The Only One To Stand the Test.

Rev. William Copp, whose father was a physician for over fifty years, in New Jersey, and who himself spent many years preparing for the practice of medicine, but subsequently entered the ministry of the M. E. Church, writes: "I am glad

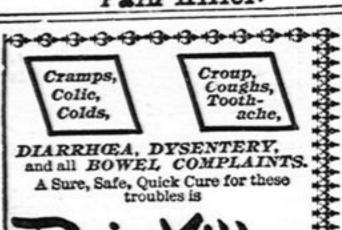
to testify that I have had analyzed all the sarsaparilla preparations known in the trade, but

AYER'S is the only one of them that I could recommend as a

blood-purifier. I have given away hundreds of bottles of it, as I consider it the safest as well as the best to be had."-WM. COPP, Pastor M. E. Church, Jackson, Minn.

THE ONLY WORLD'S FAIR Sarsaparilla When in doubt, ask for Ayer's Pills

Pain Killer.



Used Internally and Externally. **********

Canadian Post. LINDSAY, FRIDAY, APRIL, 16 1897.

THE HEART -OF A-

MYSTERY.

(Continued from last week.)

"Papa, dear," she whispered, "I saw such a lovely pair of earrings in Wilson's window the other day. Turquoises and diamonds. I'm dying to

Mr. Hazeldine looked at her vaguely for a moment or two as though his mind were far away. Then he smiled faintly, and said: "Speak to me about them again to-morrow. Yes-to-mor-

"You darling old kangaroo!" she exclaimed, and with that she squeezed his face between her hands and kissed him in her impulsive fashion. "Has Clement been here this evening?" asked Mr. Hazeldine. "No, papa. He does not call often of an evening now as he used to do. He is nearly always at John

Brancker's. Everybody knows why he goes there so often.' for one, don't know, unless it be to play the fiddle. "Oh, that's a mere blind. He goes to see that Hermia Rivers, of course.

It's my opinion that he's in love with "In love with Hermia Rivers? Well, he might do worse. I don't know a him. more charming girl than Miss Rivers." "Charming, do you call her?" said Miss Fan, with a toss of her head.

ment into a promise of marriage. "Clement's quite old enough to know his own mind and to judge for himself; and, as I said before, Miss Rivers is a charming girl.' He turned lingeringly away, and

went up to his wife. "Good-night, Maria," he said. Mrs. Hazeldine was busy discussing some question of chiffons with Mrs. Maywood. She looked up when her

husband spoke. "Why do you say good-night?" she "Because I shall not be Lome til late. You had better not sit up for

"Very well, dear; you have your latch-key, I suppose. I will have a little gas left on in the hall." She turned to Mrs. Maywood again thinking her husband would go; but he suddenly bent down, and taking her face gently between his hands, he turned it up to his and kissed it twice. "Good gracious, James, what are you about?-and before company, too!" cried Mrs. Hazeldine, quite in a fluster, as she readjusted her cap-strings. But her husband had gone, taking his black bag with him. Miss Maywood, from the opposite side of the table, had seen how white his face | door. was, and how his lips twitched as he turned away; but such matters were

no concern of hers. On leaving the house Mr. Hazeldine did not take the turning which led the nearest way to the bank, but one which led away from it. After walking for a few minutes he stopped opposite a small, semi-detached house. One window was lighted up, and in it was a wire blind, on which the word, "Surgery" was painted. Instead of going up to it, Mr. Hazeldine went across the road and sought the shelter of a dark entry. Here he waited patiently for a full quarter of an hour. At the end of that time the light in the surgery was extinguished, and presently Clement .emerged from the house and strode away at a rapid pace, carrying his fiddle-case in one hand. Mr. Hazeldine quitted his hiding-place as his son turned up the street.

"Clement! Clement!" he called, and there was a ring of agony in his voice. But the young man heard him not, raim, of making up to Miss Hazeland went quickly on his way. Mr. Hazeldine said no more,

waited till his son was out of sight, and then turned in the direction of the bank. A few minutes' walking brought him to it. Sweet, the porter, who, with his wife, lived in the basement and was custodian of the premises, was lowering the gas in the lobby, as Mr. Hazeldine went in. "There's a light in the general office. Who's at work there?" asked the lat-

"Mr. Brancker and Mr. Judd are there yet, sir," answered Sweet. "I left a little gas in your office, thinking a pleasant litt semi-detached cotyou might be back, sir."
"All right, Sweet. Mr. Brancker will be off before long. I suppose?" "Yes air; they told me just now



that they intended clearing out in a few minutes." "Good-night, Sweet." Mr. Hazeldine passed into his private office, shut the door, and turned

up the gas.

