ESTABLISHED 1834.

THE BRITISH WHIG

Daily British Whig.

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Ayer's Hair Vigor,

FOR RESTORING GRAY HAIR.

TO ITS NATURAL VITALITY AND COLOR.

A lasting, elegant, and unfailing dressing. Its use will restore to faded hair the lustre and beauty of youth. Thus locks, weak or sickly hair becoming glossy, pliable and strengthened, lost hair renewed with lively vigorous, falling hair checked and stayed, and thin hair thickened, and baldness and premature decay prevented by its use. Its occasional use will keep the scalp free from dandruff, and all humors which contaminate, disease and kill hair, will find in it a specific.

As a dressing for ladies' hair, the Vigor is pronounced by fashionable ladies to be the most agreeable and valued for the soft lustre and richness it gives to hair.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

Great Bankrupt Sale!

OF

Seale Bros. Stock,

CONSISTING OF

Tweeds, Cloths,

Shirts, Collars,

Ties, Gloves,

Braces, etc.

A LARGE STOCK OF UMBRELLAS.

And all goods belonging to a First-class Furnishing Establishment.

Remember the place,

SEALE BROS', OLD STAND,

PRINCESS STREET.

April 9th.

MURRAY'S EMPORIUM

For the Sale of Horses, &c.

Beaupre's Hotel Stables, Market Square, Kingston.

WILLIAM MURRAY, the well known and favorite Stock Auctioneer of the County of Frontenac for the last twenty years, has great pleasure in announcing to the public that he is prepared to receive Horses, &c., to be disposed of at his Grand Weekly Sale,

EVERY THURSDAY.

The above is a rare chance for parties desirous of disposing of their Stock, as from his unequalled facilities he can obtain therefor a speedy and remunerative sale.

Horses boarded at the Stores Stables, and attended to by careful and experienced hostlers for a moderate charge.

Prompt Sales and Immediate Returns.

If possible it is desirable that all animals should be brought or sent in a few days previously, in order to prepare them for sale.

June 18.

Your Face!

A few applications of BELL'S TAN & FRECKLE LOTION will remove

Tan, Freckles, Sunburn, Tetter,

Pimples, and roughness of the skin.

Perfectly Harmless! Used by Thousands!

Try it!

Price 25c. per bottle.

For sale at

WADE'S DRUG STORE,

Corner of Brock and King Streets.

June 15.

N. McNEIL,

Practical Plumber & Steam Fitter.

HAVING SUCCESSFULLY HEATED THE TWO LARGEST PUBLIC BUILDINGS that have been heated in this city, the one by hot water and the other by steam—is of itself conclusive evidence that I am competent to give satisfaction in heating buildings or dwellings of smaller dimensions.

All work done at the lowest remunerating rates for first-class work at the

Old Established Kingston Plumbing Works

No. 66 Brock Street.

March

ALE AND LAGER BEER.

I BEG to call the attention of private families to a FINE ALE that I am making for family use, and put up in small kegs to suit purchasers. Delivered to any part of the city.

☞ Also my LAGER BEER, which is unequalled in the Dominion.

P. BAJUS,

KINGSTON BREWERY.

May

Dissolution of Partnership.

CHANGE IN BUSINESS.

THIS is to certify that I retire from the firm of J. W. Brown & Co., Carriage Builders, by mutual consent.

(Signed.) WILLIAM'D GRAVES.

The business will be carried on as usual by the remaining members of the Company, under the old name of J. W. Brown & Co., who will settle all accounts due by the firm to date, when all accounts will be paid.

May 16. W. BROWN & Co

CONFECTIONERY.

WE are making very FINE CHOCOLATE DROPS and CREAM GOODS. Also a large assortment of

Chewing Candy,
Almond Candy,
Cocoanut Cream Bar,
Gum Goods, &c.

Prices very low to the trade.

H. & W. J. CROTHERS,

Kingston Steam Confectionery & Biscuit Work

April 28.

BACON and LARD and HAMS.

Apply for prices to

F. W. FEARMAN,

Hamilton, Ont. and mention this paper.

ed-19, '81.

THE STARR PAD KINEY

A Never Failing, Permanent Cure for Lame Back, Piles, Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs, or attendant complaints.

