crampets an' stanes, Wi' the play an' the roarin' gaffaw

The tailor's been up a' the wearisome nicht At these mournin's he couldna let stan'; The cobbler has sworn that a sovereign so bricht Winas cloot the best shase in the lan'. The grocer's wife kens that the grocer's awa', For it's her maun attend to the shop; And, thanks to the frost, for the limb o' the law Equared a case, to save time, on a roup. Chorus-Then, hurrah ! Johnny Frost in his grey auld age reigns, etc

Wha's wantin' the doctor-they'll just need to

wait, He has never a minute his ain, He's skilly an' a' that, as true as you say't, But, I'm sayin'—he plays a braw staue. The parish has honors that a' maun maintain, An' the parson himes's game to play: He may preach about scores wi' the sling an' the But his heart's in a win for the day.

Chorus-Then, hurrah ! Johnny Frost in his grey auld age reigns, etc

The weaver's awa wha leads weel in a tack. Wi'the mason, wha drives a hard shot; The laird an' the farmer draive ower back i back. An' tueir rents an' their wrangles forgot. The host o' the Stag is afoot wi'the rest, He has pleasure an' business in hab'; He systek's a sample or two o' hs beet, An' a roarin' game's aye keepit gaun.

Chorus-Then, hurrah i Johnny Frost in his grey auld age reigns, etc.

Gas hame wi' your corn, for the miller's wheel's

fast, Nor a turn is he thinkin' to dae; There's ice on the loch, an' as lang's it may last, Dod, the miller an' man mann baith play. Or what brings you here wi' your horse to get

shod, An' the maister awa' wi' his rack ? They'll win, sae you'll better jog on wi'your load For there's nae sayin' when they'll be back.

Chorus - Then, hurrah ! Johnny Frost in his grey auld age reigns; An' hurrah ! for his loyal men a'; Hurrah ! for the brunes an' the orampets an' stanes, Wi' the play au' the roarin gaffaw !

LULIE'S LOVERS.

A Story for the New Year.

At about 10.30 in the morning of the 30th of December, 1881, young William Nanse sat at his desk in the counting-room of the publishing firm of Neaves, Neville & Neaves -" N. N. & N.," as the employees shortened

The window at his left looked out on one of the busiest sections of Oxford Street, or would have looked out but that a thick chocolate-colored fog hid everything save the sounds of confusion going on in it.

Nanse looked up from the heap of papers Nanse looked up from the neap of papers on his deak and called to an office-boy, "Sam, let me know the moment Mr. Neaves comes in." "Yessir; 'e's—'e's a comin' now, sir."

Nanse swung round in his chair and rose quickly. A middle-aged gentleman of almost a military firmness of bearing was approaching the counting-room, surrenderhis overcoat to an attendant as he moved. Nanse met him at the door.

" Mr. Neaves, can you give me a few mo-ments, sir ?" he asked.

" This morning?" "Yes, sir ; I'd like to get it over."

Mr. Neaves drew out his watch. "Come to me at 11-no, say five minutes past, pre-cisely ;" and he passed on to his private

Nanse returned to his desk, and rapidly Name returned to he deas, and rapidly sorted and arranged the papers there. The minutes dragged, the minutes flew, and he was cold and hot by turns. He wrote on a fresh envelope, "Miss Lulie Featherfew, 99 Marylebone Road," considered it with a heavy frown for a moment, then toesed it into the waste basket. with a dana impo-tient sigh. "No," he muttered, "it's done and ended, and in a few moments I shall have cut the bridge behind me." When it wanted but thirty seconds of the

you off as socn as I can." Mr. Neaves had about it, Mr. Hartington ; I wan't to know already turned to his desk, but he stopped exactly what is said. "Well, there's been a good deal of talk for weeks back. Nanse has been very the young man in the doorway. "Stay! Your address—I might want to use it—is with Miss Ingram, isn't it?" Mr. Neaves gloomy and absent-minded, and now they think that he's-You know he's had all hot one of his keenest glances with this simple question. "No, sir; I left my aunt's a month ago. things in his own hands in the countingroons

I'm stopping in Guildford street." He was so confused that he did not give the num-"Ab !" gasned Miss Ingram, " you mean so confused that he did not give the number; and Mr. Neaves, who was not at all confused, ignored the omission and occuthat they dare insinuate my boy would steal-that's the plain English of what you are telling me. And you-you, Mr. Harting-ton, his old friend-you have thrown back note, which was delivered by the postman that same night at 99 Marylebone road. their base lies in their testh! '

Hartington recoiled a little, cast down his eyes, and remained pensively silent. Nanse looked very tired as he sat down once more to his desk. "It's an ill turn you have done me, Lulie Featherfew," he Notning could have affected Miss Ingram nore than this air of disinterested regret. She recalled the note from Mr. Neavescouched, indeed, like so many of its prede-cessors; but could it perhaps have this

heavily

bim

head.

