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CURES ALL HUMORS,

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which is **Scrofulous Disease of the Lungs,** is promptly and certainly arrested and cured by this God-given remedy, if taken before the last stages of the disease are reached. From its wonderful power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now celebrated remedy to the public, Dr. PIERCE thought seriously of calling it his **"Consumption Cure,"** but abandoned that name as too limited for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for consumption of the lungs, but for all

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If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have sallow color of skin, or yellowish-brown spots on face or body, frequent headache or dizziness, bad taste in mouth, internal heat or chills, alternating with hot flashes, low spirits and gloomy forebodings, irregular appetite, and coated tongue, you are suffering from **Indigestion, Dyspepsia,** and **Torpid Liver,** or **"Biliousness."** In many cases only part of these symptoms are experienced. As a remedy for all such cases, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** has no equal.

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is offered by the proprietor of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure.

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STOPS Droppings from Nasal passages into the throat and excessive expectoration caused by Catarrh. Sent pre-paid on receipt of price, 50c. and $1. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.
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LEAVE YOUR ORDERS —AT THE— KING STREET BAKERY
Telephone connection.
R. H. TOYE.

JESS.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,
Author of "King Solomon's Mines" &c., &c.

The distant muttering of thunder that they had heard had died away, and now the great storm swept on in silent majesty, like the passage of a ghostly host, from which there arose no sound of feet or rolling of wheels. Only before it sped the swift angels of the wind, and behind it swung the curtain of the rain.

Even as Muller spoke a gust of icy air caught the cart and tilted it, and the lightning needles began to play more dreadfully than ever. The storm was breaking upon them.

"Come, get on, get on!" he shouted, "you will be killed here; the lightning always strikes along the water;" and as he said it he struck one of the wheelers sharply with his whip.

"Climb over the back of the seat, Mouti, and stand by to help me with the reins!" sung out John to the Zulu, who obeyed, getting between him and Jess.

"Now, Jess, hang on, and say your prayers, for it strikes me we shall have need of them. So, horses, so!"

The horses backed and plunged, but Muller on the one side and the smooth faced Boer on the other lashed them without mercy, and at last they went into the river with a rush. The gust had passed now, and for a moment or two there was renewed silence, except for the whirl of the water and the snakelike hiss of the coming rain.

For a few yards, ten or fifteen perhaps, all went well, and then John suddenly discovered that they were getting into deep water; the two leaders were evidently almost off their legs, and could scarcely stand against the current of the flooded river.

"Damn you!" he shouted back, "there is no drift here."

"Go on, go on, it *is* all right!" came Muller's voice in answer.

John said no more, but, putting out all his strength, tried to get his horses round. Jess turned herself on the seat to look, and just then came a blaze of lightning which revealed Muller and his two companions standing dismounted on the bank, the muzzles of their rifles pointing straight at the cart.

"Oh, God!" she screamed, "they are going to shoot us."

Even as the words passed her lips three tongues of flame flared out from the rifles' mouths and the Zulu, Mouti, sitting by her side, pitched heavily forward on to his head into the bottom of the cart, while one of the wheelers reared straight up into the air with a shriek of agony and came down with a splash into the river.

And then followed a scene the horrors of which baffles my poor pen. Overhead the storm burst in fury, and flash after flash of fork, or rather of chain, lightning fell into the river. The thunder, too, began to crack like the trump of doom; the wind rushed down, tearing the surface of the water into foam, and, catching under the tent of the cart, lifted it clean off the wheels, so that it began to float. Then the two leaders, mad with fear by the fury of the storm and the dying struggles of the off wheeler, plunged and tore at the traces till they actually rent themselves loose and vanished between the darkness overhead and the boiling water beneath. Away floated the cart, now touching the bottom and now riding on the water like a boat, oscillating this way and that, and slowly turning round and round. With it floated the dead horse, dragging down the other wheeler beneath the water. It was awful to see his struggles in the glare of the lightning, but at last he sank and choked.

And meanwhile, sounding sharp and clear across the din and hubbub of the storm, came the cracking of the three rifles whenever the flashes showed the whereabouts of the cart to the murderers on the bank. Mouti was lying still in the bottom on the bed plank, a bullet between his broad shoulders and another in his skull; but John felt that his life was yet whole in him, though something had hissed past his face and stung it. Instinctively he reached across the cart and drew Jess on to his knee, and cowered over her, thinking dimly that perhaps his body would protect her from the bullets.

