# Business Cards

Mrs. Sproule & Ego

...Turner's Drug Store ... At his residence, ... two doors above ...

M.D.M.C.P.&S.O.

C. CAMPBELL, D.D.S., L.D.S.

... College of Dentis... of Toronto. Office ... Young's bank ... Walters Falls the 1st ... month. Flesherton ... Thursdays and Hol... every Thursday.

OLIVER, V. S.

MARKDALE

... Veterinary ...

B. HOLMES

... Surgeon

... Dale, Ont.

...SH

... Sham

...OWSTON

... to Ladies' and Chil... ... solicited. ... Steam Laundry. ... main street.

... R. Benson ... Co


# An Old Man's Darling.

BY MRS. ALEX. McV. MILLER

Author of "The Senator's Bride," "Brunette and Blonde," "A Dreadful Temptation," Etc.

... when she was recalled ab-

... I wish to speak with ... seat, if you please." ... at the ... the tone. Bonnibel ... with a gleam ... her ... eyes ... she answered, coldly, ... what you have to say

... said Mrs. Arnold. ... your strength ... however."

... offer of mar... said Mrs. ... displeasure. ... deepened their

... she answered ... "But I am ... which you ... fact." ... Mrs. Arnold re... the ...

... been the innocent cause of pain to Fe...

... me the additional mortifica... sympathy," was the ... I think she can bear the old ... She does not desire your ... and I believe I have man... the only reputation possible for you."

"... that?" said the girl, slowly.

"... marry Colonel Carlyle and get out ... way," was the harsh reply.

"I ... do that," said Bonnibel, har... "It is impossible for me to marry Colonel Carlyle—there are many reasons why I should not. As to the others I will—"

She was about to add, "I will go away from ...," but a sickening thought flashed across her. Where could she go?

She had no relative to fly to in her trouble. She did not know how to work ... take care of herself. She had never learned anything useful, and her education had been mostly limited to those showy, superficial accomplishments in vogue in the fashionable world. She had five hundred fashionable friends, but not one to whom she could turn ... in this her dark hour.

"You ... you cannot marry Colonel Carlyle," said Mrs. Arnold, breaking in on ... troubled silence. "Listen to the only alternative that is left you. I give you until he returns for his answer to decide. If you do not then accept him you shall no longer have the shelter of my roof. Yes, in the very hour that you refuse Carlyle's millions, I will turn you out, homeless into the streets."

Into ... How the words grated on the girl's terrified hearing. She had seen them take up a dead girl from the streets once, a girl as young and fair almost as herself.

They said she had poisoned herself because she had no home. They took her away to the Morgue, but Bonnibel had not forgotten that fair, still face as it lay cold in death.

She ... at it now with a shiver. Some one had turned the poor girl into the streets to die. Would that be her fate?

A deadly weakness stole over her. She dropped into a chair like one shot, and Mrs. Arnold as she stood near her could hear the loud, wild beating of her heart. Her little white hands trembled and her cheeks and lips turned white as marble.

"Aunt Arnold," she said looking up at the ... woman, "you would ... me to ... surely? I should have nowhere to go, and I am so terribly afraid of the night and the darkness in the crowded streets of the city!"

"... the listener. "You ... the finest houses in ... and have every luxury ... can command, but ... go from under the shelter of this roof?"

"There ..." ... of some one ... the flower garden outside.

It was Felise. She came in with one hand ... while the other held a newspaper which she was ... with ...

"... do you ... who ... more?"

A ... the girl's ... She looked up quickly into the ... face of Felise.

"... What of him, Felise?"

"... to Rome to study ... the ... girl. ... I believe ... said Bonnibel, ... was coming ..."

"... there can be no mistake ... look here, Bonnibel."

... she carried into ... hand, and touched her taper ... paragraph.

... followed the jeweled finger ... the few lines with staring ... of the ... that Felise ...

Ever afterward Bonnibel associated roses with the thought of death.

"... the 16th of April, at Rome, Italy, of ... fever, Leslie Dane, in the ... year of his age. Mr. Dane was an ... and a native of the United States of America. Requiescat in pace."

CHAPTER XVI.

Felise was prepared to see her rival fall ... at her feet.

She ... nothing less from the shock to the girl's already overwrought feelings, and in anticipation she already gloated over the sight of her sufferings.

