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THE SHEPHERDS WENT THEIR WAY.

The shepherds went their hasty way
And found the lowly stable shed
Where the Virgin Mother lay.
And now they checked their eager tread,
For to the Babe that at her bosom clung
A mother's song the Virgin Mother sung.

They told her how a glorious light,
Streaming from a heavenly throng,
Around them shone, suspending night,
While sweeter than a mother's song
Blest angels heralded the Saviour's birth,
Glory to God on high and peace on earth!

Thou mother of the Prince of Peace,
Poor, simple and of low estate,
That strife should vanish, battle cease,
Oh, why should this thy soul elate?
Sweet music's loudest note, the poet's story—
Did'st thou ever love to hear of fame and glory?

"Then wisely is my soul elate,
That strife should vanish, battle cease,
I'm poor and of a low estate,
The mother of the Prince of Peace.
Joy rises in me like a summer's morn,
Peace, peace on earth! the Prince of Peace is born!"

—Samuel T. Coleridge.

A CHRISTMAS DREAM.

In a dream I was transported into the world that lies beyond—the beautiful heaven opened to all mankind by the blessed Christ child.

That hell lies underneath heaven you have doubtless heard. Naturally the holy dead see and hear nothing of the pains of the lost, for that would entirely spoil the joys of paradise for them, but now and then—I believe once a year—it is given to the blessed to look down into hell. There is, however, one condition in particular attached to this privilege. When the dome which conceals hell from the sight of the angels is opened, it is for the relief of the condemned.

God in his mercy has decreed that the saints shall look down into the abyss in order to tell St. Peter if they see among the damned any one from whom they have received any benefit or of whom they have even heard any good. If the keeper of heaven's gate is pleased with the generous action which the lost soul performed while on earth, he has the power of shortening the time of punishment or can even pardon it altogether and bid it enter into paradise.

As for me, I arrived in paradise on a day when hell was open to view and came to know thereby many strange things.

It was granted to me to look into the place of torment, and the things I saw there were awful. Picture it to yourself as you will! When I recovered from the horror that fell upon me, I recognized many men and women whom I had known on earth.

Among the latter I noticed a woman whom I had known well on earth, and who deserved to be among the lost, I thought. I had never anticipated any other sentence for her. Although she had possessed more than was needed to gratify her own wants, she could never be moved by the most touching appeals of the poorest to relieve their distress.

There is no chance of a voice being raised in her favor," I said to myself. But I was wrong, for at that moment a lovely angel child flew past me on its blue and white wings. Without any sign of fear it flew direct to St. Peter, who looked formidable enough with his long beard and great keys, and pointing with its little forefinger to the hard hearted woman cried, "She once gave me a handful of nuts."

"Really," answered the keeper of heaven, "that was not much, and yet I am surprised, for that woman would not part with so much as a pin during her life. But you, little one, who were you on earth?"

"Little Hannele was my name," answered the angel. "I died of starvation, and only once did any one give me anything in my life to make me happy, and that was that woman yonder."

"Marvelous," answered Peter, stroking his white beard. "No doubt the nuts were given as a miserly payment of some service you did her."

"No, no!" the angel answered decidedly. "Well, tell us how it happened, then," the apostle commanded, and the dear little soul obeyed.

"My sick mother and I lived in the city all alone, for father was dead. Just before Christmas we had nothing more to eat, so mother, though she lay in bed and her head and hands were burning, made some little sheep of bits of wood and cotton, and I carried them to the Christmas market. There I sat on some steps and offered them for sale to the passersby, but nobody wanted them. Hours passed, and it was very cold. The open wound in my knee, which no one saw, pained me so, and the frost in my fingers and toes burned dreadfully.

"Evening came, the lamps were lighted, but I dared not go home, for only one person had thrown a copper into my lap, and I needed more to buy a bit of bread and a few coals. My own pangs hurt me, but that mother lay at home alone with no one to hand her anything or support her when her breathing became difficult hurt me still more. I could hardly bear to sit on the cold steps any longer, and my eyes were blind with tears.

