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PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS, MARKDALE
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For service, on lot 21, con 2, east Holland
Terms one dollar. John Middleton

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Terms one dollar. John Middleton

THANKS
Thanks are here
for the liberal
received since
Sept. 6th. By
close business,
Prompt posted on
Discretion and
Satisfactory work
Solicited the continued
favor of the public.
Yours faithfully,
E. A. Baker
THE TAILOR
BILL'S BLOCK
MARKDALE

MONSOON TEA
THE FINEST TEA IN THE WORLD
FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP
IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.

"Monsoon" Tea is packed under the supervision of the Tea growers, and is advertised and sold by them as a sample of the best qualities of Indian and Ceylon Teas. For that reason they see that none but the very fresh leaves go into Monsoon packages.

That is why "Monsoon," the perfect Tea, can be sold at the same price as inferior tea.

It is put up in sealed caddies of ½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lbs., and sold in three flavours at 40c., 50c. and 60c.

If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write STEEL, HAYTER & CO., 21 and 23 Front St. East, Toronto.

For Sale by R. H. Benson

Miss Caprice.

BY ST GEORGE RATHBONE

Author of "Dr Jack," "Dr Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Miss Pauline of New York," Etc.

The end is not yet, and he laughs loudest who laughs last."

All of which is very true, and proves that the colonel of Royal Engineers does not mean to let the opportunity pass.

A few minutes later John and Lady Ruth stand on the piazza of the hotel. The scene is well worth looking at, with its many lights, bright colors, and constantly changing crowds.

She expresses surprise, and seeks an explanation, which fortunately the young doctor is able to give, thanks to certain information he picked up in scanning his guide book.

"In time of peace prepare for war." They seek by a double allowance of gayety to make up for the amount to be lost during Lent," he says.

"Is Mr. Craig here?" asks a voice, and all look at the speaker, who is a quiet appearing man, perhaps a native of England.

"That is my name, sir."

"John Alexander Craig?"

"The same."

"Of Chicago?"

"Well, what can I do for you?"

The other has been looking at him steadily.

"I desire to speak a few words with you, Doctor John Craig."

"Go on."

"I beg your pardon—it must be in private."

"In that case my friends will excuse me for a few minutes."

"Oh! yes," replies Lady Ruth, looking at the bearer of the message again.

"Certainly," says Blunt, promptly dropping dropping into the chair John vacates at her ladyship's side, and his celerity to take advantage of the circumstance arouses a little suspicion in her mind that, after all it may be a ruse to get him away, with the Bedouin's gold backing it.

She pays little attention to what the colonel is talking about; twice she turns her head and looks to where John and the stranger talk, while to herself she says:

"Strange why I am interested in him and his fortunes. What is this singular story concerning his mother, which some time he means to tell me—when we become better friends? And now does this man to hold a secret connection with him! Where have I seen him before; where heard his voice? I cannot remember just now, but there is something familiar about him. The doctor appears to be excited—there he lays his well hand on the other's arm and speaks quickly. Pshaw! it's none of my business," and she resolutely turns her face toward the bright scene on the street, only to glance back again a dozen seconds later.

The doctor comes up; singularly enough, Lady Ruth has just been thought keener of her fan and the military figure of the stalwart Briton is seen peering through the door way upon a wild scene of ladies' warfare, which has played its part in many a bit of diplomacy, and which he well never find less in it at that moment, resting in the folds of milady's dress, cleverly hidden from view.

"I trust you have had no bad news, doctor?" says the English girl with a touch of sympathy in her voice.

"On the contrary, Lady Ruth, have heard something that is of intense moment to me," he replies, showing emotion.

"About your father?" she asks, quickly.

"If so, Lady Ruth, you have heard me speak enough of my past to realize that it has been a lonely life. My father loves me after his own fashion, and I respect him deeply; but all my life I have longed for the love of a mother, until it has reached an intensity you can hardly comprehend. Now I have received certain news that gives me a wild hope."

"I, too, lost my mother when young, and that circumstance enables me to feel for you."

Her tender eyes thrill him as he never yet has been touched; the belief of sympathy is akin to love; he has never had a friend, and human nature yearns to unbosom itself.

