

# WITHOUT A STAIN.

TOLD BY DEBORAH CAREY.

(CONTINUED.)

The plash of raindrops wakes me. When I enter the breakfast-parlour our trim little garden bids fair to become a pond, the rain is coming down so heavily. I eat my breakfast tranquilly. I have no longing to walk, ride, or drive. I have letters to write, books to read, work to arrange with Letty. Also it is Will's sermon day; he can shut himself in his study, and, if it shall please him, we can have a cosy family evening together.

"Were you dull while we were away?" Letty asks, as I butter some toast for her.

"No; Judith called."

"Judith?"

Letty speaks, but I notice that Will's hand shakes so that he cannot cut very successfully.

"Yes, she did not stay long—Who is that?"

Some one is coming to the house. I spring from my chair.

"Mr. Thorold!" I exclaim; and the bell rings loudly.

He comes in, looking, thin, worn, ill, yet singularly elate; looking—but it seems preposterous to say it—a younger man than when he left us, I scan him with amazement; very heartily does he grip Will's hand and mine. We introduce him to Letty. After a few commonplaces, she disappears to superintend baby's toilet.

"Have you been ill?" Will interrogates.

"Yes, I have had a touch of low fever, I have been to America since I was here."

"America?"

"Ay, it was coming back I was ill. Miss Deborah, I have come to beg you to go with me to Ellerslie. I have a very important communication to make to Miss Napine. Will you assist me with your presence?"

"Yes," I respond diffidently, "but Judith is not Miss Napine; she is Mrs. Thornton."

"What?"

"The Squire is dead. Judith married, at his desire, before he died."

An inexplicable change passes over Mr. Thorold's countenance, darkening it terribly.

"Married," he groans deeply—"married to Silas Thornton! Judith—my daughter!"

"Your daughter?" Will is on his feet.

"Who are you?"

"I am Martin Napine. Nay, do not look at me as if I were a leper or a madman. I am accused of a hideous crime, of being a paricide; but my hands are as clean as yours. Misfortune, mischance, has dogged me for many years, but I have not stained my title of 'gentleman.' My defence will soon be before the public. Do you care to hear it privately?"

"Yes."

"Shut your doors and sit down; it is a long story, and will need patient hearing. Against my father's will, in express defiance of his commands, I married Cicely Ellerslie. I loved her; that is my only excuse for my disobedience. We loved each other sincerely, but neither her people nor mine regarded this; we were constrained to take matters into our own hands—at least I was. We left our homes and married. I was three-and-twenty, she a childish girl. Judith is like and yet unlike her; Cicely had none of Judith's *savoir-faire*. She was eminently a woman to be treated caressingly. We were very happy for a while; Cicely fretted about her father's displeasure, but I persuaded her that time would soften his resentment and his obduracy. I believed this myself, hoped it most earnestly, as the weeks went on. I had not much money; my father had vowed to cut me off without the proverbial shilling. We had expensive lodgings, and lived more extravagantly than our means warranted. Cicely had never had a wish ungratified, and I had hitherto given the reins to my tastes. Therefore we thought not of poverty till it stood at our threshold! I was forced to see that our falconry days could not continue; I was nearly penniless. I had written pleading letters to my father and mother, letters which had been returned unopened. I was at my wits' end. I was ashamed to beg, and I was not used to work. I sold a few costly jewels, and hid my anxiety from Cicely. She was in very delicate health, needing much care and attention. I thought, if we could tide over this period, and if a little person should be bestowed on us, Cicely in person should ask that we might be released from banishment. I cheered myself with the vision of reinstatement, not dreaming of the avalanche about to destroy the beauty of our home for ever. I remember vividly my last day of lightheartedness. I had sat with Cicely all the morning, touching up some sketches of hers. After dinner I went for a stroll, and, having sauntered round the park, strode homewards, carrying some flowers for my darling. The servant who admitted me told me that Mrs. Napine had a lady with her. A wild idea seized me—my mother! I stole noiselessly up-stairs halted at the drawing-room door. No, it was not her voice. What words did I hear? Surely I was mad!

"You are not Martin Napine's wife. I am, alas!"

"I burst in. Cicely, with a great cry, flung herself into my arms."

"Martin, Martin," she screamed, "stop that woman; she says she is your wife!"

"I looked at the intruder; then great drops stood on my forehead. I shielded my darling's face, afraid that she would see my terror."