CHAPTER III. Avison's bank had been built about twenty years. It had been erected on the site of a much older building which dated from the period of William and Mary, and, after serving for many generations as the family mansion of the Colvilles, had been converted into a bank. The present structure was a plain but substantial building of red brick with freestone facings. It was entered from the street through large folding inner doors which swung easily to-and-fro on their well-oiled hinges. On the right a glazed swing door led into the public office, where sundry clerks behind a long counter were prepared to honor your cheques, or to receive at your hands whatsoever sums you might be desirous of entrusting to the safe keeping of the bank. This outer office was divided from an inner one by a half-glass par-tition. In the inner office John Brancker and Ephraim Judd were generally to be seen busily engaged on the bank ledgers; John, as the senior official next to Mr. Hazeldine, being there to be referred to in case of any dispute or doubtful point cropping up in the outer office. This inner office had a second door which opened into the main corridor, and a third door into a fireproof room where books and securities could be safely lodged. On the left, as you entered from the street, were also two doors, both of which bore the word "Private." The first of them opened into Mr. Hazeldine's office, the second into that of Mr. Avison. In the former was the entrance to the strong room in which were the bullion safes, together with other things of scarcely less importance. In this room there was no window, and during business hours the gas was kept constantly alight in it, ventila-tion being supplied by means of a small grated opening in the outer wall. Finally, there was a door of communication between Mr. Hazeldine's office and

that of Mr. Avison. As Sweet, the night-watchman, had informed Mi. Hazeldine, John Brancker and Ephraim Judd were at work this evening in the inner office. It was no unusual thing for them to work overtime at certain periods of the month. John Brancker had been in the service of the bank for between sixteen and seventeen years. He was a homelyfeatured, plainly-dressed man of fiveand-forty, with no pretensions to style or fashion. It was this very unpretentiousness, in conjunction with a certain simplicity of character and a cheerfulness of disposition that never varied, which combined to make him such a universal favorite; everybody in the town knew John Brancker and

everybody liked him. Ephraim Judd was twenty years younger than his fellow-clerk. Mr. Avison the elder had brought him to the bank when a boy, and there he had been ever since. He was lame, and he made use of a stout stick when the result of an accident in childhood, walking to and fro from business, although he never seemed to need it when passing from one part of the bank to another, but got over the ground with a sort of hop and skip which had rather a comical effect in the eyes of strangers. He was a tall, narrow-chested young man, with long, straight, black hair, a sallow complexion, and thin, eager, hungry-looking features. His ears were abnormally large and stuck out prominently from his head, and it was a matter of common report among his fellow clerks that Ephraim could move them backward and forward, after the fashion of certain animals, at will. Like John Brancker, he dressed very plainly, almost shabbily, presenting thereby a marked contrast to some of the juniors, with their chains and rings and elaborate display of collar and

cuffs. Mr. Judd's chest was deliand when the weather was at all bad he wore a respirator, and at other times he generally muffled himself up carefully about the throat in a long, worsted comforter of many colors. It might be for the same reason, perhaps, that he nearly always wore india rubber overshoes; but that could hardly be the reason why his stick should be shed with the same material. By means of his galoshes Ephraim was enabled to move noiselessly about from place to place, and he sometimes quite startled Sweet, who was pursy and scant of breath. by going up behind him and touching him suddenly on the shoulder when he had no idea that anyone was niar

