fall, and turned gray rapidly. I commenced to use Cuvicura. The scalp became healthier and more natural every day. Now I have a crop of fine brown hair all over my head about an inch and a half in length. My nurse is delighted because the new hairs are brown. I never had very luxuriant hair, even in my youth. It is as thick on my head to-day as it ever was, and CUTICURA did it. Mrs. J. M. LAWSON, 302 Hamilton st., Albany.

SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT for all SCALP DISEASES, with Loss of HAIR. — Warm shampoos with CUTICURA SOAP, and light dressings with CUTICURA, purest of emollients. Sold throughout the world. POTTER D. & C. CORP., Sole Props., Boston. How to Produce Luxuriant Hair, free.

### The D. & L. **EMULSION**

The D. & L. EMULSION Is the best and most palatable preparation of Cod Liver Oil, agreeing with the most delicate The D. & L. EMULSION

is prescribed by the leading physicians of The D. & L. EMULSION Is a marvellous flesh producer and will give you an appetite. Soc. & \$1 per Bettie. Be sure you get ! DAVIS & LAWRENCE the genuine | CO., Limited, Montreal

m

J. P. Ryley.

## UNITION TO DOLLAR This Spring?

Perhaps you have already made up your aind, and then again you may be hesitating as to cost. In any ev nt give me a call-l'am prepared to deal liberally with

Doors, Frames, Windows Cases, Mouldings and all interior fittings of the best kiln-dried lumber at moderate pricer. Give me a call and you'll not regret it.

## J. P. RYLEY,

Near Weilington at Bridge.

Canadian Lost.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23.

## The Persecution of the Curate

By R. SHINDLER

I made inquirles as delicately as could, and learned that the dreaded Polly had left the hotel. The waiter who told me this volunteered some information of

"She has been a long time, sir, talking with a gentleman in a private parlor. He came down this afternoon, and she say he's a lawyer gentleman from London." Saxby groaned.

"Of the firm of Dodson and Fogg, I've no doubt," he exclaimed as the waiter quitted the room.

The prespiration stood in great drops on his forehead; his eyes stared wildly. I could see that he was imagining himself defendant in a certain civil process, pleturing himself in the witness-box torn to pieces by cross-examining council. He paced about the room in feverish excite- | tion came. I was in the middle of | dying. Odd change! More nerves ment, till at last he formed a resolution. a sermon-just as I was at Bayford- and more courage."

the first train," he exclaimed. "I know rongregation. She was sitting in her mind dying very much, and at any the Vicar is away, but I can't help it. | place quietly enough, but she was look- | age, but men are not so horribly afraid The services will have to go. I can't stay | ing at me, and I saw that she saw that of the silent and lonely journey as an hour longer than is necessary. Let us go to London together to-morrow." And so we did.

Saxby didn't altogether leave his fears behind him when he turned his back on Bayford. For some days after his arrival in London he was in constant trepidation, expecting to find Polly Simpson confronting him at the corner of every street. He was still more in dread of the "lawyer gentleman from London," and daily expected to receive some terrible missive which would compel his appearance before a British jury.

But as time went on and nothing happened, his alarm subsided, and he began to feel that he had escaped from his difficulties altogether. Some kind friend sent him a copy of the Bayford Mercury, the one weekly newspaper which appeared in the little town. This contained some sarcastic reflections on his sudden departure ; the editor had laid himself out to be funny at poor Saxby's expense, and the humorous aspect of the affair was well shown up. But the victim of this editorial pleasantry didn't mind it in the least. "It is not the same thing." he said, "as having to face that woman decided to accompany me at least as and walk down the street with the boys far as New York, but ten days before hooting at me."

He carefully sustained from letting his Lon don friends know why he had left Bayford-the relaxing climate of Devonshire was the constant pretext, and the energy of abuse he lavished upon the atmosphere of that beautiful county was really astonishing. To hear him talk one would have thought that he had only just escaped perishing from liver complaint by his sudden flight.

As his courage returned he began to look out for a new curacy, and after about a month's efforts in this direction he came into my room one morning in great g'on to announce that he had secured a now post.