INDUBITABLE EVIDENCE

From Doctors, Druggists, Merchants, and FARMERS.

GIVING ENTIRE SATISFACTION.

Picton, April 26, 1881.

Gentlemen,—I find that your Pads are giving entire satisfaction, and wish you increased sales for so valuable a remedy for disease of the last days. Samuel, p.m. J. P. Mowat.

Prices—Child's Pad, $1.50; Regular Pad, $2; Special Pad for Chronic Diseases, $3.

Obtain pamphlet and testimonials from your Druggists Free.

Sold by W. T. C. BETHEL, N. C. POLSON, J. G. KING, Kingston; B. S. WALKER, Enterprise; A. N. LAPUM, Centreville; D. E. ROSS and JAS. AYLSWORTH, Tamworth; and WARNER Colebrook; LACEY BROS., Sydenham; W. GRIFFITH, Harrowsmith; and D. B. BOOTH, Odessa and R. LAISHLEY & SON, Elgin; N. CAVERLY, Inverary.

May 25.

STRAW HATS!

Prices Reduced.

CLARK WRIGHT & SON

Latest Goods! Newest Shapes!

Large Variety! Lowest Prices!

Swiss Hats!

20c., 25c. and 30c.

Extra Quality "FULL OVER" HATS made to order.

MANILLA HATS AT $5 EACH.

"Broadway" Silk Hats.

MILITARY HATS MADE TO ORDER.

Remember the "WRIGHT" place: 182 Wellington Street.

June 23.

Five o'Clock this Morning!

280 Copies

OF THE

REVISED NEW TESTAMENT

RECEIVED THIS MORNING.

LEATHER AND CLOTH!

LARGE AND SMALL!

FULL SUPPLY!

MORE COMING!

☞ We do not advertise to sell the Book at 50c and charge 60c.

Get your choice at

McAULEY'S BOOK STORE.

June 7.

CITY HOTEL.

PRINCESS STREET.

Arch. McFaul, Proprietor,

LATE R. A. SIRWIN.

THE House has been lately refitted and refurnished throughout, possesses superior accommodation for the travelling public. The management of the Proprietor whose experience has extended several years, will in no small degree add to the comfort and convenience of guests.

The commodious and well lighted Sample Rooms attached afford excellent accommodation for the requirements of Commercial men.

The Bar will at all times be supplied with choicest Liquors and Cigars. The central location of the city, together with the moderate rates charged, will, I trust, secure a large share of public patronage.

T. Rigney's Livery is in connection with the Hotel, where good horses and vehicles are always on hand at lowest rates.

ARCH. McFAUL,
Proprietor.

Kingston, Dec. 13.

THOMAS RONAN,

Furnishing Undertaker,

BAGOT STREET, next door to Crown & Cunningham's Store Depot.

Furnishings and Attendance

of every description for Funerals at very moderate rates. A FIRST-CLASS HEARSE on hand.

Coffins of all Sizes and Prices kept on Hand.

☞ Services given at house at all hours.

THOMAS RONAN.

Arrived To-day,

A FRESH SUPPLY OF

Sir Astley Cooper's Vital Restorative.

W. T. C. BETHEL,
Chemist and Druggist,

124 Princess Street, Nearly opposite the City Hotel.

July 11.

WAITS

HOMŒOPATHIC SPECIFICS.

CURES EFFECTED by them are radical and certain. They don't cure one disease and produce another. They will cure a larger per centage of cases and in less time than any medicine known. 40 numbers, each number for its special disease. If your druggist does not keep them, any number will be sent by mail on receipt of price, 25 cents. Send for circular. Address WAITS HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICINE MANUFACTORY, Ampton, Ontario.

YOUNG MEN Learn Telegraphy and earn $40 to $100 a month. Every graduate guaranteed a paying situation. Address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

Newspaper Advertising Bureau 10 Spruce st., N. Y.

SIGN OF THE TEA POT!

If you want the choicest TEAS, all warranted fresh and new, at low prices, call on the Tea Pot.

If you want Wines and Liquors Second to None, and warranted PURE AND NOT MUSTY.

CALL AT THE TEA POT.

If you want Coffees and Spices, Ground, Fresh and Unadulterated, Cheaper than the Cheapest.

