POETRY.

If I Could Keep Her So.

Just a little baby, lying in my arms, Would that I could keep you with your baby charmel Helplees, chunging fingers, downy, golden hair; Where the sunshine lingers, caught from other

where; Blue eyes asking questions, lips that cannot speak, Roly-poly shouldors, dimples in your check;

Dainty little blossom in a world of woe; Thus I fain would keep you, for I love you so. Roguish little damsel, scarcely 6 years old, Feet that never weary, hair of deepest gold, Resules, busy fingers, all the time at play, Tongue that never ceases talking all the day, Blue eyee learning wonders of the world about Have come to tell you them—what an eage

shout! Winsome little damsel, all the neighbors know Thus I long to keep you, for I love you so!

Sober little school girl, with your strap of books. And such grave importance in your puzzled looks.

Solving weary problems, poring over sums, Yet with tooth for plum-cake and for sugar

Yet with tooth for plum-cake and for sugar plums; Reading books of romance in your bed at night, Waking up to study in the morning light; Anxious as to ribbons, deft to the a bow, Full of contradictions—I would keep you so.

Sweet, thoughtful maiden, sitting by my side, All the world before you, and the world is wide Hearts there are for winning, hearts there are

Hearts there are for winning, heat is there are to break; Has your own, shy maiden, just begun to wake? Is that rose of dawning glowing on your cheek, Telling us in blushes what you will not speak? Shy and tender maiden. I would fain forego All the golden future, just to keep you so.

All the listening angels saw that she was fair, Ripe for rare unfolding in the upper air; Now the rose of dawning turns to lily white, And the close shut eyelids will the eyes fro

sight. All the past I summon as I kiss her brow— Babe, and child, and maiden, all are with m

Oh! my heart is breaking; but God's love, Safe among the angels, He will keep her so.

The Little Black Teapot.

When the sky darkens down on cold winter's day; When we long for the sunshine to come and to stav : When the angry wind rages, and down from each

Comes the drift that envelopes all things in

shroud— To warm me and cheer me, I have something at

In the little black teapot that smokes on the

And this teapot, though tiny, is handsome an With its mate, the small creamer, gold-bordered

and white; Then the sugar dish has on its handle a bird, And it makes as shrill whistling as boy ev-

heard. And "Forget-me-not," this is its golden com mand.

mana, Both to me and the teapot that smokes on the stand.

While a pile of cream crackers suffices fo l've no longing for wines-am a stranger to

punch; And I am never called on for bills at the bac, So my credit is good and my paper at par. When I thirst I've a beverage ready at hand In the little black teapot that smokes on the

Let them pile on their silver, their service of

plate; Let them sit at Delmonico's table in state; Let them quail at the capital Europe's rich

And wring the life blood from the foreigner's vines; I'm content-while I envy no lord in the land-With the little black teapot that smokes on th

stand.

The Long Journey.

When our feet become heavy and weary On the valleys and mountains of life, And the road has grown dusty and dreary, And we groan in the struggle and strife, We halt on the difficult pathway, Glance back over valley and plain, And sigh with a sorrowful longing To trengt the jourger again To travel the journey again.

For we know in the past there are pleasures, And seasons of joy and delight, While before, all is doubting and darkness, And dread of the gloom and the night. All bright, sunny spirite, we remember-How little we thought of them then And now we are looking and longing To rest in those places again,

But vain of the vainest is sighing. Our course must be forward and on; We cannot turn back on the journey, We cannot enjoy what is gone. Let us hope then as onward we travel That casis may brighten the plain, That our road be beside the still waters, Though we may not begin it again.

For existence forever goes upward— From the hill to the mountain we rise, On, on o'er invisible summits, To a land in the limitless ekios. Strive on, then, with courage unshaken— True labor is never in vain— Nor glance with regret at the pathway No mortal can travel again.