"My leaving Bayford has turned out splendidly," he said. "I have got a better post. f.15 a year more stipend, and then it's at Harongate.

gate. Janet and her mother live there mother heard of it, she said that clearyou know. I shall see meine Geliebte od my character from the slightest constantly. There will be five o'clock suspicion, and that people in Herrogate tea, and sometimes tennis on their lawn had been very hasty in forming ili--they've a beautiful lawn with a shady arbour-and now and then a picnic." He was beaming with pleasure at this

know," he said, "seeing each other became a rich man."

HEADACHES from whatever cause cured in half an hour by HOFFMANS HEADACHE POWDERS

you know, I really teel obliged to that see it. poor silly Polly Simpson. I don't mind at all what I've gone through now it's ending like this.'

him off two days later at King's Cross, and the letters I had from him the first few weeks of his residence at Harrogate were as bright and cheerful s pessible. He was getting all he expected-the five o'clock teas, the pionics, the tennis, and, I expect also, the pleasant tete-a-tete in the shady arbotr. His letters soon became less frequent, but one day, after some weeks' silence, I got a most triumphal missive from him.

"Mamma has capitulated," he wrote in big letters. "We are to be married next symmer." His letter was very enthusiastic, and contained this postscript: 'With all my heart I bless Polly Simpson for driving me out of

It was a curious coincidence, but that very day I saw the lady on whose head Saxby was heaping benedictions. It was in the vestibule of the Hotel Metropole, where I was waiting a few n.oments for a friend. There was no mistaking the person, though I certainly didn't expect to see her in such a place. She was very differently cressed, too; the hat and jacket she taste of the West End artiste. There was an elderly lady with her, and they were waiting while their luggage-a good many packages-was being put on to a cab. Glancing carelessly at one trunk, I read the legend, "Miss M. Simpson, Passenger to Harrogite." This chance disclosure made me very apprehensive to dangers threatened to Saxby's peace and quiet, and at first I thought I would write and let him know of the intended visit. But on reflection I decided not to trouble his tranquillity prematurely. It seemed most proabable that Polly Simpson was. in spite of the fashionable attire, only the maid of the elderly lady I had seen with her, and Harrogate, I b-

I soon forgot the incident, and as I learnt from a common friend that he had left Harrogate, and inten led to abandon the clerical profession al-

Something wrong with one of the Thirty-nine Articles, I believe," my informant said. "Can't say which one, but Saxby says his mind is quite mide Means to emigrate, it seems." I learned that Saxby was then ac-100n I called at the address I had got. I found him at home, dressel in what the tailors call a morning suit, which fitted him very badly. I found con clerical attire he had bought his

"I badn't strength of mind enough I mentioned what I had heard. Sax-

clothes ready-made,

by shook his head sadly. "The Thirty-nine Articles are right enough," he said. "It's that woman who is driving me out of my profession and away from my country. I'll 'ell cow. The young man walked across you all about it. It seems that a Cana- the street, and, with head erect, and dian brother of hers died and left her springing gait, marched down the pavea lot of money. That's what that lawyer came down to Bayford to see her about. I suppose the excitement of this change in her position kept her quiet for a time, but as soon as the Lovelty of it wore off, the old delusion came up again. She employed a detective to trace me, and then came cown to Harrogate herself." I told Saxby what I had seen in the

"Perhaps I ought to have warned you," I said. ference, I'm afraid," he said, sadly. "I his fire-it was a cold morning -he was was away for a few days when she got an old man; he sat down for a mom-cown to Harrogate, and she confined ont and warmed his hands. "Twentyherself to attending the church regu- four," he said, "and I am seventy-four. larly. There are daily services, you The world is very unequal. That's the know, lots of them, and she was pres- chief charm about it. Without uncerent at every one. My Vicar an 1 my tainty, life would be too monotonous fellow curates noticed her, of course The young man took it bravely." He -they couldn't help it-and then she got up and prepared for the reception always gave something considerable to of another patient. "They are braver the offertory, which was still more rethan they were; they used to take it markable. They told me of her when fainting; or they took it sighing, cry-I got back, but they didn't know her ing, sobbing, blubbering; or they prayname, and I was far enough from sus- ed for life at any cost of any suffering pecting that the lady who was so lav- -at! I've witnessed curious cowarish of her half-sovereigns was Polly dice in my time. Now they can't bear Simpson, the stonemason's daughter. pain, and they won't have it-not the It was one Sunday when the revela- least bit of pain. But they don't mind "I shall leave Bayford to-morrow by when I caught sight of her face in the I saw her. And-"