"Drat that Mr. Judd with his ingyrubber shoes!" the night watchman would say to his wife. "I wish he "Where are your eyes, papa? You | wouldn't shake one's narves so. He really ought to interfere. There's no steals about the building like a ghost, doubt she's trying to inveigle Cle- or-or as if he was going to commit a ne's behind one, or in front of one, or

where he is." It was somewhat singular that Ethraim should be so little of a favorite among his fellow clerks-but so it was. He was a man not much given to talaing; he kept his own counsel, making friends of nobody, giving offence to none, and seemingly trying to efface himself as much as possible; yet everybody seemed to have a vague distrust of him; everybody had the feeling that he was a man who hid more than he showed on the surface-everybody. that is, except simple-hearted John Brancker, who was proud of Ephraim's cleverness at figures, and proud of his

handwriting, which was the best of anyone's in the bank. Sweet put his head into the office where the two men were at work. "Mr. Hazeldine has come sir," he said, addressing himself to Mr. Brancker. thought you might perhaps have something you wanted to see him about." "I don't think I shall trouble him to-

night," answered John; "he will be tired, and what matters I have to see nim about will keep till morning." Sweet disappeared and shut the "If I were in Mr. H.'s place, I'd take

care not to work as nard as he does, remarked Ephraim. "When a man's heart is in what he does, as Mr. Hazeldine's is, hard work becomes a pleasure.

"What a pretty girl his daughter is!" resumed Ephraim, after a few minutes silence. "Just the sort of young lady I should like to make up to, if I were in a position to do so." John laughed. "Yes, Miss Hazeldine is pretty-no-

body can deny that; but whether she would make the sort of wife to suit a man like you may be open to doubt. "Oh, you are a confirmed old bachelor, Mr. B., and are not supposed to know anything about the ladies." A shadow flitted across John's face for a moment.

"May it not be because we old bachelors know so much about ladies that we remain bachelors?" he asked, with a smile. "Have you any idea, Eph-"Now you are poking fun at me,

Mr. B. As if she would condescend to look at a poor beggar like me!" John shut up his inkstand and began to put away his books. "Are you going to stay much longer?" he asked. "I shall finish this ledger and then be off. I've ha about enough of fig-

ures for one d hade the other good-John present still perched on his night, leaving high stool. A trp walk of ten minhome. He lived in utes carried hi tage in the suburbs. There was a small garden in front of his house and a larger one behind, with wide-stretching meadows beyond, and a low range of hills crowning the horizon.

John halted for a moment with his hand on the garden gate. A sound of music reached him from the cottage. His niece—Hermia Rivers—and Cie-ment Hazeldine were playing a duet

on the plano and violin. "What capital time they keep!" he copy of him. She had the same homely said to himself. They are playing features, somewhat softened in their something I've never heard before



suppose Mr. Clement has been having some new music from London," John's terrier heard its master's ootsteps on the gravel, and began to bark a welcome; the duet ceased in the middle of a bar; Hermia ran to the door, greeted her uncle with a kiss, and relieved him of his hat and coat, the cat came and purred round his legs, its tail erect in the air; his sister met him with that cherry smile without which home would not have seemed like home; and Clement Hazeldine gave him a hearty grip of the hand. "We were missing your flute sadly," said the latter. "I have brought two or three fresh pieces this evening, and we were trying one of them over." "You are very late, dear; but I have kept the teapot in the cosy for you,"

BY FFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF

said Miss Brancker. "And there's a fire which plainly says, 'Why don't you let me toast you some muffins," added Hermia. "Sweet brought me up some tea about six o'clock," said John; "but I daresay I can manage another cup." "Of course you can, uncle," rejoined Hermia. "Why I have known you to drink four cups many a time, and

then ask for more. "That must have been when I was very thirsty indeed; but little girls should never tell tales out of school." Presently Hermia was on her knees toasting a couple of muffins at the sitting-room fire, for at Nairn Cottage the kitchen fire was allowed to go out after the early two o'clock dinner, when the girl, who came to do the rough work in the morning, was dismissed for the day. "I left your father at the office," remarked John to Clement. "He has

been to London, and I fancy that he did not get back till the seven o'clock "I wish he would not stay so late, night after night," answered Clement. "Have you noticed how careworn he

has been looking of late?" "I can't say that I have remarked much difference in him, but that may be because I see him every day."

Clement shook his head. "He has certainly aged very much of late. I was quite pained the other day to see him so worn and anxiouslooking. I wish he would take a couple of menths' rest right away from

"I know him better than you do. Mr. Clement. He would be miserable away from the bank. But when Mr. Avison returns there will be no necessity for him to work so hard; and you must talk to him seriously about his

When John had finished his modest cup of tea he took up the poker and gave four loud taps with it on the back of the grate. Presently there came four taps in response and a few minutes later Mr. Kittaway, John's next door neighbor, came in, followed by a servant girl carrying his violoncello in its case.

