A DYING PROMISE

OR, THE MISSING WILL

CHAPTER XI.

"Are you sure?" asked the newcomer, turning to Jessie with the blank gaze of civil indifference, "that you don't mind my smoking?"

He scarcely waited for an answer, letting himself down on one elbow on the grass in the immediate foreground, whence he could look up in Miss Lonsdale's face, before he took out and lighted a fresh cigar.

"Pray smoke, pray don't hesitate" Jessie stammered with a rising color.

He turned with a sudden surprised look at her, and threw the cigar cleverely over his shoulder into the water, to the surprise and almost indignation of his cousin.

"What nonsense, Claude!" she exclaimed, "when you have twice been told you may smoke. Why, Jessie," she added, with asperity, "you must surely be thoroughly used to tobacco by this time. Don't all your men smoke every evening?"

They certainly did, though that did not lessen Jessie's dislike of tobacco, but she made no reply, because Captain Medway immediately said that it was a sin to spoil the primrose scents with smoke. "Fact is, one smokes when one is alone from force of habit;" he added. "I couldn't find you, Clara, and instinctively turned to a weed for comfort, like the Goth I am."

Jessie's color deepened to the deepest wild-rose tint, she bent over her painting in distressed embarrassment, hurt by Clara's unwonted tone of her own awkwardness in betraying her dislike, but grateful for a courtesy to which she was little accustomed, and which she therefore more keenly appreciated. This gratitude was not lost on Captain Medway, unobservant as he appeared in his languid posture on the grass, his whole attention claimed by Miss Lonsdale, with whom he was soon deep in a conversation that did not include Jessie.

"This then," she thought, with a thrill of enthusiasm, "was Claude Medway, the hitherto unknown hero of so many martial adventures, the central figure of so many romantic speculations." From the day when the handsome boy helped pull her out of the pond, he had occupied a large space in her imagination. Philip had depicted him under various aspects and in glowing colors, until his very name diffused an atmosphere of chivalrous romance. Accustomed as she was to the dangers and vicissitudes of war through the medium of Philip, who was even now on most active service, the fact that this beautiful and princely looking man lying on the grass before her, and displaying a courtesy foreign to her experience, had actually taken part in what is perhaps the most chivalrous if not most brilliant episode in modern war, made her heart beat with a glorious thrill. Philip had often been in great danger, he must often have performed a heroic deed; but that famous charge had fired her imagination as no other incident could. Philip, who had actually seen as much of it as was possible to a soldier in the ranks on that field, and who had heard it described in detail and discussed by other eye-witnesses, and studied the whole battle scientifically afterward, had narrated it over and over again to her, not forgetting Medway's special heroism in plunging back under hot fire to rescue a wounded man. She had only to close her eyes and the charge of the Six Hundred passed with vivid accuracy before her, the knightly form of Claude, wearing the picturesque hussar uniform in which she had once seen him, being the central figure of the picture.

Instead of looking at Marwell Court, towering stately in the sunshine the deer in the foreground, she more than once diverted her gaze to the recumbent figure in the immediate foreground, a deep and reverent admiration expressed in every feature of her pure, sweet face. Thus innocent Jessie did inward homage to this brave soldier, not knowing that she was herself fated to begin a warfare infinitely more perilous and requiring courage of an infinitely higher order. Perhaps it was some shadow of oncoming Fate that made her say, ten minutes before, that she would never again be so happy.

So strongly impressed was she by this knightly figure, so deeply touched by the charm of the mellow voice, that she forgot herself and the incongruity of her own silent presence at this intimate conversation between the cousins, until some request from Clara, concerning her sketch woke her from her dreamy fantasy and recalled her to herself. Then she began to be ill at ease and to find herself in her own way; she doubted if she ought to remain where she was so evidently superfluous.

The cousins talked of people she did not know, and places she had never seen; till some reference to Clara's sketch set them upon art and artists. They spoke of famous pictures, talked of Italy, of "Modern Painters," of the pre-Raphaelite brotherhood, skimmed recent literature, drifted on to the mutiny and Lucknow, glanced thence to lighter themes, operas, theatres, declined finally to social celebrities, gossip. Their conversation opened a new and interesting world to Jessie, who had never listened to cultured talk before. She did not know that much they said was commonplace, much second hand, little original and nothing profound; she had not enough social experience to question the good-breeding of totally ignoring her presence, though it revolted her fine instincts and made her wretchedly uncomfortable; but she listened with absorbed interest and could have listened longer

Claude's Medway's appearance had illuminated Clara's face and changed her whole bearing; she became animated, smiling, gracious. To Jessie's admiring gaze she was really beautiful under this inspiring influence. Was it strange that she should totally forget her dearest Jessie in the presence of this fascinating man, the simple child wondered? and then it suddenly struck sharply through her how well matched the two were, and how absorbed in each other. A strange feeling frightened the muscles of her throat. Was she sorry? Surely not.

