

WITCHART'S MEDICINES... THE KINGSTON HERALD... PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY...

Kingston Herald... OUR COUNTRY... VOL. XXVII. KINGSTON, CANADA, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1846. No. 29

PRICE OF ADVERTISEMENTS... Six lines and under, 2s. 6d. first insertion, and 7d. each subsequent insertion...

WITCHART'S MEDICINES... THE KINGSTON HERALD... PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY...

WITCHART'S MEDICINES... THE KINGSTON HERALD... PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY...

WITCHART'S MEDICINES... THE KINGSTON HERALD... PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY...

WITCHART'S MEDICINES... THE KINGSTON HERALD... PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY...

WITCHART'S MEDICINES... THE KINGSTON HERALD... PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY...

WITCHART'S MEDICINES... THE KINGSTON HERALD... PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY...

WITCHART'S MEDICINES... THE KINGSTON HERALD... PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY...

One evening Mrs. Grey appeared much worse than usual; a physician was sent for, who expressed his opinion that she could not live much longer.

Mr. Charles Everton, was a man of good principles, and possessed a large share of public esteem. He procured a livelihood in the profession of the law.

It was night, all nature was hushed in repose, and the solemn tones of the midnight bell swept through the air.

One, and one only, the last of her race, stood in the chamber of death—that person was Emily Melmoth.

During this time Fritz and Helena walked joyfully through the town, unmindful of the gaze of the spectators.

It was a surprise that I have reserved for you till this hour, my beloved Fritz. Now, have I not added to your happiness?

It was a surprise that I have reserved for you till this hour, my beloved Fritz. Now, have I not added to your happiness?

It was a surprise that I have reserved for you till this hour, my beloved Fritz. Now, have I not added to your happiness?

Miscellaneous. THE LOST TREASURE. "All's not offence that indiscretion finds, And dosage terms on."

Between the Grand Duchy of Baden and Prussia, in the midst of the black forest, reposes the charming little town called Furstentum.

It was night, all nature was hushed in repose, and the solemn tones of the midnight bell swept through the air.

One, and one only, the last of her race, stood in the chamber of death—that person was Emily Melmoth.

During this time Fritz and Helena walked joyfully through the town, unmindful of the gaze of the spectators.

It was a surprise that I have reserved for you till this hour, my beloved Fritz. Now, have I not added to your happiness?

It was a surprise that I have reserved for you till this hour, my beloved Fritz. Now, have I not added to your happiness?

It was a surprise that I have reserved for you till this hour, my beloved Fritz. Now, have I not added to your happiness?

"The Prince!" he exclaimed; "The Prince would not have touched me with your sword, but he would have committed a crime that he himself would tremble at."

They raised her up—she had fainted and was insensible; and while some bathed her temples, others interrogated her with more curiosity than discretion.

It was night, all nature was hushed in repose, and the solemn tones of the midnight bell swept through the air.

One, and one only, the last of her race, stood in the chamber of death—that person was Emily Melmoth.

During this time Fritz and Helena walked joyfully through the town, unmindful of the gaze of the spectators.

It was a surprise that I have reserved for you till this hour, my beloved Fritz. Now, have I not added to your happiness?

It was a surprise that I have reserved for you till this hour, my beloved Fritz. Now, have I not added to your happiness?

It was a surprise that I have reserved for you till this hour, my beloved Fritz. Now, have I not added to your happiness?

"Yes madam," replied Fritz, as the bitter recollection of the past flashed upon his mind. "Yes, it is your injured husband. But ere he can tell you he loves you, he must lose the recollection of a certain purse filled with gold."

Without finishing the sentence, she ran to an old trunk, drew forth the purse, and raising the window, threw it into the Rhine, which boiled and bubbled beneath the hoisting apparatus.

It was night, all nature was hushed in repose, and the solemn tones of the midnight bell swept through the air.

One, and one only, the last of her race, stood in the chamber of death—that person was Emily Melmoth.

During this time Fritz and Helena walked joyfully through the town, unmindful of the gaze of the spectators.

It was a surprise that I have reserved for you till this hour, my beloved Fritz. Now, have I not added to your happiness?

It was a surprise that I have reserved for you till this hour, my beloved Fritz. Now, have I not added to your happiness?

It was a surprise that I have reserved for you till this hour, my beloved Fritz. Now, have I not added to your happiness?

The villages are surrounded by a maze of little crofts, whose edges have evidently never been set out in any general enclosure, for they do not run in regular square and straight lines, but form all imaginable figures, and with the true line of beauty, go waving and swooping about the effect of gradations.

Without finishing the sentence, she ran to an old trunk, drew forth the purse, and raising the window, threw it into the Rhine, which boiled and bubbled beneath the hoisting apparatus.

It was night, all nature was hushed in repose, and the solemn tones of the midnight bell swept through the air.

One, and one only, the last of her race, stood in the chamber of death—that person was Emily Melmoth.

During this time Fritz and Helena walked joyfully through the town, unmindful of the gaze of the spectators.

It was a surprise that I have reserved for you till this hour, my beloved Fritz. Now, have I not added to your happiness?

It was a surprise that I have reserved for you till this hour, my beloved Fritz. Now, have I not added to your happiness?

It was a surprise that I have reserved for you till this hour, my beloved Fritz. Now, have I not added to your happiness?

Public Record Office Reference G. 17 60... COPYRIGHT OF PHOTOGRAPH RESERVED TO PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE. FOR PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE, APPLY TO PUBLIC ARCHIVES, OTTAWA.