"I am his wife?" Oh, how pitiless and cruel was the ringing tone! "Martin Napine, you dare not deny that you recognized Marian Tyler as your wife years ago in Scotland."

"I answered not. A thousand memories were crowding upon me. I was dizzy with fear. Cicely raised herself in righteous wrath."

"It is a lie," she said, her gentle face scarlet—"a base, wicked lie!"

"Is it?" the intruder returned. "Ask him."

"Heaven help me! I loosened my loving clasp, and broke down. All her tender affection was astir; she soothed me. At length I put her aside and confronted my foe."

"It is true that I said you were my wife, but my words were of no value; you were then married to Tom Cuncombe."

"I was not. Tom never married me. It suited our purpose to befool you; you were very straight-laced in those days. You would not have given your bosom friend a

third of your income if you imagined it was to support one who was not his wife. When old Sir Rufus Graymet was in Scotland I saw a grand chance. Did I not tell you, with sois, that we should be utterly ruined if he conveyed word of me to Duncombe Hall; and did not you, to save us, declare yourself my husband? Yes; by the laws of Scotland I then became your legal wife."

"It was indeed so. Cicely looked at me imploringly; but I could only kiss her again and again. If I could but get rid of this vile creature! By dint of threats and remonstrances I managed this. She went, assuring me that she would be back ere long. When once we were quit of her, I told Cicely all—how my comrade, Tom Duncombe, had played me false—Tom, in whom I had trusted all my life. He and I had been schoolmates, friends, college chums. We helped each other into many and out of many a scrape. When he told me that he had wedded a pretty, poor girl, and that he dared not confess the rash act to his father, I assisted him with money and advice. He and the girl professed gratitude. During vacation, at their earnest solicitation, I consented to go with them to the Highlands. Here unexpectedly an old friend of Duncombe's family discovered us; he smelt mischief, and would have spread disaster, had not I come forward and pretended that Marian was my wife. Thinking as I did that she was Tom's wife, I avowed this without hesitation. I knew the Scotch marriage law. Tom was wonderfully wary in avoiding pitfalls. He had passed Marian off as his sister until Sir Rufus appeared. When Sir Rufus had gone, the whole affair was treated as a bagatelle. I was soon summoned to London to meet my father, and, from then until the moment I beheld Marian Tyler in Cicely's presence, I had not seen her."

"The woman returned, as she said she would. Cicely, shaken and ill, was in bed. I saw the woman alone. She vowed that she would charge me with perjury unless I acknowledged her or paid her to be silent. The former I would not do, the latter I could not. After stormy recriminations, we parted. I resolved to go to my father, tell him what evil had befallen me, and implore his aid. I could not believe that he would forsake me in the hour of darkness. The landlady expressed some alarm about Cicely, so I stayed with her all night. She was rather delirious; but, when morning came, was better. I succeeded in allaying her distress somewhat. I told her—Heaven forgive me the lie—that such a marriage as that into which I had been inveigled could be no marriage; that she and she only was my wife; but that, as it was in Marian Tyler's power to trouble me, I must go to my father for counsel. She did not object. I went to Napine. Shall I ever forget my reception? I did not see my mother. I disclosed all to Sir Percival. He was terribly hard with me. He said that I had not only blighted my own life, but an innocent girl's, and probably my child's. I had wrecked his hopes. One thing he would do for me. He would take charge of Cicely, and, if the babe should live, of that also; but on one condition alone—that I went abroad. I consented. Cicely must have a home, and my mother would cherish her; it was better she should be at Napine than Ellerslie. I left one line for my mother, beseeching her to be good to my darling, and then, not waiting for her—she was paying visits—I left to hurry to the side of her whom I loved so well."

"I missed my train; I caught one that went to Petre, only to find when there that I could go no further till the early morning. It was Thursday consequently ere I got home. Ah me! When I entered our apartments I knew the worst that could come to me had come. Cicely was dying; and she died clinging to me. But why need I pain you with my grief? They told me that I had a little daughter. What cared I? My darling had flown to Paradise. The white rigid figure they took from me was not Cicely. I went into the streets, wild, desperate. As I walked along, notices on the walls referring to emigration, shipping, etc., attracted my attention, and I resolved what I would do. I sold my watch and chain, and that night sailed from the London Docks for Montreal. Do you consider that I was heartless to leave Cicely unburied? I accounted myself her murderer, and fled from the land of my crime. When we reached Montreal I was ill for several weeks—so ill that I rose from my bed of sickness an old man. I heard nothing of my father's murder. I stayed some time in America; afterwards I wandered north, south, east, west."

