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 Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause in congestion, pain in blood pressure—nothing is usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and it is here he has created a little pink tablet. This little tablet, Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets, takes blood pressure away from pain centers, and is so charming, pleasantly delightful, and so safe, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.
 If you have a headache, it's blood pressure. If it's painful periods with women, same cause. If you are restless, nervous, it's blood pressure—blood pressure. That's what it is. A remedy for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablets, in 20 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute a natural blood pressure.
 Bruise your finger and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's blood pressure. You'll find it where pain always. It's simply common sense.
 We sell at 25 cents and cheerfully recommend.

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 This ailment is usually caused by rheumatism of the muscles of the small of the back, and is quickly cured by applying Chamberlain's Liniment two or three times a day and massaging the parts at each application. For sale by R. L. Stephen.

DRINK DISGRACED HIM.
 J. W. Archer, Was Once a Respectable Citizen of Collingwood—Now Awaiting Sentence for Theft of Funds.

The Collingwood Bulletin of last week says: "Shabbily dressed, dejected, disgraced, James W. Archer stood alone at the end of the long table in the Collingwood court-room on Tuesday morning while the charge of theft brought against him by the town authorities was being considered by the magistrate and the lawyers. It was indeed a pitiable sight. Years ago Archer, now a prisoner of the law, released on bonds of two friends, was a highly respected citizen, one who represented the people of the town in the municipal council and also in the county council. Years ago he had a happy home, surrounded by a bright family, but all are away now. He alone is left and largely because of his companions, hale, well met style of fellows who go on the principle that no enjoyment is complete without the flowing bowl. 'Poor Archer,' his old time friends say, but what are they doing to save him? What are they doing to-day? Simply awaiting with the idler's curiosity the decision of the magistrate.

Archer was a good fellow in days gone by. He was bright, full of energy and honest beyond question; but he has fallen. He is now down and forsaken. He is in the toils of the court because of a shortage of his accounts with the municipality. He is charged with theft and on Tuesday morning appeared to answer to the charge. He was there. He had nothing to say. Mr. John Birnie spoke for him and asked for an enlargement until next Tuesday morning, when it is expected that he will elect as to

On October 28, the Synod of the Diocese of Montreal will meet to select a successor to the late Bishop Carmichael.

DO YOU EAT RIGHT?
 Few People of Markdale Really Know How.
 Slow eating and regular meals is of great benefit to a wrong acting stomach. Those who suffer with indigestion and weak stomach can with care and the use of M-O-N-A stomach tablets restore the digestion to a healthy condition, so that they can eat what they want at any time without fear of distress or suffering.
 After a few days' use of M-O-N-A stomach tablets, the headaches, dizzy feeling, drowsiness, bad taste in the mouth, coated tongue, flatulence, sleeplessness, distress after eating—all these symptoms of a weak stomach—will disappear, and perfect digestion and good health will be restored.
 W. Turner & Co. have so much confidence in the power of M-O-N-A to cure indigestion that they ante satisfaction or money back.
 Price 50 cents.

Her Choice

(By Louise Hubert Guyol.)
 "Now, that it is all over, I don't mind telling you that is the girl I had chosen for you to marry."
 She looked up at him over the great bunch of pink roses that she held in her arms and from under the soft chiffon of her white hat, and he looked down at her out of the deep set eyes under shaggy brows. Then his eyes followed hers down the long distance of the room, resting on the girl who stood there beneath a bower of palms. The cloudy masses of her white veil were thrown back from a face of smiles and blushes, as she received congratulations and wondered vaguely at the strange sweetness of it all.
 "You don't mean it? There were great pauses of incredulity between Wilton's words, and the slow smile that came into his eyes was not one of vanity, rather of great pleasure in an unexpected compliment.
 "Is she not the girl I have always described? Tall and slender, big brown eyes, and soft curling, light brown hair? You have been blind all this time, not to have seen whom I meant. I had set my heart on it somehow," she added sadly. "You both seem so well suited to each other."
 "Why did you not tell me sooner? I might have set to work. It would have been hard work, though." He was still looking at the bride.
 "Play the part of matchmaker? And where my little sister was concerned? Ah, no! I could not tell you, but I did so want it."
 "That is the greatest compliment you could have paid me. I really—He had turned and was looking down into her eyes. Suddenly he stopped, as if a thought had stifled his words, and the color left his face for one short second.
 "Come," she said, as though divining his thought and wishing to interrupt it, "you are to make the first toast, I believe. You must continue your duties as best man."
 She led the way down the long hall, and together they paused on the threshold of the dining room.
 "Did you do this?" he asked.
 "Yes. Do you like it?"
 He stood silently drinking in the beauty of the room, with its filmy draperies of asparagus fern, amid the delicate green of which stood forth tall silver and crystal vases, filled with long stemmed bridesmaids' roses. Here and there low bowls of green and gold Bohemian glass were half buried beneath the dainty color of the Duchesse rose, veiled in leaves of maidenhair. The conventional cake, with its streamers of narrow satin ribbon, shimmered white amid the colors, and the pink shaded candles threw soft reflections over everything.
 It was very beautiful, and he said so to her. She was very beautiful as she moved about in her clinging gown of palest green chiffon, straightening a leaf here or bending a flower there, and his eyes said so, although she did not see it.
 Then the next thing he knew the room was filled with people, the young bride was beside him, and someone was holding a glass toward him, saying, "Will you not toast them?"
 He looked at the bride, bowed, and began:
 "Hail to thee, blithe spirit!" then stopped, laughing. "That won't do. You are not a skylark."
 "She's a bird, though," vehemently interrupted a boy, who had adored the girl for years.
 "Then I cannot continue at all, for 'bird thou never wert' won't apply. What shall I say? He looked at the tall man standing near, then into the eyes of the girl bride.
 "With thy clear keen joyance Langour cannot be."
 He quoted, then, improvising, continued:
 "May shadow of annoyance Never come near thee."
 He raised his glass and turned toward the groom:
 "Thou wilt love and never know love's sad satiety."
 And amid a murmur of applause and clinking of glasses the toast was drunk. Then someone, taking up the thread of Wilton's thought, began:
 "What thou art we know not. What is most like thee?"
 And the boy who had used the slang surprised them all by continuing the quotation:
 "She is like a glow-worm golden. Oh, oh, oh! But like a star of heaven in the broad daylight, or a rose embowered in its own green leaves." All that ever was joyous and clear and fresh, or—
 "Please," said the bride appealingly, "no more. It is very beautiful, but so embarrassing. I don't deserve it. I am going to drink to Shelly, who taught you to say