"A barrel was set down in front of the house, and while a clerk was rolling it over the sidewalk into the shop the stream of passers was stopped. That woman there—I remember her well—stood still in front of me. I offered her one of my sheep and looked at her through my tears. She seemed so hard and stern that I thought, 'She won't give me anything.' But she did. It seemed suddenly as if her face grew softer and her eyes kinder. She glanced at me, and before I knew it she had put her hand in the bag which she carried on her arm and thrown the nuts into my lap.

"The cask had been rolled into the shop by this time, and the throng of people carried her along. She tried to stop. It was not easy, and she only did it to toss me a second, third and fourth handful of the most beautiful walnuts. I can still see it all, as if it were today! Then she felt in her pocket, probably to get some money for me, but the press of people was too strong for her to stand against it longer. I doubt if she heard that I thanked her."

Here the angel broke off and threw a kiss to the condemned woman, and St. Peter asked her how it happened that she, who had been so deaf to all appeals from the poor, had been so generous to the child.

The tormented woman answered amid her loud sobs: "The tearful eyes of the little one reminded me of my small sister, who died a painful death before I had grown hard and wicked, and a strange sensation—I know not how it happened myself—overpowered me. It seemed as if my heart warmed within me, and something seemed to say to me that I should never forgive myself as long as I lived and should be even unhappier than I was if I did not give the child something to rejoice over at Christmas time. I longed to draw her toward me and kiss her. After I had tossed her half of the nuts which I had just bought, I felt happier than I had for many a day, and I would certainly have given her some money, though only a little."

But Peter interrupted her. He had heard enough, and as he knew that it was impossible for any one in heaven or hell to tell an untruth, he nodded to her, saying: "That was, beyond dispute, a good deed, but it is too small to counterbalance the great weight of your bad deeds. Perhaps it may lighten your punishment. Still, great riches were meted out to you on earth, and what were a few nuts to you! The motive that urged you to bestow them is pleasing in the sight of the Lord, I acknowledge, but, as I said before, your charity was too paltry for you to be released from your pains because of it."

He turned to go, but a clear voice of wonderful sweetness held him back. It was that of the Saviour, who advanced with majestic dignity toward the throne and spoke: "Let us first hear if the thanksgiving of which we have just learned was really too small to plead for leniency toward this sinning soul. Let us hear"—turning to the angel—"what became of the nuts."

"Oh, dear Saviour," answered the angel, "I ate half of them, and I was grateful to you, for I felt that I owed them to your bounty, as they were my little Christ child,' as the people in the city where we lived called a Christmas present."

"You see, Peter," the Saviour interrupted the angel. "Do we not owe it to the nuts of that woman that a pure child's soul was led to us? That in itself is no small thing. Tell what further happened to you."

"I ate most of them," the little girl answered, "but I had still more to eat by Christmas eve, for the people who had looked at me when the woman threw some thing into my lap were interested in my suffering, and soon I had sold all six sheep, and besides many pennies and groschen one big thaler had flown into my lap. With these I was able to buy mother many things that she stood in sore need of, and though she died on New Year's morning she had many little comforts during her last days."

The Anointed cast another look full of meaning at Peter, when a large and beautiful angel, the spirit of the mother of the cherub began: "If you will permit me, O holy Jesus, I, too, would like to say a word in favor of the condemned. Before Hannele came home with the nuts I lay in bed, without hope or help in my great suffering. I had lost all faith, for my prayers had not been heard, and in the bitterness of my heart it seemed that you, who were said to be the friend of the poor on earth, and God the Father, had forgotten us in our misery in order to overwhelm the rich with greater gifts.

"But when Hannele came home and lighted the little lamp, and I saw her tiny face, where for a long time I had seen no smile, but only pain and grief, now beaming with joy; when I saw the nuts and the other good things which she had brought and saw her pleasure in them, my belief in thee, O Lord, and in the kind Father returned, and I ceased not to be grateful to the end. If now, in the glory of thy magnificence, I know bliss unutterable, I owe it to that woman and to the fact that she was good enough to throw the nuts into Hannele's apron."