me?" she says, stretching her hand out to the dog, who licks it, with a faint recollec-tion of the time when he was a puppy in her service, and fared sumptuously from that same hand every day. Then the door is opened with a suspicious, defiant air, and Darragh finds herself face to face with the man, who looks like a desperado, and lives like a reoluse. " Come in, Miss Darragh, though it's the

bare floor and walls, and thim not all standing, that I ask you into this day," and as he speaks Ferroll falls back a step for her enter, and jerks his arms up above his head with a gesture that is pregnant with wrath and despair. "Ferroll," Darragh says, laying her hand

on his arm as fearlessly as she had held it out to the fierce, hungry bloodhound, " the soldiers are not the police, and if they were they have no right to, and no reason for, searching your house. Keep your right to have it for your very own; meet Mr. Annesley as a friend, and he will be very patient; work and bring things back to the

old way-what is that? Something glittering falls from a corner of the half-opened closet in which he has been groping for the last few seconds—falls at her feet; and as she stoops and picks it up before he can dart upon it, she recog nizes the likeness of the widowed Lad Killeen, set round with a circle of diamonds of price, from which circle one stone missing, and it darts into her memory that Killeen always wore it. In a moment the senseless trinket

becomes an accusing agent, telling its tale with terrible accuracy to the horror-stricken

girl. "You've saved the soldiers the trouble, Miss Darragh," Ferroll says, with savage sadness; "they'll not be like to believe that I was passing the road that night" (he can't repress a shudder as he says this), "and the gims were lying there on his

breast asking to be taken up---" "Corney!" his wife soreams, warning " "you were not by the road that night some one gave the 'jule' to you, and you were tempted to keep it to sell for bread-you were never up the road that night." "Did I say I was ?" he asks savagely and then with a cry that is an execration he starts forward to tear the jewel from Darragh's hand, as he hears the tramp o many feet outside, but Darragh spring aside, passes the door and the bloodhound and holding the trinket firmly in her hand says rapidly to Robert Annesley and Cap tain Mackiver:

"I have found this in the house of the man I came to try to help and to save; my couein always wore it. It must have been taken from him after the murder while you were insensible, before Dolly and I The man who shot him must found him. have taken it, and I found it in Ferroll's house. Poor Kathleen's lover saved."

CHAPTER XXIX.

" IF DARRAGH MARRIES !"

As they march away with their prisoner through the unsavory yard, they are me by a vast crowd of law breaking, reckless savage, hungry and whiskey maddened men and women. The former are armed with all sorts of destructive but ignoble weapons—soythes, frying pans, pokers, bludgeons, jagged edged pieces of broken crockery ware. Each and all of these are good enough for the purpose of battering in the heads of the executants of the laws of

order and honesty. But there is an end to temperate forbear ance when, with a wild rush, agang closes in round Darragh Thynne, separating her from her friends by such a sudden movement, made with such skill and unanimity, that Captain Mackiver knows that it must have been agreed upon before hand. There is an end to temperate forbearance when this happens, and further endurance would be criminal, when one of the head centres of

this savagery cries out : "Till Ferroll is set free, boys, we have a hostage, and as he is sarved so shall the lady be. A few voices are raised in feeble explana

tion and expostulation. "Sure it's Miss Darragh! she must be

let go without a hand on her; it isn't Miss

Darragh that's our enemy." "It's through Miss Darragh that I'm here now," Ferroll yells out, and then as the easily swayed, fantastic, fickle, fierce, vain throng groan and execrate her, Captain Mackiver despairingly gives the longed order, and his troops fire. A dozen men drop where they stand or orouch, and the rest are panic stricken for the few moments that that are required to rush in among them and bring Darragh out from their oruel, cowardly midst. Then into the thick of the fray, well-mounted and habited, locking beautiful and wealthy enough to be the Queen of Connought, rides Mrs. O'Leary, devilry. and the rabble rally round her as, in clear ringing accents, she asks them to " Ceas from resistance that can be of no avail to-day, and to reserve their courage and their strength for a better organized struggle." "Aren't you sorry that you can't arrest me for sedition, conspiracy, and rebellion? she says, riding up to Captain Mackiver and laying her whip lightly across his arm of right? 'It must be annoying to you that, as matter of fact, I have quelled a riot that you were powerless to put down ?" "As a matter of fact it is a repulsive spectacle to see a woman mixed up in these affairs at all," he says, with ill dis guised dislike to her. "Nonsense !" she says, gocd-temperedly (Mrs. O'Leary is always good-tempered in prosperity, and she is growing very pros perous out of Ireland's woes). "Nonsense percus out of Ireland's woes). "Nonsense your own Darragh was 'mixed up' in these affairs long before I was; sh ha ratted now." she continues, loudly, turning toward the sea of upturned ghastly faces and in response to her remark there rises sullen muttered roar. Darragh would fare ill at their hands were she in their power at this moment. It is a sad going back to the Annesley's home this day for poor Darragh Thynne. She has proved it now—proved it perilously in her own person—that the people among whom she has been born and bred, the peo-ple among whom her father and mother and her mother? sace have spent their at this moment. and her mother's race have spent their lives and time, their brains and hearts and money for generations, regard her and her safety no more than they would that of one of the beasts that perish, now that for their own sakes she strives to stem the tor rent of their evil-doing. "They would have seen me shot," she says, with a short, dry sob, as she rides along on Ronald's horse, with Robert Annesley on one side of her and Captain Mackiver on the other, on their way back to Darragh. "And then some one of them with more poetic feeling and better brains than the rest of the herd would have written a poem about you, and set it to one of Moore's melo Captain Mackiver says contemptudies," "Thank Heaven! the glamor is no longer over you; you see them as 'they are' at last." "Not as they are by nature," she says, quickly, "but as they are through the ill advice of those who trade on what is oblest and best in the Irish character to turn it to ill account, to slav them with shafts tipped with feathers plucked from their own gallant breasts." "I don't believe one 'gallant' heart beats among the miscreants," Captain Mackiver says, and Darragh tells him that many perfect musical instrument gives forth jarring strains when struck by ignorant and cruel hands, that many a beautiful poem is marred in the reading, and that many a blessing is being wrested from