"Well, Claude," said Clara, when the painting materials had been gathered together and the sketchers had gone their several ways, "what do you think of my little friend? Could you imagine anything so dainty in these Boeotian wastes?"

"Little? I thought her a fair-sized girl," he returned, indifferently. "So this is the newest pet, Clara, eh? Some village girl, some female genuis you have unearthed?"

"But isn't she pretty, now, and charming and refined?" she persisted.

"I dare say she is well enough," he returned, "but I never cared much for that blonde, pink and white innocence. Bad taste? Well, you know, men are supposed to have bad taste in these matters."

"Fair or dark, she has distinction and beauty such as would be remarkable in any rank," continued Clara; "this is no mere pretty girl whose 'beaute du diable' will fade in a few years. Then her manner, her accent, her refinement of thought—"

"Say a paragon at once, Clara. You see I have not your opportunity of studying the young person's character. And men are not expected to gush."

"Gush! Really, Claude, you are quite rude. The odious affectation of admiring nothing, constantly puts you out of sympathy with other people. One is perpetually jarred by want of appreciation, one is tempted to exclude you altogether from one's interests."

"Now, my dear Clara," he replied observant of a tearful quiver of the usually proud lip, "this is cruelly unjust. Don't I try to share your enthusiasms? Didn't I admire the Persian cat? Didn't I stick to the crippled tailor with a genius for metaphysics long after you had forgotten him?"

"Forgotten? You know how ungratefully he behaved."

"Then the poetess, Eliza——"

"It is not kind of you to name that treacherous woman."

"I must say you have frightful luck with your proteges. But that makes it awfully hard lines on a fellow, a plain and practical chap like me, to be expected to begin a fresh schwarmerei once a month, especially at second hand."

"I wonder that you see any point in a sarcasm so banal, so very second-hand, Claude, Jest a you will, this sweet child and her innocent affection make a deep and lasting interest in my life."

"Well, Clara, you weren't ever civil to your friend. I though she must be a sort of maid from the way in which you ignored her."

"Oh! a girl in her position! There was no alternative. I must have sent you off if I had not ignored her"

"I bow to superior wisdom. Thank goodness there's the luncheon bell. Arcadian bliss makes one so hungry."

Marwell Court was not sketched in one day. Many trysts were made at that pleasant spot between the oaks and the water, and it became usual for Claude Medway to be in attendance on his cousin, carrying her easel and camp-stool, and criticising and watching the progress of the painting.

One morning, while that lovely spring weather lasted, Jessie repaired to the appointed spot a little before the appointed hour, and setting up her easel and getting out her colortubes, began to compare her sketch with the prospect before her, looking at it from this point and that with an artist's dissatisfaction. At last, laying her palette aside in disgust, she seated herself on her camp-stool beneath an oak and gave herself up to a silent absorption of the pure and harmonious flooring of the April day.

Her shawl had slipped from her shoulders and hung gracefully about her, enhancing the slender grace of her figure, the lovely lines of which were well shown by the simple close-fitting black gown she wore, her small, neat bonnet set off the glory of her hair, sunbeams treambling through the budding oak-boughs played softly over the slim, white hands loosely clasped in her lap, her pensive face, so delicate in coloring and feature, and her bright rich hair. The gnarled branches and sturdy gray trunk of the oak made a good setting for this tender beauty, the primroses clustering at her feet were in harmony with her, and the bunch of delicate anemones, the sole ornament she wore, akin to her.

Of what was Jessie dreaming, in that rapt, thoughtful posture, her deep eyes shadowed by the long, dark lashes which made such a contrast to her fair hair and rose-leaf complexion? Did the clear eyes see more than the fair prospect spread before her in the April lights? What would she have thought had she been conscious of the keen, intent gaze even now bent upon her from the thick covert of the dim silvery oak coppice? Oh! the charm of the mystery and the mystery of the charm to that intent gazer! "After all," he thought, "she is but a woman, simple, untutored, ignorant of the world, and ah! how innocent! And Gretchen was innocent," he added, and smiled. That smile was to his face as the appearance of a snake in some paradise of fresh herbage and bright flowers; it made him unconsciously avert his gaze from the pensive young face on which no one could look while thus smiling.