Peter nodded affirmatively. Then he bowed before the Saviour and said: "The little gift of the condemned soul has indeed borne better fruit than I imagined. Yet when I tell you what a great sinner she was on earth"—

"I know," the Son of God interrupted. "Before we decide upon the fate of this woman, let us hear what the child did with the rest of the nuts, for we know that she did not eat them all. Now, my little angel, what became of the last of them? Speak on. Gladly will I listen to you."

Hannele began anew: "After they had buried mother, they sent me into the country among the mountains, for they said it was not the duty of the city to care for me, but that of the village parish where my parents were born. So I was taken there. The six nuts that I had saved I took with me to play with. This I most enjoyed doing in the spring, alone on the little strip of grass behind the poorhouse, in which I was the only child. Besides me there were but three old women, 'being fed to death,' as the peasants used to say.

"Not one of them noticed anything that happened around them, but my heart used to grow light when everything about me budded and sprouted and burst into bloom. My body was always aching, but my pains could not lessen my enjoyment of the spring. Wherever I looked men were sowing and planting. It was the first time that I had ever seen it, and the wish came over me to confide something to the good earth that would take root and sprout and grow green and high for me.

"So I stuck four of my nuts into the ground. I put them as far apart in the small space as I could, so that if big trees came from my seeds they might not stand in one another's way, but might all enjoy the air and the sunshine that I was so thankful for. I saw my seed sprout, but what became of them afterward I did not live to see. Two years after I sowed them a famine fell upon us. The poor weavers, who lived in the mountain village, had all they could do to nourish wife and child. There was little left for the poorhouse. As I was already ill, I could not stand the misery, and I was the first to die of the dreadful fever caused by hunger.

"Only one of the blind women and the dull witted one followed the sack in which I was buried—for who would have paid for a coffin? The last two nuts I divided with the old women. Each one of us had a half, and how gladly we ate the little morsel, for even a taste of any dainty seemed good to us after we had lived on nothing but bread and potatoes. From here I watched the other nuts grow to be trees. All four had straight stems and thick crowns. Under one of them that stood near a spring, which is now called the Fresh spring, an old carpenter who came to the poorhouse built a bench."

Here another angel interrupted the little narrator with the question, "Do you mean the nut tree in Dorbstadt?" and receiving an answer in the affirmative he cried: "I, Master; I am that old carpenter, and during my last summers I had no greater pleasure than to sit by the Fresh spring under the nut tree, and while I smoked my pipe to think of my old wife, whom I was soon to find again with you. In the autumn, too, many a dry brown leaf found its way among the more expensive tobacco ones. But the nut trees were cut down many years ago."

"I saw it," cried the spirit of little Hannele, and one felt from her tone how she deplored it. "They were felled when the poorhouse was given up. But the great Son of God has now heard what he wished to know."

"No, no," the Saviour answered, "I should still like to know what became of the wood of these trees."

The voices of several angels were heard at the same moment, for many of the poor weavers of Dorbstadt were to be found in the heavenly kingdom. St. Peter, however, bade them to be quiet and permitted only the one who had last entered the abode of the blessed to speak.

"I was the village doctor," this one began, "and I quitted the earth because I, too, fell a victim to the pestilence of which many of the poor people were dying and against which I fought with all my small powers, but with small success. I can tell you all that you wish to know, My master, for during 45 years I devoted my humble services to the sick poor there. When Hannele died in our poorhouse—it happened before my time—the misery was even greater than at present. The weavers were ground down by the large manufacturers until an energetic man built a factory in our village and paid them better wages.

"As the population then increased, and consequently the number of patients, space was wanting in which to house them, for the dilapidated poorhouse—whither they were carried—was no longer large enough to accommodate them all. Therefore the parish, aided by the owner of the factory, built a hospital for the whole district, and the site of the old poorhouse was chosen for it. The beautiful nut trees which Hannele had planted had to be destroyed. I was sorry to be obliged to give the order, but we needed the ground where they stood. As we had to be economical in everything, big and little, we had planks sawed out of the trees for our use."