Rip! rip! through the wood and canvas; phut! phut! through the air; but some merciful power protected them, and though one cut John's coat and two passed through the skirt of Jess' dress, not a bullet struck them. And very soon the shooting began to grow wild, and then that dense veil of rain came down and wrapped them so close that even the lightning could not show their whereabouts to the assassins on the bank.

"Stop shooting," said Frank Muller; "the cart has sunk, and there is an end of them. No human being can have lived through that fire and the Vaal in flood."

The two Boers ceased firing, and the Unicorn shook his head softly and remarked to his companion that the damned English people in the water could not be much wetter than they were on the bank. It was a curious thing to say at such a moment, but probably the spirit that animated the remark was not so much callousness as that which animated Cromwell, who flipped the ink in his neighbor's face when he signed the death warrant of his king.

Muller was also thinking of the warrant which he had forged. He must get it back somehow, even if——

"Let us take shelter under the bank there. There is a flat place, about fifty yards up, where the bank lies over. This rain is drowning us. We can't upsaddle till it clears. I must have a nip of brandy, too. Almighty! I can see that girl's face now! the lightning shone on it just as I shot. Well, she will be in heaven now, poor thing, if English people ever go to heaven."

It was the Unicorn who spoke, and the Vilderbeeste made no reply, but advanced with him to where the horses stood. They took the patient brutes that were waiting for their masters, their heads well down and the water streaming from them, and led them along with them. Frank Muller stood by his own horse thinking, and watched them vanish into the gloom. How was he to get that warrant back without dyeing his hands even redder than they were?

As he thought, an answer came. For at that moment, accompanied by a fearful thunderclap, there shot from the storm overhead, which had now nearly passed away, one of those awful flashes that sometimes end an African tempest. It lit up the whole scene round as light as day, and right in the white heart of it Muller saw his two companions in crime and their horses as the great king saw the men in the furnace. They were about forty paces from him, on the crest of the bank. He saw them, one moment erect; the next—men and horses falling this way and that, prone to the earth. And then it was all dark again. He staggered with the shock, and when it had passed rushed to the spot, calling the men by name; but no answer came, except the echo of his voice. He was there now, and the moonlight began to struggle faintly through the rain. Its pale beams lit upon two outstretched forms—one lying on its back, its distorted features gazing up to heaven, the other on its face. By them, the legs of the nearest sticking straight into the air, lay the two horses. They had gone to their account. The lightning had killed them, as it kills many an innocent man in Africa.

Frank Muller looked; and then, forgetting about the warrant and everything else in the horror of what he took to be a visible judgment, rushed to his horse and galloped wildly away, pursued by all the terrors of hell.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

The firing from the bank had ceased, and John, who still kept his head (being a rather phlegmatic specimen of the Anglo-Saxon race), realized that, for the moment at any rate, all danger from that source was ended. Jess lay perfectly still in his arms, her head upon his breast; and a horrible idea struck him that she might be shot—perhaps already dead!

"Jess, Jess," he shouted, through the turmoil of the storm, "are you all right?"

She lifted her head an inch or two—"I think so," she said. "What is going on?"

"God only knows, I don't. Sit still, it will be all square."

But in his heart he knew that it was not "all square," and that they were in imminent danger of death from drowning. They were whirling down a raging river in a cart. In a few moments it was probable that the cart would upset, and then——

Presently the wheel bumped against something, and the cart gave a great lurch and then scraped along a little.

"Now for it," thought John; for the water was pouring over the flooring. Then came a check, and the cart leaned still farther over.

Crack! The pole had gone, and the cart swung round bows, or rather box, on to the stream. What had happened was this: They had stuck across a rock that projected up from the bed of the river, the force of the current having washed the dead horses to the one side and the cart to the other. Consequently they were anchored to the rock, as it were, the anchor being the dead horses and the cable the stout traces of untanned leather. So long as these traces and the rest of the harness held they were, comparatively speaking, safe; but of course they did not know this. Indeed, they knew nothing. Above them rolled the storm, and round them the waters seethed and the rain hissed. They knew nothing except that they were helpless living atoms, tossing between the wild waters and the wilder night, with imminent death staring them in the face, around, above and below. To and fro they swung, locked fast in each other's arms, and as they did so came that awful flash that, though they knew it not, sent two of the murderers to their account, and for an instant, even through the sheet of rain-illumined the space of boiling water and the long lines of the banks on either side. It showed the point of rock to which they were fixed, it glared upon the head of one of the poor horses, tossed up by the driving current, as though it were trying to rise from its watery death, and revealed the form of the dead Zulu, Mouti, lying on his face, one arm hanging over the edge of the cart and dabbling in the water that ran level with it, in ghastly similarity to some idle passenger in a pleasure boat who lets his fingers slip softly through the stream.