"But Lady Napine believed you to be dead?"

"Yes, and the story of my death was singular. Australia was a likely place. I went there. On my road I fell in with a young fellow named John Martin, I, you may be aware, called myself Martin. Circumstances threw us much together. We fraternised. We had both a few pounds, and we agreed to be partners. Exceedingly well we did—made money fast. He thought and talked of going home. I had to go a few days' journey into the country, and was away a fortnight! When I returned he was dead and buried. Word had been sent to my mother that I was dead and buried. My desk had been seized. My mother's letters and likeness had been forwarded to England. I was astonished. Very zealous had the meddling been. However, I let the mistake be. I had no intention of revisiting the old country. Later I felt a strange desire to see my daughter. I could not overcome it. I gave in to it, and embarked for my native land. I adopted another name—called myself Thorold. My daughter must not know the injury I had done her. I had altered beyond recognition fortunately, I thought, when I found that I was suspected of being guilty of my father's death."

"Were you not anxious to proclaim your innocence?"

"Yes; but mine was a prudent anxiety. My dear father was dead. He was dear to me, in spite of our estrangement. My mother was ill, aged. I must work cautiously if I would prove my innocence and establish the guilt of the guilty. My father's blood cried out to be avenged, and I must avenge it. I rented Ivy Cottage, came here, made friends with you, saw my child was all I desired, learned my mother was dying, believing that she was about to join her husband and son. I did not disturb her belief. Why should I tell her I was living,

and so harass her few remaining hours? I waited. Heaven knows, when I looked upon my daughter's sad face, that the waiting was well nigh intolerable! Just as love was getting the upper hand of patience, I received a startling communication from my lawyers. They knew who I really was. It appeared that some woman, named Marian Tyler, dying in America, craved to see Martin Napine or his representative, for she had foully cheated him, and could not die till she had confessed her sin. I went to London, and from thence to Toronto, where I saw the woman who had taken the joy from my existence. The story that had sent Cicely to an untimely grave was untrue. Marian Tyler was neither my wife nor Duncombe's. Before she knew either of us she was married to a cousin, married in her own sphere. She told me a rambling story of his profligacy and unkindness, and gave me the certificate of her marriage, and also that of his death. He had died a few months previously, having, after years of absence, gone back to her. I returned to England with the proofs of Judith's legitimacy in my possession, an idea also occurring to me as to who had struck my father's death-blow."

"Yes?"

"Sometimes, when pondering who had murdered him, I was inclined to think it must have been a common thief for the purpose of robbery; but one fact upset this opinion. My mother never saw my father alive after I left him; he was dead when she drove home. Yet she must have known that it was alleged that Judith was basely born, or why should she have bequeathed Napine to Squire Ellerslie, failing me? She must not only have known my secret, but she must have told it to the Squire. Would he otherwise have hurried Judith into marriage with Silas Thornton? Would he have left his property to him? Of course not. To what does all this tend? Listen. Whoever killed Sir Percival knew what passed between us in our last interview—knew, and divulged it to my mother."

Will glances at Mr. Thorold, whose face is inscrutable; and Will shakes his head slightly.

"The rain is less heavy," Mr. Thorold says. "Miss Deborah, I must see my daughter's husband, and my daughter."

I leave the room quickly—not so quickly, however, but that I hear Will say—

"The murderer? Who is he?"

Mr. Thorold shuts the door. When I open it, Will's face is ghastly.

Mr. Thorold rings the bell at Ellerslie sharply. A servant answers to the peal, Quail the butler. I wonder what is amiss, for he looks worried, agitated. We are shown into the reception-room, and have not long to wait. Silas Thornton comes speedily. He too looks unlike himself. Before we can speak, he cries—

"You have come to tell me, Miss Carey, that she is at the Vicarage. Confound her, giving me this fright!"

I stare at him in bewilderment, and respond with asperity—for I do not like his tone.

"Who is at the Vicarage? What do you mean?"

