The Daily News,

SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 28.

☞ SEE FIRST PAGE.

CONDEMNED.

Condemned to death! Condemned to perish ignominiously on the scaffold! Condemned to bid a disgraceful adieu to wife, mother, children and friends!

The poor man wept aloud in the extremity of his anguish. His trembling lips could frame no prayer, and thus the last avenue of comfort was closed against him. The most direct and unequivocal circumstantial evidence surrounded this poor man—Lloyd Fletcher by name—and the jury, in bringing in their verdict of 'Guilty of murder in the first degree,' had only acted up to their sober conviction of the man's guilt, drawn from the overwhelming evidence.

Charles Lancaster, an Englishman, and a neighbour of Fletcher's, had been found brutally murdered, in a lone spot in the suburbs of London. Fletcher's pistol was picked up near him, thrown aside as he found himself pursued.

Footprints in the mud corresponded exactly to the boots the prisoner wore, and to crown all they had been the most bitter and inveterate enmies for months previous. Fletcher had been heard to say, on several occasions, that nothing but the man's death could satisfy his own implacable vengeance; and then, again, he could produce no one to assist him in establishing an alibi. Lloyd was a man very domestic in his family. He was never known to be absent from home in the evening, and yet on this particular night Mrs. Fletcher waited up until daylight for his return, expecting every moment (on account of the circumstance being so unprecedented) to have him brought home to her a corpse.

He seemed to be recovering from the deep stupor of intoxication as he entered his wife's presence on the morning described, and only knew just enough to find the bed, and slept profoundly.

At the time of his arrest his hands were found lame and bruised; so this, with the rest, made a sum total too crushing for the skilful counsel he had employed, and the result was, "hanged by the neck, Fletcher, till you are dead; and God have mercy on your soul."

It lacked now only three days to the execution, and there he sat, in his lone, comfortless, whitewashed cell, with his head bowed in his hands.

"Can nothing be done? Must I die thus, poor, miserable dog that I am? Oh, God! where art Thou? Will Omnipotence allow an innocent man to perish? Out upon such a God as that!" and the poor fellow struck wildly at his prison-house, groaning so deeply that he aroused the attention of the turnkey, who was passing the cell.

The iron door swung back upon its creaking hinges, and the stalwart form of the keeper appeared before him.

"Come, come, Fletcher, less noise here! Be a man! You ain't the first feller that's had to swing—not by a long shot! You won't get much sympathy here if you act like a nursing infan', I can tell you. Die game, Fletcher, die game."

"But I'm innocent, I tell you, you old wretch—as innocent of the crime as my little girl-baby at home. Oh, my God! my wife—my children."

"Oh, shut up! Here's your old woman now."

The hardened turnkey waited a moment to witness the meeting of this suffering couple, and then, with muttering curses, withdrew.

But the condemned man and his loving, faithful wife took no notice of his departure, but, clasped in each other's arms, waited for calmness to speak.

"Oh, Sarah!"

"Lloyd! God have mercy on us all, my husband! And now listen. Lie down here—place your head on my lap. I have something to say to you."

"Tell me, Sarah, did they search you this time?" he asked, grasping her hands eagerly.

"Yes Lloyd, and they found nothing. I repented my rash promise to you before I reached home. Come what may, suicide must be your fate. But listen."

"You see that I am calm and comparatively happy. And let me tell you what has produced the change. A sweet little dream, in which I saw you, Lloyd, and our darlings, altogether, comfortable and happy."

"Oh Sarah, talk not of dreams to a doomed man like me! Perhaps we may be happy in another existence; but no, that cannot be—for surely, if there is a God, he will not allow an innocent man to die the death of the guilty. Oh, no, Sarah—oh no!"

"Keep up your courage, my dear husband; a certain strange, mysterious something assures me that all will yet be well—how or in what manner Heaven alone knows."

"I wish I could see it—I wish I could feel it, Sarah; do not mislead me with false hopes. Oh, my God! If there could be found a way to escape from this ignominious death!"

"Come, madame, time's up," and the turnkey again made his appearance. "Have to disturb such a pair of cooing doves, but orders are orders, ma'am, and must be obeyed. Always obey orders, if you break crowns. You ought to persuade your husband here to less snivelling."