Mr. Kittaway was a retired wine merchant. He was a little, high-dried, bald old gentleman, with gold-rimmed and stiff white cravat, above which his puckered face peered out as though he were gazing at one over a wall. "What can have become of Frank?" queried John presently. "It must be more than a week since he was here last. He's not ill, or I should have missed him from the office.'

No one save Clement noticed vivid blush that dyed Hermia's cheek. Fortunately the question was addressed to Miss Brancker. "When he was here last he was all

agog to join the new Spanish class at the Institute," responded the latter. "He has a great idea about reading 'Don Quixote' in the original. "Frank is always agog after something new." said John, with a laugh, "which more often than not comes to nothing in the end. He's as change-

able as the moon, as I've told him many a time. Still, he might have given us a look-in before now." "If you were to walk as far as the 'Crown and Cushion'-not that it would be worth anyone's while to do so," remarked Mr. Kittaway, in his dryest manner-"I have no doubt you would find Master Frank at the present moment practising the spot-stroke, with the stump of a cigar between his teeth and his hat very much at the back or | to him, and he had stayed away pur-It was known to all those present

that there was no love lost between the ex-wine merchant and Frank Deri-"There are four of us-just a comfortable quartette," resumed the little man-"which, in my opinion, is much preferable to a quintette; more especi-

ally when one of the five happens to

keep execrable time." This was another hit at the absent "Come, come, friend Nathan," said John, slapping him lightly on the knee. "Frank's not quite so bad as you try to make him out. He may be fond of a game of billiards-nowadays most young men seem to bebut where's the harm? I've often wished I could handle a cue; but I don't think I could if I were to try | teeth. Then aloud: "I've brought a for a hundred years. And as for the bad time Frank keeps when he plays, I put that down to pure carelessness.' "There ought to be no carelessness where music is in question," interrupted the little man, hotly. "Music calls forth, and will be content with nothing | Miss Charlotte, archly. "I wonder she less than the highest faculties of a man's nature; and where those are not | but perhaps she doesn't know who's given ungrudgingly, the result is a farce, sir-a wretched farce." He em-

twang of one of the strings of his John laughed, but said nothing. He was too accustomed to his friend's tirades to attempt any confutation of | tle games! But I suppose there are

phasized his last words with a vicious

And so the little concert began. Hermia sat down to the piano, John brought out his beloved flute. Clement | the house from the road, the front door screwed up the strings of his fiddle, being wide open all this time. Miss while Mr. Kittaway settled his spectacles and gave a preliminary scrape or two on his 'cello. Miss Brancker of the lower rooms. She called her fixed herself in a corner near the fire by name, and then the girl appeared with her knitting and a kitten on her at the head of the stairs, her hair un-

Charlotte Brancker was two years younger than John, and was a feminine b

marines; but charged with goodness one case as in the other. There was the same pleasant smile, the same ever-cheerful manner, the same thoughtfulness for the comfort of others. Two more thoroughly unselfish people than John Brancker and his sister it would have been hard to find. Hermia Rivers, their orphan niece, had lived with them since she was three years old. She was now turned Her hair was the color of ripe corn in sunlight; her eyes were of the hue of violets when they first open their instinct with thought, and refinement. It is almost needless to say that Clement Hazeldine was very much in love with her, although he had grave reasons for fearing that her heart was already given to Frank Derison. That there was some secret understanding between two young people can, as keen by love, had not failed to convince him; and a secret understanding between two young people can, as a rule, have but one termination. Greatly he feared the worst; but there was a stubborness of disposition about him which would not allow him to to sustain him.

Meanwhile, he found it impossible to keep away from Nairn Cottage, Two there, and he was always made welcome. The ostensible object of his visits was to form one in the little far wider scale, befall." musical gatherings which, every Monday and Thursday evenings, wooed "the heavenly maid" in Miss Brancker's sitting room.

CHAPTER IV.