"I owe it a debt of gratitude too, but for an entirely different service," said a beautiful angel as it bowed its crowned head reverently before the Son of God. "My lot below was a very hard one. I was early left a widow, and I supported my children entirely by the work of my hands. By dint of great effort I brought them up well, and my three sons grew to be brave men who took care of themselves and helped their mother. But all three, my Master, were lost to me, taken away by the unfathomable wisdom of the Father. Two fell in war; the third was killed by the machinery while at his work. That broke my strength, and when they brought me to the hospital I was on the verge of dispair, and life seemed a greater burden than I could bear.

"Your image, my Saviour, had just been finished by a sculptor who had carved it from the wood of the nut tree by the Fresh spring. They put it opposite to my bed. It represented you, my Lord, on the cross, and your head bowed in agony, with its crown of thorns, was a sorrowful sight. Yet I paid but small heed to it.—One morning, however—it was the anniversary of the death of my two dear sons, who had lost their lives fighting bravely side by side for their fatherland—on that morning the sun fell upon your sad face and bleeding hands pierced by the nails, and then I reflected how bitterly you had suffered, though innocent, that you might redeem us, and how your mother must have felt to lose such a child.

"Then a voice asked me if I had any right to complain when the Son of God himself had willingly endured such torments for our sake, and I felt compelled to answer meekly determined then to bear patiently whatever might be laid upon me, a poor, sinful woman. Thenceforth, my Lord, was your image my consolation, and since the wood of which it was made came from the tree planted by Hannele near the Fresh spring I owe beyond doubt the better years that followed and the joy of being with you in paradise, my Saviour, to the nuts which the condemned woman gave to the child."

Humbly she bowed her head again. The Son of God turned to St. Peter, saying, "Well, Peter!"

The latter called to the guardians of hell: "Let her go free; the gates of heaven are open to her. How rich and manifold, O Lord! is the fruit that springs from the smallest gift offered in true love!"

"You are right," answered the Saviour gently and turned away.—George Ebers in Romanze.

Christmas In a Pullman Car.

In a, through Pullman from Denver to St. Louis were a number of ladies and gentlemen; but, best of all, a widow and a pretty little daughter. I half wondered what the pretty little girl was to have for Christmas, seeing that no chimney led down from the roof, but my speculations were rather vague, and I forgot the little girl to think of my own dear relatives. Christmas eve when the berths were let down and, the passengers began to retire I came in to look after my own. As I strolled down the aisle I saw a tiny little stocking hanging outside the berth where the little girl lay with her mother. I tell you the effect was electrical. It brought up all kinds of strange feelings, and I added my share to the general contribution.

Old Santa Claus must have been en route to St. Louis that night, for the way he stuffed and jammed that stocking full of fruit, candy, money, trinkets and the like, and then filled handkerchiefs until they were great round balls and tied them on, was simply wonderful. It did seem as though Santa Claus had no one else in the world to take care of. Next morning I enjoyed watching the widow and the little one. They were the especial pets of the occasion, and every one came round and said something kind to the child. But the effect on the passengers generally was the best of all. It brought them together, and every one said merry Christmas and wished everybody else all kinds of good luck, until we were all well acquainted and thoroughly sociable. I tell you it takes little children to bind human hearts together and make the world one genial, happy family.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

All Men

Young, old or middle aged, who find themselves, nervous, weak and exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headaches, pimples on the face and body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eyelids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dulness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes, surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLES, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension every function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance, may be permanently cured. Send your address and 10c in stamps for book on diseases peculiar to man, sent sealed. Address M. V. LUBON, 24 Macdonnell Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada. Please mention this paper.

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Husband (furious at waiting for her)—Send them your portrait.

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When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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DEEP, DEEP ARE THE CUTS!

DOWN, DOWN, GO THE PRICES!

A Mighty Money-Saving Chance—A Matchless Opportunity to Save Moving the Balance of R. J. Bowes & Co's $25,000 Stock of

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots & Shoes

This Week and Next we offer a

A Christmas Carnival of Prices

A few of the many lines already advertised are here to go out at any reasonable offer:

AUGURA FLANNELS,
GREY FLANNELS,
NAVY BLUE FLANNELS,
OPERA FLANNELS,
CANTON FLANNELS,
COLD CANTON FLANNELS,
FLANNELETTES,
ROB ROY FLANNELETTES,
FLANNEL SHEETINGS,
CANTON SKIRTINGS,
BLANKETS,
PRINTED CANTONS, Etc.

