

HAVE YOU

Hot and dry skin? Itching sensations? Swelling of the ankles? Yague feelings of unrest? Pruritic or break-down fluids? Acid stomach? Aching joints? Cramps, growing nervousness? Strangeness of the bowels? Unaccountable languid feelings? Short breath and pleuritic pains? One-side headache? Backache? Frequent attacks of the "blues"? Fluttering and distress of the heart? Albumen and tube casts in the water? Proliferousness of the bowels? Loss of appetite, flesh and strength? Drowsiness by day, wakefulness at night? Constipation alternating with looseness of the bowels? Abundant pale, or scanty flow of dark water? Chills and fever? Burning patches of skin? Then

YOU HAVE

BRIGHT DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS. The above symptoms are not developed in any order, but appear, disappear, and reappear until the disease gradually reaches a first stage on the constitution, the kidney-poisoned blood breaks down the nervous system, and finally pneumonia, diarrhoea, bloodlessness, heart disease, apoplexy, paralysis, or convulsions ensue, and then death is inevitable. This fearful disease is not a rare one, it is an every-day disorder, and claims more victims than any other complaint.

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Kindling Wood (Dry) or Spruce Wood, Nut Coal, No. 1 Coal, Soft Coal or Blacksmith's Coal, go to R. CRAWFORD & CO., FOOT OF QUEEN ST.

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HARDWARE STORE

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THE TWO ROSENBERGS.

A certain man named Rosenberg, who belonged to a well-known battery, and had married very young, had a son whom he allowed to enter the same battery when he was 18. But as the father had not been promoted very rapidly, it happened that he and his son were second lieutenants at the same time, the father just entering his forty-fifth year and the son his twentieth.

In spite of the difference in age, the father looked younger than his son, who had come into the world with an old face; and if the father's gray hair could have been exchanged for the coal-black locks of his son there is no doubt but that he would have been taken for his son, and vice versa, especially as there was a marked resemblance in face and figure. They became known as Rosenberg the first and Rosenberg the second, the first and the second, the father and the son, the father and the son, the father and the son.

This was not of frequent occurrence, but it afforded occasional new experiences. It was a great pleasure to the old officer to watch the unpacking of his comrade's trunk. There was always something new to be seen that people of this little, out-of-the-way place had never heard of, and concerning which the curiosity of Rosenberg the first led him to inform himself very minutely. One day an officer of the White dragoons came to the garrison, who, although no longer a young man, had very black, glossy hair.

One Sunday morning Lieutenant Rosenberg the first entered the room of his guest without knocking, just as he was drawing the cork from a bottle that he had taken out of his satchel. "What have you so fine?" asked the curious host. "A flask of cologne water—or perhaps a cordial for the stomach?"

"Oh, it is water—for the scalp," he muttered. "For what?" asked Rosenberg. "For the scalp." "Oh!" he said, and continued: "You have a very clean, beautiful scalp." "That is what makes it." "And such black hair!" This was evidently very annoying to the strange officer, and he turned the conversation in another direction.

The next morning he returned his thanks for the hospitality he had received, and was about to take his departure, but Rosenberg the first could not allow that, and he ordered his own old horse, and mounted it to accompany his friend of the White dragoons to the city limits, where he left him, and rode home again. When he arrived there and saw the sun streaming in, he went to close the blinds, and discovered behind the curtain the bottle that his guest had forgotten. His first impulse was to hasten after him with it, but the second thought was that the officer would have a start of an hour before he could overtake him. He had only an hour at his disposal, as he must be on duty after that. The bottle could remain where it was until his comrade returned, or if he never did return he probably knew where to get more. The old officer examined it on all sides. It was a plain white bottle, without a label, and half full of a fluid like clear water.

"There," he exclaimed, putting the cork in, "I shall enjoy that, when my friend returns. This will help him as little as the other, and he will soon find out that it never amounted to anything. That do any good! Ha! ha! ha!" He then put his hand in the wash-basin, held his head over it, and washed his hair until his arm ached. "Now, if that has any effect, my name is Hans," said he. "To-morrow morning my head will look just as it does now. But I must be off to the square to drill the recruits. It is a quarter of an hour too early, but it will make no difference, and one never knows what may delay him on the way." So he put on his cap, fastened on his sabre, and walked leisurely to the market-place. When he reached there he found the captain there before him.

