ABYSMAL DEPTHS

OR BLINDFOLD ON THE BRINK OF PRECIPICES

CHAPTER VIII.

It was six o'clock on a fine, bright evening at the latter end of September; I had been walking the streets since ten that morning, making a last effort to obtain employment. I might as well have asked those I applied to for their purses. Where had I been last? To whom could I refer for a character? I had never worked before — I knew no one who could give me a character. Their manner changed; they looked upon me as a suspicious individual, and I could perceive that watchful eyes followed me until I was clear of the premises. I had made up my mind that I would return to Martha's no more. I could no longer endure being a burden upon a stranger. I had read in a scrap of old newspaper that day of a suicide that had been committed in the Regent's Canal; I felt a morbid curiosity to see the spot which had been described as being within the precincts of the park, where the canal is crossed by a bridge that leads in the direction of Primrose Hill.

I wandered past the grounds of the Zoological Gardens, and, looking over the palisades, saw a group of laughing children mounted on the back of an elephant. I lingered there for some moments, until my heart filled with bitterness. I wondered whether the suicide had looked over those palisades, and seen merry-faced children disporting themselves; and, if so, whether this contrast with his own misery had given the final impetus to his resolve of self-destruction.

Once more I dragged my weary limbs along the road, meeting happy-looking couples and well-dressed people at every step, but no one like myself. It seemed as though all the misery had been swept off the face of the earth, and I alone had been forgotten. I passed the first bridge, and the second; just beyond a portion of the hoarding that separates the park from the banks of the canal was broken away. Upon that spot I threw myself down and gazed upon the dark, sluggish waters of that gloomiest of streams.

The evening was chilly, the park was nearly empty — even the loiterers were slowly dispersing, and I should be left alone under the dark shadow of the trees.

The old fascination of the river came upon me with redoubled force. I had tried every means to live—all had failed. I must either end it in this way, or die of lingering starvation.

Then I began to picture in my mind the finding of my body the next morning; how it would be dragged out of the water by hooks; how they would search it for papers, or other means of identification. But they would find none. Then they would stick up notices — "Found Drowned" — upon the boards at the police stations, with the descriptions of dress, stature, marks, apparent age, etc. But no one would ever recognize the description, unless poor Martha should happen to see the bills, and I should be buried, and the world would never miss me. Wretched and despairing as I was, there was a pang in that thought. The tears were streaming down my face, and unconsciously I was sobbing aloud.

Suddenly I was startled by a light touch upon my shoulder, and a soft, woman's voice sounding in my ears. "What is the matter; are you ill?" it said.

I turned round, and half rose from my prostrate position. The sun had set, and gray shadows were veiling the daylight; the thick, heavy trees darkening it yet more where I lay. My eyes were blurred with tears, and I could not see distinctly; but I was sensible that a woman dressed in black was kneeling beside me. She started back, half-fearfully, as I moved; but something in my face seemed to reassure her, for the next moment she again advanced. I brushed away my tears, rose to my feet and looked at her.

She seemed about twenty; her figure very slight; a sweet, pale, melancholy face; and light, golden hair; that fell in natural ringlets down upon her shoulders. While I looked a thrill ran through me. Was I dreaming? Had my troubles affected my brain? No, it was she! It was the face which many a time had haunted me.

My eager looks again frightened her.

"I heard you sobbing, and I thought you were ill," she said, timidly. "Is there anything I can do for you? If not, pray pardon my intrusion."

She drew further away from me as she spoke.

No; I could doubt no more. That soft, musical voice, that had haunted me in my sleep — whose tones had never ceased reverberating in my soul from the hour in which I had first heard them — was still the same, although the face and form had grown older.

"Do you know," she said, speaking suddenly, "that I thought you were going to throw yourself into the canal, and that was why I spoke to you? Your eyes were fixed with such a strange look upon the water, and you were moaning so sadly."

