MEDICALITIES.

WHY!

WHEREFORE. The virtues or merits of a remedy for pain do not consist in its being as good for relief as other remedies, but in the fact that it is better, in being more prompt and sure, and therefore the best for the specific purpose. It is not an idle jingle that states the truth thus,

ST. JACOBS OIL
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN, IS THE BEST.

It is the best cure for all aches and pains, and it holds

THE TRUE PROOF.

To this specific fact Archbishops, Bishops, Clergymen, Lawyers, Doctors, Governors, Generals, Senators, Members of Congress and Legislatures, U. S. Consuls, Army and Navy Officers, Mayors and Officials, testify and write in saying: "We offered pain;

OTHER REMEDIES FAILED,

and St. Jacobs Oil cured promptly and permanently." For this same reason

THE POOR MAN

finds what he needs, is not deceived, and will have it at any price.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills invaluable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents, five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

PERFECTLY RESTORED!

"I intended to let you know results of treatment, but thought I'd best wait, and after five months I must say, that I am thoroughly satisfied that I was perfectly restored to health, both as regards physical and nervous vigor, and I may also say, that I am engaged at work for the last five months, which I never could have stood but for your treatment."

The original of above letter is on file in our office. It is No. 81 in a collection of over 2,000 similar letters from actual patients. We have a

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For **Lost or Failing Vitality**; General and **Nervous Debility**; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effect of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. How to enlarge and Strengthen **Weak, Undeveloped Organs and Parts of Body.** Absolutely unfailing **Home Treatment**—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States, Territories and Foreign Countries. You can write them. Book, full explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address

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THE most economic, and at the same time the most effectual stomachic and aid to digestion.

A 25 cents package is sufficient to make 3 large bottles of the best Bitters.

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Sherlock's New Music Store.

ALSO NEW QUADRILLES AND POLKAS.

180 Wellington Street.

"Just Common Folks."

A hundred humble songsters twitt
The notes that to their lays belong,
Where just one nightingale might fill
The place with its transcendent song
And thus Fame notes and with its strife
A soul with lasting greatness thinks
And heaven thousand else the while
To be for aye just common folks.

If only sweetest bells were rung
How we should miss the minor chimes!
If only grandest poets sung
Thereby be no humble little rhymes.
The modest, clinging vines add grace
Unto the forest's giant oaks,
And mid earth's mighty is a place
For people with just common folks.

Not they the warriors who shall win
Upon the battlefield a name
To sound above the awful din,
Not theirs the palm of deathless fame
Nor theirs the poet's muse that brings
The rythmic gift he soul invokes;
Theirs but to do the simpler things
That duty gives just common folks.

They are the multitudes of earth
And mingle ever in the crowd
Elbowing those of equal birth,
Where none because of caste is proud,
Bound by the ministers of a fate
That sometimes a decree revokes;
Above the lowly, beath the great,
Are millions of just common folks.

Fate has not lifted them above
The level of the human plain;
They share with men a brother love
In touch with pleasure and with pain.
One great, far-reaching brotherhood
With common burdens, common yokes
And common wrongs and common good,
God's army of just common folks.

MISS FRENCH.

"Well, Henry, what is it now?"

Miss French had just taken her seat at her own desk in the Division, and looked up, with a somewhat impatient air, at the colored messenger standing before her. There was a file of papers waiting to be "briefed," and Henry's face had a deprecating expression that she understood.

"Mr. Calvert wants to know if you will be so kind as to assist him this morning? Miss Morrison isn't here, and there's a heavy mail."

"Miss Morrison absent again?"

"Yes'm; I understand that it's on a count of sickness."

"Very well, Henry; tell Mr. Calvert I'll come, presently."

Miss French's tones were perfectly even, for she never allowed herself to betray emotion "in office." There were so many foolish women who did let jealousy, or temper, or nerves get the better of them in public, that she was doubly careful to avoid ill-bred displays. But outward composure covered inward vexation; and Mr. Calvert—a sensitive little gentleman—was quick to feel the touch of frost in her manner.