"Why, my wife Judith, to be sure! It was a stupid trick; but she is no better than a baby. I declare I have felt positively wretched. Women like Judith are not to be depended upon. Suicide seems to charm them; and, though no one would throw away life because of an angry word or two, I was really dreading—"

He breaks off with an emphatic sigh of relief. I am helplessly silent, and Mr. Thorold comes to the rescue.

"If you are thinking Mrs. Thornton is at the Vicarage, disabuse your mind of the notion. She is not there. Is she not here?"

"No. Not at the Vicarage! Then where is she?"

Silas Thornton is unaffectedly alarmed. I sit down trembling in every limb, and Mr. Thorold is very pale.

"Have you and your wife quarrelled?" he asks.

"Yes," the other answers plainly, "Late last night I spoke my mind, and, in doing so, offended her. I had been drinking, and did not know what I was saying—half apologetically. I did not intend to hurt her feelings; but I must have done so. She has left Ellerslie."

"Left Ellerslie?" Mr. Thorold repeats.

"She must have stolen out before the house was closed. After I had spoken to her I went to the card-room. I had some friends. I did not see her again. I slept in my old room. Her maid awoke me, an hour ago, with the intelligence that her mistress was missing. Her bed had not been slept in."

"Good Heavens!" Mr. Thorold ejaculates.

Silas Thornton gazes at Mr. Thorold. Who is this man, that he shows such concern? Apparently Mr. Thorold thinks it well to state who he is. He draws a step nearer, and says deliberately, looking unflinchingly at the other's scared countenance—

"Look at me well, Silas Thornton. You knew me when you were a lad. I am Martin Napine."

"Martin Napine!" Silas Thornton falls back in dismay.

The door is unfastened noiselessly. Mr. Brenton hears Thornton's words. His lips twitch and his hollow face takes a yet more yellow tint. He shivers like one unnerved. Not observing him, Mr. Thorold proceeds.

"I am Martin Napine. Your wife is my daughter. What have you done with her?"

The authoritative demand stirs the young man's ire.

"Your daughter?" he says scornfully.

"Have you given her a parentage of which she can be proud, that you claim her thus unblushingly?"

"I have given her none of which she need be ashamed."

"What? You think me ignorant. I would have you know that I am aware, though I was not when I wedded her, that she is illegitimate. I would have said something stronger, but for Miss Deborah's presence."

"Ah!" I can see that Martin Napine is curbing his passion with difficulty. "Have you acquainted her with this?"

"What if I have? She, with her dainty airs and mincing graces, was too good for my friends! Why, she is not good enough!"

He gets no farther, for Martin Napine throws him violently.

"Scoundrel!" he cries.

Mr. Brenton interposes blandly.

"Pardon me. It is best to apply titles appropriately. If you are the infamy to you profess to be, we apply a term of infamy to you. You may not know it, but there are war-

rants out for your apprehension. You are accused of your father's death."

Martin Napine looks into Mr. Brenton's eyes, and they shift and blink restlessly.

"You will send for the police?" Mr. Brenton says with a would-be careless air to Silas Thornton.

"No," he answers slowly. "I cannot do that. I have married his daughter."

"I see. I will relieve you of your embarrassment. But you will not let him escape?"

Martin Napine stops Mr. Brenton.

"It will not be well for you by-and-by if the public recollect that you caused my arrest," he says gravely. "I came here with this young lady to see my daughter. Since that is impossible, I shall take Miss Carey home; then I will announce in the proper quarters who I am, sir—turning to Silas, who is moodily biting his nails. "Will you permit me to see my daughter's maid and the housekeeper?"

They are summoned, but they have little to tell. Judith has fled, leaving neither word nor line. She has taken some linen and a quantity of her jewelry. Her maid saw her about eleven the previous evening. Judith told her that she did not require her services, and dismissed her without admitting her to the room. Her mistress did not look as though she had been weeping, but seemed very weary.

Going home with Martin Napine, I tell of her visit to me. At the Vicarage gate we part. He holds my hand.

"Do not be distressed on my account," he says. "Justice has tarried; but she will be speedy now. Heaven bless you and my darling child! We will find her. If I am perforce inactive, your brother and my layers will do my work. Judith is pure and good. Heaven will watch over her."

I hurry in. Letty is in the parlour. I bury my head in her lap, and sob uncontrollably with bitter pain. Judith, my dear one, driven from her home by that coarse fellow she calls husband!