Then he pushing through the brushwood, the crackling of which broke into Jessie's dream and made her turn to see the handsome face beneath the soft felt hat which had now become so familiar to her.

"Good-morning," he said, with an air of faint surprise at meeting her. "Sketching again, Miss Meade? How very industrious you are."

"I fear not," she replied, in her literal simplicity. "It is such a slow business, a morning's work seems nothing."

He went to the easel and stood for some time discussing and commending the picture, while the pale rose deepened in Jessie's face and her eyes kindled. "Your atmosphere is so good," he said. "I envy you your facility. We've all tried our hands on the dear old place, my brothers and sisters as well as Miss Lonsdale. It defies us all. Redwoods was another good subject for a sketch," he suggested; "wasn't it to be Jessie's home? Was not his friend, Captain Randal of the 190th, some connection of hers? Her adopted brother? Then she must be the little girl he once helped pull out of the mill-pound. Did she really remember it? He was highly honored, indeed."

So they chatted, Jessie never reflecting that his manner, which had hitherto been one of civil indifference, had now changed to a mingled deference and friendliness. She was quite unconscious of a charm that as yet no one had discovered in her, consisting of a certain guileless transparency of diction and thought that made her speech flow like some pure, cool stream, limpid, refreshing, only the more musical for some slight interruption; an unnate, uncomprehended desire for self-expression giving a childlike unreserve that was most pathetic.

"You must be very lonely," he said, abrupty, looking thoughtfully down on her from his higher elevation as he leant against an oak-trunk.

Jessie's lip quivered and her eyes filled; she turned and looked away over the shining prospect, the blue water and green woodland, eloquently silent.

"Poor child," he added, in a low, full voice, rich to her ear with the manifold music of repressed feeling From his position he could see, unnoticed himself, the changing, struggling emotions passing over her face like cloud shadows over woodland and sea. Both features and color were subtly responsive to the slightest feeling; it was a deeply interesting study, fraught with a fresh and stimulating charm even to one versed in the study of women's faces.

After a while Jessie swallowed something down with an effort and turned her head slightly. "Oh, it is only for a time," she said cheerfully. "India will soon be quiet, and then I shall go out to Philip"

"To Randal?" he excaimed. "But he is not really your brother?" he added.

"Oh, no," she replied, with her accustamed simplicity, "but we are engaged."

"Engaged! brother and sister!" he cried in tones of surprise "Pardon me," he added, "I—ah! the relationship is unusual and confusing, that's all."

A sudden, complicated pain dyed Jessie's face with crimson, which quickly gave place to deathly paleness. She said nothing, but the situation was revealed to her in a flash. Philip was her brother, though not of her blood.

"Randal is a lucky fellow all round," he added, with a range of voice. "What would most of us give to be in his place at Lucknow? He gets all the innings."

"But you had your innings at Balaclava," she replied, quickly. "One of the Six Hundred!"

The tone in which she spoke contained the sum and quintessence of all that ever had been or could be expressed to the honor of the Six Hundred. Medway's cheek flushed, he was carried out of himself, and before long was answering Jessie's eager questions touching that famous charge like any boy. Did he think when they changed that any of them would return? Was he sorry when the order was received?

"Sorry? Oh, Miss Meade, soldiers can never be sorry in an engagement. Why, the first burst when the hounds give tongue is nothing to it. The very sounds, the firing, the noise of hoofs, the rattle of steel and iron stir one up and make one feel all alive; nothing like a sharp action to steady the nerves. Of course I thought I was in for it. You don't know what a lot one thinks in a minute at such times. I saw the old place there, with sunshine on it like now, and thought—well, Marwell will be Hugh's, so much the better for the old fellow, and wondered if my people would care—especially my sister—you know how she is afflicted, poor child. And I—well, I wished I had been a better fellow. And, do you know, it was a queer feeling that we should never know what they said of it in England. Then one couldn't help feeling glad of getting such an innings, and making such a finish. And, by Jove, Miss Meade, you must really practice witchcraft, you turn a fellow inside out! One never talks of these things, you know," he concluded.

"That is unkind," said Jessie, "when people are dying to know and have so much pleasure in hearing."

"One would do a great deal to please some people."

Jessie could not see the look that accompanied this, but the voice was almost as expressive as one full-charged glance. She trembled, she knew not why.