"I am extremely sorry, Miss French, to interrupt you; but Miss Morrison is, unfortunately, ill again, and the work is piling up so rapidly"—

"I might say the same of my own work, Mr. Calvert."

"Undoubtedly. And I am distressed to trouble you so often; but, you see, when I need help it must be efficient. Miss Blank was at the desk yesterday, and I'll tell you in confidence, she was really a hindrance. It is not every one who has your faculty."

"Miss Morrison seems to be absent frequently," said Miss French, in a less frigid tone. She was aware that her "faculty" was above the office level; and there was some compensation in having the fact recognized.

"Her health is frail," Mr. Calvert returned. "I don't think she is absent without cause; but it certainly happens frequently. Her sick-leave for the year was used up before July, and she had to make up arrears on her vacation."

"Do you mean that she has been here all summer—that she has had no holiday at all?" asked Miss French, a little startled.

"I believe so. The fact is—" lowering his voice discreetly—"Miss Morrison is not in what you might call prosperous circumstances."

"That might be said of most of us," with a slight curl of her short upper lip. "We are all Government paupers here, Mr. Calvert."

"Just so; but there are degrees in pauperism. Between yourself and Miss Morrison, for instance"——

A messenger came up with a batch of letters, and the sentence was never finished. But the distinction suggested lingered in Miss French's consciousness throughout the busy morning. Mr. Calvert had drawn it on superficial grounds. Any one could see the outward differences marking social grade and habitude, and the inference was naturally in her favor. But she was aware of something more radical.

At luncheon-time she asked, casually, if anybody knew where Miss Morrison lived. In the group of four or five, who by law of natural selection took their Russian tea together at noon, there was one who did know. And, with the address in her card-case, she walked down to the Junction after office hours, and took a Ninth-street car out towards Le Droyt Park. Somewhere in that rather dreary neighborhood she found a dingy, red-brick caravansery, upon which "Cheap Boarding-house" was the legible stamp. A slatternly colored girl answered the door-bell, and refused her card.

"Deed it ain't wuth while totin' that upstairs. Miss Mawson's sick abed. She kaint come down to see nobody."

"Can I go up to her room, perhaps?"

"Reckon you kin. It's on the top floor. Jes keep on till you stop, an' knock at the fust do you come to."

Miss French followed these somewhat vague directions, and climbed three dusky flights of stairs. At the head of the last she met a woman who had just emerged from the first door on the landing place, and asked to be directed to Miss Morrison's room.

"It's right here," was the answer, eagerly given. "I wonder if you are one of the young ladies from the office?"

Miss French answered that she was, and the woman's face brightened with a sympathetic pleasure.

"I sort'ny am glad! She's been wishin' somebody would come. Miss Mawson—" opening the door a little way—"here's comp'ny fo' you. Can she walk right in?"

"Who is it?" a weak voice asked, in a fluttered tone.

"You'll know, I reckon. Somebody from the office."

The door was pushed open; the guide, with more delicacy than might have been inferred from her appearance, vanished down the stairway; and the visitor found herself in a room so small, so bare, so poverty-stricken, that her heart, touched already with remorseful pity, melted utterly at the forlorness before her. Upon a narrow iron cot, lay a slight figure, poorly covered with a threadbare quilt. A pale, eager, startled face looked up to her with unconscious pleading in the big, brown eyes; and without a thought of conventionalities that would have been remembered in other circumstances, Miss French dropped on her knees by the bed.

"You poor little thing!" she cried. "You poor little thing! Why didn't you let some of us know?"

"I didn't think I had any right."

"That is to say, you thought us all heartless creatures. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Miss Morrison smiled—a patient, pitiful little smile.

"You may scold me if yer like. It was so kind of you to come!"

"Oh, kind! I am disgusted with myself."