add to poor anxious, harrassed Dolly's peace of mind or hilarity of spirit. While they have been out doing and daring together, she has been at home taking counsel as to various petty and narrowing ways and mean with Powles, who still remains faithful, though she has little to cook and

less to eat in these days. In the excitement and misery consequent upon her lover's arrest and imprisonment, Kathleen has ceased to purvey for them. The poor girl can do nothing but hang around the prison doors and pour forth passionate protestations and asservations as to his innocence to any one who will listen to her and may help her.

And one who listens most patiently and promises to help most encouragingly to the istraught Claddagh girl at this juncture is Mrs. O'Leary.

But she exacts payment for her partisanship. "If I am to help you," she says, severely,

"If I am to help you," she says, suveries, when she has given a promise to have a petition "for the poor boy who never did the murder at all, Mrs. O'Leary," sent up to some mysterious persons in authority; "if I am to help you in your heart's desire, Kathleen, you must help me in mine : vou

must go to Darragh just as usual, and you must bring me word of what goes on there, especially of what goes on between Miss Darragh and Captain Mackiver."

"The saints look down upon me and for-give me for being a spy upon her," Kath-leen says, piously; and Mrs. O'Leary says, man.' impatiently : The saints are more likely to look leni-

ently upon that perfidy than upon anything like lukewarmness toward your lover. Be a sensible girl. You like going to Darragh what harm can there be in your telling me what they are doing there, if there is no harm in what they do?"

harm in what they do?" "It's a spy I'll be," poor Kathleen drawls out, unwillingly. She longs to buy freedom and security for her lover, but the price she is asked to pay for making the effort to gain these things is a because of

these things is a heavy one. "There is no disgrace in being a spy "There is no disgrace in being a spy when you only want to spy out something that may turn out to be for the good of those you love," Mrs. O'Leary says, spe-ciously. "Lord Killeen has a great deal of power, and he will use that power to get your sweetheart released if you get me cer tain information that he wants." "Is it anything against Miss Darragh?" If it's to harm her I'll not get it."

"Be an obstinate girl and see your lover perish, then," Mrs. O'Leary says, angrily, I only ask you to go there and find out i there's any love-making going on between Miss Darragh and Captain Mackiver. It's nothing 'against ' her if there is ; but Lord Killeen would like to know it."

"Is it Mr. Arthur that's jealous?" "He's not Mr. Arthur any longer, remem

ber, and he's not jealous at all; he's very fond of Miss Darragh in a kind cousinly sort of way, but he's not in love with her And he's not going to marry her; I think he would like to know that she was going

to marry Captain Mackiver and be happy.' So Kathleen is persuaded to go up to Darragh, and to a certain extent she possesses herself of Miss Darragh Thynne's confidence. But Mrs. O'Leary is very little the wiser for what transpires at the interview. So much as Kathleen tells her s strictly true, but she does not think her self bound to tell the whole truth. "'Deed then, ma'am, Miss Darragh is unhappy enough to make Mr. Ar---- his

ordship's heart ache for her, if he's fond of her in the kind, cousinly way still, and that's about all that I have to tell you.