into calmness.

muttered, under his breath, " and I hope you'll be satisfied with your work." Then observing the note which Hartington had left on his desk, he opened it, read it twice, heavy meaning? There was a rustle of the silver gray silk. tore it in tiny hits and drawing toward him sheet of plain business note, wrote a few Mies Ingram had left her chair, and sunk on one knee at Hartington's side, and there lines, inclosed, addressed and stamped it with an air of finality and dejection. "Shall I post your letter for you?" said she spoke, in a low, broken voice: "Your silence is terrible. I do not care for what Hartington, turning to him at that instant. people may say who do not and cau-I'm just going myself." This note also was delivered that same not know my nephew; but you, his old friend, you know him-obstinate, highspirited. and wayward, but true as fine gold; and if he has in haste, by some acci-

night at 99 Marylebone Road, and the house-maid took them up to the drawingroom fluor, dropped a courtesy, and handed them to Miss Betsy Ann Ingrama pearl of a maiden lady, with slightly silvered brown hair, blue eyes and delicate skin set off by a dress of silver gray silk. To the young lady seated near her at the face with her hands. same table, knitting with scarlet wools, the house-maid gave a third letter. This young lady was exceeding fair to with a sudden start. Lulie Featherfew had come around from the table and taken

look upon, by reason of a sort of witchery which was neither of eyes, hair, complexion look up his hand in an almost powerfully nervous grip. She was quite pale but her voice was nor shape. The free spirited gaze and cer-tain movements of the mouth indicated stady and soft. drew him—his hot fingers closing passion-ately around her cold hand—into a curtained recess. "Now," said Lulie, in a voice that great pride and wilfulness, yet softness Miss Ingram's letters were short.

The briefest one ran thus:

shook a little for the first time that even-ing, "what has Will done and how can we " DEAR MISS INGRAM, - Telegraph if you annot see me at 11 o'clock to morrow, the help him out of it ?" 31st. Yours truly,

" NATHANIEL NEAVES."

The other note read : "DEAR AUNT,-You mean most kindly, out you don't know Miss Featherfew' I do; so let us leava it. As soon as Mr. Neaves can supply my place I am going away—to America, I think. I am sorry you must be vexed by this, but it can't be avoided. Of course, if you'll be alone I'll come and see this old year out with you, as we've been used to do ever cince I can remember Dou't this that I since I can remember. Don't think that I shall ever forget how good you've always been to me-more than a second mother, God knows. But when I come don't let us

speak about Miss Featherfew, please. "Yours, Will.

"P.S.-I hope" (Lulie carefully scratched out) "Miss Featherfew is well."

Miss Ingram slipped the letters into her pocket ; a smile had at the last crept into the anxious expression of her face. Taking up a copy of the Gentleman's Magazine, she lanced over the top of at her companion. whose head was a little bent, but not more than was natural in picking out a tangle in

the skein. It rose again to its natural wilful poise and the fingers followed the needles lightly along the scarlet meshos. A vivid color had come into the young cheeks within the last few moments, and the fine white line marking the outer crimson of the lips howed that some powerful excitement was being resolutely repressed. Whatever her letter had been, she had

got it quickly into her pocket. "Little minx !" murmured Miss Ingram, mentally, "I know that letter was from my hands off! And I do love Will! I have loved him more and more, every day, every Will, and she knits away as if she hadu't any heart, an asd if I hadn't any either." The next instant the maid announced hour, of this wicked time that I've been so cruel to him, and driven him to despair! "Tell me how it all happened, child,"

" Mr. Hartington, ma'am," and in walked the handsome sallow young man with the voluminous dark mustache who had taken said Miss Ingram, putting her arms kindly round the struggling girl. "Oh, it was all my vile temper—my vile, vile, hateful pride. He didn't like me to waltz with Mr. Hartington, and when I to the post at least one of the letters that night delivered in Miss Insaid I would, he got apery, and said that --that any modest gri would know instinct-ively that he was not the right sort of man to be so familiar with. And then I lost my Mr. Harlington was received by Mis-Ingram with quiet courtesy slightly shaded with anxiety; by the young lady with an unusual show of cordiality.