I did not answer; but I shuddered. Already the thought of my meditated crime terrified me. The despair was lifted off my heart in the last few moments, and life seemed worth preserving after all.

"But for you I should now be lying in the bottom of that canal!" I answered in a low tone, and my tears fell fast. They relieved my sudden revulsion of feeling.

"And I have saved you from such a wicked deed. It makes me so happy to think so!" she murmured. "The life that you have saved shall henceforth be devoted to you!" I cried, ardently.

"But why did you wish to drown yourself?" she asked.

"Because my life was so wretched, so unendurable — because I have no friends, no employment, no hope!" I answered, mournfully.

"I have no friends," she answered, in a sad voice; "but I have never wished to destroy myself; it would be so wicked."

"Oh, I will never think of it again!" I said, eagerly.

"You say you have no occupation; perhaps you are poor—want money? I will give you some; it will not be much, but ——"

Her purse was already in her hand; but that I could not think of —not from her.

"Oh, no, no; indeed I do not need it," I said, hastily.

"But if you have no friends and no employment, you must want money. I can spare it; indeed I can. I give away a good deal. It will please me so much if you take it."

This was said in such a simple, pleading tone, so unconscious of offense, that it could not have mortified the most sensitive delicacy. But I could not accept. "Please not to ask me; I cannot take it," I said.

She put back her purse into her pocket, with such a disappointed look that I felt guilty of having pained her.

We walked on until we came to a street of small, pretty houses.

"I live there," she said, pointing to one which appeared to have been recently built. "I am late to-night; Mrs. Wilson will wonder where I am."

"And shall I not see you again?" I said mournfully.

"You shall come and see me, if you like," she said, innocently; but added, next moment, in a doubtful tone, "I do not know what Mrs. Wilson will say about it. Perhaps it is wrong. She knows all these things so much better than I do."

My countenance fell, and she observed it, for she went on in a compassionate tone: "But it is hard to have no friend — no one to speak to, and no employment. I am so much better off than you! I have a good kind friend to talk to, and to be good to me, in Mrs. Wilson; and then I have plenty of work. You shall come and see me, and I'll coax her to be good to you."

"When shall I come?" I asked eagerly.

"Not to-morrow, for I shall be very busy, but the next day. Are you quite sure you will not take anything?" and again she drew out her purse.

I was quite sure. She looked exceedingly disappointed, and my heart reproached me, but I could not.

It was now quite dark. I could have lingered there all night listening to her voice, gazing upon her face. But she held out her hand. I pressed it, and we parted.

But I could not quit the street. I lingered about a long time, until lights began to appear in the bedrooms of the houses. Presently I fancied that I saw her shadow reflected upon the blind of the upper room of the house into which she had vanished. It appeared only once, and then the light was put out, and then only did I begin to think of returning homeward.

Not a very easy task, considering I was in a totally strange neighborhood. But, by dint of repeated inquiries, I arrived at Rackstraw's Buildings a little before eleven.

Martha was quite uneasy, for I had never before been later than ten o'clock. I told her I had lost my way when I left Regent's Park.

"Why, you don't mean to say you've been wandering about ever since? Why, wherever could you have got to? How flushed you look! Whatever have you been doing? I never saw you look like it before."

"Why, Silas, old boy, you look as if you'd been imbibing!" laughed Josiah Cook, who, with Mr. Montgomery, was eating his supper at the table.

"You measure his corn with your bushel, Mr. Fitzwalton," retorted Martha, jestingly. "But I must say that Master Silas does look somewhat queer. But it wonderfully improves him."

I tried to eat, but the food was dry and tasteless in my mouth. I was over excited, and I felt much as I should imagine a man would feel who was intoxicated. I was conscious, however, that Mr. Montgomery had again scanned me with the same scrutinizing gaze that had made me so uncomfortable the first morning I met him. I had scarcely seen him or Josiah since. I was usually out before they were up in the morning, and in bed before they returned from the theatre at night. They were unusually early that evening, and I was unusually late.