It is true that she has not obeyed hi injunctions with regard to keeping her name out of the papers, but she trusts to her rarely failing charm to make him for get this fact. "Is it true that you rode down to Fer-

roll's and encouraged the mob the day that ruffian was taken ?" Lord Killeen asks, reproachfully, and she puts an infinity of pathos into the tones in which she replies— "How one does get misrepresented by

those vile newspaper people, and misunder stood even by those whom one calls friends I went down in fear of my life to use the influence you have taught me how to gain with these people, to induce them to submit to legal-though unjust authority. I saved your cousin Darragh from rough usage-

"Darragh ! Roughly used her ! By Heaven! the devils shall pay for it."

"Hush! hush! she found that wretched trinket in Ferroll's house and built up at ry of his being the murde

presently in the character of your guide, philosopher, and friend."

"In other words you have come to leeture me about my evil courses; having converted Miss Thynne to your English view of Irish things, you are going to try your hand on me?"

your hand on me?" "I am not responsible for Miss Thynne's moderated views, I assure you," he says, rather coldly, for he dislikes hearing Dar-ragh's dear name taken in vain by this woman whom he distrusts ; " and I'm not woman whom he distrusts, shu in hos anxious to make you see things from my standpoint, but I have been requested to suggest to you that, as you value your liberty, you will do well to abstain from inflaming the people, as you did yesterday for instance.

"I do value my 'liberty.' See, I have one of his high art Indian silks on now,' she says, laughing, and holding out a fold of soft olive green silk for Ronald's inspection, and then she goes on to pronounce an eloquent panegyric upon Liberty's great high art and Eastern emporium in Regent Street, in the vain hope of leading Captain Mackiver's mind away from the matter on which he has come. "You won't find them good prison

wear," he says, when she has finished. "You're not going to war upon women are you? That will be cowardly," she

says. "Upon such women as you, yes; for you are as plucky and as dangerous as any

"Praise from Captain Mackiver! I am flattered; well, what is it that you want me to promise?" "Merely, for your own sake, to keep clear

of the insurrectionary movement; you're not an Irishwoman, you don't care a brass farthing for Ireland's wrongs or rights, and you do care very much for the safety and comfort of your pretty person. Be advised by me; back out of the movement with your usual grace and discretion."

"I am not an Irishwoman, but I am going to be the wife of an Irishman, and bear an Irish title; you'll acknowledge that gives me a stake in Ireland's bonor and rosperity ?" "Which you and your colleagues, male

and female, are doing your best to destroy. However, I can say no more; I've given my warning, and now all that remains for me to do is to congratulate you on your engagement. Who is the happy man ?"

Can't you guess ?" "Honestly, no! I have been out of the world a good deal since my accident, and have heard nothing of what is going on." "And they don't speak of it out there?" she asks, nodding in the direction of Dar-

ragh. "I have not heard the Annesleys men

tion you since I have been there this time." "Poor Mr. Annesley! I'm afraid he " Poor Mr. Annesley! looks upon me as a vessel of wrath because I had to leave them rather suddenly when this business called me to Paris. Will i Will if surprise you to hear that the man I am going to marry is Lord Killeen ?" " Impossible !" he cries out, incredulous

relieved and annoyed at the same time. "On the contrary, not only possible, but probable; and not only probable, but certain," she says, vauntingly. "Oh! I see what it is—you are galled that another man has been able to cast off Darragh's fetters. Let me assure you that Lord Killeen's engagement to his cousin was broken off before he made love to me; you ought to judge him leniently, for you are a fellow sinner. I understand.

"You have astonished me more than l can express," he says, rising to go, and ignoring her illusion to himself. "Let me urge you now for Lord Killeen's sake, as Then he holds his hand out and wishes her well as your own, not to do anything rash. good-by, and goes away with his head and heart in a whirl about this alleged rupture between Darragh and Lord Killeen. (To be continued.)

The Superstitious Belief in "Luck."

In direct opposition to the idea of mas ery through knowledge and continuous effort, we find the belief in luck, the central idea of which is that a bias in our favor may pervade events. The notion of natura order in events, followed regardless of per sons, substitutes for the illusion of luck the truth of a mere coincidence between what we like and what results. Such unfavorable

A Scarcity of Newspapers.

newspapers. A foreign paper has the fol-lowing to say on this subject: It is aston

ishing to contemplate the enormous number

of people in the world to whom a news

six and a half copies per year to each inhabitant of the globe. This is assuming

that only one paper goes to each purchaser; but since it is no uncommon thing for one

man to buy several, the proportion of

statistics follows with 12,400. The whole

of Asia can only show 775, a contrast the

more striking beside the benighted South

Dividing them into languages there are 16,500 printed in the English language,

A Wonderful Apple Tree.