"Women can only hear things, they may never do them," she said, sighingly.

"That hearing would make it worth while to do anything.

"'How sweet are looks that ladies bend,

he quoted with the same low-voiced fervor.

"'For them I battle to the end,
To save from shame and thrall,'"

added Jessie, with deep feeling. "Ah! Sir Galahads are not needed in these happier days, except in spirit, are they?"

He shrank from the innocent gaze of the blue eyes uplifted to his as if it had stung him: he turned away and took a careful aim with his stick at a white butterfly hovering about a bush. Neither of them perceived the deep significance of the action, or remembered that the butterfly symbolizes the soul, but Jessie was strangely jarred, she was glad when the winged creature fluttered lightly away unhurt into azure freedom.

"Yet it must be so hard to die and leave this lovely, lovely world" she added, "even for God and the right, England's motto, to ride like that, straight to death, to fall into darkness and wake, where? Brave men might well tremble before the hereafter. Were you so sure of heaven, Captain Medway?"

He looked at her with dilating eyes, for the moment taking the sarcasm as intentional.

(To be Continued).

A CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

A Well Known St. John Merchant Tells How He Was Freed From This Terrible Trouble.

One of the best known men in St. John, N. B., is Mr. G. G. Kierstead, grocer and general dealer, 641 Main street. Mr. Kierstead has an interesting story to tell of failing health, insomnia, and finally renewed strength, which cannot fail to interest others. He says:—"A few years ago I was all run down and failing in health, no doubt due to overwork and shattered nerves. I was unable to sleep at night and found no rest in bed. My life seemed a burden to me and I found no pleasure in anything. I sought medical aid and the physicians who attended me were unable to give me any relief. The doctors differed in their opinion as to my ailment. Finding that I was growing worse, and almost crazed through loss of sleep, I concluded to give up business and go to the country for a rest. Just when I was at my very worst and had almost no desire to live, my wife urged me to try Dr. Williams Pink Pills. I had lost faith in all medicines, but to please my wife I decided to give the pills a trial. I have had reason to be thankful that I did so. Almost from the outset the pills helped me and I was able to sleep. I continued their use until I felt perfectly well again. I could sleep as I did in my childhood; I grew healthy and strong and have never known one hour's trouble from that source since. I have no hesitation in saying that I believe Dr. Williams Pink Pills saved my life, and will always say a good word for them to any who are troubled with sleeplessness."

Dr. Williams Pink Pills work cures like Mr. Kierstead's, after doctors and common medicines fail because they actually make new, rich blood and so strengthen all the organs of the body and brace up the nerves. That is the way they cure indigestion, kidney and liver troubles, nervousness, neuralgia, palpitation of the heart, rheumatism and the special ailments that fill the lives of so many women with misery. The genuine pills always have the full name "Dr. Williams Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt write direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

CAME FROM COFFEE.

A Case Where the Taking of Morphine Began With Coffee.

"For 15 years," says a young Ohio woman, "I was a great sufferer from stomach, heart and liver trouble. For the last 10 years the suffering was terrible; it would be impossible to describe it. During the last three years I had convulsions from which the only relief was the use of morphine.

"I had several physicians, nearly all of whom advised me to stop drinking tea and coffee, but as I could take only liquid foods, I felt I could not live without coffee. I continued drinking it until I became almost insane, my mind was affected, while my whole nervous system was a complete wreck. I suffered day and night from thirst and as water would only make me sick I kept trying different drinks until a friend asked me to try Postum Food Coffee.

"I did so, but it was some time before I was benefited by the change, my system was so filled with coffee poison. It was not long, however, before I could eat all kinds of foods and drink all the cold water I wanted and which my system demands. It is now 8 years I have drank nothing but Postum for breakfast and supper and the result has been that in place of being an invalid with my mind affected I am now strong, sturdy, happy and healthy.

I have a very delicate daughter who has been greatly benefited by drinking Postum, also a strong boy who would rather go without food for his breakfast than his Postum. So much depends on the proper cooking of Postum for unless it is boiled the proper length of time people will be disappointed in it. Those in the habit of drinking strong coffee should make the Postum very strong at first in order to get a strong coffee taste." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

AN AID TO MOTHERS.

