. All teas look alike in a newsthem in your teapot and the

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

********************** her in the least. "I will write to work-basket all waiting ostentashall have time to receive his letter tigued from her walk to the August before the expedition starts. It leaves afternoon, wearied by her own London about the first of Septem- perplexed and miserable thoughts ber, in three weeks' time."

In three weeks' time!". or so," Gillian says, in a cold, decided dom permits to herself. tone, "of what use is it to inform There are a few moments of sollmy father of our acquaintance until tary peace before her ere she must

true," George admits, wavering. "It Damer's silk and lace, she groans has five feet eleven of physical come- tender love of which he is all unis of no use, as you say, Gillian, only aloud in sick despair of herself, her liness. That is an overwhelming arit is scarcely honest or honorable to life, and everything belonging to it.

terposes, with suppressed passion in her trembling voice. "There is no at the sound of some one in the understanding. Let there be an end of it all."

"Certainly, if you say so, Miss Deane," George says, amazed and bitterly mortified and indignant as he rises to his feet. "You are but acting with worldly wisdom and prudence as you would act in a year or two hence, I care say, and I-"

And then his diatribe ends suddenly, at the sight of the little, fair, whiterobed figure, in the firelight by his hearth, with her head turned away, striving to conceal her tears with one trembling hand, whilst she shaking with pitiful sobs.

"No, no, I won't say that, Gil llan, my darling," he says, throwing hamself on his knees beside her. "You sald you loved me, my little wife. I can never leave you or forsake you now for all the fathers on earth.'

"You won't go away from me?" she asks, eagerly, in tremulous hope and fear- "you won't go away from me for long, dreary years? I have no body in the world but you."

"Then you shall have me, my sweet est," George says, fervently and recklessly, "and I will stay and devote my life to you, and even if we cannot marry for a couple of years we can meet each other sometimes and write to each other sometimes. unless your father is quite unrelenting, and so we shall be happier than if we were parted by thousands of miles, shall we not?"

"I shall," Gillian says, sorrowfully; "and when I am twenty-one, will you let me give you all my

"On condition you give me yourself with it," George replies, smiling

brightly. And, indeed, a man may be excused smiling pleasantly at the near prospeet of twenty thousand pounds in excellent investments, and a fair, devoted young wife into the bar-

gain. "I will," Gillian whispers, hanging her head down. And then George throws prudence and wisdom and restrictions to the winds for the time.

have never kissed me yet, Gillian," consider your manner he says, kneeling still,

arms around her waist. And the girl obeys him literally, soft mouth burns like a fire as it touches his beneath the 'knightly growth that fringed his lips."

"I will, dear George," she says. They do not hear or do not heed a sound or the echo of a footstep, but suddenly a voice out of the gloom of the dark hall startles them ex-

cessively. "If yeh plase, miss, Miss O'Naile's come from Mount Ossory a bit ago," Nelly says, keeping well out of sight, and talk ng around the edge of the half-open door in tones of suspicious-

ly unconscious formality. And then Mrs. Hagarty hears a low exclamation and a scramble, and her master's quick, loud step crossing the floor, and smothers herself with her apron.

"The crathurs! I've frightened the lives out ov 'em." she says, remorsefully, but shaking her fat shoulders in silent laughter.

"Bother her for an old nuisance, George mutters with savage ingratitude. "I believe she has been listening and spying on us all the time."

CHAPTER XX. nature.

having to set to work immediately does. I know of nothing else." on a dinner-dress of Lady Damer's, in her work-room-a small room ad- vou so!" Joining her ladyship's dressing-room

Stops the Cough

"I can act no other way. It will -a pile of black silk and black lace, be at least honest," George says, and "old gold" and crimson ribbons, thinking deeply, and not noticing and the sewing-machine and the your father at once, and then I tiously ready for her; hot and fa-

worse than all. She flings off her bonnet and "Then, in that case, as you are cape on the nearest chair, and sees leaving the country at once and we them tumble on the floor with a shall not meet again for two years reckless indifference which she sel-

begin her work, and burying her "Well-no, indeed, that is quite face in her hands amongst Lady have either a tacit understanding "I wish I could die!" she says slowly, with a tearless sob, and "Let there be none," the girl in then suddenly starts up with frightened eyes and a white scared face,

> room with her. A deep easy chair in the window with its back turned towards her has hidden him from sight-Lady Damer's nephew, Captain Lacy, who with a set pale face and startled eyes for his own part, is standing close beside, looking at her.