"I proceed to tell you the story, Lady Ruth. If I were sure we would not be interrupted, I would be inclined to speak——for I am about stating upon a matter, the result of which Heaven——can foresee."

His earnestness impresses her ladyship; truly a brave girl for bringing over a difficulty such as this.

"There is a little private parlor attached and generally empty," she suggests, artlessly.

"Just the ticket," he boldly exclaims.

In a few minutes they are seated alone in this bijou parlor; its decorations are quaint, even barbaric in their splendor, and a lover of the bizarre would hang on upon such a scene with the keenest pleasure.

"There are some drawings we can be to look over," she suggests, and he nods cheerily, inwardly blessing her ready sagacity.

Thus they look harmless enough.

"Now I will play the lady confessor. What is it all about? Have you fallen into debt like a bad boy, and don't dare write the pater?"

He looks at her and laughs.

"You see the combat side of everything, Lady Ruth. This, I fear, bids fair to be a tragedy."

"A tragedy! Dear me, didn't we have quite enough of that this afternoon? What can it be? Surely you and the colonel——" and she colors furiously as a realizing sense of what she has come to betraying her thoughts.

"The colonel and I have had no words, as yet, Lady Ruth. This affair is something that concerns my past. Let me briefly tell you a few facts that are of especial interest to me, and may claim your attention."

"I told you I had not seen my mother since I was a child, yet she is not dead. An unfortunate affair happened, and she was exiled from home. Heaven knows I have ever believed her innocent.

"On several occasions, unbeknown to my stern father, I have received a line without a signature, a line that called down Heaven's blessings on my head; a line that caused me to cry like a baby.

"Thus year by year, my resolve became stronger; I would find my mother, I would seek the solution of the dreadful mystery that hangs over the Craig home."

"My studies were done; I graduated at the head of the medical class and spent a year under the most eminent professors at Heidelberg. When they gave me my diploma, they wrote to my father that I ought to have a year of travel to improve my health before entering upon the life work to which I am devoted.

"Of course my desire was granted, and I began the search. I have been six months at it without success; it is like pursuing an ignis fatuus. A clue would take me to Russia, whence I would fly to Persia, then to Turkey, and next to London. In Paris I felt sure of success, but the lady I was seeking turned out to be a grandmother, and there was a lively scene in her house when I sprung my game.

"Talk of Japheth in search of his father! Why, he wasn't in it at all, compared with me. At last came another clue; among the letters forwarded a batch from home was a line in the same precious hand. See, here it is."

He takes out from a note-book a slip of paper; the writing is elegant and feminine.

She reads:

"January 12th. Just twenty years to-day. Oh! Heaven! teach me to kiss the rod."

No signature, only a mark like a tear drop.

"Now, you realize my position; you can, in a measure, understand the peculiar mingling of love, reverence and pity with which I think of this mother, and how the thought of her cuts to the very act of mine."

"Yes, yes, I do, indeed," sympathetically.

"I have sworn to find her—to let her know there is one who loves the poor exile. Let my father rage if he will, my heart burns to meet her. I will proceed. The letter was postmarked Malta, before at Valetta."

"But you did not mention——"

"I knew the steamer would stop a few hours at least, and thought that light be enough in which to learn the rest. Strange things have happened since we landed. I have learned several facts which astound me.

"You saw a man come in and draw me aside. That man controls the destinies of these people of Valetta, even a chief of police would in our cities. Been first I dreaded I sought the presence of Luther Keene——"

"There your mention of his name revives my recollection like a flash. Now I have it well in hand on the other's arm and speaks quickly. Pshaw! it's none of my business," and she resolutely turns her face toward the bright scene on the street, only to glance back again a dozen seconds later.

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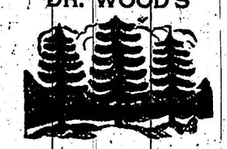
DR. WOOD'S



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Mr. Chas. Johnson, Bear River, N.S., writes: "I was troubled with hoarseness and sore throat, which the doctor pronounced Bronchitis and recommended me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I did so, and after using three bottles I was entirely cured."

Take a Laxa-Liver Pill before retiring. They'll work while you sleep without a gripe or pain, curing biliousness, constipation, sick headache and dyspepsia and make you feel better in the morning. Price 25c.