As Hermia sat playing this evening all the attention she was obliged to give to the music could not keep her uncle's words from ringing in her ears; "He is as changeable as the moon, as I have told him many a time." What if Frank had changed towards her, and were never to come and see her

She knew, or thought she knew, the reason why Frank Derison had kept away from Nairn Cottage for upwards of a week. On the occasion of his last visit, when she was at the piano, and he was turning over her music, there being no one but themselves in the room, he had suddenly stooped and imprinted a kiss on her cheek. She had started up in a flame of indignation, and the result had been a short but sharp passage of arms between the two. There was a sort of halfengagement between them (of which more hereafter), sufficiently binding, however, in Frank's opinion, to allow of his stealing a kiss "without a fellow being called over the coals for it as if he had committed some awful crime." But Hermia took a totally opposite view, and Frank was made to understand that, on no account, must he attempt to take such a liberty again. Thereupon the young fellow had flung out of the cottage in a huff, and had not been near since; while Hermia, as a matter of course, had locked herself in her bedroom, and had a good cry all to herself, The concert this evening went on for upwards of an hour. Then came an interruption. Dr. Hazeldine was

wanted in haste by one of his patients. "My father would fain have made a doctor of me," remarked Mr. Kittaway, parenthetically, "but I said, 'Give me a business that will leave me my own master at night, and that will ensure me from being called out of bed to go tramping through the rain or snow at all sorts of hours." "It's nothing when you are used to it," said Clement, with a laugh.

"It seems to me very inconsiderate of people to be taken ill in the middle of the night," remarked the old gentleman, as he peered into his snuffbox: "matters ought to be arranged differently somehow." Mr. Kittaway stayed about half an hour after Clement's departure. After partaking of a small mug of warm elder wine and a soft biscuit, he, too, took his leave... "I think I will walk as far as Strong's, and see whether he is likely to turn up on Sunday," said John, a few minutes later. John was organist at the parish

church, and Strong was the man who blew the bellows for him. "It is rather late for you to go out," obser 1 Miss Brancker. "The night is fine, and the walk will do me good. Besides, if Strong is no better, I must look out for a substitute

Charlotte followed her brother to the garden gate. "It seems to blow very like for rain," she said, as she held up her hand to ascertain the way of the wind. "Had | life to the brink of starvation; miles of you not better take your umbrella?" But when the umbrella came to be locked for it could not be found. "I must have left it at the bank," said John, who was rather absentminded in small matters; "but I don't think I shall need it to-night." After a few more words, he went his airs he had been playing. His sister ation can make? They do not so underwatched him down the street till he was lost in the darkness; then she turned, and was on the point of going indoors, when Frank Derison came

hurrying up from the opposite direc-"Better late than never, Miss Brancker." he said, with his thin, careless laugh. "I suppose I'm just about in time to bid you good-night." "Just about," answered the spinster, dryly. "We nad some thought of sending the bellman round. "We were anxious to know whether you were lost, stolen, or had strayed away of your

own accord.' "I daresay you know, Miss Brancker, that I sometimes try to earn a little money by making up tradesmen's books of an evening. Well, I've had a special job of the kind to do during the last week, and that's why I've not been near the cottage." This was a little invention on Mas-

ter Frank's part, made up on the spur of the moment, and he laughed to himself when he found how readily the simple-minded spinster took it in. In reality, his evenings had been spent in the billiard-room of the "Crown and Cushion." While he had offended Hermia at their last meeting, what she had said had been a source of offence posely, if only to prove to her, as he said to himself, that he was not going to be tied to any girl's apron-string. "Won't you come in for a little while?" said Aunt Charlotte; "John is out, and Hermy and I are all alone." "Not to-night, I think, thanks all the same. My mother is not well, and I promised not to be late home this evening." This latter statement was also a little fiction on Frank's part. "In that case, of course, I cannot press you to stay."

"Have you had any music to-night?" asked Frank abruptly. "Yes, both Mr. Kittaway and Clement Hazeldine were here, but Clement was called away to a patient, and the party broke up early. "Confound that fellow! he's always here!" muttered Frank, between his late rose for Hermia; perhaps you won't mind giving it her." And with that he proceeded to detach the flower

from his button-hole. "Why not give it her yourself? I'm sure that would be much nicer," said has not come to the gate before now; here. I'll go and fetch her."
"She knows well enough who's here, the huzzy!" growled Frank under his breath. "It's merely a try-on-that's what it is. They all do it. What simpletons they must take us men for, to think we can't see through their lit-

some born fools who can't." They had been standing at the wicket of the little garden which divided bound and flowing over her shoulders.
"Frank is at the gate. He has brought a rose which he wishes to

20 be Continued.)

THE PROBLEM OF WAGES.