"What is it, Anne? What is the matter?" he says in a hurried un-

Anne replies with frigid rebuke and and well-nigh despairing. into working gear.

Blake, who called and is sure to stay an hour," he adds in a whisper. "I came up here on purpose to see you and to ask you what you know or have discovered--"

His sentence remains unfinished, as Anne looks up at him suddenly, a flame of scorn lighting up her face and transforming it into a handsome

"Nothing," she says, with a fierce sneering laugh that shows all her white, even teeth. "Do you hear me? Nothing! I have played dupe, and fool, and Judas for the last time for you, or for any one!" He retreats a step or two invol-

untarily, in angry alarm. "What are you talking about? You were never dupe, or fool, or Judas for me!" he says, thickly. "I've never tried to make you so, at all events! You chose to mark out a certain line of conduct for yourself when you resented my behavior to you. I do not blame you -I never did. I know I was a brute and a scoundrel to you!"

"What unflattering names you "Say, 'I will, dear George,' and bestow on an elegant person!" my neck and give me a kiss. You lengths of ribbon. "One would really

"'Had not that repose Which stamps the cast of Vere de

vulgar woman in the poem!' "Anne, don't begin sneering and |

liar and a cruel advantage of you! Very well! | also, please to remember--" It will amuse me whilst I run the rupts, trying to hold her. "Anne,

lace on these flounces."

ure and indifference of tone."I thought ory of unatoned-for wrongs comes to | thority," about MissDeana's accident we had said all that could be said her rescue. to each other long ago, and you "At least, of my own free will, I Castle as Mr. Archer's guest. As has been stated before, Anne agreed in the most cold-blooded pru- will not endure this deliberate insult "Of course, I know he isn't at the O'Neil's duties and occupations are dence that you would help me in a from you," she says sternly, pushing | Castle; I know that wouldn't have of an extremely various and onerous strait of this kind, because we had him away. "Though it be usual been permitted for a moment and I The post of nurse and duenna to way. I want money desperately, and Damer's words, remember-to amuse with her on the night of the acci-Miss Deane, at Darragh Castle, has you knew it then, and you know it themselves at the expense of a wo- dent, and helped Dr. Coghlan set her confident I would be a dead man and paid the costs. He then exbeen added to them of late, and pleas- now, as you know more of my affairs | man of my class-" ant a sinecure as it is possible she than any one in the world-even my- "What nonsense you do talk, clever malicious amusement. "But you may Pink Pills-nothing else ever helped Means. may find this post, with the gentle self. I believe you know I am in debt as you are, when your temper is be sure, if they want to meet, they me.

lonship with loving cordiality, that and Jews, and-deuce knows what-" Jeannette talks infernal bosh, and Damer! It's frightful trouble to have best teacher," might well be applied said, lives in Frankstown road. He It is a trying one to her health and "The deuce-as you call him-may; tries to ride rough-shod over every to manage a pair of those headstrong in cases of dyspepsia, and if suffer- brought the cow home and turned spirits no one who saw Anne O'Neil, I don't," Anne interposes with an one, is that a reason you should im- young fools when they fall in love, ers would only be guided by the ex- her loose in his garden, but was asas she returns to Mount Ossory on ley smile, and her deft fingers, knit- itate her? You are her own rela- and I'm sure you have your hands perience of those who have suffered tonished Thursday morning to find the following afternoon, would be ting lip ribbon bows as if she had no tive, her step-sister's granddaughter, full! Yes, of course, I know-she is a but are now well and happy through what appeared to be a strange cow other care in life. "The tradesmen my equal in birth, my superior in sweet, pliant young creature, and she toils wearily up the stairs, that are tired of your debts and the pallid, hollow-eyed, tired-looking, money-lending Jews I do know about, you a coronet, you would grace it looks all that: but, my dear Lady out the land. Dr. Williams' Pink what appears to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in his patch. The animal had no the everything else, and if I could afford most charmingly brought up. She there would be less distress throughout the land. Dr. Williams' Pink bors that the animal belonged to