"Well?" I said, interrogatively. fully, "Just as before. Broke down out of the church somehow."

him; he buried his head in his hands

and remained silent. "It may be weakness," he continued, low-by a dark and solitary way. last, "but I can't help it. It spoils my whole career, you know. For wher- with a steady carriage and an elastic ever I might go I should be afraid of step. These formed part of himself; her following me. I should never get he would have walked to the scaffold into the pulpit without expecting to with the same step-in fact, he was see her face turned up to me with | walking to the scaffold. Yet he was the rest. Some men might get over as heavy of heart as a young man can it, but I can't. So I am thinking of well be. Three weeks-three short California and fruit farming.

"And Miss Kendrich?" I asked. ly. "That old lady you saw is Polly's | would go on henceforth, that is, afcompanion, and she called on Miss ter three weeks-absolutely without Kengrich, and gave some version of him-for ever, without thinking any the story. And she is such a nice oid more about him! Poor world! Unlady that Mrs. Kendrich told me she fortunate world! Daily robbed, thus thought there must be something in it, untimely, of its chief hope and promespecially after my extraordinary be- ise! Heavy of heart or not, he walked haviour in the church.'

I was projecting another trip round lit a cigar and sat down to think. Only and-remember-don't be too bashful. the world, starting westward. Saxby three weeks left! sailing he changed his mind.

"Janet has written to me," he said, "to say that she believes in me in spite of everything, and she doesn't want me to go away." I was more than a year away, and, owing to my erratic movements, I re-

ceived hardly any letters, and none at all from Saxby. When I got back I found that a remarkable change had taken place in his circumstances. He came to see me two days after my return, once more attired in clerical garb, and looking very sleek and prosperous "I'm so glad you're back in time for my wedding," he said. "Janet and 1 are to be married in a fortnight." "And the other young lady,?" I

His countenance assumed a moment's "Poor Polly Simpson is dead," he said, solemnly. "Died three months ago.

And she left me all the money she "At Harrogate?' I replied doubtfully. inherited from the Canadian brother, "Yes," Saxby went on, "at Herro- nearly £40,000. And when Janet's fall upon others. natured judgments. I didn't think at first I ought to accept the bequest, but she was quite sure about it, and said that my refusal would look very suspicious, and poor Polly had left no "And it may help on matters, you relatives, you know. So I gave in, and

"You were quite right," I said, "and so was Mrs. Kendrich." "There was one condition attached to

every day. Mrs. Kendrich may give write an epitaph over the deceased."
her permission to an early marriage. Do . "An epitaph!" I exclaimed; "let me

Saxby shook his head. "No," he said. "You are an irreverent being, and only see the comic side o' things. But I don't mind telling He looked still happier when I saw you that I am rather pleased with my performance. It's pretty long, and it's in Latin. I fancy poor Polly Simpson would have liked that." (The End.)

BY WALTER BESANT.

"That will do," said the physician. "Sit down." The patient obeyed in silence. The physician turned to the table, and replaced his instrument. He was longer over this than seemed necessary.

"You think," asked the patient cold-"You are twenty-four." The physician faced his patient with cold eyes. You are made, you think, for a long life. Your parents were killed in an accident; otherwise they might have lived to an old age; your people for generations have all been long lived. was wearing suggested the skill and Yes, you seem framed for the attainment of old age. Yet-there are chances-there are flaws-no one must count upon the outward promise of largevity. There is no certainty; there are germs in the air- in

"You think-then?" the patient interrupted without the least appearance of discomposure or anxiety. "What I think, young gentleman, is

this-you are so strong that you are brave enough to face the truth." "I hope so." "Then, sir, you will be dead in three

There was silence for a space. The petient received this intelligence with lieved, was a favorite resort of elderly his cheek turn pale. He got up slowly, and began to walk about the room, looking at the pictures, taking up I didn't hear from Saxby, I didn't trifles from the mantel-shelf, as one think very much about him, so that I does when the mind is greatly prewas surprised beyond measure when occupied. Then he turned suddenly to the Doctor. "You are quite sure of what you say?"