appointment—for "N. of N., N. & N. never waits or keeps waiting," was the current saying—Nanse sprang up, looking a little pale, saluted, in passing, a handsome, sallow young man with "Good morning, Hartington," crossed over, tapped at Mr. Neuve's private office, and was promotive "Lulie!" cried Miss Ingram. It was face. "The next day Will came-you remember, for it was then he sent for his face. "Lulie!" oried Miss Ingram. It was wonderful how intensely willul the girl could look while so quietly slipping along the needles in her work; and neither of them observed the "Ah!" of relief which things away from here—and he spoke so kindly, aud begged me to forgive him, and said I had made him so jealous he couldn't help himself; and then he tried to put the had escaped Mr. Hartington on being assured that Mr. Nanse was not likely to be ring on my hand again; but I wouldn't let him, and I laughed and told him to keep it for the future Mrs. Nanse; that I thought there. A veiled and confused blending of Mr. Hartington could find a ring that would do well enough for me." "Oh, how could you!" cried Miss Ingram, drawing back a little. She could curiosity, caution, interest, calculation, passion and resolve strangely animated his ace and manner during the rest of the nterview. "So you have heard of it?" he asked,

ington's name should come in at all. You got my note? I've come about your nephew. We must not let him throw up nephew. things in this way, you know. Of course I've seen what was the matter all along; he's been jilted, and thinks life has nothing left in it for him any more. I felt that way myself, Betty-you know when I -a wonderfully sweet smile breaking mean

over his face ; " but 1 pulled through, max a a mint of money, and like my chop as well as another man." As she remained silent, Mr. Neave after a short sigh, went on in his usual tone: "I suppose Miss Lulie has been fracticus, and you and I, as the two cest and nearest friends these foolish young people have, ought to be able to get them to kiss and make up, and ring in the new year merrily. So, as there's no time to be lost, if you'l just please send for Miss Lulie we'll talk over things com-

fortably. " Oh, I-I don't quite think that would do," said Miss Ingram, hastily putting out do, "said Alies Ingram, heatily putting out her haud as he would have rung the bell. "Fortunately I can teil you how matters staud. It's just a lovers' quarrel, and at first my piece was most at fault; but it was very foolish of Will to take a head-strong girl at her word." Mr. Neaves turned abcuptly toward her, but she hurried or it Then, where the nearest description on: "Then, when she repented and wrote to him, it was certainly very unkind to marely fling back her letter unopened. Of you give me—" Subsatopped her pleading; she crept back to her ohair, and covered her course you day see the next overture must come from him. I can't have Lulie, who is dear good girl with all her faults, too much At that instant Hartington looked up humbled.

"Nanse seut back her letter unopened should not have expected that of him." "Then matters got worse through Mr. Hartington's trying to step into Wil's place. You see it was about him they quarrelled; and last night he was here, "Come, Mr. Hartington," said she, and quarrenea; and hast hight he was here, and he told us Will had got into some dreadful scrape, that it had leaked out in the office, and that you had first offered and theu withdrawu the offer of partnership; and, oh! he's coming here to night, and he made a point of it with Lulie that

and he made a point of it with Lulie that if she would engage herself to him he would help Will out." "Why, Betty, the mau's a scamp—a thorough comp," cried Mr. Neaves, with a very stern face. "Nause has done nothing whatever out of the way, except that he's an ass, and the best, straightest, truest young fellow in all London; and this Hart-ington. I think the worse of Miss Lulie " Miss Featherfew-Lulie-you must let me say something else first. Nause and I have been friends, but we are rivals, and we agreed to give each other a fair field." " Oh, Mr. Hartington, is this giving him a fair field ?" she murmured, putting her free hand to her eyes. ington. I think the worse of Miss Lulie that she could ever have anything to say to such a creature as that after having a man like Nause at her feet. I don't half The young man breathed fast and "Wait-hear me out. He basdone-I'm bound by solemn cath not to tell what he has done; but-but if you'll promise me

that you'll be my wife, I can and will clear A shiver ran through her, an outburst seemed on her lips, but she checked it, and presently said, "Come to morrow night and now from Will's, and "—quite fiercely —" a man should not leave the field in that and I will answer you, but please leave me with my aunt now." He drew her close, way. If he cares to win he should stand his ground.'

Mr. Neaves sprang forward, his face transformed with sudden kindling energy and covered her hands with kisses. "Go at once!" she gasped, widely averting her Why, then, Betty, Betty, that's a good esson, and I've got it by heart first time When the door had closed upon him she ran across the room and locked it, then saying.

Miss Ingram started back at the advance turned and flung herself at Miss Ingram's of her too apt pupil; but the scene was changed entirely by the entrance of Lulie Featherfew, to whom Mr. Neaves addressed feet, straining her arms around her knees and broke out in grief so wild and passion ate that the older woman was frightened himself with his characteristic abrupt "Oh, aunt, do anything, everything you directness:

like to me! It is all my fault. I'm the worst, the wickedest girl that ever lived ! Oh what can Will have done? What-"Good morning, Miss Lulie; for I hope it is a good morning; and will you tell me -I'm old eneugh to be your father, my ever it is, I drove him to it. And this-this man, his friend, will help him out of it it I'll marry him. Oh," laughing wildly, " of course 1 will ! He's much too good for me; but oh! I hat him no. Ah I availed out dear-will you tell me whether you love Mr. Nanse? Benause "--keeping fast the hands that tried to flutter from his--" if you do, why be unhappy, and make him unhappy, when the least little bit of combut. oh ! I hate him so. Ah ! I could cut mon sense will set all right, you know ?"