Delos Hotchkiss, of Marion, Conn., owns

an orchard in which stands probably the most remarkable apple tree in the world.

In the first place it is nearly two hundred years old; it is 60 feet high; the diameter

of the tree top is 104 feet, and the circum-ference of the trunk, three feet from the

ground, is 151 feet. One of the peculiari-

ties of this venerable tree is that it is "an

the world.

lowing to say on this

The world, taken as a whole, is short of

Dr. Pierce's "Pellets "-the original coincidences when not read aright have "Little Liver Pills" (sugar coated)—cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, wrecked the lives of some men who might otherwise have developed useful powers. A and bilious attacks. By druggists. careful study of such a fortunate turn of

Bumping Cure for Toothache.

Mr. William Keating, who resides at No. 202 William street, went out Sunday night floor of the tent or hut, as it may chance to be, a small hole is excavated sufficiently to enjoy a solitary ramble in Chatham street. Just at the time that the hands of the large to contain a common champagne clock on City Hall tower marked the hour bottle ; a fire of charcoal or of simply glow of 10.30 Mr. Keating was passing by Pearl ing embers is made within the hole, into street, with his head carried high in the air and his eyes fixed upon a single little star that was trying to make itself visible, when -bump ! something had struck Mr. Keating in the most vulnerable spot in his body his stomach. For a moment Mr. Keat-ing imagined that a house had suddenly collapsed and had fallen on him, whenbump, bump, bump, went that something in rapid succession, and then Mr. Keating ame aware of the fact that a man had gotten his head down like a goat in front of him, and was exercising all his muscular power in endeavoring to poke his head through Mr. Keating's body. Mr. Keating objected, and tried both by force and persuasion to make the man desist, but the more Mr. Keating objected the more the man bumped and continued bumping until

which the woman about to be scented throws a handful of drugs. She then takes off the cloth or "tops" which form her dress, and orouches naked over the fumes, while she arranges her robes to fall as a mantle from her neck to the ground like a tent. She now begins to perspire freely in the hot-air bath, and the pores of the skin being thus opened and moist, the volatile oil from the smoke of the burning perfume is immediately absorbed. By the time that the fire has expired the scenting process is completed, and both her person and robe are redelent with incense, with which they are so thoroughly impregnated that I have frequently smelt a party of women at full a hundred yards distance when the wind has been blowing from their direction. Another Pest. Officer Rhodes, of the Fourth precinct, Farmers are now obliged to battle against came up and playfully tapped the bumping man upon the shoulders with his club. Then the man, with his lowered head, another pest-wild peas. They are sup-posed to have been brought to this section

How They Make Their Toilets.

A traveller in Arabia writes: In the

FOR THE

KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS

THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

H. H. WARNER & CO.,

Toronto, Ont. Rochester, N. Y London Eng.

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER L

'My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got

asy doctor pronounced me curod, but 1 go sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I Could not move !

" I was taken sick a year ago With bilious fever."

An Internal Remedy and a SURE CURE

or all kinds

SUTHERLAND

RHEUMATINE

COMPLA

If you are suffering from

Give RHEUMATINE a fair trial. You will

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Dealer in Brewers' Supplies, No.

557 Main Street Buffalo, N.Y.

J. N. SUTHERLAND, Niagara Fails, Ont. DEAR STR,—It is with pleasure I can inform you that one and one-half bottles of your pre-paration Rheumatine has cured me of most severe rheumatism in my feet, ankles and knees. For some time I was disabled and con-fined to bed. I took your medicine stoady, according to directions, with the best result, viz., a cure. I am now well and free from pain.— Yours truly, D. BAIN.

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The Rheumatine Manufacturing Co

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THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this torrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time
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BUTTER COLOR

A NEW DISCOVERY.

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Dairy Fairs.

t Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It

Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the

Strongest, Brightest and

Cheapest Color Made,

The And, while prepared in oil, is so compound-ed that it is impossible for it to become raneid. Is **DEWARE** of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become raneid and spoil the butter. [37] If you cannot get the "improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra ermense. (46)

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\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and a outfit free. H. HALLTT' & Co., Portlan

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earch we have improved in several points, a now offer this new color as the best in the por

eanses the system of the acrid pois

D. C N. L. 49, 83.

HE GREAT CURE

N. SUTHERLAND, Nisgara Falls, Ont.

never regret having done

MARK

RHEUMATIC COMPLAINTS.