> "I am quite sure. "You are an old man. You have seen thousands of cases. With your experience a mistake is impossible." "It is-humanly speaking-impossi-For one of my experience, such a mistake is-humanly speaking-im-

"And there is no loophole-no chance of escape ?" "While there is life there is always chance. In your case the locality of the mischief cannot by reached

"Thank you," said the patient. "I is rather a pity that I did not know afterwards that in his hurry to aban- of this a week ago. You might then to call on you," he said, "or you would have saved -" He stopped short, with have seen me before. You can guess a choke in his voice. It was the only outward sign of emotion. "Thank you," he repeated, laying an envelope with a cheque in it on the table. will not take up more of your time. And my own is too short to be wasted.

The physician looked out of the win-"One would say he had a hundred

years before him," said the physician, 'And he is only twenty-four. And wealthy, he told me, And ambitious, I should think. And able, am sure. All the world before this unfortunate young man; and he must die at the outset. And some poor weakling, whom nobody wants, will be kept alive till seventy! Hump! There he goes, marching like a sergeant of the guards. Round the cor-"It wouldn't have made much dif- ner now." The physician returned to

they were. Perhaps the young mind dying less than the old, because they "I broke down," Saxby said, mourn- are not so bound by the delights and vanities of this, on-the-whole-and-afcompletely. Stopped short, and got ter-due-deductions-made, happy life. But they don't really like dying, and The remembrance was too painful for | they never will, so long as the step is made out of light and companionship and sunshine into-whatever is to fol-

The young man, then, walked away weeks-and all would be over; the world-strange thing-never to be un-"That's all over, too," he said, bitter- derstood, even by the most useless-It happened that just at this time | then went to his chambers, where he

"A long rope, my lord," the condemned criminal used to pray the judge. Three weeks was thought a reasonable long rope. Whatever the length of the rope, it was counted short towards waiting seemed long. Gilbert-the the end, when only the last hours of christian name of this condamne was Gilbert-had a rope three weeks long, and it seemed at first a reasonable time within which to make the necessary dispositions. At this, the very beginning of the limited period, the young man was surprised to find himself neither dismayed, as many would be; nor disgusted, as he had a right to surprising and of great joy-to combe; nor terrified, nor in a rage. He was as yet, he said to himself, insensible to the greatness of the disaster; I was afraid you wouldn't come. that, he thought, would grow upon him | thought you might be cross-you know day by day-the doubtful step out of | you were very cross a week ago. the light into the dark, the terrors of | thought you would rather go out the tomb, the lonely journey, the sud- to-"she imitated the dealing of cards. den abandonment of all his hopes, the 'E'h?" loss of love, and the sorrow that would

He was a New Zealander by birth,

Ask your grocer for the legacy," Saxby said. "I had to For Table and Dairy, Purest and Best

He had English relations, but they did not know how rich he was, and thought that a poor colonial cousin would probably be a nuisance in a respectable family. Therefore they gave him the cold shoulder. He had freinds in plenty, such friends as clever young fellow readily makes at Cambridge; he believed in them, and hurry. Anything good is worth waitthey believed in him; he believed that his friends were coming men, and much his legs, and drove his hands into his finer fellows than the existing lot; pockets. they believed the same of him. They frrther believed that to be thirty years | red, "I never pretended-to you-to of age was to be advanced in life, and that to be still working after fifty was a scandalous invasion of the rights of the grave. You understand exactly, let?" therefore, what manner of man he

He was a happy lover; made happy exactly a week before this dreadful thing fell upon him. The name of the girl was Violet. I think if his thoughts had turned in the direction of Violet just when the physician told him the truth about his case, he would have taken it fainting. Fortunately, he only began to think of her now, in his own rooms alone, when he was beginning to understand a little. It takes time, you see, for a man'to discover the meaning of any event. Most of us never do succeed in understanding what any event means-birth, belongings, disease, loss-so that all the consequences which are absolutely certain and unavoidable, fall upon us as so many distinct and separate operations of fate and vindictiveness-When he did think of his giri, and

of the grief that would fall upon her be-well-torgive him. Love makes a man weak as well as strong-lacrymis | he would have found it out?" se tradidit. It sounds more manly in Latin. Violet, he said, was all affec- ed Bob. "Then it is off." tion, a creature of pure affection; she tradidit. Does it not look better in the letter first."

He was a man quick to resolve. He made up his mind at once what was best to be done. Since they must part, iet them part at once; let there be no leave-taking-horrible, acute, agonizing; let the end be made, and the knot cut, at once.