CALL AT THE TEA POT.

If you wish to make a selection from the Newest and Best Stock of Groceries in the City you should CALL AT THE TEA POT.

If you want some of the finest Ales CALL AT THE TEA POT.

Families supplied at a cheaper rate than any other house in the trade.

One call solicited to prove the truth of the above assertions. Terms Strictly Cash.

McGUIRE BROTHERS.

June 20. Princess Street.

PERSONS

Desirous of bringing out Friends from the Old Country can purchase from the undersigned,

Prepaid Steerage Tickets

BY THE

DOMINION - STEAMSHIP - LINE.

(Sailing to Quebec.)

At the following low rates, viz:

FROM Liverpool, Londonderry, Queenstown, Glasgow, Belfast, London, Bristol, Cardiff and Galway.	
To Kingston,	$28 15
Brockville,	27 40
Mallorytown,	27 50
Lansdowne,	27 65
Gananoque,	27 90
Ernesttown,	28 25
Napanee,	28 50
Tyendinaga,	28 65
Belleville,	28 90

These rates are lower than by any other Line. Apply to

J. P. GILDERSLEEVE,
Agent, Kingston,
42 Clarence St.

Kingston, 9th June, 1881

REMOVAL.

The ONTARIO

Building and Savings Society

Have removed their Office to the premises

North-East Corner of Brock and Wellington Streets; over Stacey & Walpole's Bookstore.

JAMES McARTHUR,
Manager.

May 14.

WILLIAM MURRAY,

AUCTIONEER, COMMISSION MERCHANT, &c., Princess St., Kingston.

MR. MURRAY, in returning thanks to his numerous friends for their patronage during the last twenty years, begs to inform them that he has removed his Auction Rooms to one of the large stores beneath the Windsor Hotel, where he can be found at all times.

Sales conducted with accuracy and despatch, and returns promptly made.

Consignments solicited.

June 21st.

GRAND HOTEL, Caledonia Springs. This popular house, the largest summer hotel in the Dominion, re-opens June 1st. The accommodation, Waters and Baths are unsurpassed. Rates moderate, and specially favorable terms given to monthly boarders. For rates, guides to the Springs, or other information, address till 24th of May, the Manager Grand Hotel Co., Ottawa; after that, at Caledonia Springs, Ont. May 11.

Fine Growing Weather.

THERE not being room enough to make to supply the great demand of the Public for my UNRIVALLED PANTS, and being compelled to move into larger premises, the

Little Giant Tailor Shop

Will be found at 308 PRINCESS STREET.

June 2.

BURTON'S

ALL HEALING TAR AND Glycerine Soap.

Cures all Diseases of the SKIN in MAN or BEAST. Makes the hands soft and smooth.

☞ ASK FOR BURTON'S.

Wholesale by A. SAVAGE & SONS, 17 St. John St., Montreal.

D. REILLY,

VIOLINIST,

Will keep his School for the Violin open to all during the summer.

Those wishing to be instructed in De Beriot's Airs for the Violin with all the variations, No. 1 to 7, will find the music at A. & S. Nordheimer's and W. Carey's Music Stores.

A good Quadrille Orchestra can be employed by applying to

D. REILLY,
No. 49 Princess Street.

Kingston, July 13.

Thousand Island Park!

THIS PARK, located in the midst of the celebrated THOUSAND ISLANDS, with its extensive LAWNS AND GROVES, offers the best possible facilities for the safe and pleasant accommodation of excursion parties, as well as for dwellers in cottages and tents.

A Programme for Religious, Moral, Scientific and Moral Exercises is out, covering the season of 1881.

For particulars, write

REV. T. S. SINGHAM,
President Thousand Island Park Co.

July 15.

THE

"VICTORIA"

MUSIC BOOKS.

SOMETHING NEW

IN CHEAP MUSIC.

EACH BOOK CONTAINS 32 PAGES.

Full Music Size, only 15 cents each.

There are in all 67 numbers published, of which we have the most popular on hand. We give the contents of a few, and can supply complete catalogues to any who ask for them.

NO. 1, SIMS REEVES' BALLAD ALBUM.