Twenty-four hours later Napine is electrified. Mrs. Thornton has run away; and Martin Napine has come back, and has given himself up to the police. The village is thrilled with a rare excitement. Tongues wag fast, and the most sensational reports are circulated. Every one is uneasy, unsettled, amazed.

I have cried till I can cry no longer, and am now red-eyed and quiet. Will is out. Dale I have not seen. I talk to Letty, and follow her up stairs and down-stairs, into baby's chamber, the burden of my dirge being that Judith might have come to me in trouble.

We are now in a study. Letty has her needle in her hand, and I am drumming on the window-pane impatiently. I wonder what is keeping Dale away. Suddenly I perceive a man's head—only the postman. I run out to meet him, and he gives me a letter for myself. I am familiar with the handwriting, and cry wildly—

"From Judith! From Judith!"

Letty glances over my shoulder while I read. It is but a pencilled scribble.

"My darling, good-bye. When I kissed you an hour or two ago, I did not think I was kissing you for the last time; but I was. I shall never see you again. I cannot live with my husband. To-night he has told me that he hates me, that, had he known I had no legal right to the name of Napine, I should never have been his. I know my unhappy father's secret—know what killed my mother. Oh that the same knowledge would kill me! But, alas, it will not! Do not grieve about me. Heaven will protect me. I have money, and I shall find work. Your loving JUDITH."

The sheet flies to the ground.

"I do not know where she is," I say.

"No; better not, just at present. I do not think she has acted quite wisely. Wives should condone much ere they desert their homes," Letty says, with a matronly air. "But poor thing, she has suffered terribly, and has acted on a very natural impulse!"

"Yes. Don't be hard. She was right. I would leave any man if he ill-treated me, or told me he wished he was quit of me!"

"Would you?"

"Oh, Dale, how you startled me!"

He kisses me fondly in spite of Letty's smiles. She departs, shaking her head demurely.

"Have you heard?" I say.

"Yes. It is a sad affair *ma chérie*. Will is with my father now."

"Have they locked up Mr. Thorold—Mr. Martin Napine?"

"Ay, your brother is impressed in his favour."

"Are not you?"

"My dear, how can I be? Who is guilty if he is innocent? His tale is plausible; but you have not forgotten the testimony given at the inquest? Martin Napine was admitted to his father. He was closeted with him a very long time. After a while, sounds as of altercation were heard; then a noise as of a blow and of a falling body. The servants were alarmed, but afraid to intrude, knowing of the dissension between father and son. At last the butler, when the angry sounds had subsided, plucked up courage. He tapped at the door, and, getting no answer, entered, and found his master on the carpet, dead. Martin Napine had disappeared!"

"Mr. Martin must have left Napine before Sir Percival was murdered. By what train did he go? What time was it when the servant discovered what had been done?"

"I can't say. All that will of course be thoroughly inquired into. Martin Napine's case will be in able hands. At the inquest he was absent, and that told terribly against him."

"Try to believe in him, Dale."

"I will. Until a man is proved guilty, his guilt must not be taken for granted. His coming forward looks like innocence. If his story is true, it will not be difficult to understand why he kept dark. Here is Will!"

Will advances with lagging steps, and flings himself into a chair heavily. I pass him Judith's letter. He reads, and, for a moment the shadow vanishes from his brow, only however to return directly.

"Heaven bless her!" he says. Regardless of Dale and myself he puts the paper to his lips, folds up the letter, and pockets it. I do not remonstrate. Will says he will have his lunch. I wait on him assiduously. He eats but a few mouthfuls, and then pushes back his plate.

"I have just seen Mr. Silas Thornton," he says.

"Yes?" Dale returns.

"He opened, on my questioning him, that he had taunted his wife with the supposed

stain on her birth. He is something more than an ordinary cur! He is little ashamed of having driven Judith from the home that is hers by right. I asked him who had told this story—so well preserved hitherto—of Martin Napine."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MEN AND WOMEN.

Rumor has it that the Duc d'Anmale was morganatically married to his housekeeper on the eve of his expulsion from France.

Mrs. Narcissa Bourke, who recently died at Winthrop, Me., provides in her will for the establishment of a \$1,000 scholarship at Bowdoin College in honor of her son, who was killed in the civil war.

A plucky Dakota girl, Miss Stanley, spent the summer alone, without even a cat for company, on her claim, four miles from Waterbury. She had ten acres of grain, a fine garden and a watermelon patch.