He dried his unmanly tears, and sat down to write. A hard thing to do, but he did it-and this is part of his letter. It began with things sacred to love-things that should never be copied out and printed:

"I shall take with me," he said, after explanations, "where I am going the undying memory of this week of boundless happiness. Whenever 1 may be ordered to go-I know not what my new country will by like-there can be no joy comparable to the joy of loving you. I shall take that memory away with me at least. All the memories of my life may be forgotten, but I shall keep this one. My dear, could have married that thing of am-I am going on a long journey; I must go very soon; I must go alone -quite alone. I cannot even take you with me. I would not if I could. You must remain and forget me, and rejoice in your youth, and in your beauty, and in your goodness. My dear angel, you would have made me, perhaps, in the long run, even like yourself, because you could have made me what you please, and nothing short of your own purity and sweetness and goodness would have satisfied you. My saint! it may be that beyond the tomb I may yet rise to your level, and stand will receive from me. In kindness to you it will be best that I should not see you again before I go. Another communication you will have respecting certain wishes of mine, but this

is the last letter you will have from me. Farewell, my love-farewell, "I repeat, I am doomed to die. There can be no doubt I have had symptoms -which should have disquieted mefor some time past. I have consulted a physician, Sir Christopher Fairlight. He says that I shall be dead in three weeks. I shall go away, therefore, and take a lodging somewhere, and die me. Do not answer this letter. Say to yourself, 'He is dead.' And, so saying. try to forget me, and be happy again. Say 'He is dead,' and be happy again. That is all. Farewell !- G."

Violet received this letter at breakfast. She read it with an expression | marrying. Perfect confidence in meed his sister, "what does he mean? He was here the day before vesterday

What does it mean?"

"It means," George replied, "either what it says-in which case, Violet, must see him at once, because, you see he ought to do something for you. It's very sudden. Poor beggar! I wonder if it is really-upon my word it's a very sad letter-but you don't seem to mind much. He's very fond of you -this letter shows that he's a fool -I think he ought to do something very handsome indeed for you. Or, perhaps-but I can't think-it means that he's going to bolt and break it

"It doesn't mean that, George, unless he's found out something-Bob, you

"Humph! Perhaps-well-I will take cab to his chambers and catch him

The maiden, all affection, and constancy, took a kidney and a piece of toast. "I think it's a real letter, and that he's got to sit down and die. It must be horrid for him. But he will de what you like about me, George-He's got piles of money. If you can't get a satisfactory will out of him-why -I had better have stuck to my dear | ly, who was taken from her so cruelly. old Bob. And mind, George, don't ask me to pretend, because I won't. If you bring him to reason-that way-I shall be glad of it. Glad, mind."

But when her brother called, the tenant of the chambers was gone. Where? His servants did not know. There was no address for letters. Probably the master would be back in a day or

"Bob!" she cried, springing up and running to meet him with every outward sign of joy, and with the flushed excitement of one who has news-news municate. "I am so glad to see you You got my telegram? Of course.

"No Violet. I got your telegram, and I saw there must be something up. What is it? Are you tired of an only son, and an orphan, and very | your conquest yet? What is it? I comfortably endowed with wealth. am rather surprised, too. I thought That is, he could live in club land, that henceforth we were to meet-in the giddy crowd and the heartless throng, you know-as strangers. Eh?" The speaker was a young man, thin and spare, smooth-faced, clever-looking, and, unless his whole appearance belied him, one addicted to the gauds and pomps and hollow delights of this unsatisfying world, also one who had often troiden the flags of Piccadilly pavement. "You look as if something had happened. By Jove, Violet, you

or in Bayswater land, or in Western look your old self, as if you had had a Kensington land, without doing any pint of champagne, and were ready to work at all. And he had ambitions. say something wicked. When I saw you last it was the shrinking-wood Violet. Now it's the-the gaudy Gardenia! But what is it?"

"Something has happened. Oh You will never guess-never-you coulan't guess." Something good, for once, to judge by your looks. Well, I'm not in a ing for." He sat down, stretched out

"Bob," the girl began, flushing a rosy care for Gilbert a bit, did I?" Bob sat up, and took his hands out of his pockets. "Is it off then, Vio-

"Wait-did I pretend?" "To me? No, you never did. You always told me that I'd got your heart, which wasa't much good-as we agreed -if the rest of you was going to the other fellow. To him, of course-you didn't quite say that."