Pilgrim of Love.
Tom Bowling.
Macgregor's Gathering.
Mary of Argyle.
Deeper, and Deeper Still.
Waft Her, Angels.
Jolly Young Waterman.
Bay of Biscay.
Death of Nelson.
The Anchor's weighed.
March of the Men of Harlech.
Farewell, my trim built Wherry.

NO. 19, THE SCOTCH BALLAD ALBUM.

My ain fireside.
Annie Laurie.
The flowers of the forest.
Blue Bells of Scotland.
Let us haste to Kelvin Grove.
Auld Robin Gray.
Jessie, the flower o' Dumblane.
The bonnie breastknot.
Auld Lang Syne.
Bonnie Prince Charlie.
Scots wha hae.
Come, boat me over to Charlie.
Boy's wife.
John Anderson, my jo.
Charlie is my darling.
Robin Adair.

NO. 32, ALBUM OF VOCAL DUETS.

All's Well.
Larboard Watch.
When a little farm we keep.
A. B. C.
I know a trick.
Love and War.

NO. 38, ALBUM OF MODERN PIANOFORTE PIECES.

Silvery Echoes (Reverie).
Clayton's Grand March.
The Race Course (Galop de Concert).
Wedding Bells March.
Summer Raindrops.
Whispering Waves.
Woodland Echoes.
Sparkling Waves Polka.
Waves of the Ocean.
Fairy Voices.

NO. 53, POPULAR DUETS—FOR THE PIANOFORTE.

Diabelli's Duet in D, Op. 33.
Les Cloches du Monastere.
La Priere d'une Nierge (a maiden's prayer).
Home, sweet home.

NO. 55, ALBUM OF MODERN PIANOFORTE PIECES.

Heavenward Bound (March).
The Royal Hunt (Grand Galop de Concert).
Loving Hearts (Polka de Salon).
Pensee Ecossais.
King of the Storm (Grand Galop de Concert).
Shells of the Ocean (Grand Waltz).
Love Echoes (Ballade).
The Waterfall (Galop de Concert).
Happy Smile (Polka de Salon).
Success (Marche Brilliante).

NO. 61, ALBUM OF MODERN PIANOFORTE PIECES.

General Roberts' Grand March.
Contentment.
The Mother's Evening Prayer (Melodie Religieuse).
Danse Espagnole.
The Dream of Love (a la Mazurka).
Autumn Murmurs.
Sponholtz's Celebrated Galop Brilliante.
The Merry Haymakers.
The Joyful Peasant and the Huntsman's Song.
Grandmother's Chair.

NO. 62, ALBUM OF HARRISON MCLAEDS SONGS.

Alone.
Longing.
Parting.
My love! my own!
My Heart I'll Keep for Thee.
My Heart is Lone and Sad.
Unspoken Words.
Many, many years ago.
Whether or no
A turned down page.
The patter of dear little feet.
You may pet me as much as you please.
Happy hours.

NO. 65, TWELVE POPULAR PIECES (ARRANGED AS DUETS FOR VIOLIN AND PIANOFORTE.)

Birthday March.
The Wedding March.
La Sympathie.
The Signal March.
Une Petite Fleur.
Bonapart's Grand March.
Rosellen's Reverie in G.
Warrior's Grand March.
A Maiden's Prayer.
March du Concerstuck.
Ecoutez moi.
March of the Mulligan Guards.

NO. 66, CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF THE VICTORIA MUSIC BOOKS.

Racquet Gallop.
El Fresco Waltz.
Vergiss mein nicht Waltz.
Tout a la joie Polka.
The Edinboro' Quadrilles.
Sparkles Waltz.
Bonnie Dundee Quadrilles.
"Ye Comick" Lancers.
Mello Waltz.
La Pergola Polka.

By the above list of excellent music you will see that never before has there been an opportunity of buying really good music at such a low price, and moreover unless the public continue to buy it in considerable quantity. The chance will depart, as if we can not dispose of lots of it, it will not pay to handle it.

John Henderson & Co.,

Booksellers, Stationers and Cheap Sheet Music Dealers.

Princess St., Kingston.

July 12.

Hothouse Grapes, Tame Raspberries,

From Alwington Gardens.

Ice Cream!

By the quart.

RAW CREAM by the quart.

T. M. PARKIN.

July 14.

Daily British Whig.

