pounds—twenty more than he could control. His faith in his luck had led him into this; and now Julie was on the same ship, and the man whom he had so deeply wronged, by some bewildering turn of the whaligig of time, was to guide this ship into port. Of course if luck had turned in one direction it had turned in all. He must pay his debts of honor—foolish twisting of words—before they landed, or be branded as a man without honor by the honorable denizens of the smoking-room. So far, none of them knew the number of the pilot boat. If the number could not be obtained the debt would be declared off-as if n honest debt could be declared "off" in any sense. He, for one, would certainly make no effort to find out the schooner's number, for he felt sure it

would go against him. There would be many hours before the services of the pilot would be needed, and, as the bridge was wet with mist, the Captain of the steamer invited his pilot to his

chart-room behind the wheel-room.

"Come right in, Captain, and make yourself at home. I declare, I was never more surprised and delighted in my life. Must be six years since you used to take us in and out at Sandy Hook. Sit down and tell me all about it. What brought you back to piloting? All the family well at home? Let me see, you had a boy and a girl then. Quite grown up by this time, I

Suppose."
The elderly pilot seemed to be pleased at the hearty welcome accorded him, and, opening his big jacket, sat down in an arm chair, put his feet against the radiator; and made himself comfortable in the native American manner.

American manner.

"Cur'us, Capt. Floyd—most cur'us thing I ever seen. Very first trip out I make I run afoul o' you. Folks to hum well? Guess you had a girl 'n' a boy or two. Spect they're pretty spry by this time. Been well 'long back? Got first-rate ship, haven't vou!

'Yes, fine ship, but a powerful eater of coal. I'm senior Captain of the fleet now. Capt. Rutherford died and Capt. Perkins resigned."
"Shoo! Some changes on the line.

Youngsters comin' up." "Yes, there have been a good many promotions lately. Good thing, too. Give the youngsters a chance. Tell me about yourself, Captain. What brought you back

to piloting? Thought you had a snug berth at some light."

"So I did. I was 'p'inted keeper of Hedgefence Light. Things kinder went ag'in me last summer, and I quit and went back and got a place on my old boat at Sandy Hook Couldn't live at the light any more after what happened; 'sides, some feller made a fuse at Washington 'cause I kinder forgot to light up just to a minute

one night."
"Indeed! What was the matter?" "Trouble with my girl."

"I have ordered your lunch here, Captain, because I do not suppose you care to meet that young person in the saloon."

"No, Captain, I don't want to meet him again. I might do something I should regret's long as I live. Much obliged to you, I'm sure. I'll take a bite here, and then go on the bridge awhile. Mebby the fog will The old man fell into a revery, and Capt. Floyd wisely let him alone for a few min-ates. At last the pilot seemed to think it best to tell this old seafaring friend all that was in his heart. the fog came on?

"I don't mind tellin' you 'bout it, Cap-tain. Cur'us case, anyway, and mebby I shall feel better and get at the rights o' things if I tell you. I ain't said a word to

a soul since it happened."
"Out with it, old friend. I'll help you, if I can; and if I cannot, at least you shall have my sympathy. Has the girl done

The Captain left his pilot contented over a gorgeous lunch. and then went down to the saloon. The passengers were assembling for the mid-day lunch, and, taking his seat at the head of the long table in the "Well, yes, and no. It warn't really her dein's. I don't know who was to blame though I never could see why she didn't say a word since she went away. Can't be the folks she's with wouldn't let her. Guess they don't know anything about it. The hull thing is just a snarl, and I got upsot thinkin' 'bout it, and so lost my place, centre, he called to the head steward and asked him to bring the passenger list. The man brought a printed slip of paper, and the Captain began to examine it with some kinder forgettin' the light a worryin' over "Smith, Smiley. Telford, O'Connor, Mademe Potard, —odd name; some Frenchwothe girl and my boy. Sam, too, was all broke up, and took to fishin'. Dare say he's man,-Gearing, Judge Gearing and wife, on these banks now somewhere on a boat