ATKINSON & CO.,

BOWES' OLD STAND.

REAL RUBBER RUBBERS.

That's the sort we sell

OVERSHOES

of every make and weight.

As usual our prices are the lowest.

SUTHERLAND'S

103 and 105 Princess Street.

NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS

Through The Sikh War, by G A. Henty. $1.50.

St. Bartholomew. by G. A. Henty. $1.50.

A Jacobite Exile, by G. A. Henty. $1.50.

Boys' Own Annual, 1893. $2

Boys' Annual, 1893. $1.50.

Chatterbox, 1893. $1.

Gold In Cariboo, by C. Wooley. 1$.25.

F. NISBET,

CORNER BOOKSTORE.

WATER SETS!

Makes a Very Pretty Christmas Gift.

We have pretty Sets from 79c upwards, Fancy Goods of every description. Prices away down for the holidays.

ROBERTSON BROS,

187 PRINCESS STREET

DON'T YOU WANT SOMETHING NEW?

If so, we are showing the Finest and most select stock of Choice

-PERFUMES-

Ever shown in the city, being very novel in style and of the very best quality. We also have a full and complete stock of Toilet Cases, Odor Cases, Manicure Cases. We also have a full and complete line of Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes, Mirrors, Combs, in fact, all necessary Xmas Novelties and Requisites.

FRANK J. HOAG,

Chemist and Druggist, opp. Windsor Hotel.

EVERY YEAR

We have been fortunate enough in selling all of our XMAS GOODS and the only reason we do what so many others fail in doing is that our goods are BETTER SELECTED AND OUR PRICES LOWER THAN OTHERS.

This year by buying direct from the manufacturers we have effected a saving of 25 to 35 per cent., which our customers get the benefit of, besides getting a different line to select from what everyone else has.

☞ GOODS shown with pleasure.

E. C. MITCHELL, Chemist and Optician,

124 PRINCESS STREET. TELEPHONE, 59.

A PETERBORO MIRACLE.

BROUGHT BACK FROM THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE.

A Young Girl's Wonderful Experience—Sickly From Four Months of Age—Her Parents Did Not Think She Would Live a Month—Now a Picture of Health—A Marvellous Case.

Peterboro Examiner.

To be dragged to the edge of the grave in the grasp of dread disease is an experience that comes once to all, but to contemplate entering the grave and mingling with its dust, to have, even in hope, bidden good-bye to life and all its sweetness, and then to be snatched from the brink of the grave and to be restored to health, strength and happiness is an experience that few enjoy. We hear and read of such cases so well attested that doubt finds small space for its exercise, but heretofore no case has, until now, come under our notice in Peterboro with such directness as to "make assurance doubly sure." Such a case however exists.

Many persons have heard of the illness of Miss Amelia Ranger, who lives with her parents at 19 Parnell street. She was brought down to the very gates of death, and was restored to perfect health when all human aid seemed to be unavailing. Her miraculous cure excited so much comment that a representative of the "Examiner" was detailed to obtain the particulars, and the result of the investigation is to verify the reports that have been current. On calling at Mr. Ranger's house the reporter was met at the door by a bright-eyed, healthy looking young girl, who readily consented to give the particulars of her illness and cure. She remarked that her mother was absent in Montreal on a visit and added with no little pride that she was keeping the house, and doing all the work, a thing that would have been impossible a year or so ago, as she was then so ill that instead of taking care of the house she needed constant attention herself.