Miss French rose from her knees, drew a chair to the bedside, and sat down in it with an air of determination.

"I've an engagement for six o'clock," she began, looking at her watch; "and counting the ride home, it leaves me ten minutes to talk. May I ask you some questions?"

"As many as you please."

"Tell me, then, why you're in this forlorn place? You have a fair salary—nine hundred, I suppose?"

"Only seven-twenty," corrected Miss Morrison.

"I thought you had your promotion! Mr. Calvert said you had passed the examination, and been recommended to the Commissioner. He says you are doing very good work."

"It doesn't seem to help you much unless you have influence. I have nobody to push the thing for me."

"There should be no need," said Miss French, bitterly. "Good work should stand its own pushing; but it's no use expatiating on that. Even so, sixty dollars a month ought to give you more comforts. Are you helping anybody with your salary?"

"I have to provide for my mother, and my little sister. They have only me to look to."

"Good heavens!"

Miss French forgot the well-bred composure for the moment, but Miss Morrison maintained hers.

"We should do well enough," she continued simply, "if I could keep my health. My mother has a little house in the country where rent is cheap, and she is a good manager. But I—I don't know what is the matter with me. I seem to break down"—

Her voice quivered. The startling tears, the pale cheeks and trembling hands told their own story of nervous prostration—brought on, as one might easily guess, by continuous personal privation.

"I am so afraid," she added, struggling with a sob, "of losing my place! If it comes to that, it just means starvation for all of us."

"I believe you are starving yourself now," said her visitor promptly. "Do you board in this house?"

"Yes, that is, not exactly"——

"Not exactly; which means that you pay for your lodging and live on crackers and cheese?"

Miss Morrison was mute.

"How can you expect to keep your health when you are not properly nourished? Would you be kind enough to tell me what you have had to eat to-day?"

"All I wanted. Indeed, I have no appetite. Mrs. Hoxie brought me up some tea. She has been very kind."

"Is Mrs. Hoxie the person who told you I was here?"

"Yes. I don't see any one else in the house."

"I shall speak to her when I go down. And if she brings you up some hot oysters, by and by, and a glass of wine, you'll take them?"

Miss Morrison hid her face in her hands.

"I shan't go till you say you will," continued Miss French. "And I've no time to spare, you know."

"I'll do anything you tell me. Kiss me before you go!"

The thin arms were stretched out in childish entreaty; the wistful eyes shone through wet lashes with grateful affection. Miss French was but a few years older, yet her heart grew warm with motherly tenderness as she bent over the lonely girl.

"You are not to worry about the office. I am helping Mr. Calvert with your work, and there will be no trouble. Look for me about the same time to-morrow," she said cheerfully; as she left her.

Mrs. Hoxie's room was on the floor below. Her door was ajar as Miss French came down, and she was peeping through the crack; but she responded, with a flutter of pleased excitement, to the young lady's request.

"Yes, indeed, I'll be right glad to oblige you," as she took the offered money. "I cer'ny do feel sorry for the poor little lone thing—and she don't eat enough to feed a fly, that's the livin' truth!"

"Try to coax her appetite," said Miss French, giving hasty directions about oysters and grape-juice. "She only needs building up, I'm sure. I'll see to her again, to-morrow."

* * * *

An hour or so later, she was seated in a quietly elegant dinner costume, at one of the long, bright tables spread at Willard's, this evening for the Six-o'Clock Club dinner. There was a flood of gas-light, a glitter of silver and cut-crystal, a wealth of color in glowing pyramids of fruit and flowers, behind which smiling faces and cheerful voices lent animation to the scene. Miss French was well-placed for the enjoyment of the evening. She had an escort entirely devoted, with a semi-detached young man on the other side, who was eager to occupy accidental gaps in her attention. And three-or-four of the notable people present claimed her recognition, across the table. Usually she was in her element in such a gathering; for she liked clever men; and met them on their own ground—with a reserved fund of feminine fascination. To-night, however, her thoughts wandered, and her tongue was less ready with suggestive speech and graceful repartee. She was glad when the dinner of many courses was over, and the chairman of the evening announced the topic for discussion—"How to Abolish Poverty."