which she is to wear that evening, demands, angrily. "You're like all and which requires alteration. It the women! Turn on a man as is there ready for her on the table soon as he is down, and say, 'I told | vails.

> Anne makes no reply, and seems absorbed in tacking lace on the edge of the flounces.

her quiet employment, "and nothrying for money." Anne's dark brows elevate them-

selves slowly. sententiously, with the air of one quoting some trite copy-book mor-

ality.

"That's right, Miss O'Neil. Sharpen evening." the points of a few more barbed taunts," he says, laughing, bitterly. "I am not deserving of your conto-day you have not been quite so hard on me. I didn't call my intended course of conduct 'honorable'; I never thought it was anything better than, as I say, a desperate man's desperate remedy. If the remedy has failed-as I suspect, as indeed I am almost sure since last night-that is no reason why you should add to my sense of defeat by heaping scorn on me.'

Anne puts her work down for a minute and rises to her feet, moving a little way from him.

"I am very sorry for your 'defeat,' as you call it, Captain Lacy," she says, gravely. "That is, if you accept | it in my keeping," Anne says with a it as a defeat. I suppose a brave sol- cold laugh, sitting down to her work ed," retorts Lacy, laughing, feeling dier knows when he is beaten. If it again. be any consolation to you to know it, I think the odds were overwhelmingly against you from the first. wanting in correct judgment and sound taste, you know, and when they love deeply and passionately given me. Give me one more Anne madly."

"As Miss Gillian Deane loves Mr. George Archer ?" Captain Lacy adds, touch me, Patrick Lacy !" she says with a slight, scornful smile. "But I fiercely, between her close-shut can't agree with you that she shows | teeth; and as he persists, knowlack of taste, or perversity. George ing his power over her, and the gument with a romantic schoolgirl." til his blonde moustaches touch their smile and the transient flush | acingly. that warms all her face into tender-

type are apt to be. Refined, selfish, white with rage, and self-indulgent, but through all his coldest and surest calculations pre- smiling angrily. senting the fatally weak, assailable point in his nature-flattery.

of a woman whom he knows to be mentally his superior in all things, who comprehends him and understands him and his follies and weak-"I did not imagine you came into nesses better than he does himself, the needlewoman's room for your af- is like a draught of choicest wine ternoon's lounge, Captain Lacy!" to him, discouraged and mortified,

assumed indifference, a little belied "In the present instance," she by her quick breathing and the crim- says, in a lower tone, "I cannot see son spot that starts on her pale how the argument should have been cheek, as she just glances at him, the prevailing one. I believe it is, and rapidly begins to unfold the silk as I said before, due more to the dress, and to put the sewing machine perversity of her sex than any other reason that Gillian Deane has chosen "No nonsense! Anne! what is it?" George Archer for a lover. She is a he urges in a low tone still, drawing | romantic school-girl, and she has the nearer. "Is anything the matter with perversity of a woman, and so she you? She is downstairs with old Mrs. just elected to do the thing one would not have expected her to do, and elected to pass over what one would naturally expect her to re-