But she was mistaken. Bonnibel neither screamed nor fainted. She sat like one ... for a moment, her blue eyes ... to the paper, and her face growing white as death, while the two women ... her watched her with ... of triumph.

The next instant, with a bound like that of a wounded fawn seeking some ... in which to die, she sprang from her seat and rushed from the room, ... the fatal paper in her hand.

They could hear her light feet flying along the hall and up the stairs to her own ... apartments.

The two wicked women looked at each other blankly.

"I did not expect her to take it that way," ... Mrs. Arnold.

"Nor I," returned Felise. "I looked for ... some kind of a ... at least."

"... she does not care much after all," ... Mrs. Arnold. "She is young, and the young are proverbially fickle. She may have ceased to love him."

"No, she has not. I am confident of that ... Her face looked dreadful when she went out. She is too proud to let ... how she is wounded—that is all. She turned as white as a dead woman while she was reading, and there was a haunted, desperate look in her eyes. Depend upon it she is terribly stricken."

"Do you think she will consent to marry Colonel Carlyle now, Felise?"

"I rather think she will, after the awful alternative you placed before her."

"Did you hear our conversation, my dear?"

"Every word of it, mother. I must say you sustained your part splendidly. I feared you would not display sufficient firmness, but you came off with flying colors."

Mrs. Arnold smiled. She was well pleased at her daughter's praise, for though her life was devoted to the service of Felise, the scheming girl seldom gave her a word or smile of commendation. She answered quickly:

"I am glad you were pleased, my love. I tried to be as positive as you wished me to be. I fancied I heard you under the window once."

"I was there," said Felise, with a laugh.

"She was very much shocked when I threatened to turn her out of doors," said Mrs. Arnold. "She looked at me quite wildly."

"She will be more shocked when she finds you meant every word, for, mother, if she does not accept Colonel Carlyle, you shall certainly drive her away!" exclaimed Felise, and a wild and lurid gleam of hatred fired her eyes as she spoke that boded evil to the fair and innocent girl upon whom she had sworn to take a terrible revenge.

* * * * *

Bonnibel flew up the stairs to her own room, still clenching the fatal paper tightly in her hand, and locking her door, threw herself downward upon the carpet and lay there like one dead.

She had not fainted. Every nerve was keenly alive and quivering with pain. Her heart was beating in great, suffocating throbs, her throat felt stiff and chocked as if compressed by an iron hand, and her head ached terribly as if someone had hurled a heavy stone upon it.

Her whole being seemed to be one great pulse of intense agony; yet she lay still and moveless save that now and then a convulsive clutch of the small hand pressed to her throat showed that life still inhabited that beautiful frame.

Life! The thought came to her suddenly and painfully. She raised herself slowly and heavily, as if the weight of her sorrow crushed her down to earth, and the full realization of the terrible change broke over her. Leslie Dane was dead. That graceful form, that handsome face was hidden beneath the damp earth mould. The dark eyes of her artist husband would never shine down upon her again with the lovelight beaming in them, those lips whose smiles she had loved so well would never press hers again as they had done that night when he had blessed her and called her his wife. But she—she was a living, agonized creature, the plaything of fate—oh, God! she thought, clasping her hands together wildly, oh, God! that she were dead and lying in the grave with the loved one she would never see again. She felt in all its passionate intensity the force of another's heart-wrung utterance.

> Dead, dead, she moaned,
> "Oh, God! since he could die,
> The world's a grave, and ...
> buried there."

Ah! Bonnibel, sweet Bonnibel! It is a dark world indeed on which your tearful gaze looks forth! It has been the grave of hope to many, yet destiny pushes us forward blindly, and we cannot stay its juggernaut wheels as they roll over our hearts.

"I am eighteen years old, and I am a widow," she moans at last, and staggers blindly to her feet, pushing back the fair locks from her brow with shaking hands. "I am a widow!"

Oh! the pathos of the words! As she speaks them she draws the blinds, the curtain, and the room is ... in darkness. She had shut out ... from the sight of suffering. ... my reader, will turn aside ... the contemplation of that ... young heart as it fights the battle in gloom and silence.

> "Who breathes must suffer ...
> ... must mourn;
> And he alone is blessed who ...
> ..."