The Empress Eugenie, having passed a month with Queen Victoria at Osborne, has returned to Farnsworth. Among her guests at the present time are the Duc and Duchess de Mouchy, Prince Joachim Murat and Princess Eugenie Murat.

A French Count, Paul de Perdonne, was arrested for swindling at Nice and taken into a private apartment for examination. While unobserved he got to the door, locked the magistrate and detectives in and escaped over the border before they could be released.

It came out in a recent racing quarrel that Capt. Machell, the English turfman, paid 4,000 guineas for a horse two years ago, and the beast had never won a sixpence. The Duchess of Montrose lately sold this patron of the turf thirteen yearlings for 9,000 guineas.

Prince Karamoko went to see the French soldiers at Chalons and much admired the polished breastplates of the cuirassiers, whereupon the commanding general gave him one of the bits of armor. The negro put it on delightedly; and then his face clouded and tears came to his eyes. "What is the matter?" inquired the general. "Alas!" cried Karamoko, "as soon as I get home my father will take this from me and wear it himself." Then the general gave him another one and all were happy.

M. Chevreul, the distinguished savant, whose centenary was celebrated in Paris the other day, was the associate of the celebrated Scribe in the writing of the numerous dramas attributed to the latter. M. Chevreul's first work was published in 1806, and his last work in 1886. Though known to the world as a great scientist only, he is the author of sixty-five "pieces" and 137 vaudevilles. M. Chevreul very clearly remembers having seen the head of the Princess Lamballe carried on the top of a pike after her execution, in 1792.

Alfonso's widow has had to banish from Madrid an officer who was continually on duty about the royal palace. He fell violently in love with his sovereign, and making no concealment of his passion, revealed it in various ways. One day he made his way to the Queen's boudoir, and throwing himself at her Majesty's feet, poured forth his tale of passion. The gentleman belongs to a powerful aristocratic family. Nevertheless, he is likely to have a warm time in the regiment, which, in consequence of his escapade has been ordered into virtual exile.

## Where Are You Going?

If you have pain in the back, pale and sallow complexion, bilious or sick headache, eruptions on the skin, coated tongue, sluggish circulation, or a hacking cough, you are going into your grave if you do not take steps to cure yourself. If you are wise you will do this by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," compounded of the most efficacious ingredients known to medical science for giving health and strength to the system through the medium of the liver and the blood.

The ex-Empress Eugenie possesses a valuable collection of trinkets, medallions and books that once belonged to Marie Antoinette.

Life seems hardly worth the living to-day to many a tired, unhappy discouraged woman who is suffering from chronic female weakness for which she has been able to find no relief. But there is a certain cure for all the painful complaints to which the weaker sex is liable. We refer to Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" to the virtues of which thousands of women can testify. As a tonic and nerve it is unsurpassed. All druggists.

Mr. Fanstabe, who is President of the Imperial University of Japan, is about to set out on a tour of the United States and Europe.

Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

A new billiard table ordered by W. K. Vanderbilt will cost \$20,000. It will be of solid oak finished in inland work of Moorish design.

## A Free Fight.

The great reputation of Briggs Electric Oil is such that it has induced unprincipled persons to adopt other names as near like it as possible. The proprietors of Briggs Electric Oil have the name and style of the Electric Oil registered both in Canada and the United States, and no one can use it but themselves.

Others hearing of the success of Briggs Electric Oil have adopted other names similar, such as "Electric Oil," "Electron Oil," etc., and are striving to induce the public to buy them instead of the genuine Electric Oil.

In fact so determined were they that they brought suit at Law, in the High Court of Canada, to deprive Briggs & Sons of their right to control the same; but the Courts and the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa fully sustained their registered mark.

Briggs' Electric Oil cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises, complaints arising from Colds such as Sore Throat, Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and difficult breathing.

Count von Blumenthal, although 66 years old, still commands the Fourth German Army Corps, and he says he is ready for another campaign.

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as pills, Sulfate, etc., when you can get in Dr. Casson's Stomach Bitters, a medicine that moves the bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and rendering the Blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicine, 50 cents.

Liezt said that all the Hobenzollerns he had known cared nothing for music. "Old Prince Albert once declared to him that he only regarded it as an expensive noise."

## A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and kindred habits. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it if so desired. Send 6c in stamps, for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont. Cut this out for future reference. When writing mention this paper.