There is no knowing how the girl would have borne this onset from anybody else, but there was something so unmistakeble in the simple, plain, whole kindness of it, and in his disinterested unconsciousness of the possibility of cffending, that the true ring in the girl's nature answered to it; and besides her heart was soft with true repentance, and sore with the fear of having lost her lover past recovery. So, with much blushing and having of her head, the proud girl faltered out softly: "But he wouldn't even read my letter."

"Oh, jast let me have that letter, please. Pat came the letter out of her pocket,

as if it had known it would be in request. " Now, don't you be afraid, my dear ; I'm not going to read it. And you can trust

" Nathaniel always was eccentric." Nathaniel !" echoed Lulie. Well, that's his name, child, and I

told you we were at school together. There's nothing in that I should hope." When Lulie was gone, Miss Ingram drew out her letter and looked at it again, with blushes and flutterings like any young girl "'Dear Betty !" Oh yes, if you give way in the least, they will have all and 'Your Nathaniel.' Well, I never!" And when at eight o'clock precisely, Mr.

Neaves was announced, it is a question whether he observed as quickly as young Nanse did on his arrival, three minute later, that Miss Ingram's soft brown locks were puffed and plaited more elaborately than usual, and that the lace at her throat and wrists was of a bridal fineness, and that in her cheeks was a rose like that of early girlhood.

When, in answer to the summons, Miss Lulie came in with soft lace at her throat and wrists, and such a rose in her checks as only youth and love and tender fear and bounder there exists and tender fear and bounding hope could paint, there was just no explauation at all, but a glad soft cry of each other's names, and then they went off together into the curtained alcove, where only so few hours before Lulie had stood shrinking in such wretchedness from the careses of Hartington. Suddenly Lulie gave a great start, laid

her figer on Will's lips, as they both heard Mr. Hartington announced, and the next moment heard Mr. Neaves eaying,

"You are just in season to congratulate me on what I consider a very fortunate hange in my business, by which, though a tried old friend goes out of the firm, a dear young friend, and one of the most capable and upright young men I ever knew, comes

He then went to the alcove, and returned eading Names by the hand. "It will be Neaves, Name & Neaves' from to-morrow, and Mr. Nanse has all the appointments for the counting-room and outer offices. Now tell me, Mr. Hartington, have I not prepared a pleasant surprise for you in securing you the first chance to wish a friend joy of well-merited promotion ?"

The eyes of the young men met, Nanse's hterally danced with the happy light of love, so happy in its renewal that he could not bear to look on the sullen and pale countenance of his defeated silent foe.

"Ab, sir," he exclaimed, "if it's left with me, there'll be few changes, and cer-tainly none in the counting-room ;" and his looks entreated some compassion of Mr.

Neaves for Hartington. "Where's Lulie?" said Mr. Neaves, ig-noring these looks. He went behind the curtains and drew the young lady forth into the light, and laying her hands in those of Nanse, he turned again to Hartington.

"You know they were engaged to each other long ago, and had a little tiff, as lovers will, and to night they're making up for lost time. By Jove, sir,"—with sudden ferocity—" take a lesson by this night, and by the forbearance these loving hearts make me show you !"

make me show you !" Hartington, who had not spoken, turned and went toward the door. There Mr. Neaves, who withheld Nanse and Lulie from approaching him, put out his hand. "Take a week's leave, and then come back to your old place if you choose. All

here are agreed to let by-gones be by-Hartington went out without look or

word. The young lovers, after one or two exclamations of that compassion and pity which are such a sacred part of happy love, went back to their tryst behind the curtains, and quite forgot, in their selfab bliss, that the hours flying so swiftly for them might be long and tedious to their kind guardiane left all to themselves. When the nour of midnight struck, Lulie started with

hour of midnight struck, Lune started with a little pang of remores for this neglect, and peeped between the curtains. "Why? Will !" she whispered, softly. Then Will peeped forth, and then they pressed close together and laughed. Soft pressed close together and laughed. Soft as was this laughter, it was overheard. Mr. Neaves and Miss Ingram came toward

"He laughs best who laughs last," said Nanse

Miss Ingram and Lulie clasped each other "I know-he was at school with you," saucily whispered Lulie.

The Daugers of Vegetarian Dict.

