



MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS FOR WEAK PEOPLE

These pills are a specific for all diseases arising from disordered nerves, weak heart or watery blood. They cure palpitation, dizziness, smothering, faint and weak spells, shortness of breath, swellings of feet and ankles, nervousness, sleeplessness, anaemia, hysteria, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis, brain fog, female complaints, general debility, and lack of vitality. Price 50c. a box.

THE WESTBRIDGE EPISODE.

(Continued from Seventh Page.)

one knee beside him, and smoothed his hot forehead with firm, soft fingers.

The long curtains parted. James, in dimity and cap, appeared. "Dinner is served, sir."

"Come, dear," said Mary, gently. "You will feel better when you have had something to eat."

Downing made a mental vow never to say it again. It was one of his pet phrases.

As they seated themselves, he saw with envious eyes the evening paper, his paper, laid carefully by Mary's plate. He must play the roll to the bitter end. He would ask her meekly what had been done today. But with the first spoonful of soup she disappeared behind the paper.

Downing studied the lines upside down.

He was remembering many things. Occasionally, as he sipped his soup, he caught a glimpse of Mary's face around the corner of the paper. He had no idea she could look so superior. Those gold-bowed eyeglasses were immensely becoming to her. He had never let her wear glasses. He liked her pretty, feminine, short-sighted way of looking at things. The glasses spoiled all that. But they suited her present role awfully well. They somehow made her look like young Barclay at the club. Downing had always stood secretly in awe of Barclay and of his opinions. As he looked at his wife he was conscious that she affected him very much after the manner of young Barclay. He tried to rise above it; but a miserable consciousness of soft silk about his wrists and costly lace at his throat kept him down.

Now and then Mary vouchsafed him a piece of news. She murmured to herself over specially interesting items. With the coming of the dessert, she laid down the paper with an air of conscious virtue that Downing recognized acutely.

The gold eyeglasses surveyed him kindly, if a trifle patronizingly.

"What was done about the 'Big Four,' Mary?" The question that had been burning on his lips leaped out.

"Oh, that's all right. I made ten thousand." She spoke with modest satisfaction.

Downing gasped inwardly. Five had been his maximum hope.

"Was Dexter there?"

"He wasn't able to come." Mary smiled ever so slightly and kindly. "Mrs. Dexter took his place."

"How was the deal managed?"

"I don't believe you would understand it, dear." She spoke firmly, but very, very kindly. "But you really get the cream of it all." She extracted a bill from a generous roll and tossed it across the table. "I thought I would draw a little on account," she said.

Downing pocketed it—that is, tried to pocket it—humbly. Good money was not to be refused. But deep in his heart was a resolve—never to toss money to Mary. It was not comfortable. She should have an allowance and a bank account after this—if ever there was any "after this." He began to feel as if the satin folds and lace might be grown to his person. As soon as James should leave them alone together, he would tell Mary what he had been thinking about to-day.

James passed the dessert, filled the glasses gave a final glance to see that nothing more was needed, and grasped the handles of his tray.

"Have you had a comfortable day James?" asked Mary kindly. She did not trust herself to look at him.

James released his hold on the tray and lifted the dimity shirt in one hand, gazing at its stiffness. "It's the like o' that wud be the death of a man if he was a wumman," he said solemnly.

Mary looked at him reflectively. "They aren't comfortable, are they James? How do you think you would like to wear them all

the time?" she asked, scanning the wooden face.

"Dade an' I'd niver be doin' it another day—not if ye was to go down on yer knees for it," returned James promptly.

He grasped the handles of the tray once more and rustled away with solemn mien.

As the door closed behind him, Downing glanced at Mary. Their eyes met. They smiled.

"Make out your list, Mary," said Downing humbly. "You shall have the things to-morrow. In the main I agree with James."

In the main every man in Westbridge agreed with James. For which reason the women of Westbridge are to-day comfortably clad. Some of the women continue frumps under the new regime as they would under the old. But they are comfortable frumps.

Westbridge comes very near to being the "Little Nut inside the Hub." But the men of Westbridge are less boastful than of old. They walk softly before the world.

Untold Agony from Salt Rheum

Mr. Chas. McLean, Palmerston, Ont., says:—"I suffered untold agony and misery for years with salt rheum in my feet. I tried almost every remedy I could hear of. I was told by the best physicians I could not get more than temporary relief. I was induced to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. After one or two applications I received great relief, and when I had used only two boxes I was completely cured. At all dealers, 60 cents a box."

How We Go to Sleep.

According to the best writers on the subject, it has been ascertained that, in beginning to sleep, the senses do not unitedly fall into a state of slumber, but drop off one after the other. The sight ceases, in consequence of the protection of the eyelids, to receive impressions first, while all the other senses preserve their sensibility entire. The sense of taste is the next which loses its susceptibility to impressions, and then the sense of smelling. The hearing is next in order, and last of all comes the sense of touch. Furthermore, the senses are brought to sleep with different degrees of profoundness. The sense of touch sleeps the most lightly, and is the most easily awakened; the next easiest is the hearing; the next the sight; and the taste and smell awake the last.