....

TRADE

DNEY

turned his attention to the latest arrival by pigeons or black birds, most likely by the atter. The peas are very prolific and the inter. The peas are very prolific and the vines spread over a field with great rapidity. They are small, of a dull gray color and are very injurious to the growth of grain and particularly to barley. This peat has proved your destudies to enough and before the officer fully comprehended the awful reality of what had happened, he had received several hard bumps in what was also his most vulnerable spot. But Officer Rhodes is not a man to be bumped with impunity, and he had soon made it inconvenient for the man to bump any pest has proved very destructive to crops in Prince Edward and Tyendinaga but has more. The man, who gave his name at not visited Sidney as yet. In some in-James Hays, of No. 152 Leonard street, stances farmers have cut down grain with was minus two teeth. lost in the bumping which these peas had grown and burned it. exercise, when he appeared before Justice White in the tombs. He informed His Owing to the existence of this pest a large demand for fanning mills has sprung up .-Honor that he had been afflicted with a Belleville Intelligencer. most excruciating toothache, and that the only way he could stop it was by bumping his head against some soft substance, and, not being able to reach Mr. Keating's head, he had done the best he could. Jus

tice White fined Mr. Hays \$10, and Mr. Hays wept. He was not able to pay it.--New York Times.

Life had no Charms for Him.

A singular suicide is reported from Minnisink, N. Y. Just over the mountain from Milford, Peter Lewis, aged 75, of Waverly, was on a visit to his daughter, Mrs. George Shanneberg. On Tuesday he informed his daughter that he had arrived at an age when life had no charms for him, and that, instead of heing of use to himself or family, he was only in the way, and he had made up his mind to end his life in the easiest way possible. He told her not to send for a doctor, as it would only delay his death. He then washed and shaved himself, undressed, and went to bed. After taking an ounce of morphine he tied a handkerchief under kis chin and over the top of his head, and waited for death, which came in a few hours.

IMPROVE NUTRITION. — DR. WHEELER'S Compound Elixir of Phos-phates and Calissya is an oxcitant of nutrition, improving the appetite, perfecting the digestion and assimilation of food, and the formation of healthy blood. Nervous prostration and goueral debility, arising from excesses, bad habits, and all the train of evils known as a fast life, yield immediately to the action of this remarkshle preparation, all the organs and tissues of the body becoming strengthened and vitalized. The superiority of this remedy over all others is owing to its restoring the functions of the stomach, liver and pancreas, the great tripod that prepares the material for building up bone, muscle and nerve. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER. There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by romoving the cause-whatever it may be. The great medical author-ities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by daranged kidneys or liver. To restore thes herefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where Warner's Maire Gure has achieved its great reputation in the directly upon the kidneys and liver and by plac-them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from the system. For all Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles, for the distressing dis-orders of women, for Malaria and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal. Feware of impostore, imitations and concoctions said to be just as good.

Malarial fever is unusually prevalent in Windsor. betes Cure. For sale by all dealers. A TOTAL ECLIPSE

of all other medicines by Dr. R. V. Pierce's

"Golden Medical Discovery" is approach-ing. Unrivalled in billious disorders.

impure blood and consumption, which is

He that wants money, means and con

The power of great things generally arise from the willingness to do small

GET THE ORIGINAL.

scrofulous diseases of the lungs

tent is without three good friends.



The People Loved Her; Much.

A strong military force is quartered in the neighborhood now, and Ronald's regi-ment, by a strange coincidence, is ordered to protect the right side on the occasion of the eviction of one of the most ferocious and lawless tenants on Robert Annesley's estate, a dangerous fellow named Ferrol who has been lurking very quietly in his lair of late-ever since Lord Killeen's murder in fact-but who has such possibilities of evil in his face and such a dogged deter mination neither to pay for nor cultivate the land he professes to rent of Mr. Annesley that the latter determines to get rid of him.

Ronald in the performance of his dutywhich he dares not shirk-Ronald pale and half orippled still, from the effect of his late accident, is at Darragh early in the day with his company. Dolly meets him with frank freedom, with pitiful loving sympathy for the pain he has endured But Darragh keeps aloof from him. She only sends a message to the effect that "before he goes down to Ferroll's farm to use force, if it be needed, she may go down and try the effect of words."

It grieves and alarms him sorely that she should desire to do this, for the char acter that he has heard of Ferroll does not encourage him to hope for good eventu-ating from Darragh's intervention. Besides, the beast is awake and at large in the minds of the people! If so much as one hair of Darragh's head is hurt----!