such beautiful things."
 "With such a subject," someone began, but Margaret and her sister had disappeared.
 Wilton slipped from the crowded room out into the quiet halls, where he wandered up and down, thinking, wondering how he had not thought the same thing before. All these months past how stupid he had been! Yes, he thought it would do no harm to try his luck. Ah, no; she never would, she could not love him; it was too much to expect. She would look higher and find— But she had chosen him for the little sister, whom he knew she loved better than life. If she thought him good enough for her, would she not be willing to—
 The idea had taken so strong a hold upon him from the moment he had looked down into her eyes to thank her for the compliment, that how he wondered how he could have been blind to it for so long a time. It seemed to him as if he had never had any other thought than this, as if he could never have any other thought than Margaret. He wondered if—
 The carriage was at the door; the bride had her arms about her mother's neck; the groom, already patiently waiting. A shower of rice filled the air, a satin slipper slipped through the air. With a quick pull the horses started, and the man within the carriage turned from waving a last adieu to the party on the balcony, and put his arms about the girl.
 "At last I have you safe," he said. "Do you know, I was always afraid of that man, Wilton."
 That man Wilton was already following Margaret into the drawing room, just as a voice behind them said:
 "That's the best fellow in town. I don't see how he and Margaret don't—"
 The color rushed over Margaret's face as she glanced up to see if he had heard. The smile in her eyes made her look down again quickly. She walked to the far end of the room beneath the palms, where her sister had stood, and, stooping, picked up some rose petals that lay scattered at her feet. She did it all unconsciously. When she rose Wilton was standing over her. He took her hands in his, rose petals and all, and looked down into her eyes.
 "I don't see why we don't, either. Do you, Margaret?"
 Some one had gone to a piano, and the strains of the march from "Le Prophete" came to them through the open doors, a breeze softly stirred the palm leaves above their heads, the pink rose petals slipped from her fingers in a shower down over her gown as she put her hands up, on Wilton's shoulders and met his eager, questioning look.
 "No—I don't," she said very softly.

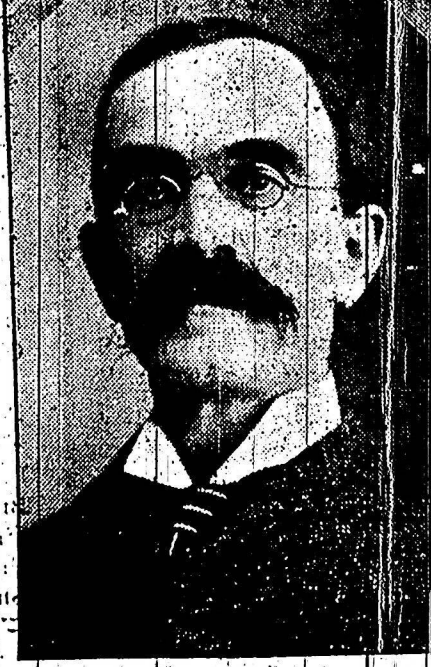
FEAR OVERCLOUDS LIFE.
 From Childhood to Age, Fear Has Baneful Influence.
 We have seldom reflected upon the fact that fear runs like a baneful thread through the whole web of our life from beginning to end. We are born in an atmosphere of fear and dread and the mother who bore us had lived in the same atmosphere for weeks and months before we were born. We are surrounded in infancy and childhood by clouds of fear and apprehension on the part of our parents, nurses and friends. As we advance in life we become instinctively, or by experience, afraid of almost everything. We are afraid of our parents, afraid of our teachers, afraid of our punishments, afraid of ghosts, afraid of rules and regulations and punishments and afraid of the doctor, the dentist and the surgeon. Our adult life is a state of chronic anxiety, which is fear in a milder form. We are afraid of failure in business, afraid of disappointments and mistakes, afraid of enemies open or concealed, afraid of poverty, afraid of public opinion, afraid of accidents, of sickness and death and of unhappiness after death. Man is like a haunted animal from the cradle to the grave, the victim of real or imaginary fears, not only his own, but those reflected upon him from the superstitions, self-deceptions, sensory illusions, false belief, ignorance and concrete errors of the whole human race, past and present.