Sarah, with a gesture of scorn and impatience, prepared to leave.

"Mark what I tell you ma'am, you'll be looking for another husband in three months' time," continued the wretch, as he walked out by her side.

Sarah hurried through the corridor, endeavouring to hear as little as possible of the unfeeling brute's conversation, and reached her home and children, there to pray and hope.

The hours sped on, and it lacked one day more of the execution. Fletcher had given up all hope of reprieve, and listened to the building of the scaffold with a sullen feeling of despair.

"I've brought another gal to see you this time, Fletcher. It's very probable she won't be quite so agreeable-like as t'other one, but 'ill do you as much good, I reckon."

A woman in black stood before the bed on which Fletcher reclined.

He recognized Mrs Lancaster, the wife of the murdered man.

"Ay, this does me good," said she advancing a step nearer, and shaking her clenched fist in his face.

"It don't pay to take a fellow creature's life, does it? Don't you speak to me, you villain—don't dare to open your mouth. I came here to gloat over your misery, to see how the prospect of leaving your wife and babies affected you. Oh, you tremble! I have found the tender chord. My husband's wife and children were nothing—oh, no! Wretch! villain! May the law be fully justified."

And the woman, to all appearance exasperated beyond the power of further utterance, stepped a little closer, and with a sly movement hid one of her gloves under the head of the bewildered man.

"Have you finished, ma'am?" inquired the turnkey with his hand on the door. "Now, really, Fletcher, don't you rather prefer an interview of this kind to one of those lally-gagging sort you've had so many of lately? 'Twill do you more good, ten to one. What are you doing now?"

"Giving him one more last look, that is all. Murder! robber! wretch! I want to engrave his picture on my brain so indelibly that I never can forget a single feature."

"By the crown, your old man must had a Tartar! Oh, ho, ho!" and the turnkey shook his fat sides with laughter.

"I don't believe he's got it much hotter where he's staying now than he had with you. It takes women to use up the king's English. I always said so, now I know it."

Mrs Lancaster drew her veil over her face and quietly left the prison.

As soon as he dared, with trembling fingers Lloyd drew forth the glove. In it was a vial containing a mixture of chloroform, or ether, a small, sharp instrument to file the shackles, and a note. It read thus:

"You are not the man and I cannot allow you to be hung. Overpower the keeper, take his clothes and leave. Go to the old rookery, No. ——, first floor, where a disguise awaits you, and then God help you, for you must conceal yourself."

Lloyd, with a wildly beating heart, concealed the article and tried to think. The keeper did not enter his cell after he brought the tea, and how could he accomplish his purpose then? There would be too many astir in the prison then, and he might be detected.

"Defeated now with the weapons of deliverance in my hands No, indeed, Lloyd Fletcher."

"Fletcher, I suppose you know that according to prison rules you are not allowed to stay alone to-night. It would be barbarous to leave a fellow without good company his last night on earth," said the turnkey, an hour or two after Mrs Lancaster's visit. "You'll have to take your pick 'atween old Father Walsh and myself, but I suppose you'll take me, bad as you hate me, afore that old hypocrite."

"Why can't I have my wife?" asked Lloyd, with a voice full of bitterness.

"Oh, wives ain't allowable on such occasions. She'll be round in the morning an hour or two; but talk quick—which will you have?"

"What difference do you think it makes to me, you hard-hearted wretch, who watches with my last moments on earth, when my only friend is denied me?"

So it was arranged. The turnkey was to occupy his cell, and Lloyd went to work with his little instrument to file the handcuffs and chain which bound him. It was slow and tedious, but in an hour's time he had the satisfaction of one free hand, and the power to remove his limbs from the galling, rattling torments which had so firmly held him

"I must be able to throw these fetters off or I am lost."

So he worked away industriously until the obstinate link was displaced, and he could wear or leave them at his pleasure.

Ten o'clock arrived, and the turnkey had his cot brought into the cell.

"When are you going to turn in, Fletcher? I'm as tired as an East India nigger. Plaguy afraid I shan't be much company to-night; better had the priest. You wrote all your letters yesterday, Fletcher, didn't you?" and the keeper yawned deeply, turned over once or twice, and in five minutes was snoring profoundly.