COMET OF 1881.

When the comet, forms one of the chief topics of observation over all the North America Continent, the following lines by James Hogg, "The Ettrick Shepherd," will be read with interest.

Stranger of heaven! tell thine hail!
Shred from the pall of glory rivet,
That flashest in celestial gale
Broad pennon of the King of heaved.

Art thou the flag of woe and death,
From angel's ensign staff unfurled?
Art thou the standard of his wrath,
Warring o'er a sorrid, sinful world?

No, from that pure, pellucid beam,
That sheds o'er Plains of Bethlehem shone
No latent evil we can deem,
Bright thread of the eternal throne!

Whence portends thy front of fire,
Thy streaming locks so lovely pale—
Of peace to man, or judgments dire,
Stranger of heaven, I bid thee hail!

Where hast thou roamed these thousand years?
Why comest thou near paths again,
From wilderness of glowing spheres,
To fling thy vesture o'er the main?

And when thou seal'st the milky way,
And vanishest from human view,
A thousand worlds shall hail thy ray
Through orbs of yon empyreal blue!

Oh, on thy rapid prow to glide!
To hail the loneliest skies with thee,
And plough the twinkling stars aside,
Like foam-bells on a tranquil sea!

To relish the embers from the sun,
Till tinder from off the pole,
Then far to other systems run,
Where other comets and planets roll!

Stranger of heaven! on, let thine eye
Smile on a race of mortal's dream;
Encourse as thy course on high,
And airy as thine ambient beam!

And long, long many thy silver star
Our northern arch at eve adorn;
Then, wheeling to the east away,
Light the grey portals of the morn!

This was by some considered the same comet which appeared at the birth of Christ.

MARGARET'S MONEY.

"She has got £5,000," said the old man, "and she's a good girl. She'll be a catch for somebody."

Then I thought he looked at me.

"Why should he look at me?" I thought. "I'm not a husband worth angling for, as he knows very well, this man pays me my small salary every week with his own hands."

Still he did look at me and I answered with a word or two. I forgot what now.

"Yes," he said, talking with a meaning, too, looking at me evidently to see how I took the news; "yes, and what do you suppose she does with it? Has it locked up in my fireproof safe in my fireproof vault; doesn't use it in any way; doesn't get interest on it; locks it up as she does her rings and pins and lets it lie never touched."

"I wonder you don't give her better advice," I said.

"Give a woman advice!" he said. "Try it. However, I approve of this: Better keep her dowry locked up safe than risk and lose it. I'm her guardian. Her father and I had quarreled, you know. But when he died he left her and her money in my care. A nice thing for an old bachelor to have a young niece quartered on him for life! I'll marry her off as soon as I can. I say, Fisher, come up and take tea with me to-night."

He did mean it! He offered his niece and £5,000 to me! He had never liked me either.

"Shall I go?" I asked myself. I was not a man to be bought by money, if she were a coarse and vulgar creature like her uncle; but otherwise why not see what she was made of? At least it could do no harm to take tea with old Simon Giddings. I went home with him that evening. I noticed some little changes in the parlor, as though a lady's hand had been busy there, and in a moment more I saw sitting in the shadow of the curtains a girl dressed in deep mourning.

"Margaret, Mr. Fisher; my niece, Miss Giddings, Tom," said the old man; and as I bowed I saw a little velvet headed crutch leaning against the girl's chair. She was lame then. Old Giddings thought this an obstacle to her making a good match, so he offered her to Tom Fisher.

"It won't do, old man," I thought. "I shouldn't mind a plain face so much, but a lame wife will never do for me." Then something whispered faintly in my ear: "£5,000!" For the rest Miss Giddings was fair and pleasant in her manner. She was a lady, too, which seemed odd for old Simon's niece, for he was as vulgar as he was rich, and she sang to us after tea very sweetly. I liked a girl with dash and color, and still her blue eyes and sweet smile haunted me a little after I went home. "She'll never quarrel with one," I thought; "and a woman worth £5,000 would be a catch certainly; but that crutch! I'll stay away from old Simon's house for the future!"

But he would not let me stay away; he kept on urging me to go home with him. "There was a Marion Moore. Perhaps she liked me a little. I admired her intensely; but she had no money, and I should take her away from her snug home to some poor sort of place if I married her. I should find it hard work to feed and clothe her decently.