Tattered and worn with many noon-hour readings, soiled by the toiled-stained hands of labor, an old copy of the "K, of L Journal" was handed us with the inquiry if we could reprint an article on the "Problem twenty, and was a very lovely girl. of Wages" that Prin, Grant, of Queen's University, read before the last Pan-Presbyterian council at Toronto. We have dewy lids to the morn; her face was not space for the whole paper, but gladly give room for extracts, as it appears to be a gospel that working people hear gladly. JUSTICE ONLY WILL SATISTY.

"Society can only be held together on a basis of justice. Men will put up with any suffering, privation or inequality, but not with injustice. If wisdom can find no remedy, wrath will try to find one. Better that men should revolt than be numbed into callosity, for even should they see no give up while a grain of hope was left hope in picketing, rattaning, and mad violence, they instinctively feel that scenes of wild horror may convince the world of or three evenings a week found him the necessity of finding a remedy, lest tragedies worse than Homestead, and on a THE CHURCHES' ATTITUDE.

"The church, forgetful or ignorant that eminent christian fathers in her earlier days taught and insited upon principles of political economy as radical as even those of Proudhon, who claimed that "Private property is robbery" and that their Lord uttered the awful warning "how hardly shall a rich man enter the kingdom of heaven?" They (the church) would toss to-day such teachers to the wolves, as this same spirit would have tossed christians to the lions eighteen centuries ago."

WEIGHED AND FOUND WANTING. Quoting the prayer with which Proudhon closes his book on property: "O God of Liberty! may my memory perish in humanity may but be free, if I may but see in obscurity the people finally instructed, if noble instructors but enlighten it, if disinterested hearts but guide it."

"When did Sir Geo. Midas, or that far nobler mammon worshipper, Plugson of Undershot offer up such a prayer? The church allows the former to sleep in a cushioned pew andactually sung the praises of the latter while excommunicating Proudhon. This will not do. The church must manage somehow to get better weights and balances on penalty of having itself weighed and found want-THE HEATHEN COULD UNDERSTAND.

"Have we no wise men who could confer with organized labor and organized capital

and draw up reports that would receive the earnest attention of general assemblies?" . . . "This would seem to me to be wise, for I declare to this council that the subjects on which the hearts of the millions are set, the questions which they passionately crave to have solved, are not those that converted Europe in the eixtrenth and seventeenth centuries, are not home missions, foreign missions or missions to the Jews, are not funds for sged and infirm ministers, or the widows and orphans of ministers only. On all these their mirds are made up. The millions are thinking of things more pressing, more primary and fundamental and more in accordance with Old and New Testament ideals. They ask that the laborer be not exploited, that every honest workingman shall be sure of a decent home. A society so constituted would be an argument for christianity that India and China could understand. They demand justice for all and mercy for the weak They look around and see such wealth as says that D ABETES may be cured The the earth never groaned under before side kidneys may be restored to hea'thy action. by side with poverty, grinding all through pa'aces in the same city with hevels and the out the poison. crowded tenement houses, and as they

The Ottawa Free Press ca'ls attention to the fact that 1 500 miles of Dominion government railways showed last year a deficit of \$113,000. This was in working expenses : no account was taken in the report of the loss in interest on the cost of construction and equipment. A moderate estimate of that would be two millions, for the roads have cost nearly sixty millions. These roads are not business ventures, however. No private investor would ever have built them. They are holes in the Canadian pocketpart of the price we pay for political

reflect that without their faithful labor this

wealth and splendor could not have been

created, they ask whether the present

adjustment is the best that christian civiliz-

stand christianity; nor do I."

A Padlocked Heart.



and sufferings nearts and si of Fi'z immons and Corbett to them, and ently endure in return received a letter containing a strong men to cry out in than half unknown and unappreciated. The refined sensitiveness of their ora thousand exquisite tortures which a coarser nature can never experience or

women lock

The least derangement or disorder of the delicate special organism of their sex overwhelms the whole physical and mental being with weakness and wretchedness. But it is a mistake to suffer these troubles in silence. They may be cured in the perfect privacy of home, without the repuguant ordeal of examinations and "local treatment," which the family doctor is sure to