"Her garb," wonderingly.

"Yes. She was dressed as a Sister of Charity or some other order in Paris. Willingly I followed her to an adjoining house. She begged me to sit down and await the vehicle. I was grateful, and asked her questions about the great work being done by such organizations in the gay city of Paris.

"I was interested in her and asked her her name. She told me she was known as Sister Magdalen. Then the carriage came and I left."

"One question, Lady Ruth—how did she impress you?"

"Frankly, as one who had passed through the furnace of affliction; her face was sad, yet, oh, so inexpressibly sweet. It haunted me. I have looked at every sister I met wherever I travelled, in the hope of meeting her, but it has been useless."

It can be readily believed that this arouses the deepest interest in the young student of medicine. The desire to find his mother has been the one aim of his life; it has carried him over many a dark crisis, and has become stronger with the passage of years.

Now he is getting chill hourly, nearer the object of his solicitude, and his anticipation so long and fondly cherished, bids fair to be a realization.

"How I envy you Lady Ruth. You have seen her, pressed her hand. It makes you seem less a stranger to me to think that my mother was able to do you a service."

"I am positive it was she. Wait—perhaps I can prove it. I noticed she had a medallion secured around her neck with a guard, and once I was enabled to see the face upon it. It was that of a man."

"Oh! describe it if you can."

"The gentleman, I should judge, was about twenty-three. He wore a moustache and small side whiskers. I judged he was English. His hair was light and inclined to be curly."

John Craig smiles.

"Ah! the last doubt has been swept away."

"You recognize this picture, then?"

"Yes; your description answers for my father when he was a young man. I have not the slightest doubt that it was the one I seek who rendered you this service. And she is a Sister of Charity! I don't understand."

"Your story has interested me deeply, doctor. You have my most sincere wishes for success; and if I can in any way assist you, don't hesitate to call upon me."

"I believe you mean every word of it, and from my heart I thank you. I must leave you now, to seek the house in the Strada Mezzodi—the house that may reveal much or little."

At this moment the others enter; fortune has been kind to allow the conversation to reach its legitimate end, and John, with a pleasant word for Aunt Gwen and her husband and only a peculiar look for the Briton, hurries out.

In five minutes more he comes down stairs, ready for the street. To his surprise, he is stopped near the door by some one he knows—Philander Sharpe, wearing a ridiculous helmet hat, as becomes a traveller.

"Pardon me, but I am in a hurry," he says, as the other plucks his sleeve.

"Oh! yes, but I'm going with you Chicago," pipes the little professor shutting one eye and nodding in a very knowing manner.

"But I'm not off to paint the town red," says John, believing the other thinks it is his intention to see the sights of Malta's capital by night—"I have an engagement."

"In the Strada Mezzodi, eh?"

"Thunder, how did you guess it?" ejaculates the man of medicine, astonished beyond measure.

"I am not a guesser. I know what I know, and a dused sight more than some people think, especially my beloved, wife, Gwendolin."

"What do you know—come to the point?"

"First, all about your past and the trouble in the Craig family."

"Confusion! and you never told me you had ever heard of me before? This explains the manner in which you seemed to study me at times on the steamer," reproachfully.

"Just so. I had reasons for my silence; she was one of them," jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the parlor above, whence the voice of the amiable Gwendoline Makepeace floats to their ears.

"In haste, then, let me tell you a secret, John. I was not always what you see me, a docile, henpecked man. Twenty-five years ago Philander Sharpe, young, good-looking, conceited and rich, had the world before him."

"Cut it short, I beg, professor," groans John, impatient to be off.

"I fell in love; my affection was returned; we were engaged; a friend in whose honor I fully believed stole her heart away from me, but all these years I have never forgotten—never. John Craig, the girl I loved and who was to have been my wife was—your mother."

The little man folds his arms and throws his head back in a peculiar way he has. How strangely full of dignity these undersized people can be at times.

"Is it possible, and you never breathed a word of all this to me before?"

"Ah! my dear boy, the time was not ripe. I said nothing but sowed wood."

"Why do you speak now?"

"I have an idea that you are about to make a step in the dark, and after duly considering the matter, came to the conclusion that it was time to speak—time to let you know my sympathies were with you, time to take a hand in this game myself."