> Lacy looks at her steadily with a slight smile; his cold gray eyes growing darker and softer. "Just what you did, Anne," says, laying his hand on hers. "The time you refused old Moore, and Dunlavin House with a handsome in-

come, for me and my most unworthy She crimsons and her eyes flame as

she snatches her hand away. "Your illustration is quite correct. sir, I wish I could say the same of the taste that prompted it!' she says, turning her back on him. But Lacy follows her, with a new

light in his face-eagerness, hope, al-

most passion in his eyes. "Anne! Anne, my dearest!" he says, hurriedly, and almost before she is aware he clasps her in his arms and lays his head on her breast. "My dearest! The only woman I ever loved or can love! You know that, appreciative flattery, and let Anne, in spite of everything!" he stoop down and put your arm about Anne sneers, carefully measuring urges, passionately. "You know I of sentimental woo and self-The only woman who can ever con- pity, and soothed him by her bit- concluded to quit all and await the have your heart and you have mine. I'll never succeed in anything, Anne, at the prospect of surrendering him, unless you are with me; I'll never as she had done many times before trembling very much, and her pure, why, you are speaking 'certain by my side I can't lose you, I can't lose you have you lose you with lose you will lose you have yo truths' and 'hitter words' like the give you up, and what can I offer self-possessed and averse to de- ed my stomach, and I thought my the colored people know that some

you ?" "Nothing!" she says, curtly and scoffing at me!" Lacy says, concisely, drawing away from him. hoarsely. "You have a merciless "Please let me go. I thought this nontongue, and a merciless temper, sense was over and done with a year and I am all in the wrong, and ago at the very latest. With the kind humbled forever in your sight, and and wise assistance of your aunt, you take a cruel advantage of it!" Lady Jeannette. I thought this ab- dares to be cold and scornful to temporary immunity from pain af-"Poor, injured gentleman!" she surd fancy of yours for her waitinglaughs, tauntingly. "Because I re- woman-her own words, remember- so that she cannot hide her pain un- weak from pure starvation that refuse, to was effectually extinguished by her der a mask of contempt, as she has death stared me in the face. Finally traitress for ridicule and reproof. I had worse you any longer, I am taking than ridicule and reproof to endure, am. Reproach me, if you please. 'I know it, I know it!" he inter-

my darling, what have you not en-Bingham Lacy drags his carefully dured for my most unworthy self?" curled moustache savagely through | For one moment the weakness of | his fingers, as if he would pull it the woman's nature overcomes her, gossips, has just retailed to Lady out by the roots and his cold, gray and she suffers his embrace, and his Jeanette, with "nods, and becks, eyes glitter with suppressed rage. head resting on her breast, the and wreathed smiles," what some "I never thought you would turn faithful breast which he has tortured one has said, and what some one on me and fail me, whoever did," he for miserable years; and then her else has thought, and what some says, trying to emulate her compos- pride and self-respect and the mem- one else has been told "on good au-

agreed you could help me in no other enough for men of your class-Lady said so, though I was told he sat up

girl who welcomes her cold compan- and keeping away from my creditors up!" Lacy says, angrily. "If Aunt manage to meet, my dear Lady The old adage, "experience is the a cow from John McGuire, who, he with the agreeable consciousness of as well as your aunt, Lady Jeannette better than any woman I know! If Damer, all that innocence and pliancy Pills can be had at all dealers in Meller, and the same morning he en-I could offer you a position worthy does so soon take flight before a bold "Isn't that bad enough?" Lacy of you, you should be my wife to- wooer! And I suppose George Archer morrow if you would."

> "But as there does not happen to be any coronec waiting to be fitted

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY and Works Off the Cold.

You know well enough how destake Brome Quinine Tablets. All ber conversation as best she may.

Take Laxative Brome Quinine Tablets. All ber conversation as best she may.