"She must not go !" he says passionately to Dolly; "if even a doubt rises in my mind as to her safety I'll give the order to shoot them down like wolves-she must

"She knew you would say that and s she's gone already," Dolly tells him sadly "but don't fear for her, Ronald ! Darragh Thynne is as safe in Ferroll's house as she would be in a fortress or a sanctuary these half-maddened Irishmen will cling fast to the end to their chivalry and their faith.'

"At any rate, we'll follow her." he save. and then he remembers that in his all-absorbing anxiety for Darragh he is forgetting the suffering and danger through which

Dolly has passed and is passing. "On such a day as this you ought not to be alone and unprotected here," he says " if circumstances compel us to make this estimable Mr. Ferroll act upon the ejectment which has been served upon him, his impulsive friends and neighbors will probably come here and do damage in revenge You would be safer with" ("me" he was going to say, but he checks himself, and

says, "your brother"). So Dolly who has grown an adept at such work, saddles her own pony and goes out with her brother and Ronald at the head of Captain Mackiver's company.

Meantime Darragh has gone away through the rapidly accumulating masses of people to the desolate district where, on what was once the finest farm of the neighborhood. Ferroll's dilapidated house stands.

Darragh passes the sow and the child, the cat and the bloodhound, and pauses, regardless of the rumbling growl of the lat-ter, on the threshold of the door.

" My poor fellow ! are you hungry too and has hunger made you flerce-even to

Ireland now by the blind or perfidious policy of her ruinously false friends. hut I object to the second part of your sen-Their coming home together in this tence. I am not your enemy; I have familiar and unconventional way does not come here to day, as you will understand

reveals was such unreasoning 'avidity to condemn on her part, you can't wonder that the popular mind revolted against her. Besides, orable coincidence is very rare and likely to be of doubtful permanent then she was ranging herself visibly with Captain Mackiver, who represents the

Captain Mackiver, who represents the oppresents; you can't wonder that the peo-ple's love turned to hate-----"" "I wonder at your defending such

"They only fought, poor things! they scarcely fought, but struggled for freedom. Why should they have relinquished the struggle for the sake of putting a smooth face on things before a girl who is ready to relinquish everything for the sake of a man who is here with the intention of shooting them down if they infringe on his notions

"Darragh isn't going to marry Mackiver, is she ?" Lord Killeen asks, uneasily, and Mrs. O'Leary throws an air of perfect concember. "She has the grace to keep her intention quiet, but she has not deceived Kathleen,

and, to do Kathleen justice, she has not deceived me."

"If Darragh marries that fellow I'll never believe in a woman again," he says, striking the table with his open palm angrily. Then Mrs. O'Leary soothes him, telling him that the wisest women are "weak where they love," and bidding him remember that "other women are ready to share and elevate his fortunes though Darragh has failed.'

"I hope the Scotchman will not have the opportunity of triumphing over you, she says, meditatively. "I have it in my heart to hope that you will have found a panacea for the loss of Darragh before he isin a position to proclaim his conquest over you to the world."

CHAPTER XXX. IN PERFECT FAITH.

Captain Mackiver is still ignorant of the fact of Darragh's engagement to her cousin, Lord Killeen, having come to an end ; and, as the subject is an exquisitely painful one to him, he abstains from making any remarks about it, and so hears nothing. One day, however, he has cocasion to call at Mrs. O'Learv's house in order to utter a warning which he has been commissioned to give by a friendly magistrate, who has been applied to by some members of the Anti-Land League on the

"She must stop that haranguing," he says to Captain Mackiver. "I don't want to have her arrested, but she collected a

prowd and oreated a disturbance in the Claddagh yesterday ; she was urging them to attack the jail and rescue that young fellow before the trial, who's in for poor Killeen's murder, Now, I don't want to do anything violent, for she's a pretty woman, and a wise woman, too, I think. You know her, don't you?" I wish you'd call and caution her.

alternate bearer "-five limbs bearing fruit "I think she's making a great fool of one year, and four the next ; but, strange herself, and that a check would do her a considerable amount of good," Ronald says; nevertheless, he accepts the task. She is at home, alone, and disengaged, and without delay Captain Mackiver is

admitted to her presence. "So you have found me out, oh! mine enemy," she says, playfully. "Unquestionably I have found you out,

and six blocks of deal ; the finger-board and tail-piece of ebony. In the Yorksbire coal mines there were

ast year 95 deaths,

some unpleasant -It has been discovered that Portland irresistible facts—that a sustained fav cement when exposed to the air will expand.