"I have been sickly from the time I was four months old," she said, "and as I grew up the weakness and ill health became more pronounced. My blood was said to have turned watery. I was weak, pale and dull and could do nothing but suffer. Nothing the doctors did for me was of any use and I grew worse and worse. Father spent a farm on me, but it was of no avail, and father and mother gave me up and felt that I was going to die. I expected to die myself. I had no blood, I was as pale as a corpse and so weak I could hardly walk. My heart also gave me very much trouble and if I lifted my hands my heart would jump until I thought I would die. About two years ago we heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and got a box, but as they did not seem to do me much good, I didn't take any more at the time, but as I got worse and the doctor could do nothing for me, I determined to try the Pink Pills once more, this time I made up my mind that I would give them a fair trial. I got eight boxes and before the third box was done I felt better and my appetite was better. I kept on taking the pills until I had taken the eight boxes, and all the time kept growing stronger and stronger. My color returned, my heart trouble left me and my appetite was better than it had ever been before. Now I can do my work about the house, and feel strong and well all the time. It is a great change since last July, when I could scarcely walk across the floor without falling. I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved me from going to the grave, and I am very thankful I took them."

There was no doubting the honesty of her conviction that Pink Pills saved her life. A younger sister corroborated what was said, remarking, "when Amelia was so bad last spring she was so pale she was almost green, and mother did not think she would live a month."

In evidence of the dangerously ill condition of Miss Ranger a couple of neighbors were seen. Mrs. Trombley said the girl was very ill, and her friends did not expect her to recover, and she had been cured by the use of Pink Pills. Another lady present also bore testimony to the hopelessly ill condition of Miss Ranger, a few months ago.

The remarkable and gratifying results following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the case of Miss Ranger, show that they are unequalled as a blood builder and nerve tonic. In the case of young girls who are pale or sallow, listless, troubled with a fluttering or palpitation of the heart, weak and easily tired, no time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood, and bring a rosy glow of health to the cheeks. These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system, such as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold in boxes, (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

In Grateful Remembrance.

Capt. W. W. Horne, of Wolfe Island, suffered for years with that fatal disease, paralysis. For over two years he was deprived of his speech, and breathed his last Nov. 20th, like an infant sleeping so peaceful was the end. His remains were deposited in a beautiful casket, and his pallbearers were brother masons, by whom he was taken to Trinity church, which was draped in mourning. Rev. Mr. Lipton having administered to him in his last illness, delivered an affecting sermon in the midst of the beautiful burial service for the dead of the Church of England, of which deceased was a life-long supporter. The body was placed in the vault in Trinity church cemetery. A wife and two sons are left with many friends to mourn his loss and receive the widest sympathy. Although rain poured the church was filled to its utmost capacity. The choir rendered very impressive music, led by Miss Emma Sluman. The hymns selected were in keeping with the solemn occasion. The casket was covered with flowers, presented by his many friends as a last kind set.

Down With High Prices For Electric Bells: $1.55, $2.05, $3.70; former prices $5, $7, $10. Quality remains the same—sixteen different styles; dry battery and acid bells — mild or strong current. Less than half the price of any other company and more home testimonials than all the rest together. Full list free. Mention this paper. W. T. Baer & Co., Windsor, Ont.

Wayth Its Weight In Gold.

DEAR SIRS,—I can truly say that Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam is the best remedy ever made for coughs and colds. It is worth its weight in gold. HARRY PALMER, Lorneville, Ont.

Wade's mandrake liver pills, sure cure for biliousness and constipation, Wade's drug store, Kingston.

UN-NERVED, TIRED

People and invalids will find in

CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE

A pleasant restorative and appetizer. Pure and wholesome, it has stood the test of years. Prepared only by K. CAMPBELL & CO., Brewers of Invitations. MONTREAL.

OPEN UNTIL 10 O'CLOCK TO-NIGHT.

Gentlemen's Ties,
Gentlemen's Gloves,
Cardigan Jackets,

HANDKERCHIEFS,

An immense range in all makes of Silk and Linen.

J. LAIDLAW & SON.

BROADBRIM'S LETTER.

(Continued From Page One.)

was not far off when the crescent of the true prophet would wave in every christian land, and the cry of the faithful would be heard from the rising of the sun to the going down of the same: "There is no God but God, and Mahommed is His prophet!" By the change of administration Mr. Webb suddenly found himself out of a job. Mahommedanism had been looking about for an evangelist who would carry the story of saving grace to the benighted millions in the wicked outside world. Mr. Webb's christianity, in the most active period of his life, had not been of a character to endanger his health, and out of his plastic materials it was poss