Six days later Colonel Carlyle ... ushered into Mrs. Arnold's ... room, and sent up his card to Mi... ...

After a slight delay she came in, pale and pure as a snowdrop ... mere as a lily ... Colonel ... both felt and saw that some ... intangible change had come ... He bowed over the cold, white ... placed in his.

It was a very warm day ... May, but she was clothed ... to foot in heavy mourning ... crape. Her golden hair was ... straight back from her ... gathered into a simple coil ... with a comb of jet. From ... her setting her fair face and ... shone like a star.

"You are pale, Bonnibel; I have not been ill," exclaimed the ... ardent suitor anxiously.

"I am as well as usual," she ... ed, with a slight, cold smile.

They sat down, and the ... at once plunged into the ... est his heart.

"Bonnibel, I have come for my answer, you know," he said; "I hope and trust it may be a favorable one."

The girl's sweeping lashes ... a moment from her pale cheeks, ... blue eyes regarded him sadly; ... did not speak. He bent down and ... ed her white, listless hand in his and held it fondly.

"My dear, shall it be yes?" he ... ed. "Will you give me this ... little treasure?"

Bonnibel looked down at the ... that lay in the colonel's—it was ... which were the opal ring that ... ful, changeful gem. Its colors were dim and pale to-day. She shivered slightly, as if with cold.

"Colonel Carlyle, I told you when we spoke of this before that I did not love you," she said faintly.

The colonel did not appear to be disheartened by this plaintive plea.

"At least you do not hate me, Bonnibel," he said, half questioningly.

"Oh, no," she answered quickly; "I like you very much, Colonel Carlyle. You have been so very kind to me, you know—but it is only the liking one has for a friend—it is in no way akin to love."

"I will try to be contented with just your friendly liking, my dear one, if you will give yourself to me," he answered, eagerly.

"I believe I could give you a daughter's affection, but never that of a wife," she murmured.

"... with all ... to ... if ... take you even on this ..." he replied. "Let me give you the shelter of my name and ... I cannot ... win ... your heart."

She shook her head, and a ... sigh drifted across her ...

"Do not deceive ... Colonel Carlyle," she said. "My ... I shall never love any one."

...

"Do you mean it?" she ... "The hand ... would that ..."

"Yes," he answered; ...

...

Colonel Carlyle was beside ...

...

CHAPTER XVII.

...

Bonnibel and pleaded for ... his heart at a marriage at ... wedding. He wanted to ...

...

... was ruined.

...

He had ... at Long Branch ... there, and the two ladies had promised to join them there in a day or two at farthest.

Nothing but the coldest civilities had passed between the outraged Bonnibel and the mother and daughter since the day when Mrs. Arnold had cruelly insulted and threatened the helpless girl.

(To be continued)


# HEARTBURN.

"In the Spring of 1897, I was attacked with Dyspepsia and Heartburn. So severe was the pain that I could not sleep or eat, and I was troubled with headache most all the time. I remained in that state for three months, and tried everything I could think of. At last one day I read in the paper about Burdock Blood Bitters, and thought I would try it. Great was my surprise on finishing the first bottle to find I could eat better, the headache left me, and before I had used the second bottle, I was completely cured. I cannot advise too strongly all sufferers from stomach troubles to try B.B.B." MRS. WM. GRATTAN, In-diantown, N.B.

The universal testimony from all parts of Canada gives the palm of victory over all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels and Blood to

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.


# SPRINGS OF WATER

## Dr Talmage Draws Inspiration From an Old Oriental Story

Caleb's Wedding Present to His Daughter of the Springs of Water—Wealth Without Religion is Worthless—God's Gift to Mankind.

Taking for his text an oriental scene seldom noticed, Dr Talmage discusses the supernal advantages of religion for this world and the next; text, Joshua xv, 19: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

The city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity—a great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do, and yet the man that could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood — bravery and patriotism. Besides, I do not think that Caleb was as foolish in offering his daughter to the conqueror of Debir as thousands in this day who seek alliances for their children with those who have large means without any reference to moral or mental acquirements. Of two evils I would rather measure happiness by the length of the sword than by the length of the pocketbook. In one case there is sure to be one good element of character; in the other there may be none at all. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, General Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job for him to conquer the girl's heart, for, however faint hearted a woman herself may be, she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that.