This fair, sweet Margaret was rich, and as time passed on I began to see her liking for me. And I sat in the office one day, three months from the time of my first visit, wondering whether I could be quite sure that I should be good enough to the little thing I meant to marry for her money, to keep her from knowing that there was no actual love for her in my heart. And as I pondered, the voice of old Simon reached my ears: "Tom Fisher, up in the moon again, eh? Well, well, when a fellow is in love we excuse laziness in him. There's my niece Margaret pouring the tea in the slop basin and oversetting the milk at breakfast.

"'Maggie,' says I, 'you're a-thinking of some one, ain't ye.' She blushed to her ears. You've managed to get into some good graces in that quarter, Tom."

"Do you think so?" I said.

"I know so," said the old man. "I ought not to say so, you know, but I'm frank."

I listened to him then, two voices whispering to me,

"You don't love her," said one. "You don't hate her," said the other. "You do want £5,000," said the other. "It would make a man of you. You could go into business on your own account. You'd cease to be a slave in this dingy office."

Five thousand pounds! said I to myself. Then I started to my feet.

"Mr. Giddings," I said, "would you be willing to give your niece to me as my wife?"

"Tom Fisher, I'd give her to any decent young man. A girl bothers me; I am tired of the charge. Every one doesn't want a lame wife. If you like her, take her, and on your wedding day I'll hand the £5,000 to you, and be rid of the charge."

I turned faint and sat down to my desk, but went to old Simon's house that night and saw Margaret. She looked as fair and happy as a child. I sat down by her and took her hand.

"Are you going to say, 'No,' Maggie?" I said, and she lifted her innocent lips to mine and kissed me. "I'll be very, very good to you."

But there was no lover's warmth in my heart; only a kind of gentle pity for the girl who was to bring me £5,000. We were engaged. Old Simon joked us coarsely and seemed to exult over the affair. I might even have doubted the existence of the £5,000, but that Maggie told me of it herself.

"Uncle was keeping it for me to live on when I was an old maid," she said, "but you shall do what you choose with the money when I belong to you." We'll buy a pretty house, shan't we, dear, first of all, and live there all our lives—somewhere where can have a garden?"

So, after that, I never doubted, but clung to the idea as I could not if I had loved the girl. We were married in a fortnight. Uncle Simon and his old housekeeper alone were present. It had touched me a good deal when Margaret had whispered that she had rather not have a wedding party.

"Fancy the bride limping up the aisle upon a crutch!" she said. "Let me be married with none to stare at me. You love me, so I don't care about being lame any more, but I'd rather not be stared at."

I took her in my arms and kissed her then.

"I'll be good to her," I said, as the clergyman uttered his prayer; "very, very good;" and I was saying it again when I sat with my wife in old Simon's parlor, and he stood twinkling his eyes at us maliciously.

"So it's over," said he with his fiendish chuckle. "She's yours; now for the £5,000. I'm going to hand it over to-night. I shall sleep better."

I blushed with shame. "Not yet," I said; "don't talk of money yet."

"No," said Simon. "But I will, though; I've got it here." And he unlocked a sideboard which stood in the room and brought out a small roll done up, oddly enough, in brown paper. "There it is," said he. "There it is. Look at it; count it. Five thousand plump. Count it!"

He fairly grinned as he spoke. "She smiled. I saw something in his laugh that made me shudder. Without a word more I walked to the table, opened the parcel and spread out the notes. There were £5,000 worth of them, reading the value of them on their faces; but they were the notes of the Didulton & Bilken Bank, which had failed years ago! I had been deceived. The girl I had married was penniless!

"Impostor!" I yelled. Old Simon answered with a roar of laughter.

"Good joke," he said. "I have done what I have promised. You've got the £5,000. I didn't tell you what it was in. Of course such money is of no use to you; but I can't help that. Ha, Ha!"

"I think I should have given him a blow, but just then I heard Margaret scream. I looked at her. I saw, as I had known before, that she had no hand in the deception. I saw an awful look in her eye, a doubt of my love trembling on her lip. I saw her rise and fall on her poor feet and stretch her arms toward me. I heard her cry, "Thomas, I did not know!" and then—oh, thank God for it!—the love I had never felt before rushed into my heart—a great all-conquering love.