"Of course. I had to pretend. He asked me every day if I loved him, and I stood so-your shrinking-wood Violet, you know." She clasped her kends and hung her pretty head and looked up with limpid eyes full of modesty and sweet maidenly love. "You're a little devil," said Bob. "Like that," continued the girl. "Then Gilbert sed to heave a sigh, and began to talk about his ambitions. Oh! How truly awful it would have been to be every day, and all day long, with a man who could talk about nothing but his amibitions. Said he wasn't good enough to talk to me-to me, Bob, after you'd been making love to me !- about anything but the higher aspirations of the soul! How long, do you think, before

"Would have found it out!" repeat-"Yes-I got this letter yesterday ,was all constancy and truth; she was morning. Read it. When I read it wholly his; she had given her heart to I said to my brother, 'George, it's no him for life or death; she would never | use pretending, I'm glad of it.' That -never-get over it. He saw in im- is what I said. George walked over agination her widowed form, graceful to the Albany at once; but Gilbert was steady look. He flinched not: nor did | even in grief, kneeling beside his tomb | gone. George said that something year after year. Again-lacrymis se ought to be done for me, and-but read

ed at the girl curiously. He was but a young fellow about town who thought of nothing but what his like call pleasure, but the letter touched him. He handed it back. "I understand now," he said. "You never did care a bit for him. You hated him. Otherwise - well-it's a straightforward letter Violet. He's a good fellow, and he has apared you a mighty lot of trouble in refusing to see you. It's a most considerate letter. Poor beggar! He was fond of you, and you don't deserve it-well, if it was I who was dying-I'd have you by the bedside, holding my hand all the time for fear you'd go off with somebody else before I was dead-and-hang it, Violet! I believe I should have killed you, too, so that we might go off together." "That's the sort of love I like, Bob, said the maiden of all virtues. real love without thinking that a girl

bitions? You don't want an angel, do world, and I want a woman of the world, and we both must want all the good things we can get. Well-butis this all? You said-first-I must read that letter. What next? You are free, But are we any nearer than before? I'm no richer-but poorerand the debts are getting mere uncomfortable, and-'

"You shall see, Bob. Read this." It was a lawyer's letter, stiff and formal. Bob read it slowly. Then he cried, "Oh, Lord!" as one in great astonishment. He finished it. He looked up. Violet nodded. "That's

"All? Isn't that enough? All? Good heavens!" "One of the partners called about eleven o'clock and placed this in my hands. I wish I'd known he was coming; I would have had the blinds down. As it was I slipped on a black frock and threw myself on the sofa, and buried my face in my handkerchief. He was much affected, poor man! A goodlooking fellow, Bob.

"I daresay. Perhaps you'd like to be engaged to him, too. It would be another change, wouldn't it? But on what conditions?"

"There are no conditions, except one, which, I'm sure, I shall keep with the greatest joy-not to put on mourning. That's all. No nasty ones about of the greatest bewilderment, but not perfect, you see. That's the real the least grief, dismay or affliction. beauty of the thing, isn't it? I've got "George," she said to her brother, toss- to forget him, and be happy. I sup-George did read it. "Well?" ask- the Times, shan't we? After that, Bob, I don't see why-"

"Violet! Eighty thousand pounds!" as well as any man can be. And, as He held out his arms, and the Violet usual, full of his stupid ambitions. fell into them, and they kissed and purred delightfully for five long min-"You are a little devil," said her

lover. It was the greatest praise he had to give her, and the greatest she desired. "Those angelic wood nymph's eyes have done the trick. What a 'good fellow he is! What a pity he couldn't give you the money and go back to his colony and live there! And about you"--Violet nodded-"and-and I say, Violet dear, we'll have the most glorious time." "We will, Bob. But, remember, I'm

not going to pay your gambling debts. Have your little flutters if you like, but if you get into a hole my money won't put you out; and I'm going my way, and you can go the same way, or some other, what you please."

"All right, my dear. It's more than two thousand a year. We can do pretty well on that, I daresay. Let's have a look at your eyes again. I like em, whatever they are, and-andyou're a little devil, Violet, and I love you all the better because you are." Thus and thus was the news received. Thus did the girl, who was all affection, and all constancy, mourn for the man she had loved so tender-(To be continued)

## SAVE THE MOTHERS

Dodd's Kidney Pills Their Only Safety in Female Diseases.