things.

value, because there is not a proper devel-opment of personal quality whereby no Young men or middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weakinjury will result from prosperity. The fortunate person tries to swim in a sea of nesses should send three stamps for Part VII. of World's Dispensary Dime Series of WORLD'S new conditions which he has not reached books. Address by a natural process of growth. The phrase "always lucky" is open to two MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

bjections not easily set aside, owing to the -The sound of a trumpet at sea is profound complexity of events : that the person may have skill, tact, agreeableness ; usually a fog horn conclusion that another vessel is near. and that there may be error, owing to the

MOTHEB SWAN'S WORM SYRUP. special or restricted view of the person judging. Belief in luck is directly and Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cathartic; for feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation. practically objectionable, because it leads to submission in matters requiring action.

"The Illusion of Chance," by William A. Eddy, in Popular Science Monthly for De Skating on the Wascana, at Regina, still ontinues.

> MONROE, Mich., Sept. 25, 1875. SIRS,—I have been taking Hop Bitters for inflammation of kidneys and bladder.It has done for me what four doctors failed to do. The effect of Hop Bitters seemed like magic to me. W. L. CARTER.

January.

paper must be as rare as a diamond. Recently published statistics show that while the circulation of newspapers -"Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pilla are worth their weight in gold in nervous and sick headache."-Dr. H. H. Schlichter, of Baltithroughout the world aggregates the great number of 10,000,000,000, only averager more.

Bricklaying on the Brandon round house now completed, and the workmen took their departure for Winnipeg on Saturday.

Canada Pacific Railway at Winnipeg.

America, which runs close upon the vast Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotenc Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renew er." \$1. continent, with 699. Africa lags behind with only 182, the modern settlements of Australasia in its limited area owning 661.

The Great Northwestern Telegraph Com pany has extended its line to Minnedosa.

7,360 in German, 3,850 in French and 1.60 7,360 in German, 3,390 in French and 1,000 in Spanish. The annual aggregate circula-tion in the United States is 3,000,000,000, as compared with 2,260,000,000 in Great Britain and Ireland, giving the United *** "Ohe man's meat is another man's poison." Kidney-Wort expels the poisonous humors. The first thing to do in the spring is to clean house Por internal cleansing and renovating, no other medicine is equal to Kidney-Wort. In either dry or liquid form it corres headache, bilious atts ks, constipation and deranged kidneys. States the position of being the most vora-

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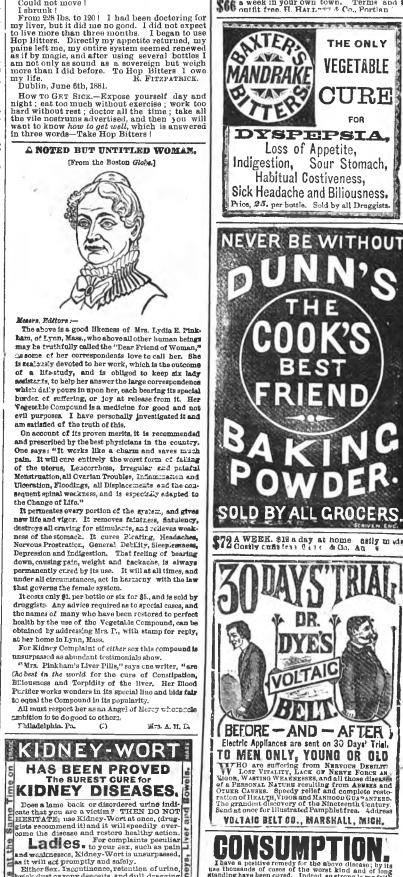
They call it the Squaw Summer at Win-

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid.

Hon. S. C. Biggs was thrown from his horse while out riding with Mrs. Biggs. He

- and surprising success of Mrs. Lydia E.Pink ham's Compound for the several diseases pecu-liar to women forcibly illustrates the importance of her beneficent discovery and the fact that whe knows how to make the most of it.-Dr. Haskell.

There is good sleighing in Brandon. It is said that Souris coal will yet be sold



nosiliva remedy for the showe disease; by its inds of cases of the work kind and of long ave been cured. Indeed, so struct and of long ey, that i will send TWO BOTTLE'S Fixe, it h a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to r. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Peurl St., New York, use thousands standing have in its efficacy,



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