"You can write a round, plain hand, can't you, Mr. Carston?" at length said Mr. Montgomery.

I answered that I could.

"Then you're just the man I want. I can give you some copying to do. The pay is small, but a little, perhaps, may be better than nothing, until you get something more profitable to do."

I need not say how eagerly I jumped at the unexpected offer. The nature of the work was to copy some parts from a manuscript drama.

"I'll show you how to write the cues, and all that sort of thing, to-morrow morning. Mind, they're in a hurry for them — you must get them done as soon as possible. I can't copy now; my hand shakes too much, and I make so many mistakes, leaving out words, and sometimes whole lines, and mixing up one part with another."

"Yes; the bottle has done its work!" cried Josiah, tragically, holding up and pointing to a gin bottle.

"At least, it had something to work upon, which is more than it will find in your head," sarcastically remarked Mr. Montgomery.

I went to bed that night with a light heart. I should rise the next morning to earn my first money. She was the good angel of my destiny; she had saved my life, and hope had at last dawned upon me. I fell asleep thinking of her, and her image followed me throughout the night. Eagerly did I await the rising of Mr. Montgomery next morning.

"He takes a great interest in you," said Martha. "He's always asking me if you've got anything to do yet, or any prospect, and he drops in other sly questions now and then. Mr. Fitzwalton seems to have told him all he knows."

It was eleven o'clock before I sat down to my work. I soon understood what I had to do, and set about it with a hearty good will.

"There! didn't I tell you, Master Silas, that when things come to the worst they're sure to mend?" cried Martha.

"You did," I said, pressing her hand; "I was a heathen to doubt it."

She little knew how fatal that doubt had like to have become. When Josiah and Mr. Montgomery returned at night, my task was completed.

(To Be Continued.)

BORNEO'S WILD MEN.

Traces of the Original Side Show Fake.

Two men of science are exploring the island of Celebes, adjacent to Borneo, bent on proving the existence of that creation of the county fair and the "side show," the wild man of Borneo. Dr. Paul and Dr. Fritz Sarasin are the explorers who are hunting the wild man on his native heath.

When the two scientists landed at Macassar they heard stories of the existence of the wild men, and these they thought to be merely myths. It was said that a type of primitive man was extant and to be found in the unexplored wilds.

Their informants said the wild men were so shy and untamable that it was almost impossible to get near to them, even to catch a glimpse of them. The stories were not generally believed in Macassar, and the explorers thought at first that escaped criminals had taken to the mountains and had frightened the natives into believing them to be wild.

Upon further inquiries they learned that the wild men, or "wood men," were confined to a certain district and were subject to a rajah. They proceeded to this district bearing gifts to the potentate. Under the influence of a wise distribution of presents the explorers so worked on the rajah that he agreed to show them certain types of the wood men who were held in captivity.

He had a man, two women, and a child brought before the scientists, who decided at a glance that they belonged to a primitive race of man. These specimens, however, were half tamed and had been in captivity so long that they had lost many of the characteristics of their race. The rajah added that the real wild men lived in the mountains.

Protected by nature to a large extent, they live in the fashion of men of the stone age, without many of the accomplishments of gentlemen of that period. They defend themselves with stones, not even having learned the art of making the stone hatchet, which indicates that they are considerably behind the state of civilization in which our ancestors of the stone age lived.

They are cave dwellers, not having learned to build shelters and probably not caring to. They are monogamous. Culture is at such a low ebb with them that they cannot even count, and they do not know how to tell a lie. They are in such a primitive state that they have to tell the truth. Possibly their vocabulary is not sufficiently developed.