Having had nothing to pass away the time with, the captain thought he would go down to the square and have a little chat with Rosenberg the first, if he should happen to be down somewhat early. He smiled with satisfaction as he saw that officer coming around the corner, but when he had come a few steps nearer his face fell with disappointment. Still he spoke to the man who approached him, and said: "Good morning, dear Rosenberg. How is your father?" "My father?" said the lieutenant, very much surprised at this unexpected question, and stared at his superior officer instead of answering. "Your father is well, I hope," continued Capt. Kloth, now also somewhat surprised. "My father?" said the lieutenant, still as puzzled as before. "Certainly, your father. I thought I spoke plainly enough. What is there so wonderful about my inquiring for the health of your father?" "The captain is right; but I am very much surprised indeed." "I do not understand you. Why so?" "Great heavens! because my father is dead, captain."

"The old man turned pale. 'Dead?' Your father dead?" said he, with trembling lips. "My God! How did it happen?" "He fell from his horse and broke his neck."

And in the meantime the recruits had gathered and stood in line. A lower officer stood before them, waiting for the stroke of the bell. "Attention!" he called, as the first clang trembled in the church tower. To a soldier-duty comes before all else, eating or drinking, home or home, wife or child, father or mother.

"Will you have the goodness to stay with the recruits, dear Rosenberg?" said the old captain. "They cannot be left without a head." He pressed the lieutenant's hands in deep agitation, and then added: "Adieu! adieu! dear Rosenberg," while bright tears fell from the old soldier's eyes down on his bushy beard. "Auf wiedersehen! God comfort you! dear Rosenberg. God comfort you!" He turned and went with faltering steps to his home, the shock having weakened him so that he needed to rest and collect himself before calling the sergeant to advise with him in regard to further proceedings.

Lieut. Rosenberg watched the captain disappear round the corner; then he laughed, and exclaimed: "Well, I never saw anything like it. There is nothing like it in all the world!" Just then another officer came from the same direction which the captain had gone. "Lindemann!" called Rosenberg, as he was passing. "Good morning! Good morning! How goes it with you? Come here a moment." Lindemann did so. "How can I serve you, Rosenberg?" he asked. "Did you just meet our captain?" "I did."

"Did anything about him surprise you?" "Very much; he was in tears." "Ah! Now, you see—I thought he must have been too free with his schnapps or eaten too much breakfast." "What do you mean? He is not in the habit of doing so." "Well, there is certainly something wrong with him." "What brought you to such a conclusion?" "Why, just think! When I came up to him he asked me how my father was!" "Well, why should he not ask you?" Rosenberg the first looked at him in amazement.

"Why should he not ask me?" he repeated. "Certainly, why not?" "Because he never did so before." "What of that? Everything must have a beginning. What's there so remarkable in wondering at it? I do not see how you, Lindemann, a sensible man, could imagine a man who is dead." "Dead? Do you jest? No one should speak lightly of such things, my dear Rosenberg." "I have no pleasure in joking about such things; but I certainly can say that my father is dead."

Lieut. Lindemann's face grew very long, and he turned as pale as Capt. Kloth had before him. "Can it be true? Can it be possible?" he said. "But tell me, for God's sake how it happened?" "He fell from his horse and broke his neck." Lieut. Lindemann's arms fell by his side, and his breathing was heavy and painful. Rosenberg the first looked with wonder at Lindemann, who grasped his hand and said: "My poor, poor friend!" He wiped a manly tear from his eyes, and turned away in the direction he had come. "God comfort you!" he cried. "Heaven send you strength to bear it!" "He must be crazy," thought Rosenberg the first, staring after him in utter bewilderment, "or has he had too hearty a breakfast. Only one of the two can be possible—only one of those two."

But when fifteen minutes later the sergeant came to look around the square and see what Rosenberg the second is doing. He came out of his rooms in the best of spirits, carefully picked a speck of dust with his thumb and forefinger from his left arm, and sauntered down the street with a complacent smile on his lips, not knowing exactly where he wished to go. He met Lieut. Lindemann. "Heavens! What a ghastly face!" said Rosenberg the second to him. "You look as though you had had some fearful misfortune."