You have seen a flower nipped by frost, fade and die in the flush of its beauty. That is how women die when attacked by any of the diseases peculiar to their sex.

Woman's burdens are woefully heavy. Her sufferings are agonizing Her patience is grand. Disease preys upon her. The light dies out of her eyes, her steps become slow and dragging; she loses flesh; grows sallow, listless, droops like a flower. Then she dies. Her family is left to the cold mercy of the world.

" Mother's dead!" What a piteous phrase. What sufferings have been endured before it was used. Why should mothers, wives, sisters suffer so? They need not. Dodd's Kidney Pills will quickly and thoroughly cure all cases of Female Weakness. They never fail. They give health, strength, courage: a new lease of life.

What is

# CASTORIA

Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infante and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups and Castor Oil It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea-the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for "Castoria is so well adapted to children children. Mothers have repeatedly told me that I recommend it as superior to any preof its good effect upon their children." scription known to me." DR. G. C. Osgoon, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria

H. A. ARCHER, M. D. Brooklyn, N. V.

THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF



THE GENTAUR COMPANY, TO MURBAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY

Spratt & Killen.



## Crockery Department

Dinner and Tea Setts.

New lines just received, most complete stock in town; prices the lowest. See our Deep Blue Gilted 97 Piece Dinner Sett \$11

Our fall stock just to hand, and shows unprecedented value. In Vase Lamps, Banquet Lamps, Library Lamps and Hall Lamps we are offering special inducements. These goods have been selected with special care and a view of pleasing all with regard to quality, style and price .....

See our Banquet Lamp at \$5.00 See our Vase Lamp at ..... \$1.50

Biscuit Jars, Tobacco Jars, Vases, ananese Butter Chips, Five Piece Tea Setts, etc. etc., in great profusion at Half the Regular Price.

Choicest Mocha and Java Coffee 40c S. & K. Blend, we guarantee this blend as good as can be bought in town at 40c,..... Fine Santos..... 25c

New Raisins and Currants in a

few days-

Established Quarter Century. RELIABLE GROCERS

New Advertisements. WANTED .- Situation by a single lady as housekeeper in country or town. Can arnish good references. Apply at this o ffice —w4.

WANTED- Agents for "Gladstone. His Life and Public Services " by Thos. W. Handford. A wonderful story of a glorious career. Over 500 large, radiant pages, 100 superb, rare engravings. Richest, biggest, best and only endorsed Gladstone Book "published, Only \$1.59, Commission, 50 per cent. Credit given. Freight pai". Ou fit free. Drop all trash and clear \$300 a month with the only true and good ' Gladstone book. Address THE DOMINION COMPANY, Dept. 36, 152 856 Jearborn street, Chicago, 23-w 16.

THE LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY. FIRE AND LIFE. The Largest Fire Insurance Company :

Invested in Canada ..... 900,000 LIFE DEPARTMENT.

Assurance effected with or without profits, Mod erate Rates, Four-fifths of profits given to polic boldels, For particulars of rates apply to Agent for Lindsay and Victoria Co N P.-I never discount customers paper

J. J. Wetherup.

BOX 415, Lindsay. I WILL PAY A COMMISSION OF \$2.00 on ORGANS .... \$5.00 on PIANOS .. .. \$1.00 on SEWING MACHINES

the sale of an Organ Piano or Sewing Machine (wil in 60 days of such information). For this reason made. I have no store rent to pay. I pay no travelling to solicit orders. I pay cash for my sell dir et from my office only goods, securing the lowest possible prices, therefore sell at from 10 to 2) per cent lower that agents who rell on commission. I give a special discount of 5 per cent to persons purchasing direct

from my office. J. J. WETHERUP, Cor, Sussex and Peel-st., third house north of Robson's store glyce

loss 1

CHANGE

CABINE

The Doc Dreyfus # meani their coll

As he v the Cabin apparent the Dray! resignation lows: ' receive War. A in the Dr fully of than th judgmen

from an Daily M sumed a Great Br Major M able that Fashoda

accede to Noel for with the A Briois) berguee s rumor withd Among credited the attacl

> An Impr Deeph loreign so seived the the excer Whom he road state The fe Pressive

from the