In thousands of cases it has been proved that Baby's Own Tablets is the very best thing for children suffering from colic, constipation, diarrhoea, simple fevers, colds and teething troubles. The Tablets are guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug, and may be given with equal safety to the tender, new born babe, or the well grown child. Mrs. Joel Anderson, Shanley, Ont., is one of the mothers who have proved the value of this medicine and says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets with the very best results. They are easy to give little ones, and I have never known them to fail to benefit."

Every mother should keep the Tablets in the house. In an emergency they may save a precious little life. Sold by all druggists or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A GOOD IDEA.

"Say that you will be mine, dearest Angelina."

"I will, upon one condition."

"Name it, my adored, and if it were to get you the moon—"

"It is easier than that; in brief, simply this; that you will invite me to spend a month in your father's house previous to our marriage."

"Of course, certainly; but why make such a strange request?"

"Well, I wish to learn to cook like your mother."

Piles To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

GREAT BRITAIN.

The British Chancellor of the Exchequer said the duty on coal would not be abolished.

Lord Lansdowne says the influence of King Edward and President Loubet contributed powerfully toward the Anglo-French treaty.

By 270 to 61 votes the House of Commons adopted a resolution sanctioning the employment of Indian troops for the protection of the mission to Thibet.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder is better than other powders, as it is both soap and disinfectant.

The Wife (bitterly)—"Our married life has been a long series of battles, beginning with our wedding day." The Husband—"Indeed, there was an engagement before that."

You Can Overcome The Tired Feeling.

Instil New Vigor and Energy Into the System and Add New Flesh and Tissue by Using

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Why not join with nature and rejoice at the coming of spring? There is means at hand whereby you can overcome the feelings of languor and fatigue and make spring the time for renewing health and vigor, instead of giving way to weakness and despondency.

Everybody needs a spring restorative to enrich the blood and build up the system after the debilitating effects of artificial winter life.

Experience has proven that there is no preparation extant so well suited to these needs as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

It is only reasonable that this great food cure, which has been endorsed by tens of thousands of people on this continent, should be superior to the prescription of an ordinary doctor, hastily written and hastily filled at the drug store.

Headache, sleeplessness, irritability, stomach troubles, loss of energy, ambition and the ability to apply one's self to the task in hand are among the indications of an exhausted condition of the system.

A month's treatment with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food will do wonders for you.

Besides the benefit you feel, you can prove that new flesh and tissue is being added by noting your increase in weight.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, six boxes for $2.50, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

She (during the honeymoon)—"And what would you do, dearest, if I should be torn from you by the cruel hand of death?" He (naturally unromantic, and after a pause, during which he puts in some hard thinking)—"Why bury you."

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere

JUST ONE MORE DIRECT PROOF

THAT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURE PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY.

All Forms and Stages of Kidney Disease—New Brunswick Man Tells of Terrible Urinary Complaint Banished Once and for All.

St. Mary's Ferry, York Co., N.B., April 25.—(Special)—Thomas Harrison, a well-known resident of this place adds his testimony to that of the thousands who have proved that Dodd's Kidney Pills cure promptly and permanently any form or stage of Kidney Disease. Mr. Harrison says:

"Some years ago I began to suffer from pain in the back, accompanied by a lethargy impossible to overcome. I was attended by a physician but continued to grow worse, and began to pass bloody urine.

"On the advice of a friend I started using Dodd's Kidney Pills, and by the time I had taken one box I passed a stone which is now in the doctor's possession.

"Three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills cured me completely, and though it is now years since I was cured I have had no return of my old complaint."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure the Kidneys, and with sound Kidneys you need never fear Urinary complaints.

ORIGIN OF SHORTHAND.

Was Used Among the Greeks and the Romans.

The existence of stenography among the Greeks and the Romans is certain. The shorthand that they used was a form of writing in which each word was represented by a special sign. The letters of the alphabet with modifications, connected so as to admit of great rapidity of execution, formed the elements of these characters. They date at least from the first century before Christ.

In the second century A. D. is found the term semeiograph (stenographic character) in the Greek orator, Flavius Philostratus.

Origen of Alexandria (185-254 A. D.) noted his sermons down in shorthand, and Socrates, the ecclesiastical historian of the fourth century, says that part of the sermons of St. John Chrysostom was preserved by the same process. In the first century B. C. a discourse of Canto Uticensis, according to Plutarch, was taken down by shorthand reporters.

The development of shorthand was due especially to Marcus Tallius Tiro. Born in Latium in 103 B. C. Tiro, was was a slave, was brought up with Cicero, who was some years his junior. Freed, he became Cicero's secretary, and in this capacity aided him greatly. In the famous trial of Catiline (63 B. C.) the stenographic rapidity of Tiro was at its height.