Lieut. Lindemann stared at this speech. "Rosenberg, I don't understand you," he finally said. "What don't you understand, old fellow? That I wonder at your old fellow? It is not usually so. Come with me into the restaurant. We will take a glass of wine together." Lindemann shook his head, as if the conduct of his friend was wholly incomprehensible. "I am in a good humor to-day; I invite you to breakfast," continued Lieut. Rosenberg. "Come," and he turned to take his arm.

But Lindemann drew back. "You have consoled yourself very quickly," he said bitterly. "Consoled! What have I to console myself for?" "Rosenberg, I do not understand you. I would not have expected such lack of feeling from you." "Lack of feeling! What do you mean?" "Well, I should not have thought when one's father was dead—"

Lindemann. "It is not enough that you told your own father in such little honor. My father, thank God, is well. I had a letter from him yesterday. If he were dead, my sister would certainly have telegraphed to me." "Well, that is good. Why do you mourn, then?" "For my father, unhappy, frivolous, incomprehensible man!" "My father!" said Lieut. Rosenberg, astounded. "Certainly. For whom else? He fell from his horse and broke his neck."

Rosenberg the second turned deathly pale. "I did not know a word of it," he stammered. "Who told you?" "Who told me? Why, you, yourself." "How, if that is impossible; I have not seen you to-day." "Have not seen me? You called me a half hour ago, on the Market square, to tell me the dreadful news."

Rosenberg the second looked anxiously at his friend. "Lindemann," said he, "I believe there is something wrong with you." "Quite the contrary. It seems to me there is something wrong with you. You told this same thing to Capt. Kloth!" "Capt. Kloth! I have not seen him to-day." "But I have. I met him as he came from the market-place, and his face was full of tears. He said you staid with the recruits that you had undertaken to drill for your father."

Now Rosenberg the second became angry too. "Did Capt. Kloth tell you that?" he asked, "with his own mouth?" "Then I will go to the captain at once. If I told him that my father—ah, no, he certainly is not, and so it must be that your father is dead. Some father from nothing!" With that he took his sabre under his arm and stalked off, in a very agitated frame of mind, to the captain's house.

The captain was sitting in his room, unable to control himself, when his servant entered and announced that Lieut. Rosenberg was at the door and wished to know if he could speak to him. "Certainly, certainly," he said; "show him in." The next moment Lieut. Rosenberg the second appeared. "My poor young friend!" said the captain, "it was very hard on you, under such sorrowful circumstances, to stay by those recruits so long. I met Lieut. Lindemann and intended to ask him to relieve you, but when I told him the sad news I forgot it. Do not be angry, my young friend. The sudden blow has completely upset me."

Lieut. Rosenberg the second was equally upset. Before he could speak, the captain's short speech confirmed what Lieut. Lindemann had told him. But he had not been near the recruits, and had not spoken either to the captain or Lindemann. It was a story fit for lunatics. The captain was about to insist upon the young officer being seated, when his thick-headed, red-headed attendant entered the door again. "Captain—at the door!" he began, and then glanced at the young officer, and his head became thicker and redder than ever. "Well, what is it?" urged the old captain.

"At the door is—"

"Well, who is it?" "Who is it at the door?" "Lieut. Rosenberg," he answered with trembling. "He wished me to ask if he could speak with you a moment." The captain and the young lieutenant looked at each other. Lieut. Rosenberg's short speech confirmed what Lieut. Lindemann had told him. But he had not been near the recruits, and had not spoken either to the captain or Lindemann. It was a story fit for lunatics.

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THE TOWNLEY ESTATE.

FACES OF WHICH SOME OF THE HAIRS HAVE NOT BEEN AWAKE.

Toronto World. A number of American papers recently published an account of certain claims to an enormous sum of money and to what was known as the Townley estate, situated in the counties of York and Lan-cashire, and the Vane-Tempest estates, comprising extensive mining properties at Stella, Blaydon, Ryton, Winstan and Stanley, in the counties of York, Lancashire and Durham. The said estates were represented as being in the hands of the imperial government and managed by the Marquis of Londonderry. The newspaper from which we quoted gives in addition an account of the claimants to the so-called Townley estates, and to the methods they are adopting to have their claims realized. In addition, there is what pretends to be an historical resume of the Townley family, their kinship with the Widdringtons, and their dispersion beyond the Atlantic. It would seem that the efforts made on the part of the American descendants to get possession of the estates have endured for over forty years, and that millions of dollars have been already expended for the purpose.