THE MEDICINE YOU NEED
 Your color is bad, tongue is furred, eyes are dull, appetite is poor, your stomach needs tone, your liver needs awakening. Try Dr. Hamilton's Pills. In just one night you'll notice a difference, for Dr. Hamilton's Pills search out every trace of trouble. You'll eat, sleep, digest, and feel a whole lot better. You will gain in strength, have a clear complexion, experience the joy of robust health. To tone, purify and enliven the system there is nothing like Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c. at all dealers.

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Means Perfect Heating without Gas, Lust by Smoke.
 The "Hecla" Furnace is the only Furnace with Fused Joints.
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 Let us show you the type of the latest improvement in detail.
 Made by the makers of "Furnace" Ranges.

F. T. HILL & CO. MARKDALE



BOARD FOR THE COAST!

The two walking Englishmen, Marchant and Ed. Clarke, on the march from Quebec to the Pacific coast, passed through Beeton on Sunday morning en route to Sudbury. They were in the village about nine o'clock and were given their breakfast by the landlord of the Commercial hotel. Mine host Warner showed them a little to find out what their object was in undertaking what seemed to most people such a foolhardy journey. He pointed out the fact that they were English journalists who were talking across the continent Pearson's Magazine, an old publication. It would appear, however, that they were going this walking tour for the benefit of their health, as claimed there was no "filthy" at the end of it for them. Then is their object? They say no sign, or appear to have a silence whatever that they are representatives of Pearson's Magazine. Perhaps that may be part of their agreement; they do not say. They simply stated they were travelling for Pearson's Magazine. Some of our local citizens seem to think these two continent-trotters are two adventurous Englishmen who are "beating" their way to the coast for the mere novelty of the thing. They said they intended their Christmas dinner in Vancouver. To realize their intention they will need to walk an average of 33 miles a day, under conditions and weather. Will they do it? The Toronto News, summing up its views in one of its columns last week, in the underestimation of these two walking journeymen, says: "Nobody but two boldy souls of Englishmen would undertake such a journey." Pretty strong language on the part of our own coming countrymen. As they were coming through Woodbridge last Saturday, another yearly Willie joined in the excursion, and Beeton was honored with three of these "rotters." The first one taking his breakfast at Queen's Hotel. On leaving the stage Walking Willie No. 3 went a little ahead of the original two, down Centre street, but they were on his way back home to Woodbridge. On their return from the coast, the two journalists are to be accommodated with Pullman car tickets on the tender of an engine. Next, please.—Beeton World.

HOW TO GAIN IN WEIGHT
 You know you are too thin, you eat and eat, but never get any fatter. Nerves are weak, color is bad, strength seems exhausted. It's not hard to get fat. You must eat more, digest more, exercise more. Try Ferreroze and watch your appetite grow. It turns all you eat into nutriment and building material. Fill your veins with rich red blood. Gives you ambition and vigor. For a tissue builder a fattening tonic, one that restores permanently, there is nothing to compare with Ferreroze. Try it and see. 25c. at all dealers.

Stomach troubles would more readily disappear if the idea of eating the cause, rather than the effect, would come into practice. A tiny, inside, hidden nerve, says Dr. Shoop, governs and gives strength to the stomach. A branch of it goes to the heart, and one to the kidneys. When these "inside" nerves fall, then the organs must suffer. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is directed specially to these failing nerves. Within 48 hours after starting the Restorative treatment patients say they realize a gain. Sold by W. Turner & Co.

NO OPEN DATES.
 Farmer—"I'm a-goin' to drive to town some day next week, Marthy."
 His Wife—"You can't, Hiram. I was just lookin' over the skedool auto races, an' there ain't no open date for hoss drivin' on the roads for the next ten days."

Amos Fuller, of Orangeville, was thrown from a wagon last Monday morning and had his back severely injured.