The wife of the celebrated Dr. Tanner has lately taken up her abode in France, having obtained a divorce from her eccennarrowly; then they blundered into the enemy's fines at Dilkooshah Park, and imtric husband under the following circumstances : Dr. Tanner, it appears, is pecu-liarly addicted to extraordinary fancies ; and, some time since, he thought that he had found out that the human character becomes modified according to the food taken by the individual, and especially in relation to the vegetables the canal, the frishman's feet being badiy cut during the passage, and, after other mishaps and labors, at 4 a. m. they passed through the last two rebel pickets and soon were overjoyed by being challenged by an English sentry. After receiving a glass of brandy from the officer of the picket Kavanagh was directed to the Commander in-Chief's tent, where he met an elderly gen-tleman just leaving it, of whom he asked the whereabouts of Sir Colin Campbell. "I am consumed. Carrots, he avers, make people fidgety and sly: turnips produce extreme amiability; whilst a prolonged diet of French beans induces great irritability of temper. The carrying out of this theory has brought great trouble into Dr. Tanner's home. He made a heavy wager on the question with some friends, and experimented on Mrs. Tanner with whereabouts of Sir Colin Campbell. "I am Sit Colin Campbell," said the astonished officer, eyeing the Sepoy uniform from head experimented on Mrs. Tanner with French beans, giving her to eat about three pounds of this vegetable daily. It is not altogether to be wondered at if, after such a regimen, Mrs. Tanner became rather to foot; "who are you, sir?" Kavanagh handed to him Sir James Outram's note. ' Is this true ?" asked Sir Colin, with some distrust kindling in his keen eyes. more irritable than was perhaps contem-plated, and threw a jug at Dr. Tanner's you doubt me, sir ?" asked Kavanagh. "No, no," replied Sir Colin, "but it seems very strange." Kavanagh, who was worn head. The doctor, however, gained his bet ; and, more thoroughly convinced than out with anxiety and fatigue, asked that be might be allowed some sleep before reever of the truth of his theory, put his wife on the turnip diet, so as to make her as amiable as she was before the French bean regimen. This time, howcounting his adventure—a request willingly complied with. In a tent darkened for the purpose he first thanked God for his fafety, and then slept, while the flags sent back a "yes" to the signal from the anxious garever, the result was not so strictly in accordance with the theory. Mrs. Ta objected to be any longer a subject of these

"LUCKNOW" KAVANAGH.

The Death of the Brave Irishman Who Won the Victoria Cross by Saving Lucknow.

A WONDERFUL EXPLOIT.

One of the bravest of the brave men

whom has been awarded the precious little piece of gun-metal known as the Victoria Cross has just died, receiving scarcely a word of notice from the English press Thomas Henry Kavanagh's name is pre-ceded by the fatal asterisk in O'Byrne' chronicle of the Victoria Cross published nearly three years ago, and a still more accomplished contemporary historian re-cords that "Lucknow" Kavanagh "lost his life shortly after his heroic exploit, in battle with the enemy," yet he only passed away a few days ago. The official record of bis deed is brief: "Mr. Thomas Henry Kavanagh, Assistant Commissioner in Oudh," we read, "on the 8th of November, 1857, then serving under the orders of Lieutenant General Sir James Outram, in Lucknow, volunteered on the dangerous duty of proceeding through the city to the camp of the Commander-in-Chief, for the purpose of guiding the relieving force to the beleaguered garrison in the Residency, a solution and the second second

Government departments at Lucknow. Already two attempts had been made to relieve the garrison of the Residency and to raise the siege. Havelock and his devoted little army had succeeded in enter-

ing the place, but the mutineers closed around it all the more closely and the garrison found its numbers increased, but with a daily diminishing supply of food. "On one side," we read, "were only a ditch, on sucther a low fence like that which ordinarily environs the common Indian compound, but the men who were babid there triffing obtained an environment the who behind these trifling obstacles never thought for a moment of flinching. They were half-starved, many were suffering from dysentery, more were wounded, the hail of builets under which they stood was unceasing, they had nothing to cheer them except their own grand spirits, relief could onot possibly come for some time, and every day made the foe more numerous and stronger, but their courage never once gave out." Sir Colin Campbell was advaucing, and it was of the greatest importance that the exact position of the rebels and the best line of approach to their works should be communicated to him. But with the mutineers swarming around the Residency there were a hundred

around the residency there were a huddred chances to one that any messenger under-taking the desperate journey would be discovered, and discovery meant a brutal --probably a lingering death. Kavanagh, who had been fighting in the trenches among the civilians and had been wounded several times. wolunteered to carry de several times, volunteered to carry de

patches to Sir Colin's camp, trusting to his knowledge of the native language and customs and to his disguise as a Badmash, or swashbuckler, who had came from Oudh or Delhi to join the champions of the good cause. Outram endeavored to dissuade him from his mission by frankly rointing out its dangers, but Kavanagh persisted in tendering his services, and they were finally accepted. His features did not lend themselves readily to his disguise, but he succeeded so well with the burnt cork and other limited materials at