The story is a strange one, mixing up facts and fiction in a manner calculated to bewilder anyone who knows aught of the Townleys and their estates. There may be Townley claimants as well as there have been Tielborne and Derwentwater claimants, but in the present instance the aspirants are sadly at sea to begin with. It is quite true that the Townleys have mining properties at Stella, Blaydon, Ryton, Winstan and Stanley, but it is quite false that either the one or the other of these places is in the counties of York or Lancashire. It is also untrue that they are now in the hands of the imperial government, or that they have been so for at least a hundred and fifty years. They are certainly not managed by the Marquis of Londonderry, nor are they called, or ever have been called, the "Vane-Tempest estates." The writer of the story has fallen into an error that a claimant knowing anything of the circumstances ought not to have fallen into. The Londonderry family of the Vane-Tempests never had any kinship with the Tempest family of Winstan and Stella, which has been extinct since the days of the Jacobites. The identity of the name has led to the confusion.

This brief explanation is sufficient to show how far at sea as regards the family history are the American claimants to the family inheritance. As regards the recent passing of an act of parliament dealing with the Townley estates, the American account is, so far, correct, inasmuch as such an act was passed last session. It is an act of enormous dimensions, too, being four inches thick at the least, and setting forth, with the fullest details, the whole story of the Townleys from the beginning. But that act does not, as the American claimants say, decide to pay Townley moneys over to them. It was passed in order to legalize the division of the Townley family now living in England and Ireland. That division has actually taken place.

A ROW IN BURMAH.

KING THEBAW'S DOMINION IN DANGER—HE HAS ASSUMED A DEFIANT ATTITUDE.

London, Oct. 14.—The sensational announcement that the government is determined on the annexation of Upper Burma is exciting much discussion, but must await confirmation for some time. All the Tory organs and speakers have been given hints. Two articles in the National Review suggested it on Saturday night. Mr. Archibald Colquhoun, who has been the Times' special correspondent all over the East, writing to the Times, directly urged absolute annexation. He says the English will be welcomed: that King Thebaw is intriguing with the French along the Irrawaddy Valley, which is the only route for a railway from India to China through Siam; that Burma is a very rich country; that the Burmese ambassador to France denies indignantly that he is intriguing with the French. He asserts that the Burmese are both able and determined to resist annexation by anybody. The ultra radicals will protest strongly. No body of authority has yet mentioned the subject, but King Thebaw's abominations have long excited disgust, and he is probably near the end of his tether.

Calcutta, Oct. 14.—King Thebaw, of Burma, has answered the communication sent by the Chief Commissioner for British Burma, in accordance with instructions from the Indian government, with reference to the dispute between the Burmese government and Bombay and Burmah Trading Association. King replied in an arrogant and insulting manner, and refused to discuss the claim of the Trading Company with the Indian government. The Chief Commissioner has asked for 8,000 reinforcements before sending an ultimatum to Mandalay.

Calcutta, Oct. 14.—A despatch from Rangoon says the Burmese government is increasing its forces on the frontier and actively preparing to resist any attempt the government may make to enforce a suspension of the defence of the Burmah Trading Company in default of the Burmah Trading Association's judgment of \$125,000, alleged to be due the Burmese Foresters as wages. The company deny they are in debt to the workmen, and claim that they never were allowed an opportunity of rebutting the charge. The majority of men have signed a declaration that they have no claim on the corporation.

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Scott's Emulsion of Pure COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES, FOR THIN AND AFFECTIONED. Dr. F. B. Philpot, Salisbury, Mo., says: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in glandular diseases, and throat affections, with uniformly good results. It is the only preparation of Cod Liver Oil I use."

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Also Woven Wire Mattress Bed for \$12.00, at the CASH FURNITURE STORE, JAMES REID, 254 and 256 Princess Street, Oct. 17.