from the Holl. He read the name with a start. It was The old pilot was, when "upon a yarn, just as he expected, and yet the name gave a sense of amazement mingled with exulta-tion. If this should be his friend's daughas he expressed it, reckless of words, and more than an hour passed before he com-pleted the tale of his broken home and ter he would restore her to him and make them both happy. No doubt there was some misunderstanding, and with a little tact he would clear it up and do both a good turn. There were twenty hours left uined hopes. meanwhile, below in the fetid atmosphere of the smoking room, Mr. Royal Yardstickie was meeting the first reverse in the change of his "luck." There had been a vigorous discussion among the holders of the so-called debts of honor as to good turn. There were twenty hours left—ample time for such an affair. Calling the steward again, he asked him quietly who this person might be, at the same time pointing allently at Miss Johnson's name on the printed list.

"That person! O, she's sitting you'der, air. Third table, next the old gentleman. I believe he's judge though you'd never know it, seeing these American judges don't wear no wige.

"Judge Cearing, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir; that's the name. Perkins was telling me he's a liberal sort o' feller, and what should be done. They had met the pilot-boat, but no one knew her number. By the common consent of greedy minds,



THAT IS THE MAN.

all who still had faith in their own personal "luck," an informal meeting had been called to consider the momentous question as to how the money in the several pockets should be redistributed in order to make some poorer and others richer according to the silly laws of "honor."

Young Mr. Royal Yardstickie attended the meeting, but took up part in the unseemly wrangle. He selfishly buded his time, hoping that some one would suggest that the wager be declared off. He would not make a motion to that effect himself, unless it seemed positively necessary. They

wrangled thus over nothing for some time, and then he ventured to speak:

"Gentlemen, as we do not know the number of the boat, it seems to me the best way would be to declare all bets off."

A howl of indignation and derision greeted this speech, and instantly a dozen suggestions were made, which, as they were all made at once, were quite unheard. Finally a big fellow, evidently an American, settled matters in the usual manner by calling the unruly meeting to order and asking that a committee be elected to take the whole matter in charge and see if the number of the boat could not be a certained from the pilot. This was received with enthusiasm, pilot. This was received with enthusiasm, and in five minutes Mr. Royal Yardstickie found himself chairman of a committee of

found himself chairman of a committee of three appointed to interview the pilot.

In the chart-room overhead sat the two eld seafaring friends. Capt. Breeze Johnson sat with his head resting upon his hands and his thin gray hair streaming over his bronzed and knotted fingers. His friend, Capt. Floyd stood beside him, with one hand on his pilot's shoulder, expressing more sympathy by the touch of his hand than by his words. The story had made a deep impression on him, though he confessed he could not understand it all.

At that moment there was a knock, and a snilor put his head in at the door to say that three passengers wish to see the pilot.

"They want to know if you have New
York papers, I suppose. Shall I let them

'In a minute. Wait till I get the bear n's o' things a bit. There ! I feel better

now. Let em come in."

The honorable committee from the smoking-room entered. The first, who seemed to be the leader, shrunk back abashed at sight of the pilot and had not a word to say. As for the pilot, he seemed to shake himself as a lion about to spring upon its prey. His blue eyes flashed, and his big hands were doubled up as if to strike. Capt. Floyd, without in the least knowing what it meant, but quickly guessing the real errand of the honorable committee, stepped before them and said, quickly—
"Gentlemen, I suppose you have come to

ask the number of the pilo:-boat."
One of the committee admitted that was

"Well, gentlemen, Capt. Johnson is an officer of my ship, and as the Captain I forbid you to speak to him. You may settle your gambling debts as best you can, but you shall not use my officers in any such contemptable business. Jack, show these

The sailor, with a grin, held the door open, and then slunk away, one, at least thankful to escape unharmed from the com. As the door closed upon them the ilot broke out in a terrible oath:

"That is the man ! He tricked me out of my girl-a-beggin' his folks to invite her to travel with 'em, and then keepin' her tway from me. Keep me on the bridge, Capiain, keep me on the bridge, day night, for I might 'danger my soul if I had a chance to lay my hands on his mis'able

and the abject fear

herself was on board the ship. Calling a steward, he ordered

lunch to be served to

Captain Johnson in

"I have ordered your lunch here, Captain,

"Sartin as if the light was in plain sight.
If the fog lift to'rds dark we ought to make

Montauk; and then the course is easy to the

elling me be's a liberal sort o' feller, and

that girl ain't his daughter, but some potege

"Potege is good, Simpkins. That's all. Much obliged. Yes; give me a little soup

shipboard.