I ran to her. I took her in my arms. I gave her the first kiss of passionate and new-born love, and I said: "Margaret, try and bear poverty with me, for I love you better than my soul."

And all Margaret's money—the money that faded before me like fairy gold—could never have given me half the joy that the wealth of love given to and received from her gave me upon our bridal day, gave me in all the first struggling years of wedded life, and will give me, God grant it, until the end.

Postal Arrangement.

Woolworth & Graham, of New York city, who have the contract for furnishing the Post Office Department with postal cards during the next four years, recently received a letter from the Deputy Postmaster-General of Canada, desiring to know upon what terms they could furnish the Canadian Government with 10,000,000 postal cards of size and quality corresponding with those manufactured for the United States Government. The letter was referred to Third Assistant Postmaster-General Hazen, with a request from the firm that they be allowed to fill the order. Hazen to-day replied: "I am authorized by the Postmaster-General to say that he has no objection to the arrangement, provided, however, that the work shall be done under the supervision of the Post Card Agent, and that it shall occasion no interference with the prompt and regular fulfilment of your contract with this Department."

See to It?

Zopesa (from Brazil) will cure the worst case of dyspepsia. A single dose will relieve in a degree that shows its wonderful curative powers and its peculiar action upon the stomach and digestive organs. It is a positive and absolute cure for costiveness and constipation, acting in a remarkable way upon the system, carrying off impurities. As a liver regulator its actions are most remarkable. It tones and stimulates the liver to action, it corrects the acids and regulates the bowels. A few doses will surprise you. Sample bottles 10 cents, at Wade's, or Heath & Gunn's drug stores.

True to Her Trust.

Too much cannot be said of the ever faithful wife and mother, constantly watching and caring for her dear ones, never neglecting a single duty in their behalf. When they are assailed by disease, and the system should have a thorough cleansing, the stomach and bowels regulated, blood purified, malaria! poison exterminated, she must know that Electric Bitters are the only sure remedy. They are the best and purest medicine in the world, and only costs fifty cents. Sold by all druggists.

The Greatest Blessing.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it?—*Eagle.*

The most pleasant, rapid, reliable and effectual remedy yet discovered for diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, and all summer complaints, is Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. It is unsurpassed as a reliable specific for the above diseases, is well known as a great remedial agent, and is more highly valued the longer it is known. Travellers and tourists should carry a supply in their haversack. For sale by all dealers in medicine

THE CORNER BOY.

Our of Ireland's Poets Ready at An Moment for a Riot.

[illegible] Dublin is [illegible] the "corner boy." He is to be seen at the corner of every street, generally lounging about with his hands in his pockets, never working, but always ready to drink, and, what is worse, always quite ready to make a riot. It may be asked, How does he live? I cannot say in how many ways he picks up a livelihood, but the resident magistrate at Limerick told me a little of how the "corner boy" lives in the city of the Treaty Stone. He plunders the farmers who come into market, makes them give him money to avoid assault and drink to cement the newly-found friendship. He will turn his hand to a spare job now and then for a little while, but he prefers the dirty corner and riot. There he is happy; without the corner of the street to lean against, and an occasional riot, he would not be comfortable. Unhappily, over the country at this moment his ranks are swelled by hundreds and thousands of men who should work, but are out of employment. It would be difficult to estimate, indeed, the number of labourers whom the Land League has bereft of an honest means of gaining a livelihood. The farmers who spend their time in agitating those who have refused to pay their rents and have got evicted, and those who are listless in consequence of the existing agitation, have all become labourers out of employment. Thus many, very many, tradesmen are utterly ruined and have been obliged to—

DISPENSE WITH THEIR LABOURERS.