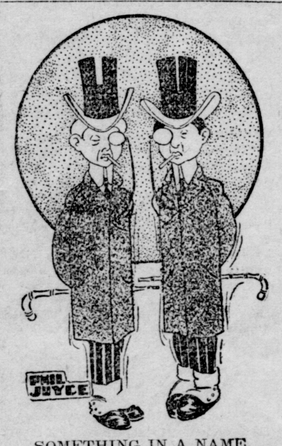
These stories of the rajah have interested the scientists, and they are now in the mountains trying to find the real "wild man of Borneo."

LIABILITY TO DEAFNESS.

A French surgeon says that men are more subject to aural diseases than women and that out of every seven middle-aged persons there are two who do not hear as well with one ear as with the other. In every thousand children under fifteen years of age four show symptoms of some ear disease, and six a marked deficiency in hearing power. The liability to disease increases from birth to the age of forty, and then begins gradually to decrease as old age advances. Out of the total number of cases subjected to surgical treatment, it is estimated that about 53 per cent. are cured, and 30 per cent. permanently relieved.

BRITONS WED BOER WOMEN.

Britons making South Africa their home are marrying Boer women. Two of these unions have just taken place at Port Elizabeth. The bridegrooms were stalwart members of the South African Constabulary and the brides genuine Boer maidens, who, with their imperfect knowledge of the English language, had some difficulty in getting through the marriage service. But this little hitch was overcome, and the girls looked happy as they drove away in their wedding carts. The vehicles were decorated with yellow ribbon, the ex-Free State color, while the horses were adorned with red, white and blue.



SOMETHING IN A NAME.

First Chappie (just from abroad) —This is the last time I shall cross in December.

Second Chappie—Was it very rough ?

First Chappie—Not only that, but we were obliged to contend with those beastly "trade winds."

KIDNEY TROUBLE.

A DISEASE THAT OFTEN TERMINATES FATALLY.

Mr. L. Lussier, of Sorel, Tells How He Overcame the Trouble After Repeated Failures.

There is no trouble more dangerous to life than disease of the kidneys, for the reason that before any special symptoms have made themselves manifest, the disease has usually assumed a formidable character. The symptoms that first manifest themselves are usually weakness in the small of the back, pains in the region of the loins. The urine is some times highly colored, while in other cases it is extremely pale, frequently depositing a sediment. As the trouble progresses these symptoms grow more severe, and frequently terminate in dropsy, Bright's disease or diabetes. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all kidney troubles, and have cured many cases after all other medicines have failed. Mr. L. Lussier, a well known navigator of Sorel, Que., gives his experience for the benefit of other sufferers. He says :—"For several years I suffered very much from kidney trouble. The symptoms usually made themselves manifest by severe pains in the back and kidneys, and sometimes they would be so bad that I would be confined to my bed for several days at a time. I tried a number of different medicines, recommended for the trouble, but got no relief, and finally became so discouraged that I thought a cure was impossible, and stopped taking medicine. Shortly after this I read in our local paper of a case of kidney trouble cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this induced me to try this medicine. I soon felt that these pills were not like the other medicines I had been taking, for in the course of a few weeks I began to experience great relief. I continued taking the pills for a couple of months, by which time all symptoms of the trouble had disappeared, and I have not since had the slightest return of the disease. These pills also strengthened me in other ways and I believe them to be the best of all medicines."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills enrich and nourish the blood and strengthen the nerves. It is thus that they cure such troubles as dyspepsia, kidney ailments, rheumatism, partial paralysis, heart troubles, St. Vitus' dance and the ailments that make the lives of so many women a source of misery. Do not take any pills without the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Results from common soaps: eczema, coarse hands, ragged clothes, shrunken flannels.

SUNLIGHT SOAP REDUCES EXPENSE

Ask for the Octagon Bar

THIRTY YEAR'S SILENCE

THE STRANGE SULK OF JERRY MILLER.

It Is Due to an Unjust Whipping Received When He Was a Boy.