The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to stay, and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask almost anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous and sloping ... toward the deserts of Arabia, ... with some very hot winds. It ... called "a south land," but Achsah ... an addition of property. She ... a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now, it is no wonder ... amid the bridal ... eyes so full of tears, because ... away that he could hardly ... at all, gives her more than ... She said to him: "Thou hast given me a south land. Give me also springs of water." And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

A Worthless Portion

... fact is, that as Caleb, the father, ... Achsah, the daughter, a south ... gives to us his world. I ... that he has given it to us, ... like Achsah in the fact that I ... satisfied with the portion. Trees ... and grass and blue skies ... in their places, but he ... nothing but this world for a ... portion at all. It is a ... land, sloping off toward ... sorrow, swept by fiery ... It is "a south land," a poor ... for any man that tries to put ... What has been your ... has been the experience ... of every woman ... this world for a portion? ... amid the surroundings ... unhappy because the ... too minutely the ... face; and she indignantly ... "You must strike off ... without any shadows!" ... at the very height of his ar... almost to death ... because the painting he ... dedicated to the king does not ... acceptable, for George II. cries ... "Who is this Hogarth? Take his ... out of my presence!"

... Sheridan thrilled the earth ... eloquence, but had for his ... "I am absolutely undone." ... Walter Scott, ... around the ink... trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room! There is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave!" Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or, at any rate, only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galley slave. When I arise in the morning, my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night."

No Joy in Wealth

... successful world; ... you know what I mean by ... successful worldling—pick ... successful worldlings, and ... more than one that ... Care drags him to his ... him back. Take your ... at the corner of the ... the agonized physiognomy ... officials, your bankers, ... your importers, ... dealers and your retailers ... are they happy? ... their steps, and making ... God for help or com... of them are tossed every... Has it been with you ... you more contented ... rooms than you were ... you had in a house ... ? Have you not had ... worriment since you ... than you did before? ... men I have ever ... those of great fortune ... may be put in ... straits, but the ghastliest ... is that of ... large estates. The ... suicide because of ... are those who can... rich any more, because they have only $50,000 left.

On Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a favored man. All the world knew him and he had wealth almost unlimited: yet at the close of his life he says, "Behold 83 years have passed without any practical result, save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future, and great disgust for the past." Oh, my friends, this is a "south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrow and the prayer which Achsah made to her father Caleb we make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs and the nether springs."

Pleasure of Religion

Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasure of religion? David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sang that praise in a canto. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, sprang it into the arches of St Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to present it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up in an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life! I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn, there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one groan, there are three doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud, there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know, angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters. ... heaven is his ... down to sleep, ... blossoming, are ... he be thirsty, the ... are his cup bearers ... food, his plain table ... King's banquet. ... that good fellow with the ... the angels of God cry, "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting ... him come in!" ... "Get off ... keepers of heaven ... blessed of my Father ... dom!" When he ... he may be carried out ... the potter's field, ... the chariots of ... and the cavalcade ... boulevards of heaven ...

I bless Christ for ... faction of religion ... all right with ... makes a man ... the future. ... of comfort! ... foundation of God ... ing this seal, ... that are his," ... depart and the hills ... my kindness ... thee, neither shall the ... peace, be removed, ... who hath mercy ... Oh, cluster of ... burnished gold! ... comfort here ... leys of trial and ... you see you or ... faction there ... you not turn ... of Caleb, this ... springs ... of water, ... Ages ... water and ... will float ... heavenly ... green of ... the ...

I wish I could ... the joy religion ... makes a man happy ... glad when he ... a chair and ... heard an old man ... ery out, "... I looked around ... this man got to ... makes the lame ... the dumb sing ... Puritan religion ... lers religion, ... of Dr Goodwin, ... who in his last ... dying? ... strength ... "Her ways are ways ... and all her paths are peace." ... who have been trying to ... selves with the "south ... world, do you not feel ... this morning like ... nether springs of ... Would you not like ... Christ bend over ... your table and ... strew flowers ... down the ...

'Tis religion ...

Sweetest ...

'Tis religion ...