"Madame Potard, I dare say," remarked the Captain to himself. "Ah!"

Well might he be surprised; for the instant the young girl caught sight of the Frenchwoman she rose and left the table, going out at the door where the two ladies had entered The girl's movements evidently created some excitement among the party, but it was instantly suppressed, and the two ladies at down as if nothing had happened. The Judge rose, as if to go out, but seemed to think better of it and resumed his seat.

"Exactly. Nantucket."

Highlands.

"You are sure?"

sible the gir

of the young man on

and dark skin." "May she not be Cuban-or Spani he" His wife turned up in him qui kly. CHAPTER VII. There was a peculiar expression of mingled ope and anxiety in his face, and she said, YS COMMITTEE. 77 after a pause: You can't think that?" "No; I only begin to hope. That is all.

ut negro mother."

'It is wholly improbable, my dear. Be-APTAIN FLUYD recognized that if pilot's the girl is of African descent, and therefore quite untit to stay with us. She must be sent away the moment we land. I shall ! never consent to open the house to a single guest while she remains in it. I should die t mortification."

out who this other woman was and then for

a happy meeting—tears, blessings and a lit-

The lunch was soon finished, and then

"My dear, come to my room for a little

"It is of Miss Johnson I wish to speak

I have made a most alarming discovery.

"All right, Maria. You can only speak good of her. There, I'll shut the door.

Though the door of the little room wa

est some one hear her, and spoke in

We have made a fearful mistake, my

dear. We should have paid the girl a few

"She saved your life, Maria. It was

'You think so because you don't know

"That is true; but I have great hope

wonder is to me that her friends never took

the trouble to find out the name of the ship

glad to throw the girl off on us. They

knew well enough what she was. I can

easily understand why they never write to

"What do you mean, Maria?"

ner. They are only too glad to get rid of

"I mean she is the child of a former

"It is simple nonsense, my dear."
"Look at her black hair, her black eyes

slave in Savannah-white father, perhaps

"Her friends, indeed! They were ver

your own suggestion that we take her with

us; and a very good suggestion it was."

what she is or where she came from."

that some day I shall find out.

on which she was found."

Now, what is it?"

iollars and let her go."

while. I want to tack to you."
"No, I wish to see Mai. I fear she I want to tak to you.

Mrs. Gearing took her husband's arm and

tle private supper in the chart-room.

"Any guest who entered my house unwilling to recognize my adopted daughter he gamblers' commitseemed to cor- would be shown the door. What authority roborate it—it was have you for these insinuations. the truth."

"Who is your authori v? Mrs. Gearing, shallow and narrow. d woman that she was, recognized that her husband was an upright and horotal man, judge among men, and one would be master of his household. weak and shifty, she evaded the ques "I had it from one who had it from to people who lived at the light."

"Who is it "" "Why, how persistent you are, no ... It was Mademoiselie Rochet who told no 'Mademoiselle Rochet!"

lift by and by and we can get a notion "Yes. Didn't you see how the gir" naved when she met her? On deck, his morning she was confused and frightened; "Do you know where your boat was when and now at lunch she refused to sit with Bout twenty miles south of

her at table." "There's nothing surprising in that, Mademoiselle is not the person whose society I should seek. Singular she should be crossing the ocean and her name not on the

list of passengers!"
"She told me about that herself when I first met her this morning. She arrived on board just at the last moment, to late to be entered on the list." The Judge made no reply, but rose and touched the electric bell.