his command that when towards sunset he presented himself at the General's quarters no one recognized him till he revealed himself, giving his costume and complexion a final touch, and hiding a note of introduction to Sir Colin Campbell in his turban, Kayanagh set off at nightfall, accompanied by a native spy, Kanaoji Lal, bidding good-bye to Captain Hardinge at the river's edge. The messen gers forded the stream and passed the in-

gers forded the stream and passed the in-surgent sentries on the opposite bank. "It is a cold night," said the sentinel as at last, satisfied that they were friends, he allowed them to march on. "Yes, but it will be colder by and by," was Kavanagh's answer. They passed the ordeal of the picket further to an encourtable, other picket further on as successfully, after a rigid questioning, and pressed on, at times marching shoulder to shoulder in the ranks with their enemies. Once again a guard was turned out and they were questioned

Each bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil will hereafter be accompanied by a corksorew, as it is important that the cork should be preserved and the bottle well corked when not in use to retain the strength of the medicine. It cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Liver and Kidney Complaints of the Urinary Organs; cures complaints arising

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etter from Mrs. M. Webster, of Guilah Mother of the late Registrar of the County of Wellington and wife of the

former Registrar of Guelph.

350 WOOLWICH STREET, GURLPH,) February 28th, 1882.

350 Woolwich Street, GURLPH, February 25th, 1882. MY DEAR MR. SUMMELAND,—I have had so your famous medicine "Heumatine," that I thought I would write and ask you particu-lars about it. My son Robert, in Ceylon, hearing of the wonderful rolief it has given my daughter Ada, wrote ssking you if you had an agency in the East, or in England. Would you kindly write to me at your leisure ant tell me all about it, so that I may communi-ting for the fact of my daughter's sever-stief with my son, and give information to people inquiring, for the fact of my daughter's sever-stief elter. By the time she had finished the second bottle all pains had left her, she slept strength coming back, but she took the third so as to complete the cure. She has not suffered at all how be able to get it in our own city, as Mr. Pather in own in the direct some. I remain yours, very true, M WENCHE

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Neave's private office, and was promptly called in

The clerk who received the mail entered the counting-room and laid a letter on Nanse's desk. Hartington, whose desk was next beyond that of Nanse, observed this and drew indolently near. He stood perhaps a full minute mechani-

cally twisting his long dark moustache and looking at the letter. Then, first throwing a slow, careful, keen glance around him, he picked from the waste basket the discarded envelope Napse had addressed to Miss Featherfew, and slipping into it the letter from Nause's desk, sealed and put it in his breast pocket. He then laid down another letter in place of the one he had just removed, and went to his desk. There he seemed to become almost immediately absorbed in his work, yet had any one taken him by the hand it would have batrayed his agitation. In his private office Mr. Neaves, sitting

with his hat off, his shoulders squared, his thick iron gray hair pushed back from his forehead, was a man well worth look-ing at. If you had been going to describe him essentially in three words, you would have said, "Business, experience, heart" -- a reversal of the usual order of things.

"Well, my boy," said the head of the firm, motioning to a chair, "what is it? By your looks its trouble, so let us get it behind us as soon as may be."

"I'm going away, sir," exclaimed Nanse speaking with difficulty. Then, after a moment's silence, he threw up his head and went on rapidly, "I can't explain, and I hope you'll not think hardly of me, sir, but I must go away; and if you had the man you wanted in my place, I should beg you to let me off at once-to day But of course I don't ask that, only, sir, if you'll please arrange it as soon as you can, it will be the greatest kindness to me

"This is a strange request-very," said Mr. Neaves. After a considerable pause, "Is your mind quite made up?" Quite.'

"We have been thinking lately of some "we nave been tainking lately of some changes in which you are interested. Don't interrupt me, but listen. With the new year Mr. Neville, who is rich enough, and tired of business, goes out of the firm by agreement. You have been with us some

time; you know the business; you suit time; you alwe have made up our minds to offer you a place in the firm, beginning with the new year. See !"-pushing a proof slip toward him-" Neaves, Nanse & Neaves. It looks well; it sounds well; we think it aunt.

Nanse had risen and taken the slip, and now stood quite mute, and very red in the

face. "Come," resumed the older man; "you've made me crack the shell a day sooner than I wanted; but young folks almost always do force matters a little.