And when the lady is going she delivers her parting shot.

on," she says, with a slight, bitter ing remained to me but the desper-ate and unpleasant remedy of mar-wistfulness in her eyes and voice, door when the steed is stolen.' Take which he might perceive, if he would my advice-I'm older than you-keep "and as your position can't be main-tained without the 'desperate and of yours under your eyes, or, my word "An honorable man seldom hest-tates in seizing even a 'desperate some pretty girl with plenty of young Archer will keep her under his and unpleasant remedy' in order to money-I don't quite see the purport | eye, and that for good and ali. She ameliorate his position," she says, of all this waste of emotion. You'll want it all to supplant George Arch-

er, I assure you." "So I should imagine," Lacy says, Lacy's pale, delicate face colors twisting his moustache, "judging darkly, and the veins rise up in his judging from a scene I caught a glimpse of in the firelight yesterday

"So you told me when I met you in the village," Anne says, calmly scornful, her brilliant eyes looking sideration, I know well; but until him through and through. "Well, you can judge of the difficulties in your repeating Mrs. Blake's prophecies to path, can't you? I was not favored by any glimpses, or overheard conversations or confessions of any kind, but I am quite sure you have decided obstacles in the way of winning | ence," her ladyship says, fanning her-Miss Deane's heart."

"I don't want her heart," Lacy ed. It is all on your account, Bingsays, almost brutally; he can feel ham. I should never have troubled Anne's unspoken contempt stinging | to bring the girl here, if it were not him like a scorpion. "If she marries on your account; and, I must say, me with her heart in somebody else's | you have disappointed me bitterly; keeping, we'll be all the better you have had opportunities, I am

"I'h make you a wedding present of your property if their is any of

"You can't, Anne-you never can," he says, in a low tone, coming back to her side and stooping down. "You Women are proverbially perverse and can't, Anne-any more than you can give me back all the kisses I have given you, and that you have they nearly always love blindly and |-my 'gentle Annie'-my darling

"Don't touch me!-don't dare to But as he speaks he meets Anne's her brow, she wrenches herself How Relief Came to Thomas eyes, and the passionate light of away, and holds one hand up men-

"As sure as the Heaven is above me, if you do I will strike you across Lacy is a vain man, as men of his your face!" she says, panting and He Had Suffered for Forty Years

He draws back then, flushed and "You're half an angel, half a tigress, Anne!" he says, stroking his chin And the delicate personal flattery with the delicate white hand of which he is not unreasonably vain, so perfect is its size, shape, and color, and which represents at this moment a very heavy debt in Bond street gloves and the splendid three-stone diamond ring which flashes on one finger. "And you are in bad temper, I know, or you would not call me 'Patrick,'" he adds, "when you know that I detest my first baptismal name—that I have men. When the railroad came here

forsworn it altogether." "And forsworn your country and ness, but later he suffered from a gun your birthright as an Irishman, along with a few other trifles." Anne amends, setting the machine to

Lacy makes some reply to this, but the flying treadles and the whirr of the machine drown his voice. "Anne," he says softly, "I am going now. Forgive me if I have annoyed

he had been a martyr to dyspepsia, which finally became so bad that he But Anne makes no response to looked forward to death as a mercithis either, and gives undivided atful release. Happening to hear that tention of feet, eyes and hands to Mr. Findlay had found complete rethe rapid machine which is devouring lief from his lifelong foe, a Topic rethe work she supplies. porter waited on him to find if this

He leaves the room with a backward glance, but she neither pauses in her work nor turns her head; and even from so slight a cause Captain Lacy's sense of defeat and mortifi- | ferer. "I am a pretty old man now," | front, and the man who saw it cation is added to the greater cause, said Mr. Findlay, "but I cannot re- | couldn't remember that the day was and both sting him into an unusual member the time when I was not an anniversary calling for the illurecklessness and determination. He bitterly tells himself, as he goes | and stomach trouble until lately. As |

now is partly Anne's doing. If Anne had listened tenderly to sour on my stomach and violent vomhis avowal of undying love for her, iting spells would follow. As I grew and bewailed with him the impossibil- older my sufferings increased. I could ity of their ever being more to each not eat anything but the simplest other than unhappy lovers, and pitied | kind of food, and little of that. My him for his debts, and sorrowed over system became badly run down and the hard-heartedness of his credi- I grew so weak that I really looked tors, and flattered with her sweet, forward to death as a release from him steep his selfish, sensu- tried doctors and medicines, but

of sentimental woe and selftrol me, or guide me, or counsel me! ter tears and her agony of grief end. Meantime my condition became worse. Violent cramps attackcisive action as usual.