"Mercy, Judge! Why do you call a "I'll show you presently. What is the number of Mademoiselle's stateroom:"
"I think it is 69. Yes, it is 69. I asked her, so that I could call her by and by to look at one of my dresses."

At this instant there was a knock at the door, and a steward appeared.

"John, will you please find out from the head steward who occupies No. 69? I think we have an old acquaintance in that room, but we are not sure of the name." The man withdrew, and for a moment or two neither said a word, each busy with their own thoughts. Presently the man returned and said:

"Simpkins says he thinks it is a Madame

Potard. The lady's been quite ill all the Potard. The lady's been quite ill all the way, the stewardess says. Only left her room for the first time to-day."

"Thank you, John. Sorry to hear the lady has been ill. We shall call on her."

"Mate Gearing had nothing to say. The discovery of the duplicity of her petted dressmaker mortified her beyond expression." She had taken the woman to her hand all out to her heart and now she

Might not Madame Potard be her real name? Might she not be some dreadful creature with a French husband and French

first."

While waiting the steward's return, he glanced round the saloen to see if the young committeeman had appeared. He was not to be seen anywhere. Just as the soup arrived, a most singular scene took place at the third table. The girl and her elderly companion were quietly talking toge her in the pleasantest manner possible, when two ladies entered the saloon and came along the aisle as it to find scats. A steward offered two chairs directly opposite the old gentleman whom the Captain began mentally to call "the Judge." One of these ladies was evidently a young Frenchwoman, and was dressed with unusual splendor for shipboard.

for years."
"Dare say she has."

"What do you mean?"
"Oh, nothing, only a little circumstance I recall that took place last summer at the Holl. Remember that night Royal came home? You sent him to escort this Made. oiselle Rochet-Potard to her hotel moisele Rochet-Potard 13 her hoter hat happened to take a little turn that night on the beach about nine o'clock, and I chanced upon them both arm in arm, and I heard him call her by still another

gress in getting acquainted, it seemed, to say the least, just a little odd. The world is very small, my love. This Madame Potard may have been Royal's landlady when he was boarding in Paris—or his washlady; who knows? It's a queer world, and the longer I live the less I am surprised at any-"There is more in this business than ap-ears on the surface. I must look into the natter before I take any steps."
"Steward." This aloud to the servant.

"Go upstairs and te'l Captain Johnson—he's the pilot—not to leave the room till I come up. Tell him I want to see him."

Just then he saw the committeeman enter Quite unconsciously to the good woman, the Judge had led her mind away from Mai Johnson, and he now left her to her own meditations. Closing the door softly behind him he walked along the passage-way Just then he saw the committeeman enter by another door and calmly sit by the two ladies, speaking pleasantly to both of them as if on the best of terms. No further evidence was needed. By one of the strange meetings that are so common in travel, and that show how small the world really is, towards Mai's state-room

What motive had this woman in making uch an accusation? Did Mai know her? that show how small the world really is, father and daughter were both on the same ship and quite unknown to each other. He would bring them together when he was sure of his ground. He would do it very soon, sending a servant for Miss Johnson and calling her to his own saloon on the hurricane deck and then putting her in the What relation did this woman with an alias bear to his stepson?

These questions were disquieting. He must settle them at once.

Through all these events the screw churned up the water, and the ship sailed west towards the inevitable. The fog still hung thick over the water, and the men at old man's arms. All would be forgiven, with blessings on himself for p'aying the kindly Providence in the afair. It gave his the bows had twice signalled to the bridge that danger lay ahead, and twice the steamer turned aside and vague shadowy forms of fishing-boats drifted past in the salted old heart a glow of fresh satisfaction to think of the meeting. Let him first find