No physician in the world has had a wider or more successful experience in the treatment of woman's diseases than Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y. His "Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most obstinate and mplicated feminine difficulties. It is the only medicine of its kind prepared by an educated, skilled physician. Mr. J. F. Sneed, of Omen, Texas, writes : "My

wife was badly afflicted with female weakness. We tried three of the best physicians in the country without benefit, but at great expense. wife grew worse, and we gave up in de-My wife grew worse, and we gave up in despair. She could not get in and out of doors without help; was not able to stand on her feet long at a time, complained of dragging down pains in abdomen. Nothing but an untimely death seemed awaiting her, when — happy thought!—the name of Dr. Pierce came to my mind. I wrote to Dr. Pierce received his advice, followed it, my wife improved perceptibly from the first two week's treatment, continued the treatment six months, and pronounced the cure complete, at a cost of less than one month's treatment by the last physician we employed before consulting Dr. Pierce. She used Dr. Pierce's Pavorite Prescription and the lotions recommended by him. It has been two years since, and the good effect is permanent."

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KIDNEY PILLS CURE IT.

Other Medicines Never Touch It-But Dodd's Pills Infallibly Cure-Expelling Poison and Pain-Preserving Sugar and Strength-Don't Die; Get

Who would not live longer if he could? More men shorten their lives by overindulgence in food and drink than ever them elves by exhorbitant prices on goods die from starvation. Health can be maintained by eating and drinking just what is good for us-zo more, no less. But most of us don't do that. In health the body expels what

doesn't require, and retains what it needs, In disease either the body doesn't expel the poison or it does not retain what is needed to nourish it. In the disease called presence can be detected in the urine. The body needs sugar. In DIABETES the sufferer dies a lingering death. Until recently DIABETES was supposed to be incurable. The science of to-day

Sugar may be retained in the system. Instead of filtering cut the good that is in the food the kidneys may be made to filter With Poison goes Pain, With Sugar stays S'reng'h. DIABETES dispresses like magic before DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Other medicines never touch ir. That's the difference. If you have DIABETES get cured quickly. Din't bother with medicines that do not

cure. Many will stand up to be counted among those who have been cured of DIABETES by taking DODD'S KIDNEY Mr. Fred Stokes, Barrie, Oat., says : -"I have been promptly restored to health by a few hoxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Diabetes had reduced my weight forty-five | durance. Having heard of marvel ous pounds, which I have regained. Mr D Roblin, Bandmaster, Allandale,

for Disbetes, which it seemed would end Mr. Chas. Glichrist, of Port Hop., Ont. says :- "For ten years a victim of Diabetes. Suff red fearfully, capecially in passing water. My cure has resulted from taking a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills Mr. James K Nesbith, county constable tayner, Oat .. says :- "Becoming aware of

Oat., says :- "Could for years get no relie

am perfectly cured." Who Can Beat This? Peterbers Examiner: Many will remember the big baby girl of Benjamin H. Chambers, which was exhibited at numerous places in this county. Mr. Aaron Nicholls, of B idgenorth, an old neighbor

of the Chambers family, at present in

Nebraska, sent a copy of the measurements

resorted to Dodd's Kidney Pills. I com-

menced to get well with the first box and

misery and few measurements of the big baby, which compered thus with the measurements of would cause the champion : ganism lays them liable to "Mary," the monster baby, who is be-

tween two and three years of age, is reported to be "getting fatter all the time -she is an awful mischief."

Rev. M. L. Pearsen, of Earrie formerly Paster of the Cambridge st. Methodist Church L'ndsay, scores the De-

partmental Store. A Barrie correspondent, writing to the Toronto Star yesterday, says:

In his sermon here last night Rev. M. L. Pearson incidentally remarked: "We hear a great deal of discussion these days about departmental stores. In my boyhood days my father was a merchant in Toronto, and by his store grew up many others that worked up a good business. But to-day these properties are practically valueless because of the presence of departmental stores, whose motive prinsipally is greed for gain. A merchant in this town told me that these stores were selling certain articles for less than he could buy them for. It is evident that they sell below cost certain goods with which peop'e are familiar, and then enrich They will give things away rather than see other stores live. Will this state of things continue long? No! Is this the kind of sccial fabric Jesus Corist said he would build? No! What will be the outcome? I tell y u there is becoming prevalent such a feeling on this matter that if the it fluences of love in men's hearts or parliamentary enactment does not stop it, anarchy will. The people will DIABETES the kidneys expel sugar. Its take this matter into their hands and stop these anti Christian methods of greedy monsters, resulting as they do in high monopolies. Will there be anarchy? think not. I believe that right will finally prevail by means of the Liftzence of the teachings of holy writ."