It was a topic curiously in keeping with her wandering thoughts, that continually strayed back to Miss Morrison's desolate room, and to older, deeper memories which, by some feminine process of suggestion, the visit had awakened. Carefully suppressed, rather than sleeping, memories, these had been. At a touch they had grown active, and swarmed about her like bees with a sting to be feared. But she listened, with a rapt attention that amused her companions, to the conflicting opinions tossed from one fluent speaker to another. There were some who contended that poverty was no evil, and to abolish it would be to rob progress of its most potent factor. Others claimed that there was actually no poverty worth speaking of, and glibly quoted statistics to prove that the world had never been so well-to-do as at the present moment. One saturnine orator advocated the multiplication of prisons and almshouses, because industry created competition, and beat down the price of labor. The greater the number of workingmen, he argued, the smaller the pittance their work commanded; therefore, encourage idleness and crime, and raise the wages of industry by reducing its ranks!

This speech was immensely clever. It bristled with trenchant sarcasms; it sparkled with droll humor. The room rang with laughter and cheers when it ended, but all the applause was to Miss French as the crackling of thorns under a pot.

"It is a shame to laugh," she exclaimed. "The jest is too bitter. He speaks the truth. And we sit here eating ices, drinking champagne, laughing at witty speeches. What are we doing, any of us, to make such truths impossible?"

Her neighbor shrugged his shoulders. He was not fighting crusades himself, he said, or guessing conundrums. The evening had proved rather a failure to him, for Miss French, in a serious mood, was not entertaining. It was a relief, on her part, to escape even from such intermittent efforts as she had made to that effect, and to find herself at last alone in her own room. But her solitude was soon interrupted, even there. Her married cousin—mistress of the house which had sheltered her since she left the New England homestead two years ago—came to her door, presently, in dressing-gown and slippers.

"You've missed an opportunity Bertha," as she settled herself in an easy chair before the open fire. "Kilery Kingston called, and was disgusted when I told him you were at the Six-o'Clock Club. He can't see what you enjoy in those gatherings."

"Is it important that he should?"

"Oh, well, if you want to please him"—

"Why should I want to please him, Cassie?"

"Don't ask idle questions. One goes through the motion, at least, with the man one proposes to marry."

"Who is proposing to marry Mr. Kingston?" Miss French asked, with a warning note in her voice.

"Dear me! I can put it the other way, if you are so particular. Mr. Kingston is proposing to marry you, at all events," Mrs. Clarke replied. "He meant to have it out with you to-night, I am convinced, and he was awfully disappointed."

"I'm glad I wasn't there, Cassie."

"What do you mean by that?" her cousin demanded. "Are you going to tell me that after all the pains I've taken to bring you two together"——

"Cassie, don't be cross. I know you've taken pains for me, and a week ago I might have said yes to Mr. Kingston, though it would have condemned me to the same splendid misery that you hide under a smiling face every day you live."

"Bertha! how dare you say such things! Did I ever"——

"You never did; but I've lived with you for two years, and I can see what you hide from others. Where is your husband tonight, dear?"

"At his club, I suppose; or the theatre, or"——

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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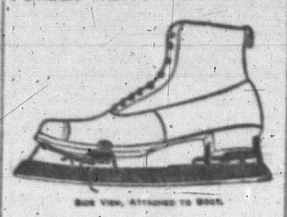

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A Frenchman in the United States and Canada, by Max O'rell.
Mrs. Dines' Jewels, by Clark Russell.
The Captain of Company K, by Joseph Kirkland.
The Baroness, by Frances Mary Peard.
Sir Anthony's Secret, by Adeline Sergent.
Beatrice H. Benedict, by Hawley Smart.
The Shield of Love, by B. L. Farjeon.
My Official Life, by R. H. Savage.
The White Company, by Conan Doyle.
ms, a Romance, by A. C. F.
On the Stage and Off, by J. K. Jerome.
According to St. John, by Amelia Reives.
The Railway Man and His Children, by Miss Oliphant.
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Do you want a comforter this winter? We can supply you with a good one for 65 cents, extra large for 90 cents. Come and buy one at R McFaul's.