John hardly knows what to do or say, he is so amazed at such a strange happening.

"But, professor, I am only going now to see if I can learn anything about my mother at the house where she stayed six weeks ago, when a line was sent to me."

The little man wags his head wisely.

"That information was given to you by one whom you believed to be Signor Stucco, otherwise Luther Keene, the person having charge of the police of Valetta?"

"Yes," replies John, wonderingly.

"At that hour the signor was in his own room, engaged in other business, and oblivious of the fact whether one John Alexander Craig, M.D., was in the land of the living or not."

TOO WEAK TO ...SEW...

An Ottawa Lady Relates Her Experience for Benefit of Others.

Mrs. William A. Holmes, 530 Concession St., Ottawa, Ont., testifies as follows: "For some years past I was greatly troubled with weakness both of the nerves and heart. My heart would beat very irregularly, sometimes throbbing, and at other times seeming to go up into my throat, thus causing a terrible smothering sensation. Finally I grew so weak that I could not sew. Although I tried many remedies I could obtain no relief, and was almost in despair of a cure.

"One day, however, I heard of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and began to use them, and am now better than I have been for years. I work right along now, and the pains and palpitation have left me, much to my relief. My blood seems to be enriched and full of vitality, and my entire system is in a healthy and vigorous state."

All of which excites the curiosity of the young man not a little.

"Since you know so much, professor, perhaps you can tell me who it is plays with me, the object he has, and whether my mother was ever in that house in the Strada Mezzodi."

"I can answer in part. I believe she was there. These enemies of yours, dear boy, have baited a trap. You are about to walk into it."

"A trap, professor! why should they seek to harm me?"

"They have reasons. I can't mention them all, but perhaps some event in your past may give you a clue. Have you ever heard of a person by name Pauline Potter?"

The young man starts.

"Ah! I see you have," pursues Philander, drily.

"I confess it, she was a pretty actress, but my boyish passion for her died out when I discovered her perfidy."

"Very true; but she has never forgiven you. What harm did you do her, boy?"

"The harm was on her side. When I found what deception she had put upon me I simply denounced her in the presence of several who were at supper with her, a new admirer among them. Perhaps she hates me for that, but it seems queer that Pauline Potter, whom I knew in Chicago, should be living in Malta. Almost like a bad act play."

"Well, she's there. I've seen her."

"Professor, pard n me for saying it, but you're allowed yourself to be maligned. I believed you were a nonentity, but I find you possess of a remarkable mind. You are a second Richelieu."

"You flatter me; John, grant my favor; allow me to overhear you on this errand. I will then have a chance to explain how I managed to learn all these things."

"I see no reason to refuse."

"Good!" rubs his keys move off with a quick glance over his shoulder.

"Oh," laughs the student, "she's upstairs yet, and his words are rewarded for a burst of almost masculine laughter comes floating down from the next floor, causing Ballard to shrug his shoulders.

"She's a jewel, I'm sure of her sights. I went to see her in Paris, Stabile in Paris, and have never heard the last of it. Stand by me in case of war, my boy."

"That will, professor."

They have left the hotel, and John's face tells of the puzzle which he is trying to solve—the strange connection between Pauline Potter, the actress who won his boyish admiration only to deceive him, and she whom he seeks with reverent love in his heart, his mother, the Sister Magdalen of Lady Ruth's Paris adventure.

And the professor guesses the truth.

"I may be able to assist you, John, though you shall be the judge. Will you listen to my yarn?"

"With pleasure."

They walk on arm in arm; the doctor has lighted a cigar, and seems to take much comfort in the mechanical puffs of smoke which he sends out into the darkness, not that there is a ray of the light to spoil about this, throwing a silvery pathway across the waters of the romantic sea, and besides, the lanterns that flash on trees and from house fronts serve to reveal the scene far from gloomy, that a modern city dweller used to electric lights, might notice the change.

"Before we enter into a discussion, my dear boy, let me explain how I came to know these facts connected with the presence of Pauline Potter in Valetta, and the duplicity of the man representing the head of police, Signor Stucco.

"After returning from our eventful walk to the hill-top back of the town I had business in another section, business connected with me in all the Mediterranean, and which has been kept a secret from my spouse.