In a second it was gone, and they were once more in darkness. But then by degrees the storm passed off and the moon began to shine, feebly indeed, for the sky was not clear washed of clouds, which still trailed along in the tracks of the tempest, sucked after it by its mighty draught. Still it was lighter, and the rain gradually thinned till at last it stopped. The storm had passed in majesty down the ways of the night, and there was no sound round them but the sound of rushing water.

"John," said Jess, presently, "can we do anything?"

"Nothing, dear!"

"Shall we escape, John?"

He hesitated. "It is in God's hands, dear. We are in great danger. If the cart upsets we shall be drowned. Can you swim?"

"No, John."

"If we can hang on here till daylight we may get ashore if those devils are not there to shoot us. I do not think that our chance is a good one."

"John, are you afraid to die?"

He hesitated. "I don't know, dear. I hope to meet it like a man."

"Tell me what you truly think. Is there any hope for us at all?"

Once more he paused, reflecting whether or not he should speak the truth. Finally he decided to do so.

"I can see none, Jess. If we are not drowned we are sure to be shot. They will wait about the bank till morning, and for their own sakes they will not dare to let us live."

He did not know that all that was left of two of them would indeed wait for many a long year, and that the third had fled aghast.

"Jess, dear," he went on, "it is no good to tell lies. Our lives may end any minute. Humanly speaking, they must end before the sun is up."

The words were awful enough—if the reader can by an effort of the imagination throw himself for a moment into the position of these two, he will, perhaps, understand how awful. It is a dreadful thing, when in the full flow of health and youth, to be suddenly placed face to face with the certainty of violent death and to know that in a few more minutes your course will have been run, and that you will have commenced to explore the future, which may prove to be even worse, because more enduring, than the life you are now quitting in agony. It is a dreadful thing, as any who have ever stood in such a peril can testify, and John felt his heart sink within him at the thought—for death is very strong. But there is one thing stronger—a woman's perfect love. Against this death cannot prevail. And so it came to pass that now, as he fixed his cold gaze upon Jess' eyes, they answered him with a strange, unearthly light. She feared not death so that she might meet with her beloved. Death was her hope and opportunity. Here she had none; there she might have all—or sleep. The fetters had fallen from her, struck off by an overmastering hand. Her duty was satisfied, her trust was fulfilled and she was free—free to died with her beloved. Ah! her love was, indeed, a love deeper than the grave; and now it rose in all its strength, standing tiptoe upon the earth, ready, when dissolution had lent its wings, to soar to love's own star.

"You are sure, John?" she asked again.

"Yes, dear, yes. Why do you force me to repeat it? I can see no hope."

Her arms were round his neck, her soft curls rested on his cheek, and the breath from her lips played upon his face. Indeed, it was only by speaking into each other's ears that conversation was feasible, owing to the rushing sound of the waters.

(To be continued).

An Irishman's Bull.

We are surrounded by difficulties and dangers, said Pat, from the cradle to the grave, and the only wonder is that we ever live long enough after leaving the one to reach the other. The greatest danger lies in allowing the seeds of disease to be sown in our system. If you feel dull and drowsy, have frequent headaches, bad taste in mouth, coated tongue, poor appetite, you are suffering from a torpid liver. Take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" if you would destroy those seeds and avoid reaping a harvest of suffering and death.

Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake & Butternut

Cure liver complaint, biliousness, etc. These troubles arise from torpidity or inaction of the liver and should be promptly treated. An active dose should at first be taken, say three of *Hamilton's Pills*, followed the next night by one or two pills as the occasion may demand; after which take one pill once or twice a week, which will gradually restore the action of the great blood filter and thereby allow it to perform those functions so essential to the health and comfort of the body. Sold by dealers in medicines.