determined, Jealous. who loves him only too well, and yet | Nothing gave me relief except the | tinel. him; to wound her to the heart, forded by morphine. I became so

And when he goes down-stairs he | Dr. Williams' Pink Pills?' 'What's finds Mrs. Blake has just gone, and | the use?' I said, 'I've tried every-Lady Jeanette in the worst of thing and just got worse all the

CHAPTER XXI.

For Mrs. Biake, one of the county and Miss Deane's residence in Darragh

arm," the old lady says, giggling with now if it were not for Dr. Williams' plained the reason to Alderman isn't to be very much blamed if he is Again, for a few minutes, he pre- a very bold wooer in this case, with so much depending on his wooing and winning."

Thus Mrs. Blake. And as she is too important a person to either ignore or offend, Lady Damer has to endure "There is such a thing, Lady Da-Good for Bad Teeth

is too disturbed and wrathful to be

able to quite refrain from angrily

"I pay not the slightest attention

"Plenty, but not a chance on the

board. The game was up long ago

as far as the young lady is concern-

rather gratified by Lady Jean-

a flash like sword-blades in her

(To be continued.)

YEARS OF SUFFERING.

Findlay, of Petrolea.

From Dyspepsia-Food Became

Detestable and Stomach Cramps

(From the Topic, Petrolea, Ont.)

Few men in Petrolea are better

known than Mr. Thomas Findlay,

who has resided here nearly forty

years. In 1862 Mr. Findlay came

here, and before the railroad con-

nected with Petrolea he drove a

Mr. Findlay engaged in the oil busi-

accident that disabled his hands per-

manently. After recovering from

stable and nightwatchman for the

town, which office he has held dur-

ing thirty years past. This acci-

dent was by no means Mr. Findlay's

worst misfortune. From early youth

my misery. One after another I

this Mr. Findlay was appointed con-

stage coach bringing the early oil

Made Life a Burden.

self-indulgent you may be."

nette's vexation.

to that old gossiping woman's insol-

Not Bad for Good Teeth has plenty of money if he hasn't, and some of these fine mornings you'll find he has persuaded the innocent little creature into marriage by special licence, and an early morning

Large Liquid and Powder 75c train to Killarney for the honey-HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal moon and the hundred thousand Lady Damer fairly grinds her teeth

Homely Philosophy. By Simon Frost.

self; "but you see how I am annoy-Don't slow up, even ef things does look as if ye was a-goin' to win easy. There ain't nobody thet's all bad, an' there ain't nobody thet's all

> Sometimes a min'it o' fergetfulness 'll cause a lifetime of sorrow.

good, neither.

A mind thet ain't got nothin' in it kin easy be filled with badness. Some folks 're like an echo; they

wish you would drop kin only holler back somethin' thet your detestable slang and speak somebody else told 'em, an' they of en plainly," her ladyship says, with git even thet much twisted. Ef ye don't puil out the root the cold, clear eyes. "Be good enough to weed 'll soon grow up ag'in.

remember you owe me some consid-It's a blame sight easier to be rich eration, no matter how indolent and an' git poor than it is to change t'other way. . A feller thet borrows money don't never hev to worry 'bout how slow,

the time goes by. A feller thet loses opportunities won't never hev nothin 'else to lose. Trust a woman thet's liked by other wimen, an' a man thet's pop'lar

with other men Lots o' golden opportunities 're only

It don't make no diff'rence how much ye tell a boy, he's got to hev the belly-ache hisself afore he'll quit eatin' green apples.

I've knowed some folks to git well becuz they didn't like the taste o' the medicine that they hed to take. Some Tolks never git over the childish ways; ye kin always depend on in thet they're in mischlef when they're quiet.