Come, now, doesn't this change things a bit? Can't you explain? Or, better yet, let explanations go, and you stay." "Ob, Mr. Neaves, all this makes it hor

ribly hard for me," said young Nanse, beginning to tremble like a girl; " but-but it doesn't change things at all. Do believe how grateful-" "One word," broke in Mr. Neaves-" are

you dissatisfied with me, with us, with any-thing here?" bing here?" "No, sir-never, sir." "Very well, I'll look up a man and et Ibgram. "I want to know every word

not help resenting this for her nephew. But Lulie caught her hands, and sobbed looking at them alternately. "Well, then, I suppose I am free to speak." out: "If you were only in love yourself you'd

I suppose I am free to speak." "Yes, pray tell us everything, Mr. Hart ington," said Miss Ingram, eagerly. "You know how good and true my nephew is, and how much I care for the least things conunderstand how a girl could be awfully wicked and yet want to be good all the time, and—and wish somebody would manage her and make her behave. If he'd cerning him. But his modesty makes him only kept the ring in his hand one instant reserved."

"Oh, Mr. Hartington," said Miss Feather longer I should have snatched it and kissed it before his eyes, and if he had only waited a moment I should have got few, crossing to the piano and taking up some music, "I have thatlovely Hungarian air at last Do come and sing it for me. We can hear about Mr. Nanse later, can't over my wicked pride and thrown my arms around him; but, oh! he we, aunt ?" with a challenging flash of the just gave me one strange, white, cold look, as if he did not in the least love me

eye. "If you don't mind," said Mr. Harting any more, as if I were the dirt under his feet, and then he was gone, and then I didn't care what became of me. It got ton. "I would like to speak now, dear Miss Featherfew, bscause-because now we are alone, and I am afraid I may have to give worse and worse, and I would not have any one guess how wretched I was, and the some pain. Later, some one might drop in you know." very first time Mr. Hartington asked me to be his wife, I half promised I would."

" Oh. very well !" said Lulie, coldly, reuming her seat and her work with an air of abstraction.

"What a wretched, wretched business!" "What a wretched, wretched business!" Sighed Miss Ingram. "But in one thing, Lulie, I can't understand you. I have been proud in my time, but had I been in your place I would, at least when I Miss Ingram, who had grown a little pale, gave her whole attention to their isitor. "Yes," said she, "we have heard that is, I have known some little timeisitor had come to my senses, have written to the man I had wronged, and acknowthat Mr. Neaves was thinking of taking Will into partnership soon ; a great thing for him, dear boy, so young as he is, but he

richly deserves it." Hartington looked at her a moment, then said, with a burst of emotion : "You know how much I have always liked Nanse.

and I am so grieved to have to tell you-By Jove! he ought to come and tell you

After a long pause-"Lulie," said she, "I sent a note to Will by Mr. Hartington, and his reply came to-night. I can understand it still better himself.' "What is there to tell me?" cried Miss Ingram, in a changed voice. "Speak out at

from what you have told me. I am quite sure he loves you, child, and though Mr. Hartington did frighten me at the moment, Lulie Featherfew laid down her knitting. "Yes, do pray speak out, Mr. Hartington," said she, in a soft, steady tone. "We should never know anything of Will's doings I do not believe that Will has done any-thing wrong. What I do feel is that unless this trouble can be made right between if you didn't tell us''-with a look at her

you two, it will have spoiled his life. It is plain to me that he is throwing everything "Why, he's going away out of the country," exclaimed Hartington. "Oh yes, he's written to me about that," away for your sake, and you certainly have been a bad girl." Lulie nestled closer and sobbed more

said Miss Ingram, with a retorting glance oftly, as one comforted; and soon after at her niece. "But he's going away in spite of Mr. the aunt and niece parted for the night.

The last morning of the year opened Neave's offer of -' Mr. Neaves has not made the offer.' with that winter brightness which so rarely smiles on London; and at 11 o'clock pre-cisely Mr. Neaves was shown into Miss interrupted Miss Ingram ; "he does not intend to make it till the day after to-

intend to make it till the day after to-morrow-New Year's." "Oh yes, he has, though; I happen to know that the matter of the partnership was proposed to Name this very day; and -and afterward Mr. Neaves withdrew it, and Name is to leave, and we think-they Ingram's drawing-room, and found her alone, and evidently und r some excitement. "Ob, Nathaniel !" she exclaimed, taking his hand quite eagerly between her lady-like paims, "what's this about Will? Mr.

say at the office-that he must have don something very wrong; that's what's whis-

nothing wrong."

looking very much surprised, "why Hart-

me-tell her that, Betty, I'll not put you to shame before any man ; and just stay in, both of you, please, till you hear from

"Wny, aunt, he called you Betty ! " WAR Lulie's dumfounded eisculation as the door closed on Mr. Neaves. "An old habit he sometimes falls into."

said Miss Ingram, quickly. "We knew each other at school.