"When on my way back to the hotel just at dusk, I crossed and passed down a street, thinking to shorten my route, but in a way became confused, and made up my mind I would enquire of the first person I came to.

"That, my boy, was the hand of fate leading me on as you will speedily learn.

"In all these years that have flown, I have at times heard of you. I knew the skeleton that lay hidden in your family closet, and believing your mother innocent, made no sign, for she was supposed to be dead.

"Let me go back a step, and begging your pardon for the fact, confess that I heard your interesting interview with Lady Ruth."

"Professor!" in reproach

"My dear boy, it was all an accident. I had thrown myself upon the lounge in the corner of the little parlor, for an after-dinner nap, when you came in and failed to notice me, owing to the arm-chair I had drawn in front of me to shut out the light.

"At first I thought you would simply look at the picture and then go away, but when I heard you telling her your sad story and the new hopes you entertained, I felt that I had a right to listen then. Thus you understand how I know these facts.

"This takes me back to where I was lost in the streets of Valetta and forced to enquire my way. As luck would have it, I saw a man before me, but ere I could reach him he was joined by a woman.

"I stood still in the dusk, I heard him say something that gave me a thrill, and as near as I can remember those words were:

"For love of you, Pauline Potter, I have assumed this disguise and become for the present Signor Stucco, the master of Valetta's police. Now give me orders; tell me how I am to win your favor; how bring to the Strada Mezzodi——' I heard no more, as his voice fell, but presently my ears, sharpened to an intensity, caught a name—it was, 'Doctor Chicago.'"

"You interest me, professor, please proceed."

"Ah! that is all. I lost track of them and managed to work my way to the hotel in time for dinner. When the man called you out, I recognized the dim figure I had seen talking with the soft-voiced woman at dusk. It takes time for me to figure things out, and I must be beyond the range of her voice. That was one reason I lay down in the little parlor. When I heard you announce your intention of visiting the Strada Mezzodi, I made up my mind to act quickly. That is why I tapped you on the arm, why I am now tramping at your side. Now let us probe deeper.

"Mark the first point; this Pauline is a shrewd creature, and doubtless possessed of more than an ordinary Corsican nature to hate so bitterly."

"Ah! you know her mother was a Corsican?"

"I believe I have heard it told in New York, and it is easy to realize the fact now. Pauline is a good hater—her father was Scotch, I presume."

"What I want to point out is this—she has been investigating your record—the skeleton in your closet, or rather your family, is no secret to her."

"I understand that, sir. It is no accident, her presence in the same house my mother occupied."

"Well, as to that, won't be not sure. That fellow who brought the news was paid to represent the head of the Valletta police, for they knew you had invoked official aid, and just as like as not he gave you an address that your mother never heard of."

"Well, there we are!" suddenly.

"Eh? This is the Strada Mezzodi?"

"Any objections to it?" laughing.

"Oh, no! one place is as good as another to me, in this Maltese city, where you seem to be climbing to paradise or descending into Hades all the time. Only I'm glad I came."

"Why, professor?"

"Well," with a look down the street, "I'm afraid you'll need the services of a friend before long—that you are about to experience a sensation you won't soon forget," replies Philander, coolly.

CHAPTER VI.

"It is possible!" declares John; "under such circumstances I shall indeed be glad to have a friend in need. At the same time it seems as strange to me to think that Pauline Potter can be here—that the Chicago actress whom I once adored and with a youth's ardor swore to make my wife, can be here and bothering her head about one John Craig, M.D."

"It will soon be known. You have a good description of this house which the man supposed to be Luther Keene brought?" asks Philander, showing unexpected business qualities; indeed, he is proving more of a wonder to the young Chicagoan every hour.

"Yes, and can find it easily enough by the red lamp in front," he replies.

"I see such a light along the strada."

"That is, in all probability, our destination."

They advance, and in another minute are at the door of the domicile marked so conspicuously with a red light.

John hollows himself a brief period of ecstasy as he remembers that it's mother crossed this threshold only recently, and in his eyes this renders it holy.

Then he recovers his common sense, and is once more the wide-awake, vigilant John Craig who met the advance of the mad dog so coolly upon the hill road of Valetta.

"There's a knocker," says the professor.