Very few passengers ventured out of the saloons. Only here and there a rubber-clad passenger braved the cold, raw wind and the wet decks and murky air. Among and the wet decks and murky air. Among these, one man, in an absurd ulster dragging his heels after the manner of the feminine-looking footmen at the doors of Fifth Avenue carriages, slowly paced the deck, silent and bitter with himself and all the world. His luck had turned. The smoking-room bets were declared off—that was something—but at what a fearful cost! He had saved his money and met the one man in the world whom he held in mortal dread—on shipboard, too, and an officer of dread—on shipboard, too, and an officer of the ship, in whose hand all their lives were held—shut up on a ship with a man who he felt sure in his cowardly little soul would not hesitate to throw him into the closed, Mrs. Gearing seemed to be fearful sea. The situation was more horrible than any he had read in the wildest French novel. That nothing of the kind could happen never entered his head. His mind was completely unstrung by terror and remorse. At any moment his wife Julie might come upon deck and insist upon her rights. He felt sure she had gone to Paris

and was now returning to New York for no purpose except to establish in some way her position as his wife. He walked to and fro on the deck not far from the bows. It was not the best place, but since he came up from the saloon the pilot, dressed in oilcloth the color of gold, had come out upon the bridge, and he dared not pass under the bridge to reach a pleasanter part of the deck. Nor did he dare to go below and pass through the saloon, for he must in so doing pass his wife's state-room door, and he dared not meet her alone. He was practically in a trap, and he must keep to the farther end, nearest the bow, and stay there until chilled to the bone in the bitter wind and searching fog. Seeing a man at the extreme end of the bows standing like an old-gold statue and dripping at every angle, he went to-wards him and stood at the rail, looking down at the curling foam above the ship's

How swiftly the enormous mass swept through the water!—nearer and yet nearer, every second, to the land—to exposure and misery. Even as he stood there the ship was a mile nearer her port, a mile nearer to

his disgrace.
Suddenly there came over the gray water
a faint moan.
The oilcloth-clad figure beside him started and leaned forward, as if to listen. Again that moan—far away, blood-chilling in its mystery. To the young man it seemed the despairing cry of some lost soul

Again it spoke. To his fevered imagina-tion it was as the cry of a child perishing of neglect—the mean of starvation, misery and despair. His heart seemed to freeze, and he slipped on the wet deck and fell down, a limp mass, by the rail. The yellow mariner kicked him aside with an oath, and shouted some strange words backward towards the affrighted sailors on deck and officers on the bridge.

Below, the big bell clanged, and the engineers sprang up and with tremendous efforts pulled at the valves, that the mighty

engine stop, lest all be lost. An instant's silence in the engine room, and then the bell clanged twice. Reverse! reverse for dear life! The ponderous link motion stained under the stress of the small engine that puffed and roared to force it over. was done, and then through the mighty cylinders rushed again the insistent steam.

Every eccentric turned to guide the power in a new direction, and the whole awful. force of the engine, 2,000 horses straining as one frantic beast, was bent to resist the terrific momentum of the ship; lest disaster

overwhelm all. The ship shook in the sea, and every heart on board seemed to stop with chilling

On the bridge the Captain stood with blanched face, expectant, resolute, fearful, vet confident in his immense machine. His heart seemed to keep time with the revolutions of the straining screw.

By his side stood his pilet, confounded with alarm and astonishment. "Thought you said, Johnson, we were twenty miles south of Nantucket; and here

we are right on the land."

"I dunno! I give it up. I must be breakin' all up. Lemme get down. I'll never take tiller again. I don't know what it means. I don't know where we be. Hark! What's that?" "It's the buoy. We have passed to star board of it."

"No. Listen. It's a fish-horn." A number of passengers had come out of the saloen and were talking loudly on the

"Keep quiet below." The people meekly obeyed, and then through the awesome stillness of a steamer at rest at sea there came a faint note over the water through the blinding mist, then another note on the other side.

another note on the other side.

"Why, we've run into a fleet o' beats!
Call 'em, Captain."

No need to suggrat this, for the Captain had his hand on the rope, and the great whistle roared in short, blatant notes. A moment later the safety-valve moved, and the dull roar of escaping steam drowned all

"Your witness, my dear, has no standing in court."

"I will never speak to the upstart again."