"What can he be going to do with my letter?" murmured Lulie, re absorbed in her own feelings, and in hot and cold shivers of conjecture. This is what Mr. Neaves did with it. On

reaching his office he sent for Nanse. The young man looked very wan and heavy-

"I called for you," said Mr. Neaves. "to ask you if that is your handwriting "-and he plumped into the younger man's hand the letter he had brought away from Lulie Featherfew.

"Yes, sir, that's my hand." The hot blood flew into his face; he was staring at the postmark, and burst out, in great agitation "But, sir, this was posted yesterday, sir— see here, 'December 30'—and I have not written to--- to that address for weeks." "The envelope is broken; see what it contains." Mr. Neaves spoke tersely.

Nanse drew out the inclosure, and gave a short cry: "Why, sir, it's a letter to me from -from -Oh, sir, here's foul play!" "Hush!" said the older man, almost as

British Medical Journal excited as the younger. "Ask me no ques-tions yet. Get away somewhere and read your letter. Wait, though. Make me one promise-that you'll not answer it, whatever it is but meet me to night, 8 o'clock Miss Ingram's, and not a word sharp, at about anything to anybody. Your word on this ??

Yes, Mr. Neaves."

They wrung hands, and Nanse hurried away. He was met on the street by Hart-"Halloo, Nanse! what's up? Have you

ledged my fault." "vhisperd Lulie, her head drooping, "and he—he sent back the letter unopened this very night. Oh! oh! he will never care for me again!" seen a ghost ?' "Yes, the ghost of a wronged love and of

a sham friendship!" Nanse flung out these words at Hartington. The latter leaped to the sudden reckless resolve of Miss Ingram pursed her lips and looked wer her niece's head into the fire.

"On, come, Nanse, a girl should be allowed to choose, and if you had won, I'd have wished you joy, old boy-by Jove, I would !"

"What do you mean ?" asked Nanse

facing round upon his old friend. "That Lulie Featherfew last night gav. me ber promise to ba Mrs. Hartington." " If that is true, you stand in no nee of my or any congratulations," said Nause so quietly that he had gone many pace on his way before Hartington recovered

from his surprise. The 5 o'clock post brought Miss Ingram

the following epistle: "DEAR BETT, - Nance and I will be with you to night at 8. If Hartington calls, keep him, and ask Miss Lulie to stay in her room till I send for her.--Your Your

our NATHANIEL." "On, what does he say?" said Lulie Featherfew, in a great flutter. "Can I see it?"

But somehow Miss Ingram thought she would not show this note. "Mr. Neaves will be here to-night, my

Hartington really frightened us. But I dear, and tring a friend with him; and, can't think—no, I'm sure he has done Lulie—I don't think you need mind—he othing wrong." "I can't understand," said Mr. Neaves, soking very much surprised, "why Hart." "How very odd !"

ing the advance and the severe fighting which followed until on the 17th the Prince Bismarck a Martyr to Neuralsia (From the London Standard.)

vegetarian experiments ; sued for a divorce and, what is more singular, obtained it .--

Residency was relieved, Kavanagh was with Campbell, advising and fighting, and was the first of the rescuing The neuralgia from which Prince Bis marck has been suffering in the head and face lately has now become so severe that he is scarcely able to articulate. Privy force to reach his former comrades. The rewards of his heroism were the first Vic Councillor Frederichs, a physician fre-quently consulted by the Chancellor hereto-fore, delivered his opinion that the pain arose not improbably from the teeth. Prince Bismarck, though he has never yet toria Cross given to a person not holding military rank and the appointment of Assistant-Commissioner in Oudh, where few weeks later in company with Captain Dawson he stormed with a handful of native police and civilians the fort of Sandela, in which a large force of rebels undergone a dental operation, was quite willing to submit to one now if it were defeated at Lucknow had taken up it necessary. On examination, however, by an experienced dentist, no trace of any fault could be discovered among the teeth, position. Mr. Kavanagh was later appointed Regis and accordingly Prince Bismarck, who himself calls his malady " tio douloureux," trar of Lucknow, and held the office at the time of his death. He went home on leave last spring, but in such ill-health that he spent nearly the whole of his visit in hos has escaped being experimented upon for the present.

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nce begin the use of a certain class of medicines you must keep it up, or reaction will follow inevitably. This is true of all stimulants and excitants like alcohol, strychnine, vegetable bitters, which act chemically and mechanically to goad the organic functions to greater activity with-out contributing anything to the work of repair. The immediate effect is agreeable, the ultimate result mischievous. Tissue elements as combined in Wheeler's Phos phates and Calisaya neither stimulate n: depress. as they supply the form of energy in our daily food.

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an active part.

to babies:

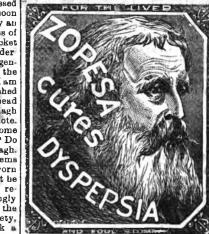
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