Silenced by a whipping he thought he did not deserve, Jerry Miller is now a hermit in a lone farmhouse in the wild regions of Ohio, not far from Chillicothe. He is now past 40 years old and no one can remember having heard him say a dozen connected words. The silence which he has preserved for thirty years came upon him when he was a boy of 11 at work on his father's farm close to the place he now inhabits in solitude, shrinking away from the public gaze and refusing always to accept even the kindly meant offers of aid.

His father, who is still living, is said to have been a stern task master and a firm believer in the old ideas of punishment. Jerry was accused by his father of some offense which the boy stoutly denied. His father, thinking the boy guilty of the offense, said he would whip both for the original offense and then for not telling the truth about it. The boy protested and pleaded with his father, but without avail. The whipping administered was not a gentle one, but the boy took it stolidly and did not even cry.

The boy went about his appointed work in silence and seemed to be greatly depressed over the humiliation that had been put upon him. The family thought at first he was only sulking and the father openly said so. A sister the boy was particularly fond of tried to comfort him, but with little success.

YEARS PASSED IN SILENCE.

The days grew into weeks and still the boy maintained the same gloomy silence. The father then began to grow alarmed and tried to get the boy to tell what was on his mind. It was of no avail. The boy would not talk under any inducement that was devised by the father. He went about his appointed work on the farm in an intelligent manner and never complained. From time to time he was heard to swear at the oxen he was driving or at the plow he was handling.

Years passed in the same dead silence. The father was heart broken at the boy's determination and tried every means in his power to show the son that he was eager to make amends for the wrong he had done. The boy, grown to a man, worked on in silence. Doctors were called in to see if there was any mental defect in him, but they could make no progress, as that baffling silence stood always a bar to all inquiries.

LIVES BY HIMSELF.

Ten years ago he left the parental home and took up his abode in the house he now occupies. He lives there alone, caring for a small patch of land which provides him with all he needs in the way of food, with a bit to spare for an occasional purchase among those he has come to know. The house is as gloomy as its occupant, and is bare of all the comforts noticeable in the houses in the vicinity.

The man has no associates and his only diversion seems to consist in sitting for hours on the front steps of his old house looking far away and apparently thinking. He is always on the alert against intrusion when in these moods and takes to flight on the approach of a stranger. His brothers and sisters keep an eye out for him and see that he does not lack for the necessaries of life and clothes enough to shelter him. His father and mother try often to induce him to break his long silence, but all they ever get is a shake of the head and a sorrowful look from their now gray haired and worn looking son.

FORGOTTEN SPEECH.

It is the impression among those who have known Jerry Miller since the day his father gave him the thrashing that he could not now speak if he would, as the long years of silence have probably rendered his tongue helpless from disuse.

The negroes about the neighborhood look upon him as a sort of strange being who can if he will cast strange spells over those he does not like, and they show great respect for him and all that belongs to his simple, poverty stricken home.

It is generally accepted as a fact that Jerry Miller will never break his self-imposed silence, and will go down to his grave as a warning to all the rugged fathers of the valley, and in that way he will have served a mission on earth at heavy cost to himself. In the meantime he lives apart from his fellow men and broods upon his sorrow.

KING AIDS SICK GIRL.

The British Monarch's Kindly Act to a Consumptive.

A pretty story of the King's unbounded sympathy for the sufferings of his subjects has come to light. A young dressmaker was threatened with consumption, following upon long and dangerous chest trouble, and was left nearly destitute. The doctors advised her to obtain admittance to an open air home to undergo a course of treatment. Meanwhile she was taken into a convent and devotedly nursed by the nuns, but all their efforts to get her admitted into a home of the kind were quite fruitless. Then the girl, learning that the King was patron of one of these institutions on the south coast, resolved secretly to write to him and plead for his assistance.

A fortnight later a man called at the convent and asked to see her. He gave no name, and at first he was told that she was too ill to see him. He then explained that it was necessary for him to see her, as he had come to inquire into her case, and as to the desirability of sending her to an open air home for the treatment of consumption. She was aided downstairs, and he questioned her as to what the doctors had said, and then inquired to whom she had applied for help.