"Who?—Mat?"

"No; this Potard. A married woman too, and dining with us, Royal so attentive to her!"

"Glad to hear it, my love. The Potard's prices have always been a source of wonder to me."

"And the creature was so polite and pleasant to Royal as if she had known him or years."

other sounds.

"That's signal enough. The fishermen will know we have stopped, and will come aboard. Mr. Ruthers, see that coundings are taken at once, and keep your men on the lookout for boats."

The officer addressed went down to the deck and prepared to take soundings. More passengers dame on deck, looking white and scared, and talking together in whispers. Presently the boilers were relieved, and the escaping steam stopped. Then through the silence came the sound of oars.

Some people are like a camera; they see only what is directly before them, without regard to it focus, and the dry plates they call their minds are capable only of reporting one fact at a time. Mademoiselle recognized that Mai Johnson was in a sense her rival. She saw through the devise her husband had used to bring the girl into his mother's family that he night win her for himself. That he had no moral right to do this she felt sure; that he had no legal right she hoped to prove the moment they reached New York. On board abip she had no legal rights,—at least, she could not prove them,—and, enreged at what she considered an affront put upon her by the girl, she went directly to the one wish that was uppermost in her heated brain. She would be reverged on the woman who had



THE YELLOW MARINER KICKED HIM ured away her husband. She had already

stabbed her through the Judge's wife. She would attack the girl herself, let the conseuences be what they might
The Judge knocked at Miss Johnson's state-room door. No response. He knocked again. Still no answer. Becoming alarmed, he tried the handle of the door. There was a faint moan within, and he

boldly opened the door.
On the lounge lay the girl, white and still, her wavy black hair streaming on the "Mai! Mai! Are you ill?" She opened her eyes slowly and smiled in a pained, wan way, and then closed them

again.
"What is it, my child? Are you sick?
Shall I call the doctor?"

She neither opened her eyes nor spoke, but slowly shook her head.

The Judge opened the port, and the raw, cold mist drifted in and the sounds of the sea filled the room. Again by the sea his heart was wrenched. This child, who had become so dear to him, was stricken grievously. He knelt upon the floor by her ide and took one of her hands in his.

"Are you sick, my child?" She looked at him for an instant, and then shook her head. "Are you hurt? Let me call the sur-

"He could do nothing." "What has happened? Tell me what has happened."
She hesitated for a few moments, and he waited for her to speak. Then she said. "I wish I had died-with mother-on the

"What do you mean?" "She came here." "Who ?"

"That weman. She hates me." "Mademoiselle Rochet. Did she dare to come here too ?" "She forced herself in. I was frightened.

I could not stop her. She—oh, why did I not die with my mother?"
"What did she say?" "She said—oh, how can I tell you? Father knew it; she said he did. Sam knew it, too. I never knew; I never knew;

and they were so cruel—oh. so cruel!—not to tell me. I could have gone away somewhere; and-oh, it is so hard to know "You say your father knew it."
She turned away from him and began to
cry softly to herself.
"What is it, my dear? What troubles

"I? What have I done? You know I love you."
"I know that; and yet—you you believe

At this instant the screw stepped. Neither spoke in the strange, terrifying ence that meant so much. Both listen-

ed intently. What new disaster was at Suddenly she started up, white, haggard "Hark! I hear it! the buoy! It is the

moy that marks the grave of that ship. The Judge was tairly alarmed, and stood up by the port to listen.

Then came faint ond far away through the breathless silence the clang of a bell.

"The ship is in trouble. They have re-

versed the engine to stop her."

"It is no matter. The sea is calling me again, as it does in my dreams. It's no matter now. Father-Sam-will never knew how I died. I'm almost-almost glad it is so near. I can go home-to my mother

and my father." A little glass on the marble washstand rattled. The ship was struggling, perhaps for her life.

Then, after a long, breathless pause, the distant bell clanged again. Then returned that freezing silence. "The ship has stopped. Hark! they are signally some other vessel. I think we

(To be Continued.)

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