Wm W. Wilhelm, the traveling baggage master of the Pennsylvania railroad, has travelled 3,000,000 miles without accident during his long service on the road.

The largest sheet or pane of glass in the world is set in the front of a building on Vine street, Cincinnati, Ohio. It was made in Marseilles, France, and measures 186x104 inches.

Besides the invaluable property of restoring the hair to its original beauty and color, Capilline claims that of cleansing the scalp, removing dandruff, preventing its falling out and promoting its healthy growth.

Incitatus, the famous horse of the Roman emperor, Caligula, was actually consecrated as a priest, had a manger of pure ivory, and was never given a drink from anything but a gold pail.

A Gunn Vote

Means a Step Towards Better Markets.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.

Sudden change of temperature sorely try all persons prone to rheumatism, sciatica, tic doloreux, and many maladies scarcely less painful, though of shorter duration. On the first attack of stiffness or suffering in any muscle, joint, or nerve, recourse should immediately be had to fomenting the seat of disease with hot brine and rubbing in this remarkable Ointment, which will assuage the uneasiness of the part, subdue inflammation, and reduce the swelling. The Pills simultaneously taken, will rectify constitutional disturbances and renew the strength. No remedy heretofore discovered has proved so effective as the Ointment and Pills for removing gouty, rheumatic, and scrofulous attacks, which affect all ages, and are commonly called hereditary.

STABBED IN THE BACK.

How a Cincinnati Drunkard Murdered His Wife.

Five years ago Lizzie Jackson was a Quaker belle in Clinton county, O., a maiden so fair of face and attractive that she had many suitors, and surprise was expressed when she married Frank Rutherford, a new comer in the neighborhood. Five years of slow decline and heart-breaking misery followed, and the corpse of the young wife lay on the floor of a tenement in Cincinnati, murdered by her own husband, her life blood spattered on her three-year-old boy.

FRANK RUTHERFORD.

It is the old story. He was "no account," as the people say. He idled, then drank heavily, abused his wife and finally drove a pair of shears into her back till the point penetrated her heart. He was a carriage painter by trade, but worked only by fits and starts, and of late years his wife worked out as a domestic. Owing to her husband she could not keep her place and so joined Mrs. Temott, a neighbor in the big tenement house at the corner of Commerce and Elm streets, in doing scrub work at various resorts. This servile toil the young mother did to get clothing for her little boy. Rutherford went on idling and drinking more and more.

He came home drunk and found his wife at the sewing machine. There was a quarrel—at any rate his voice was heard—then a scream of mortal agony and Mrs. Temott rushed in. The murdered wife was still standing, but sank on the bed, attempted to clasp her boy, but fell to the floor dead. Rutherford of course pleads "temporary insanity," and adds that his wife tried to strike him with a poker. But the wound was in her back, under the left shoulder blade, and seems to have been given as she was leaning forward, probably over the sewing machine.

The Back-Stitch,

Or, in other words, a stitch in the back, or lumbago, was successfully treated in the following way: Baltimore, Md., U. S. A., February 26, 1890: "I suffered a long time with pains in the back, and obtained no relief until I tried St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me completely, and I take pleasure in recommending it as a most valuable remedy." GEORGE H. BURNITT, 120 Eden St.

Fills a Long-Felt Want.

Fangle—I have just patented the greatest invention of the century.

Cumso—What is it?

Fangle—A collar button which does its own swearing when it rolls under the bureau.—New York Epoch.

From Theory to Practice.