"I'll try it," John replies, and as he swings the weight a ponderous sound ensues, a hollow clamor that is loud enough to arouse the whole street, John thinks.

"Great guns!" mutters Philander, "it's a great piece of luck there's no graveyard near."

"How's that?" demands his companion.

"Well, that clang would arouse the dead," is the amazing reply.

Further conversation is cut short by the sound of footsteps within—a bolt is withdrawn, proving that the inmates of the house on the Strada Mezzodi do not have the Maltese sense of honor that makes the presence of locks and bars unnecessary.

Then the door is opened.

The red lantern gives a light that shows them the interior of the Valetta house, and in the brilliant illumination stands a man, a native Maltese servant.

John has arranged his plan of action in such an event. He hopes the man who opens the door may talk English.

"Good evening," he says, courteously. "I would see the gentleman of the house on business of importance."

"Are you Doctor Craig?"

"That is my name."

"John Alexander Craig?"

"The same."

"Of Chicago?"

"You hit it, my friend of Malta."

"Ah! you are expected—enter," is the superior reply, and the professor calls his attention to it by a sly dig in the ribs.

They start to enter, when the faithful servitor of the house bars the way of the professor.

"Pardon! I said Doctor Craig."

"Well?" demands Philander, bristling up.

"You can wait for him outside. I will give you a chair, a cigar."

The professor laughs in good humor. "Bless you! I'm Doctor Craig's shadow; he can't go anywhere but with me. Fetch two chairs. We will interview your master outside."

The citizen of Malta appears perplexed. John comes to the rescue.

"It will be all right; this gentleman is my companion, my interpreter. It is necessary that he accompany me. Enter, professor."

His assurance carries the day. The man backs down and allows Philander a passage.

Their first point is gained.

The servant, having closed and barred the door and asked them to follow, goes on ahead. The professor takes advantage of the opportunity presented, and plucks John's sleeve, and as that worthy bends down, he whispers:

"Have you noticed it?"

"What?" asks the young doctor.

"His style of address, my boy; same words exactly that were used at the hotel by the man who brought you the news."

"Love! you are right, professor. I imagine that must be the format style in this country."

Philander chuckles.

"You'll have to guess closer to the mark than that, my boy, when you want to strike the luck."

"What can you mean, sir?"

"Bless you, it's the same man. Notice his walk; doesn't he hold himself just so?"

"Professor, you're wide awake. I admit all you say. There is a wonderful

(To be continued.)

Agricultural Notes

(From Farming)

Last summer the Dominion Minister of Agriculture authorized the sending to Great Britain of a trial shipment of honey. The quality of the honey was rated as very superior. One Western Ontario firm followed that shipment by sending several car-loads, and sales are reported at satisfactory prices. Last week Prof Robertson received a report showing that honey in one-pound bottles was selling wholesale for over seventeen cents per bottle.

In almost all farmhouses after potatoes are peeled for cooking the usual but wasteful way is to throw them in the swill barrel for pigs. They are very little good for pigs, but if cooked and mixed with wheat bran or fine middlings they make an excellent feed for hens. A raw potato is not good for much for any kind of stock. The best part of the potato is in the peeling, and many who eat roast potato find the skin with a lump of good butter inside, much the best part of it.

Jane Tomkins' Observations

The Grip

Did you ever have the grip? If you did I'm sorry for you. If you didn't, you ort to get right down on your knees and thank the good Lord that you escaped. (I'm speakin in a reel reverend now.) Its the most pervokingest thing ever was. It just upsets your hull constitution and bylaws and makes you that nervous and ugly, you hain got no respect for nobody, not even Silas. Its got all the mean pints of every other disease combinated, and if you live to get over it, you feel like you'd went through a thrashin machine. Harry used to read about old Bobby Burns wantin every body who didnt like Scotland to have the toot-ake two months. Now toot-ake is pretty annovin' and that would be a bad way to punish your enemy, but I'll bet you if Bobby ever had the grip, he wouldn't want a yaller dog to get it even if he hated that same dog like pizen.