She mentioned several names, and at last hesitatingly admitted that she had written to the King. He then informed her that he had come from the King to inquire into her case, as His Majesty had noticed her letter and wished to help her. After further inquiries everything was satisfactorily arranged and the girl was sent for a prolonged period to the home, with the result that her health was greatly benefited and that she has since been able to return to work.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

SALADA

Ceylon Tea is the finest Tea the world produces, and is sold only in lead packets.

Black, Mixed and Green.

Japan tea drinkers try "Salada" Green tea.

VERY UNLUCKY INDEED.

"Yes," said the man who was wearing the green goggles, "I've never had anything but bad luck. I've worked hard all my life, and only made a bare living. My health broke down years ago; most of my friends have died off or moved away; I've got literary and artistic tastes and can't gratify them. Everything I undertake to do is a failure, and I don't seem to be of any use in the world."

"Have you no friends with influence enough to get some kind of easy job for you?" inquired the man in the shaggy ulster.

"I've tried that. Every time I get a berth I find myself thrown out of it."

"Can't you start a commission agency or something of that kind?" asked the man in the slouch hat. "That sort of thing doesn't require any capital."

"I've tried that, too. Got burnt out in one case, and a partner ran off with the profits in the other. No use."

"Ever try book-canvassing?"

"Yes, often. Had a good suit of clothes ruined in that business once; dog. Thrown downstairs once or twice; man. No use. I'm not in it. Last week my pet cat died; yesterday morning I lost my knife; and to-day I've got an ear-ache. That's the way it always goes. If it isn't one trouble it's another. There's only one thing that keeps me from committing suicide and ending the whole business."

"Well, what is it?"

"Curiosity to know what blessed misfortune is likely to be coming next."

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER.

When traveling you should bear in mind the road and the trains that will take you to your destination in the fastest time, and in the most comfortable manner. The Grand Trunk service excels in both particulars and passengers from Toronto to Montreal, Buffalo, New York, Detroit and Chicago, will find the day trains equipped with wide vestibuled coaches, handsome Cafe Parlor and Dining Cars serving meals "a la carte." The night trains carry Pullman sleeping cars to all above points. You can leave Toronto for Montreal and east at 9 a. m. and 10 p. m. for Buffalo and New York at 9 a. m., 4.50 and 6.15 p. m. and to Detroit and Chicago at 7.35 a. m., 4.50 p. m. and 11.20 p. m. Tickets, reservations, etc., at city office, northwest corner King and Yonge streets.

A prominent man was chaffing a certain town councillor the other day about the doings of the council, and said: "I'd sooner put up as a candidate for a lunatic asylum than put up for the town council." "Well, you'd stand a much better chance of getting in," drily responded the town councillor.

AN ADMIRABLE FOOD

EPPS'S

FOR MAINTAINING ROBUST HEALTH

COCOA

IN COLD CLIMATES.

Traveler — "You needn't make any extra preparations for my wife. The plainer the things are the better she likes them." Hotelkeeper — "Your wife seems passionately fond of you, sir!"

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever: nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Worms bring to the surface as much as ten tons of soil per acre yearly.

HOW ADVERTISING GROWS.

N. W. Ayer & Son, the "Keeping Everlastingly At It" Advertising Agents, of Philadelphia, have found it necessary to move into new and larger quarters at 300-308 Chestnut street in that city. This announcement will interest many publishers, because Ayer & Son are so widely known as promoters of newspaper publicity. They began business thirty-three years ago, with two people and an annual business of $15,000. They now have one hundred and ninety employees, and have for years done the largest advertising business in the world. The difference between then and now is, they say, simply the result of making newspaper and magazine advertising pay their customers.

The houses in England, if placed in a straight line, would form a street with houses touching one another on both sides, nearly 14,000 miles long.

20 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD EVERY YEAR.