"What, you, of all men in the world, going to marry?"

"Yes."

"Well, of course I've always known you were a woman hater, but I didn't think you'd make it a personal grudge."—Life.

Firewood in Plenty.

Come down and see our stock of best maple, cut or uncut, arriving weekly by Kingston and Pembroke. Best dry slabs in the city. Pine and cedar blocks and Gilmour's dry edgings for kindling wood. All cheap for cash. James Campbell, opposite barrack gate, Ontario street. Telephone No. 116.

One Way Excursions to Pacific Coast.

Take the Bay of Quinte and C. P. railways new short line to Peterboro, Toronto and all points west. Excursions to British Columbia and California on Jan. 13th and 27th, Feb. 10th and 24th. R. J. Wilson, ticket agent, C.P.R. company's telegraph office, Clarence street.

Wyman's Catarrh Cure

Is the surest and best remedy for catarrhal troubles known. Quick in its action, healing and soothing. The sick can obtain instant relief by the use of this incomparable medicine. Wilson's Pharmacy.

Fresh Dulce at Wade's drug store.

DON'T BOIL, DON'T SCALD

the clothes on wash day. Its not necessary. SUPRRISE SOAP does the wash without boiling or scalding a single piece. The clothes last longer washed in this way. Its the quickest and cleanest way of washing too. There's no steam about the house either.

SURPRISE

Makes white goods whiter, coloured goods brighter, flannels softer, nor does it injure the tenderest hands or finest fabrics.

'Tis a remarkable easy way to wash.

200

Tweed Ulsters,

Cloth Jackets.

For a trifle over half price, in order to make room for new Spring Goods,

Bargains will be given. Children's Jackets extra good value.

JOHN LAIDLAW & SON.

NEW DISCOVERY by ACCIDENT

In compounding a solution a part was accidently spilled on the hand and on washing afterward it was discovered that the hair was completely removed. We at once put this wonderful preparation on the market and it has been the demand that we are now introducing it throughout the world under the name of Queen's Anti-Hairine, IT IS PERFECTLY HARMLESS AND SO SIMPLE ANY CHILD CAN USE IT.

Lay the hair over and apply the mixture for a few minutes, and the hair disappears as if by magic without the slightest pain or injury, when washed off and never afterward. It is unlike any other preparation ever used for this purpose. Thousands of LADIES who have been annoyed with hair on their FACE, NECK and ARMS attest its merits. GENTLEMEN who do not appreciate a beard or hair on their neck find a priceless boon in Queen's Anti-Hairine which does away with shaving, by rendering its future growth an utter impossibility. Price of Queen's Anti Hairine $1 per bottle, sent to any address postage paid by us securely sealed from observation. Send money or stamps by letter with full address written plainly. Correspondence strictly confidential. This advertisement is honest and straight forward in every word it contains. We invite you to deal with a firm you will find everything as represented. Try this oil and send to-day. Address QUEEN CHEMICAL CO., 1774 Race Street, CINCINNATI, O. You can receive your letter at any Post Office to insure its safe delivery. We will pay $100 for any case of failure or slightest injury to any purchaser. Every bottle guaranteed.

SPECIAL To ladies who introduce and sell among their friends 25 Bottles of Queen's Anti-Hairine, we will present a Gold Watch with SILK DRESS, 15 yards best quality Extra Large Bottle and samples of silk to select from sent with order. Good Salary or Commission to Agents.

We have tried Queen's Anti-Hairine, and find it does all the above company claim for it.—EDITOR.

HERE IS A BARGAIN

A Five Gallon Galvanized Iron Coal Oil Can with Pump and Syphon arranged so the lamps may be filled without using a funnel or disturbing the can. No dirt, no waste, handy, durable and cheap. Price:

With Five Gallons Water White American Coal Oil, $2.50.

With Five Gallons Best Canadian Coal Oil, $2.00

A GOOD WOOD SNOW SHOVEL 25c.

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