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About Dr. Dorenwend's "hair magic." It does its work every time. It has done more good and saved more heads of hair than any other preparation in the world. It has produced good crops of hair on bald heads, where every other remedy failed. It restores grey hair to its youthful color and vigor, and eradicates every trace of dandruff; for sale everywhere. Take nothing else. A. Dorenwend, sole agent, Toronto. J. G. King and A. P. Chown druggists, agents for Kingston.

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From Riverside, at the Bazaar.
New Maple Sugar
AT THE BAZAAR.
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GENERAL AND SPORTING NEWS.

H. M. Johnson, the champion sprint runner, has left the track at Chesterpark Cincinnati, and will hereafter make his home at that place.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

It is stated that Roscoe Conkling will be Malcolm Ford's counsel in the action he proposes to bring to prove the charges of professionalism against him are false.

Jacob Lockman, Buffalo, says he has been using it for rheumatism. He had such a lame back that he could do nothing; but one bottle entirely cured him.

Umpire Bauer, of the American association, has resigned. He complains that he has been unjustly censured and treated unfairly by Von der Ahe.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; sure and effectual. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

Hamilton is very proud of their first base man, McQuery. In height he is little below Toronto's giant, Jay Faile, being 6 feet 2½ inches, but he is stouter.

Use Eureka pile cure for piles. Sure cure. Ask your druggist for it.

Syracuse has settled with John A. Cole, the man who secured a verdict for $3 000 on account of injuries received on the ball field. Cole has taken $1,300 in cash and $500 worth of stock in the baseball club.

What Toronto's well-known Good Smaritan says: "I have been troubled with dyspepsia and Liver Complaint for over 20 years, and have tried many remedies, but never found an article that has done me as much good as Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure."—Clara E. Porter.

F. C. Bancroft said to an interviewer one day last week:—"If you want to make big money, go to work and get a corner in pitchers. In a month from now there will not be a club in the country but what will be hunting for one or more twirlers." "Why?" was the response. "Because the new rules are going to play old Ned with pitchers. Stick a pin there and see if I am not right."

It is a remarkable fact that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is as good for internal as external use. For disease of the lungs and throat, and for rheumatism, neuralgia, crick in the back, wounds and sores, it is the best known remedy, and much trouble is saved by having it always on hand.

Robert H. Nelson, of Philadelphia, offers to bet $5,000 as follows: $3,000 to $2,000 that Chicago will not win the championship; $1,000 to $500 that the clubs will not come out in the order named by President Spalding, and $1,000 even that the Alleghenys will come out in fifth place or better. President Spalding places the teams as follows: Chicago, New York, Detroit, Boston, Philadelphia, Indianapolis, Pittsburg and Washington.

A. B. Des Rochers, Arthabaskaville, P. Q., writes: 'Thirteen years ago I was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism in the head, from which I nearly constantly suffered, until after having used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for nine days, bathing the head, &c., when I was completely cured, and have only used half a bottle.'

Liberal bets are offered that Harry Wilkes will not lower his record of 2.13¼ this year. It is said that the glorious climate of California has about the same effect upon horses as champagne has upon men. It livens them up, but only temporarily. When Sweetzer went there in '78 he was no good. When he got there he paced in 2.13. When he came back he fell off once more. Adelaide trotted to waggon in 2.19 in California, but on her return east 2.22 was the best she coule do. Rarus on the Oakland track, 'Frisco, could do a mile easily in 2.14. In Michigan a couple of months later he laboured in 2.20, but in August of the same year at Buffalo he once more got his speed and covered the mile in 2.14¾.

Great results are speedily accomplished by the leading alterative, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Indigestion ceases, biliousness disappears, constipation gives place to regularity of the bowels in consequence of taking it. Ladies suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex experience long wished for relief from it, and impurities in the circulation no longer trouble those who have sought its aid. Give it a trial and you will not regret it.

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—AT—
DORLAND'S

GALLOWAY.
How dear to my head was the Fur Cap of winter,
The nice, curly Cap that now I am fain
To swop for the Sable and Felted Newcomer,
Which, because it's so light, I return to again.
But, like to the Crofter's thatched hut of Killenny,
That the soft summer breeze creeps thro' all the day,
Is the welcome Straw Hat because lighter than any,
And cheaper—It costs a quarter in May.
The above soliloquy is forced upon me by the return of Spring, and, as others sing it, let them remember that Galloway sang it first and deserves a call.
84 PRINCESS STREET.

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