TRADE MARK.

Happiness is the absence of pain, and millions have been made happy through being cured by St Jacobs Oil of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, LAMENESS, SCALDS, BURNS, SPRAINS, BRUISES and all pains for which an external remedy can be applied. It never fails to cure. Thousands who have been declared incurable at baths and in hospitals have thrown away their crutches, being cured after using St. Jacobs Oil. Directions in eleven languages accompany every bottle.

CONQUERS PAIN

W P C 1157

"THAT" SIX TIMES.

There is one word in the English language which can appear six times consecutively in a sentence and make correct English.

To illustrate: A boy wrote on the blackboard: "The man that lies does wrong."

The teacher objected to the word "that," so the word "who" was substituted. And yet it must be evident to the reader, for all that, that that "that" that that teacher objected to was right after all.

THE STORY OF A PRISONER.

H. S. BARNES, OF RAT PORTAGE, TELLS OF THE TRIALS OF THE EARLY SETTLER

Suffered Terribly From Kidney Complaint, but Was Speedily Relieved and Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Rat Portage, Ont., Dec. 1.—(Special)—Everybody in Rat Portage knows H. S. Barnes, father of a former mayor, and one of the oldest inhabitants of the metropolis of New Ontario. Though seventy-nine years of age, Mr. Barnes looks younger than many men of many fewer years, and is possessed of wonderful vitality and activity.

A pioneer of this district, Mr. Barnes tells many tales of early life in the wilds of New Ontario, but none more interesting than the following :

"I was terribly troubled with Kidney Complaint. I suffered severely with pains across my back, and with a scalding, burning sensation when urinating that was very painful.

"Though I had little faith in proprietary medicines, I had a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the house that I had procured for my wife, and commenced taking them with good effect.

"It was not long till my acquaintances started to greet me on the street with 'Hello, Mr. Barnes, how young you are looking.' They were not astray. I felt smart too, and feel younger and in better health than I have been for years. My Kidney Complaint was completely cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills."

THE COMPANY'S REASON.

An amusing extract from a Belgian paper gives the following incident:

A woman whose husband had lost his life in a railway accident received from the company ten thousand francs by way of compensation. Shortly after she heard that a traveler who had lost a leg had been paid twenty thousand. The widow at once put on her bonnet and shawl and went to the office of the company.

"Gentlemen, how is this?" she asked. "You give twenty thousand francs for a leg, and you allowed me only ten thousand for the loss of my husband!"

"Madam," was the reply, "the reason is plain. Twenty thousand francs won't provide him with a leg, but for ten thousand you can get a husband."

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT

removes all hard, soft or calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses. Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone, Sweeny, Stifles, Sprains, Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by all druggists.

Mrs. Slimboard's Maid — "Please, sir, in a novelette I have been reading it says 'the table groaned beneath the good things.' What does it mean?" The Boarder — "Oh, in ancient boarding-houses the tables may have groaned, but nowadays the boarders do it."

THE WABASH RAILROAD

Is the great winter tourist route to the south and west, ncluding the famous Hot Springs, Ark., Old Mexico, the Egypt of America, Texas and California, the lands of sunshine and flowers. Your particular attention is called to the fact that passengers going via Detroit and over the Wabash, reach their destination hours in advance of other lines. The new and elegant trains on the Wabash are the finest in this country, everything is first class in every respect. All round trip winter tourist tickets are now on sale at lowest rates.

Time tables, maps, and all information about this wonderful railroad cheerfully furnished by any ticket agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger agent, northeast corner King & Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

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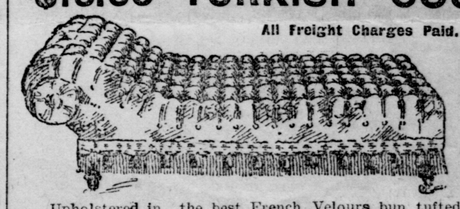

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