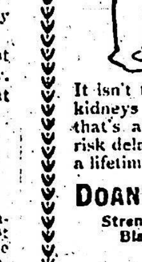
Sweetest ...

But I have ... you ... that old ... day of his ... just as ... Othniel ... heart was ... was going ... land." ... springs ... springs. ... thee ... land" ... springs of ... world, ... for the ...

... Christ ... place ... back ... he ... go ... see the ... rose ... cursion ... idea of return ... and heard the ... raptured ... supernal ... "Let us stay ... anyhow." ... going back ... are here now. ... would take angels ... out of that world if once we got there.


... Surgeons

"Doctors told Renick Hamilton of ..., O., after suffering 18 ... from rectal fistula, he would ... a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with five boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the surest pile cure on earth, and the best salve in the world. 25 cents a box. Sold by all druggists.



# DON'T CHIDE THE CHILDREN.

Don't scold the little ones if the bed is wet in the morning. It isn't the child's fault. Weak kidneys need strengthening—that's all. You can't afford to risk delay. Neglect may entail a lifetime of suffering.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Strengthen the Kidneys and Bladder then all trouble ceases.

Mr. John Carson, employed at M. S. Bradt & Co.'s store, Hamilton, Ont., says:

"My little boy seven years of age has been troubled with his kidneys since birth and could not hold his water. We spent hundreds of dollars doctoring and tried many different remedies, but they were of no avail. One box of Doan's Kidney Pills completely cured him."

Catarrhal Deafness

The ... Catarrh Cure goes away past ... where even specialists on the ... been able to reach. It's a penetrating, ... healing and strengthening ... allaying the inflammation and ... without leaving the slightest bad ... The only guaranteed Catarrh cure. ... at all druggists. 110

Stray Animals

Stray animals should be promptly advertised. The Standard is a popular and effectual medium for advertising ... Rates very moderate.

... DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

Cures Coughs, Colds, Lung and Bronchial ... other remedies ... reach.

... completely cured ...

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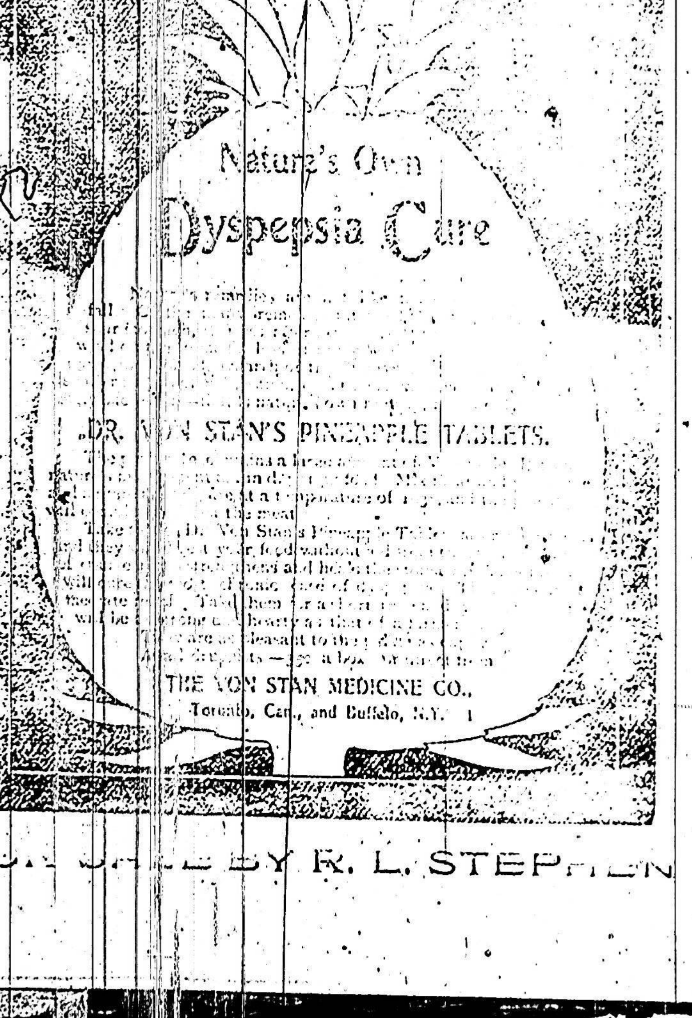


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