Well, I spose you think I been havin it. I have, and it was the worst case ever was. Silas says they all say that but I tell you I know nobody was ever as bad as me. I got it three weeks ago Tuesday, and I'm just gettin now that I can crawl round. No man likes to have a woman gruntin' round. I'd only been to bed a few minutes when every bone in by body started to ake. I guess I was in 50 positions in five minutes and every one was worse than the last, and the bed was as hard as a rock. All to once I took an awful chill, so I near shook the bed down. That woke Silas up. He thought it was an earthquake. He said he'd get the hot water bottle and put it to my feet and make me some hot stuff. It seemed to me he was gone an hour. My head ached, I had the worst pain in my chest and my tongue felt like a piece of sole leather, and oh, such a taste in my mouth worse than rotten onions. Then Silas came hustlin in as if he'd been runnin all the time. But just as he went to put the bottle to my feet, the cork came out and the hot water went all over the floor and on his hands and feet. I didn't hear plain what he said, but I told him to get the mop and wipe it up and make me a mustard plaster before I died. "You aint goin to die, says he, you only got the grip." "Then its a death-grip," says I. After another hour he got the plaster made, by that time the chill was gone and I was in a ragin fever, and I sweat through the hull of it. It was an awful sloppy plaster but I put it on, and he found a headake powder for me. It made me stupid. I know I didn't sleep. I was only in a kind of trance. Anyway, I thought I was down to church, settin in the gallery and Hunter was preachin about the beasts wandering in the scorchin desert when all at once someone yelled fire, and I looked up and, a big spark of it fell right on my chest and stayed there. I screamed and tried to get away, but someone was holdin me fast, and next then I heard Silas say, "Wake up dane. You've been hollerin' like an Injun." And there if I hadn't fell into a doze with that plaster on, and it had near burned the daylights out of me. There was a bottle of coons oil in the wood shed, so Silas got it and put some on a cloth and put it on the blister, and bymby it eased off some. But I couldn't sleep. The minute I shut my eyes, I saw a hull managery, and if I kept them open they burned and there was a shootin in my ears like 500 locuses. That was the longest night I ever remember. At it got daylight, Silas got some tea to get me somethin to eat. I couldn't swallow a bite. The tea tasted like senny, and every bite was just like basswood chips.

Next day it got noised around I was sick, and then my real troubles began. Everybody within 5 miles called and they each told me what ailed me, and all had a different cure. One said take every thing from snake weed to Pink Pills. One woman came over me and told me I looked like her poor Johnny. (He died of lingerin consumption.) Another who is inclined sanctimonious like, told me she knowed I was on the highroad to hell. "Don't you feel the wantings of the sperit?" says she. "No, says I, I don't feel nothing only ringin in my ears." Silas had given it to me all night. She was another one just as bad, and started wrangling with Silas. Lordy, Silas, says she, you must get a doctor for your wife. You're a widdyer and you actually don't you trust her to the kids here, you'll get a homœopathy."

Silas looked kind of sad. "Maybe I better go, Jane, says he. "No you wont, says I. We have here all the latest improvements in microbes and if I want a doctor I'll goin to trade with them. But I goin to have one. All I ask is to get peace."

Then there was one, a great, that said she was sorry to see me and wasted, but such a one was a relief sometimes, especially for that was left. Then she told me many was sick and how bad they was and that the papers said so, for one person that got it died. I got worried. I turned over and shut my eyes till she was gone.

Then men came to, but most of us stayed in the kitchen and smoked with Silas. Men aint half so bothersome as a sick room as wimmin. But one of feller that's put four wimmin under sod and is on the warpath for another, he blowed his nose and fished up some crockidile tears to start on. "Oh, Jane Tompkins, says he, it grieves me so to see you reduced so. I came to mingle my tears with Bro Silaces. If you are removed he must remember that the Lord always restores tenfold to the charred servant of what he took from him. And then he tried to sob. "Well, says I, he's done pretty well for a He's give you fourfold, and you."

(To be continued.)

Discovered by a Woman

A [illegible] discovery has been made and that too, by a lady in this country. Disease fastened its clutches on her and for seven years she suffered untold torments, but her nerves were undermined and death imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and [illegible] she finally discovered a remedy, by purchasing of us Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved after the first dose, that she continued using it and with two bottles, was entirely cured. Her name is Mrs. Watz. Sims writes W H Cole, of Shelby, N C. Sample bottles at 50 cents and $1.00 guaranteed.