"Now is my time," thought Fletcher. "It won't do to wait. Heaven help me."

Noiselessly he stepped from his chains and drew off the torturing handcuffs. It was but the work of a moment to saturate his handkerchief with the mixture, and in less time than it takes to tell it, Lloyd had stripped the hardened wretch.

There was a trifling difference in their height, but Lloyd lacked the aldermanic proportions of the gaoler. However, he managed that quickly and easily, unlocked the door of the cell, stepped into the corridor, withdrew the key, and imitated as nearly as possible the dull, heavy tread of the keeper.

The gaol physician was just leaving the building, and Lloyd walked along after him, as if to see him safely out. Only one subordinate guarded the entrance, and so Lloyd and the doctor walked out together without exciting the slightest suspicion

He reached the old rookery, donned his attire, which proved to be a soldier's uniform, removed the black wig of the keeper, and substituted a light curly one, and before twelve o'clock had reached the house of a friend, two or three miles from the city, told his story, and was warmly received and promised protection.

Lloyd felt sure he had left no clue by which he could be traced to this spot, and almost overcome by his great happiness, he fell on his knees, and thanked God he had previously foresworn for his miraculous escape.

The next morning all was astir early in the prison, but our turnkey did not make his appearance; what could it mean? A key was produced to open the cell door, and the nude, inanimate figure of the fat keeper was presented to their astonished view. In the middle of the cell was the prisoner's wardrobe; all he could spare from the make-up of the turnkey's lusty proportions.

A little cold water and fresh air revived him, but he could throw no light upon Fletcher's mysterious disappearance. He had seen nothing, knew nothing, and remembered nothing.

Mrs. Fletcher was arrested on suspicion of assisting her husband to escape, but nothing could be proved, and a few days saw her at liberty. She was confident that her darling was safe, but could form no idea of the *modus operandi*, or where he was concealed.

However, now that so much was gained, she felt that she could afford to wait for the rest.

Large rewards were offered for the prisoner's apprehension; huge posters were placarded everywhere, and detectives were set to work to ferret out his hiding place, but all in vain.

When the excitement was at its height, the anti-mortem statements and confessions of a dying man were before the court, entirely exonerating Lloyd Fletcher from complicity in the murder. The man was Mrs. Lancaster's foster brother. He had drugged and beaten poor Fletcher the night of the perpetration of the crime, stolen his pistol, and committed the fatal deed.

Mrs. Lancaster had been from the first exceedingly suspicious of him, but proofs were not in her power, so she had used every means possible to restore Lloyd his liberty, trusting to time and a merciful God for the rest.

How well she acted her part and succeeded in her endeavors, the reader is aware.

Fletcher was immediately pardoned, and driven by the excised Londoners to his residence.

At Springfield, Mass., an itinerant scissors-grinder won the confidence of unsuspecting females by representing himself to be an exiled Count. One lady purchased eighteen pairs of scissors of him.

EARNING A WIFE.

"And so you want to marry my daughter, young man," said farmer Bilkins, looking at the young fellow sharply from head to toes.

Despite his rather indolent and effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordan was a fine looking fellow, and not easily moved from his self-possession; but he coloured and grew confused beneath that sharp, scrutinizing gaze.

"Yes, sir; I spoke to Miss Mary last night, and she referred me to you."

The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a good girl, a very good girl," he said, stroking his child with a thoughtful air, "and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at this abrupt inquiry.

"If you refer to my abilities to support a wife, I can assure you—"

"I know that you are a rich man, Luke Jordan, but I take it for granted that you ask my girl to marry you and not your property. What guarantee can you give me, in case it should be swept away, as it is in thousands of instances, that you could provide for her a comfortable home? You have hands and brains—do you know how to use them? What can you do?"

This was a style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared blandly at the questioner without speaking.

"I believe you managed to get through college—have you any profession?"

"No, sir; I thought—"

"Have you any trade?"

"No, sir; my father thought that with the wealth I should inherit I should not need any."

"Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you some honest occupation and cut you off with a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is, what are you fit for? Here you are, a strong, able-bodied young man, twenty-four years old, and never earned a dollar in your life! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. And you want to marry my daughter. Now, I have given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl in town, and she hasn't thrown 'em away; but if she didn't know how to work, she'd be no daughter of mine. If I choose, I could keep more than one servant; but I don't, no more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia, and all sorts of fine lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass she is. I did say that she should not marry a lad that had been cursed with a rich father; but she has taken a foolish liking for you, and I'll tell you what I'll do: Go to work, and prove yourself to be a man; perfect yourself in some occupation—I don't care what, if it is honest—then come to me, and if the girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this he deliberately rose from the settle of the porch and went into the house.

Pretty Mary Bilkins was waiting to see her lover down at the garden gate, their usual trysting place. The smiling light faded from her eyes as she noticed his sober, discomfited look.

"Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application. "And I'm not sure but he's about right, for it seems to me that every man, rich or poor, ought to have some occupation."

Then, as she noticed her lover's grave look, she said, softly:

"Never mind, I'll wait for you, Luke."

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But wherever he went, he carried with him those words which were like a tower of strength to his soul: "I'll wait for you, Luke."

One pleasant, sunshiny morning, late in October, as farmer Bilkins was propping up the grapevine in his front yard, that threatened to break down with the weight of its luxurious burden, a neat-looking party drove up, from which Luke Jordan alighted with a quick, elastic step, quite in contrast with his formerly easy leisurely movements

"Good morning, Mr Bilkins. I understood that you wanted to buy some butter tubs and cider barrels. I think I have some that will just suit you."

"Whose make are they?" asked the old man, as, opening the gate he paused, by the waggon.

"Mine," replied Luke, with an air of pardonable pride.

Mr Bilkins examined them one by one.

"They'll do," he said, coolly, as he set down the last of the lot. "What will ye take for them?"

"What I asked you for six months ago to-day—your daughter, sir."

The roguish twinkle in the old man's eyes broadened into a smile.

"You've got the right metal in you, after all," he cried. "Come in, lad—come in. I shouldn't wonder if we made a trade after all."

Nothing loth, Luke obeyed.

"Molly!" bawled Mr Bilkins, thrusting his head into the kitchen door.

Molly tripped out into the entry. The round white arms were bared above the elbows and bore traces of the flour she had been sifting. Her dress was a neat gingham, over which was tied a blue checked apron; but she looked as winning and lovely as she always did wherever she was found.

She blushed and blushed and smiled as she saw Luke, and then, turning her eyes upon her father, waited dutifully to hear what he had to say.

The old man regarded his daughter for a moment with a quizzical look.

"Moll, this young man—mayhap you've seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own make—a right good article, too. He asks a pretty steep price for 'em, but if you are willing to give it, well and good; and hark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you make, your father will ratify."

As Mr Bilkins said this he considerately stepped out of the room, and we will follow his example. But the kind of bargain the young people made can readily be conjectured by the speedy wedding that followed.

Luke Jordan turned his attention to the study of medicine, of which profession he became a useful and influential member; but every year, on the anniversary of his marriage, he delights his mother-in-law with some specimens of the handicraft by which he won what he declares to be the best and dearest wife in the world.

Slattery, Doody, Callaghan, and Kinsella, suspected of complicity with Whelan, have been bailed out at Ottawa.

The Townsend Family lost a quantity of their scenery and apparatus by fire on Tuesday afternoon last, while the stuff was in transit between London and Chatham, per G. W. R. It seems the machinery was shipped in a flat car, the baggage car being completely filled at the time, and that while on the way a spark of fire from the engine ignited the scenery and destroyed a considerable quantity of it.

At one time a woman could hardly walk through the streets of San Francisco without having every one pause to gaze on her, and a child was so rare that once in a theatre in the same city, where a woman had taken her infant, when it began to cry, just as the orchestra commenced to play, a man in the pit cried out, "Stop those fiddles, and let the baby cry. I haven't heard such a sound for ten years." The audience applauded this sentiment, the orchestra stopped, and the baby continued its performance amid unbounded enthusiasm.

Cam. Cowat & MacCulloch,

BARRISTERS, &c., Princess Street, Kingston (opposite Daily News Office).