TORTURED AND HELPLESS.

Rheumatism Has Hordes of Victims, and is No Respecter of Persons -South American Rheumatic Cure Resists His Cruel Grasp and Heals the Wounds He Inflicts-Relief in

Geo. W. Platt. Manager "Werld's" Newspaper Agency, Toronto, says: "I am at a less for words to express my feelings of sincere gratitude and thankfulress for what Sou h American Rosumatic Cors has done for me. As a result of exposure I was taken with a severe attack of rheumatic fever which affected both my knees. I suffered psin almost beyond human encures by South American Rheumatic Cure, I gave it a trial. After taking three doses the pain entirely left me, and in three days I left my bed. Now every trace of my days. S'x bottles of Dodd's Kidney my rheumatism has disappeared." Sold by A. Higinbotham.

A Tragedy. A youth named Long once paid his suit To a beautiful maiden, short and cute. Well, he married her; Home he carried her ;

the fact that I was a victim of Diabetes, I And now she's Long; but the dapper Is short, and grows shorter each day forsooth !

> This special form of Ripans Tabules is prepare from the original prescription, but more economically put up for the purpose of meeting the universal modern demand for a low price.
>
> DIRECTIONS.—Take one at meal or bed time or whenever you feel poorly. Swallow it whole, with or without a mouthful of water.
>
> They cure all stomach troubles; banish pain; induce sleep; prolong life. An invaluable tonic. Best Spring Medicine. No matter what's the matter, one will do you good. One gives relief—a cure will result if directions are followed. The five-cent packages are not yet to be had of all dealers, although it is probable that almost any druggist will obtain a supply when requested by a customer to do so; but in any case a single carton, containing ten tabules, will be sent, post-age paid, to any address for five cents in stamps, forwarded to the Ripans Chemical Co., No. 10-Spruce St., New York. Until the goods are thor-oughly introduced to the trade, agents and ped-dlers will be supplied at a price which will allow oughly introduced to the trade, agents and ped-diers will be supplied at a price which will allow them a fair margin of profit, viz.: I dozen car-tons for 60 cents—by mail 45 cents. 12 dozen (144 cartons) for \$4.32—by mail for \$4.52, 5 gross (730) cartons) for \$20.52, 25 gross (3,600 cartons) for \$100. Cash with the order in every case, and freight or express charges at the buyer's cost.

James Reith.



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The Very Best LAWN SEED -always on hand.

JAMES KEITH, WILLIAM-ST.

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Cardinal I KERRY WATSON & CO., ***********

the Canadian LINDSAY, FRIDAY, A

Mr. Casey Introdu

AND IT PASSES THE FL

in That Conn

The Caurdian Pacific and Road Again Brought L ly Passages Beiween

ing. Sir Charles

and Mr. For Ottawa, April 7.grievances of the Can were aired by Mr. Car afternoon in introduct amend the Kailway A signed to compet the panies to carry bleye baggage. He severely ways for imposing a The bill was read a questions were then t Mr. Maclean askeda dian Pacific Railway construction of their Crow's Nest Pass? I ment intend to allow begin the work of co out first completing now going on for mo clauses in the comp the matter of the branch lines and the the rates and tolls ch

company? Mr. Blair: As to t the question, I may ment is without in whether the Canadia Company has yet be tion of a railway th Nest Pass, except the stood that Ame gr done a couple of ye jacent to the Pass. clause of the questi shall be obliged to gentleman to modil question so as not t ment which I should cept or challenge in honorable gentleman tion again without ciause I shall be ple The Minister of I als: In any case, hon member to a even if he were to until to-morrow. Mr. Maclean: I Dr. Sproule was

Sifon that the serv agent in Liverpool, ham, agent at Glas dispensed with. J no longer agent at cessor had been a lowing gentlemen for emigration work work in England, s W. L. Griffith, W H. M. Murray, year; Thomas Dan a month; C. R. I a year; Edward O a month; John W a month. Mr. Foster move of the House to

statement of Sir son at the G. T. R. ing in London yes minion Government defray the cost of toria Bridge at Mattheward that Parliament for the first intim