W. C. T. U.

Habit and its effects—School Work

A lecture by Miss [illegible] a State Normal School [illegible] study of several hundred children through a period of [illegible] closely observed facts, [illegible] the conditions nor [illegible] ed conclusions.

"Begin the habit at an [illegible] physically, and [illegible] mental bodily develop [illegible] with the use of the narcotic. [illegible] disordered physical [illegible] indigestion, impaired [illegible] cold, dull hearing, [illegible] and discussed the [illegible] found a single case [illegible] to th habit of [illegible] did not suffer with [illegible] disease directly aggravated [illegible] learn like other children, though he was at the beginning a precocious, promising child. His mental activity was so dulled and paralyzed as to render him but little better than an idiot or an imbecile. Experience has shown that the younger the habit is acquired, the more decisive the results to the [illegible] of the child.

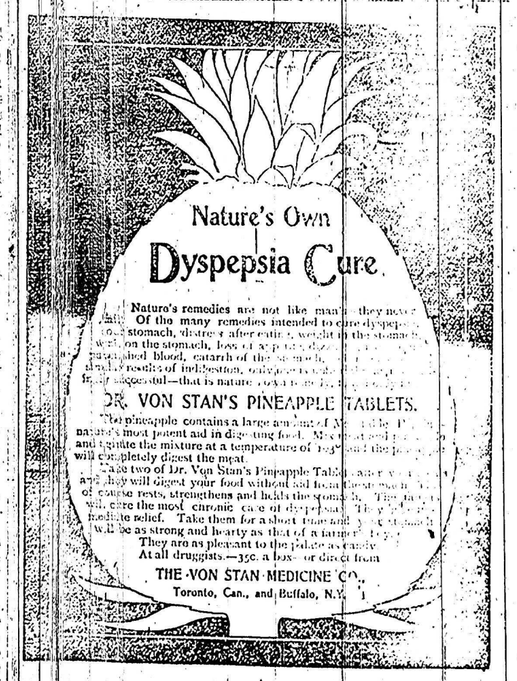
3. One boy was a source of [illegible] pupil. His [illegible] were constantly raised to his teachers. On entering the last half of the third grade, his work began to [illegible] and his interest to decline. An examination for promotion [illegible] he was conditioned, and it was decided that he [illegible] some months before the [illegible] cigarettes. His parents [illegible] strenuous efforts were made to break him of the habit, and strange to say, [illegible] corrected. His reform was successful and though he remained [illegible] the same grade, he was [illegible] and several [illegible] played fiddle.

4. In a case [illegible] and the habit [illegible] returned to normal [illegible] successful [illegible]

Other observations have [illegible] single boy [illegible] required [illegible] school after [illegible] and not one [illegible] high school [illegible] entering on his [illegible] school.

But the [illegible] sessions. [illegible] the weapon [illegible] pline, are not [illegible] tion and [illegible] chance to [illegible] boy is a [illegible] some habit [illegible] will secure [illegible] The [illegible] will be as strong and hearty as that of a farmer's boy. They are as pleasant to the palate as candy. At all druggists.—35c. a box—or direct from THE VON STAN MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Can., and Buffalo, N.Y.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE



Nature's remedies are not like man's they never fail. Of the many remedies intended to cure dyspepsia, stomach, diarrœa after eating, weight in the stomach, sick on the stomach, loss of appetite, [illegible] blood, catarrh of the stomach, [illegible] results of indigestion, only one is successful—that is nature's own remedy

DR. VON STAN'S PINEAPPLE TABLETS.

The pineapple contains a large amount of [illegible] nature's most potent aid in digesting food. Mix [illegible] and digest the mixture at a temperature of 160° and the [illegible] will completely digest the meat.

Take two of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets after each meal, and they will digest your food without aid from the stomach, which of course rests, strengthens and builds the stomach. These tablets will cure the most chronic case of dyspepsia. They give immediate relief. Take them for a short time and the stomach will be as strong and hearty as that of a farmer's boy.

They are as pleasant to the palate as candy. At all druggists.—35c. a box—or direct from THE VON STAN MEDICINE CO., Toronto, Can., and Buffalo, N.Y.

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