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, Q.C.,
GEORGE LEVACH MOWAT,
GEORGE MILNES MACDONNELL.

March 15, 67.

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BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS-at-LAW, Solicitors in Chancery—Chambers Nos. 7, 8, & 9, Anchor Buildings, Kingston, C. W.

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JOHN M. MACHAR.

Kingston, Jan'y 16.

W. R. Mingaye,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Conveyancer, &c. Kingston, C. W. Dec. 1.

Wm. B. Thibodo,

BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c., Anchor Buildings.

Wilkison & Reeve,

BARRISTERS AND ATTORNEYS-at-LAW, Solicitors, Conveyancers, &c. Napanee, C. W.

OFFICE.—South West corner of Dundas and East Streets.

WM. H. WILKISON. W. A. REEVE, M. A. County Crown Attorney.

James Agnew,

BARRISTER and ATTORNEY-at-LAW, Conveyancer, &c. Office Bagot Street, second door south of the *British Whig* Office, upstairs.

August 1.

John Mudie,

BARRISTER, Attorney-at-Law, Conveyancer, &c. Office opposite Post Office, Clarence Street, Kingston.

August 6.

OFFICE REMOVED TO KING STREET NEARLY OPPOSITE THE CITY BOOK STORE.

Joseph Pawden,

ATTORNEY AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Notary Public, &c., 33 King street, Kingston.

Signor Carlo Mora,

PROFESSOR of the PIANO & THOROUGH BASS, & CULTIVATION of the VOICE. For terms, address MR J. REYNER'S Music Store.

Kingston, May 6.

J. R. Smith, M.D.,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., PORTLAND, Residence Harrowsmith.

MONEY TO LEND. $50,000 to lend on the security of Real Estate in the City or Country at a low rate of interest. No commission charged. R. M. ROSE

April 23

Royal Assurance Company
OF
LIVERPOOL AND LONDON.
MAXWELL W. STRANGE,
Agent for Kingston

Office—33, Clarence Street.
Kingston, March 20, 1862.

Kingston and Gananoque Route.

THE Steamer PIERREPONT, C. Hinckley, Jr., Master, will run as under.

LEAVE KINGSTON
On Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 3:30 P.M.

LEAVE GANANOQUE.
On Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, at 6 A.M.

For Freight or Passage apply to Captain on board, or to

G. M. KINGHORN.
Ferry Wharf, foot Brock Street.

Kingston, 24th Oct. 1868.

Kingston and Wolfe Island Ferry.

CHANGE OF HOURS.

COMMENCING MONDAY, 26th instant, one of the Ferry Steamers will run as under:

Leave Kingston daily,	Leave Wolfe Isl'd daily,
At 11:30 a.m.	At 9 a.m.
3:30 p.m.	1 p.m.

ON MONDAYS, TUESDAYS, & SATURDAYS,

8 a.m.	7:30 a.m.

ON MONDAYS AND SATURDAYS,

	4 p.m.

SUNDAY TRIPS.

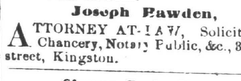
Leave Kingston,	Leave Wolfe Island,
9:00 a.m.	9:30 a.m.
1:15 p.m.	3 p.m.

G. M. KINGHORN,
Ferry Wharf, foot Brock Street.

Kingston, October 24, 1868.

DAILY BOAT
For Bath Picton and Belleville.

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAMER



Bay of Quinte,

CAPTAIN FRANK COMER,

WILL LEAVE THE ST. LAWRENCE WHARF, foot of Johnson Street, for the above and intermediate ports, every day (Sundays excepted) at FOUR O'CLOCK,

Returning, leaves Belleville every morning (Sundays excepted) at SIX o'clock, a.m.

For rates of Freight and Passage apply to the Captain on board, or to

J. SWIFT & Co.,
Freight Agents.

C. H. HATCH,
Passenger Agent.

Kingston, April 20, 1868.

ORANGE CERTIFICATES and Lodge Summonses may be obtained at the DAILY NEWS OFFICE. Orders by mail promptly attended to. Devices for every description of Orange printing kept on hand at the DAILY NEWS STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.