Again, the landlords who have thrown no rent, and those, too, who have had to flee the country, have been obliged to discharge the labourers who were working for them, so that at this moment there is a great mass of utterly unemployed people in Ireland all unhappily associated with the "corner boy." And these will go from worse to worse. There are of course some agencies hard at work to get them into a decent course of life, but they are few and far between. Amongst them I was delighted to hear that the Redemptorist Fathers at Limerick held a high place, having, it is computed by the magistrates of the city, rescued during the past eight or nine years some thousand "corner boys" from various ways. But what are their efforts when all Ireland is afflicted with the same disease? The existence of the "corner boy" is one of the great problems of Ireland. He will always make a row if he gets the chance. He has nothing whatever to lose, and he may gain something. So long as he sees no police or soldiers near, or thinks that he can overcome the police that he does see, he will proceed to all kinds of ruffianly acts. He is ready to join the rear of an agrarian crowd and throw the stones. He knows the bullets of the soldiers, if sent in return, are not at all likely to reach him, and he may throw for some time before they are likely to fire at all.

FARMERS THEMSELVES PERSECUTE.

In going about Ireland I have, on inquiry, found this to be the fact. Wherever I have been, and wherever a riot has occurred, the farmer wants a Land Bill; he does not want to pay rent if he can help it, but he does not want to throw stones. In Tipperary he will enjoy a fight, so, too, in Galway and Mayo there may be one here and there who will try a little landlord shooting. Now and then he will even unite in night outrages, and cut off the tails of his neighbours' cows, but he will not openly and in board daylight break the Queen's peace. He will only shout a little—nothing more. Unhappily, however, when he goes to oppose evictions by what the Land Leaguers call the moral effect of his presence and disapprobation, the "corner boy" goes with him, his pockets full of stones and his tousled head full of mischief and cruelty, hatred of authority, and a longing for riot. Then the spectacle of a conflict between the police and the people is witness, for the "corner boys" stones break the policemen's heads and fighting ensues. Let the "corner boy" be abolished, and the agitation in Ireland would be shorn of more than half its terrors. I do not know, however, how a Parliamentary Act short of one for forcing the emigration of the "corner boys" can ever successfully deal with the unfortunate fact of this most troublesome existence.

A WRONGED WOMAN.

She Silently Follows Her Betrayer for Twenty-three Years. Close of An Extraordinary Career.

A despatch from Louisville, Ky., says: To-day came the news of the death, in Mississippi, of Major John R. Throckmorton, of Louisville, a man of leisure and of style, a bachelor of 65, a famous beau of a quarter of a century ago, and the lover of the beautiful Sallie Ward at the time when the bewitching Southern girl captured the son of the Puritan Governor Lawrence, of Massachusetts.

Throckmorton was a pleasing and frivolous man of the world when he first met the school girl, Ellen Godwin. He was about 30 years of age; she was 15. The girl was impulsive, interesting, and innocent. He deliberately set to work to feign love and to gain her heart. Having gained it he threw it aside without concern and went his way.

Soon after a veiled figure appeared on the streets of Louisville, a girlish form that moved silently after the man wherever he went. She never spoke to him, neither upbraided nor reviled. When he entered the hotel she stood at the door; when he emerged from his club house she was waiting. In New York, in New Orleans, she was at his side, phantom-like. He jocularly spoke of her to his friends as his "Hell's delight."

Twenty years were gone; old friends had died—father, mother, schoolmates. Twenty-three years passed. Even little children grew to know the plain, shabby, black robed woman, and tiny fingers pointed at Throckmorton's ghost. At last friends of his had her arrested as a lunatic. Then it was that all the city woke up to the knowledge that this woman was neither crazy nor a fool. The whole sad story of her life was told—her vow to follow him until the hour of retribution, her persistent watching, her silence and revenge. At last, a great shout ascended. The old Court House rang with applause. Ellen Godwin was acquitted and Throckmorton's ghost was laid; for the woman, having brought him to the bar and having told the story of his perfidy, said that her work was done and she would haunt them no more. There never was a trial in this city that equalled this in interest. After the trial, Ellen Godwin never in any way noticed or spoke of Major Throckmorton. Her shabby black was laid aside; the richest took its place; study, books, and music filled the days, and poor Ellen Godwin awakened to wonder afresh by her ease in the new position. She boarded some time at the Galt House, and then travelled for a while. But the purpose which kept her up so long was now lacking, and she sank gradually from earth until, a few years after her arraignment, she quietly passed away. It was her desire that at death she should be handsomely robed, and she went to her last sleep dressed like a queen, in a black velvet burial robe, with rich hose, silken hose, and dainty slippers.