Another remarkable circumstance deserves notice; certain muscles and parts of the body begin to sleep before others. Sleep commences at the extremities, beginning with the feet and legs, and creeping toward the centre of nervous action. The necessity for keeping the feet warm and perfectly still, as a preliminary of sleep, is well known. From these explanations it will not appear surprising that, with one or more of the senses, and perhaps also one or more parts of the body, imperfectly asleep, there should be at the same time imperfect mental action which produces the phenomenon of dreaming.

ONE TEASPOONFUL of Pain-Killer in hot water sweetened will cure almost any case of flatulency and indigestion. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis', 25c. and 50c.

When Buying Fertilizers.

One of the largest expense items on many farms is that for fertilizers and many farmers buy fertilizers with very little practical business method and sense. They do not inform themselves upon this subject as business men should. The general tendency is to buy what sells for the least money, regardless of content. It should be understood by every one that they do not get 2,000 pound of plant food in a ton of fertilizer. It is the elements of nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash that are of value, and the money value of any fertilizer is in direct proportion to the amount of these elements it contains.

Cheap mixed fertilizers are always dear, for we are obliged to pay the same per ton for freight, bagging, mixing, handling, and selling for an article containing only 200 pounds plant food as for one containing 400 pounds more. While the latter contains 100 per cent. more plant food, the retail price is only about 50 per cent. greater than the "cheap" grade. We can readily see which is the more profitable to buy. Articles of the same selling price vary in value, and every farmer should educate himself to know the significance of the guaranteed analysis, and to figure the relative food value of the different brands he contemplates buying. This is imperative to every man who aspires to conduct his business upon sound principles.—[Contributor American Agriculturist.

Warts Are Unsightly

That is the reason no one is clamoring for a few more warts—make them fashionable and a remedy to grow warts would quickly be made a financial success. Yes, Putnam's Corn and Wart Extractor removes them, works quickly and without pain—any druggist will tell you more about this remedy.

Pure Carelessness.

Mr. Fiskuff (after conversing with neighbors)—Johnny, whose fault was it that Tommy Tuffin got a black eye? Johnny Fiskuff—His own. Mr. Fiskuff (very deliberately)—Are you sure, now? Johnny Fiskuff—Dead sure! Why, he left an opening you could drive a band-wagon through.—"Puck."

On being asked whether he would go to the funeral of a man whom he very much disliked, William M. Everts once replied: "No, I shall not attend; but I quite approve of it." Of a family not too famous for its virtue, the witty lawyer had said: "That family is propagated by slips."



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A LARGE BOTTLE, 25c.

BEYOND.

Why should I mourn? The leaf unheeded falls; The iron pillar disappears in rust; Time lays his hand upon the castle walls— They silent sink and crumble into dust!

Why should I grieve? Mysterious—alone— Unknown I came—unknown I'll pass away! And in departing for the Great Unknown, Leave nought behind, my journey to betray.

Why should I care? The ages that have past Sent forth their best beyond the silent veil; Why should I, then, when launching forth at last, Draw back in fear to face the Boatman pale?

Why should I weep? Death follows after Life, As doth the night the day! The awful Law Has found it good to end some day the strife, And o'er the scene Death's mystic curtain draw.

Why should I shrink? No portal bars the way; No grisly Want frights Hope away from me; When out among the Spheres on that day, My loosened Spirit leaps—I shall be free!

As Between the M. D. and E. D.

A western Editor, with a feeling of resentment at the Doctor, explodes his face as follows:—

The doctor from Algona said that newspapers are run for revenue only. What in thunder do doctors run for, any way? Do they run for glory? One good healthy doctor's bill would run this office for six months. An editor works a half day for \$3, with an investment of \$3,000; a doctor looks wise and works ten minutes for \$200, with an investment of three cents for catnip and a pillbox that cost \$1.37.

A doctor goes to college for two or three years and gets a diploma and a string of words the devil himself could not pronounce, cultivates a look of gravity that he palms off for wisdom, gets a box of pills, a cayuse and a meat saw and sticks out his shingle a full-fledged doctor. He will then doctor you until you die at stipulated price per visit, and puts them in as thick as you pocketbook will permit.

An editor never gets his education finished. He learns as long as he lives, and studies all his life. He eats brain mash and liver; he takes his pay in turnips and hay, and keeps the doctor in town by refraining from printing the truth about him. If we didn't get some glory out of it we would agree to take one of his pills after first saying our prayers. If the editor makes a mistake he has to apologize for it. But if the doctor makes a mistake he buries it. If we make out there is a lawsuit, tall swearing and a smell of sulphur, but if the doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and a smell of varnish. The doctor can use a word a foot long, but if the editor uses it he has to spell it.

If the doctor goes to see another man's wife he will charge the man for his visit. If the editor calls on another man's wife he gets a charge of buckshot. Any medical college can make a doctor. You can't make an editor. He has to be born one.

The editor works to keep from starving, while the doctor works to ward off the gout. The editor helps men to live better, and the doctor assists them to die easy.

The doctor pulls a sick man's leg, the editor is glad if he collects his bills at all. Revenue only? We are living for fun and to spite the doctors.

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For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Cramps, Diarrhoea, All Bowel Complaints.
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There's only one PAIN-KILLER, PERRY DAVIS'.
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is a specialty with us. We can give it to you in large size 24x36 inches, for tub linings or, in printed or unprinted wrappers for one or two pound prints. This paper is the very best on the market and we buy it in such quantities that we can sell it as cheaply as any of fine in the province.

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Wool Carriage Mats,
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