ART OF ADVERTISING.—Horace Greeley, of New York, says:—The most successful business men in this city are those who have advertised liberally and constantly. A small advertisement constantly appearing is better than a display column occasionally.

NEW STYLES OF TYPE HAVE been added to the DAILY NEWS JOB PRINTING OFFICE. Our two Steam Presses and Automatic Platen Printing Machinery enable us to turn out work in good style, with quick despatch, and at cheap rates. Inquiry solicited.

Phœnix Fire Assurance Company
OF LONDON.

Agent at Kingston,
THOS. KIRKPATRICK.

Home Insurance Company of New Haven, Conn.

CAPITAL .. .. $1,000,000.
PREMIUMS RECEIVED DURING 1867—$2,000,000.

Funds deposited in the hands of the Goverment for the security of Policyholders.

☞ All fire risks carefully surveyed, and the rate of Premium made to correspond with the risk assumed.

JAMES SWIFT,
Agent,
St. Lawrence Wharf

Kingston, Feb. 4, 1868.

RELIANCE MUTUAL
LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.
ETNA
Fire and Marine
INSURANCE COMPANY OF DUBLIN.

CAPITAL $2,500,000
ANNUAL INCOME 1,000,000

T. W. GRIFFITH,
Manager for Canada

F. HOOPER,
Agent for Kingston.
Office opposite Burnett House.

Dec. 20, 1867.

1866. Marine Insurance. 1866.

Ætna Insurance Company of Hartford Conn.

THOS. A. ALEXANDER, President. | E. P. DORR, General Agent.

INCORPORATED IN 1819.

CAPITAL $3,000,000. ASSETS $4,650,938,27

HULL AND CARGO RISKS to and from Inland Ports on favourable terms.

Losses promptly and liberally adjusted and paid in Canada Currency.

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July 1. St. Lawrence Wharf.

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CASH CAPITAL .. .. $1,000,000.

LAKE AND RIVER RISKS taken on hulls and cargoes at reasonable rates.

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July 1. St. Lawrence Wharf.

"Ætna" Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn

PAID UP CAPITAL AND SURPLUS—$4,833,543,39.

Losses paid in 49 years, ... $23,000,000.

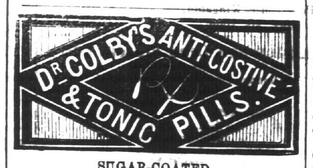
THIS Company has been doing business in Canada for nearly 50 years, and during that time has secured the public confidence by the prompt and liberal settlement of every fair claim. It has fully complied with the laws of Canada by the deposit with the Government of Stocks to the amount of

$50.000

And is prepared to issue policies on terms as low as the safety of the assured will permit.

JAMES SWIFT,
Agent,
St. Lawrence Wharf.

Kingston, Feb. 4, 1868.



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ARE a safe and reliable remedy in all diseases of the *Stomach, Liver* and *Bowels*. They are not *Quack* Medicines puffed up by high sounding testimonials from imaginary people, but are the result of forty years experience of a first-class physician, and their extraordinary success is due to the fact that they answer exactly their name. The formula from which they are prepared, is based on sound, scientific principles, and has received the unqualified approbation of the *medical profession*. They do not profess to be a cure-all, but for all diseases arising from any derangement of the *Stomach, Liver* and *Bowels*, they furnish an effectual remedy. We have in our possession, over one hundred testimonials from physicians who have used them in their practice and highly approve of them, among which are the following:

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JOHN ERSKINE, M.D., Waterloo.
NORMAN CLEVELAND, M. D., Barnston.
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IS A SPECIFIC for Rheumatism or Lameness of any kind, Swelling of the Joints, Sore Throat, Cold in the Head and Diphtheria, Burns or Frost Bites, Scratches on horses, &c.' &c.,

JACOBS' RHEUMATIC LIQUID.

Is an internal as well as an external remedy, and is the only one that *always* gives entire satisfaction, and all who once use it will never consent to change it for any other.

We have not space to enumerate the virtues accorded to it by thousands who have used it, and voluntarily testify to its merits. Buy a bottle and satisfy yourself that it is the best remedy ever offered.

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