Them thet wait till they git to the crossroads before they begin to think which way they're a-goin' to turn, gen'rally turn the wrong way. —Philadelphia Record.

THE RENT RAG.

Queer Way the Poor Tenants Have of Helping One Another.

It was about 10 o'clock at night and on Weils street not far from Fourth that a man saw a Chinese lantern swinging outside a thirdstory window of a building across the way. The building was a boxlike structure prematurely run to old age and he knew it to be a tenement house occupied almost exclusively by poor colored people.

In the daytime the sidewalk, swarmed with little black children, and there were dark faces peering over every sill all the way up to the roof. He knew the corner pretty well, but he couldn't understand why was true. Mr. Findlay was only too a Chinese lantern should be hung out glad to tell his story, hoping its pub- of a window. It had little decorative lication might help some other suf- value, swinging against the lonesome

in pain from pernicious dyspepsia mination. A policeman happened along and down-stairs, that whatever he does a young man on the farm I suffered the man asked him about it. "What's the meaning of that lanall sorts of pains with it; food would tern up there?'

> "Don't you know?" "Why, no. The windows up there are lighted, and there seems to be something going on."

"That's a rent rag." "Yes, but what's a rent rag?" "Well, when some man gets down on his luck and can't pay rent, he has a kind of benefit dance. The other tenants come to it and chip in 10 or 15 cents apiece. They get lots of fun out of it and he raises \$3 or \$4 to pay his rent. That's a rent rag. "What's the lantern got to do with

ed my legs, prostrating me for a it?" prosper in this world unless you are -poor Anne!-he would have gone time. They became worse and more "That's the way a rent rag is adend had come. Unable to move and one is giving a dance to raise rent As it is he is angered, revengeful, in agony I was driven home, as I money. When some one else gives a thought to die, but after an injec- 'rag' he is supposed to come around His pride is eager to avenge itself | tion of morphine I gradually recov- and put in his bit. It's a good scheme for George Archer's triumph. His ered. From that time on the cramps only they say some of them try to love is eager to wound the woman | increased in frequency and violence. | work it too often."-Milwaukee Sen-

a friend said: 'Why don't you try | That Novel Appendage Was the Cause of a Prolonged Law Suit.

A cow with a false tail figured the time.' 'Well,' she said, 'you try a other day in a suit for damages bebox of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, they fore Alderman William A. Means, and cured me, and I believe they will do because the tail was bogus the suit you good.' Well, I purchased a box was withdrawn and the costs were and started taking them. After a paid by the prosecutor.

little I thought they helped me, so I | Charles Campbell, of Mohler street, kept on taking them for a couple of entered suit against Henry Meller, months when I felt I was really of Wheeler street, for damages alcured after so many years of suffer- leged to have been caused by the ing. My strength came back, my ravages in Campbell's garden by a stomach recovered its power, and I cow, which was said by neighbors was able to eat anything I fancied, | to belong to Meller. It was Campand once more could enjoy life. This bell's own cow, but he did not recogis nearly two years ago, but I was | nize it without the tail. The case cured to stay cured. I have never | was to have come to a hearing one had a sick day since or known the morning, but at the appointed hour

Early in the week Campbell bought medicine or by mail, post paid, at tered suit before Alderman Means. 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, He also chased the cow out. When by addressing the Dr. Williams' he returned to figure up the extent of damage done in his garden he discovered a cow's tail with bits of rawhide sticking to it. This and other information convinced Campbell that the cow was the one he Miss Vera Young-No. I was about had bought and had switched off her to remark that I shouldn't mind be tail. For this reason he witherew the suit. Variety, Nov. 1, 1991.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO

Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

you will be a sister to me.

ing a widow to you.

A Fair Offer.

Mr. Oldbear-Now, please, don't say

WO itom ity.

der)made iled

sfer-New irred

ath

held nuch bond f Mr. m to gan nnies pay-

Port will at his and

are OWIL