Pile Terrors Swept Away.—Dr. Agnew's Ointment stands at the head as a reliever, healer, and sure cure for Piles in all forms. One application will give comfort in a few minutes, and three to six days' application according to directions will cure chronic cases. It relieves all itching and burning skin diseases in a day. 35 cents.—79

A man always wants to marry his ideal woman the first time, but the second time he isn't so particular.

Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia

Never judge a woman's courage by the way she avoids an interview with a mouse.

As long as the gown isn't too small a woman can build herself up to fit it.

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

"Yes, sir," remarked the builder; "every house but one in that street is rented now." "Ah!" said his humorous friend. "That one, I suppose, is last but not leased."

Saves the Dying

Doctors didn't give Mrs. James long to live but Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart oiled them and cured her

For fifteen years Mrs. John A. James, of Wiarton, Ont., was a great sufferer from Heart Disease. For days at a time she was confined to bed, and it seemed as though every breath might be her last. Her physicians said that she might "drop off" any minute. With woman's tenacity in suffering, and believing that "while there's life there's hope," she started using Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. Three bottles cured her.

This remedy relieves in thirty minutes and cures every form of heart disease and nervousness. 26

Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills, 40 Doses 10c.

Young Wife (sobbing)—"I will not be quiet! Before we were married you said I had a charming flow of language." Young Husband—"And so you have, dear. It not only flows but dashes, leaps, bounds, roars, goes over cataracts and mill-sluices, and there is an occasional water-spout as well"

Shirt waists and dainty linen are made delightfully clean and fresh with Sunlight Soap. 53

Friend—"I was surprised that it took the jury ten hours to reach a verdict. The evidence seemed to me quite clear." Ex-Juryman—"We agreed on the verdict at once, but someone commenced a discussion as to the literary merit of the judge's charge."

Life's a Burden If the stomach is not right. Is there Nausea? Is there Constipation? Is the Tongue Coated? Are you Light-Headed? Do you have Sick Headache? Any and all of these denote Stomach and Liver Disorder. Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills act quickly and will cure most stubborn and chronic cases. 40 in a vial for 10 cents.—77

Winks—"I had a beard like yours once; but when I realized how it made me look, I had it cut off." Binks—"And I had a face like yours once, and when I realized that I couldn't have it cut off I raised the beard."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation. t-f

Wife—"What a lot of people stare at my new dress! I presume they wonder if I've been shopping in Paris." Husband—"More likely they wonder if I've been robbing a bank."

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP." 22—04

"Ah!" she sighed; "the great men are all dead." "But the beautiful women are not," he answered. Then she looked soulfully up into his eyes and told him she had said it just to be contrary, and not because she thought it for a moment.

Dear Sirs,—This is to certify that I have been troubled with a lame back for fifteen years.

I have used three bottles of your MINARD'S LINIMENT and am completely cured.

It gives me great pleasure to recommend it and you are at liberty to use this in any way to further the use of your valuable medicine.

ROBERT ROSS.
Two Rivers.

"Do you buy condensed milk, madam?" "I presume that we must, but I never thought of it before. I always order two quarts and pay for two quarts, but it never measures more than three pints."

"My Kidneys are all Wrong! How shall I insure best results in the shortest time?" It stands to reason that a liquid specific of the unquestionable merit of South American Kidney Cure will go more directly and quickly to the seat of the trouble than the "pill form" treatment and when it strikes the spot there's healing in an instant.—53

Mix—"Where is the most fitting place to whisper words of love to a woman?" Dix (in secret confidence)—"In her ear, of course!"

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

THE BOY GOT IT.

"Say, mister, do you want your bag carried?" asked a boy, running after a man who was hurrying along the street, evidently bound for the railway station.

"No, I don't," answered the man a little sharply.

"I'll carry it all the way for ten cents," persisted the boy.

"I tell you I don't want it carried," said the man, quickening his pace.

"Don't you?" asked the boy, breaking into a trot to keep abreast of his victim."

"No, I don't," answered the man, glancing fiercely at his small tormentor.

"Well, then, mister," said the urchin, with an expression of anxious and innocent inquiry on his round, dirty face: "What are you carrying it for? Why don't you put it down?"

He got the bag.

EASILY ALTERED.

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"It doesn't match your complexion," he explained

"Oh, well," she replied carelessly, "I can change the complexion"

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From April 25th to Dec. 1st, inclusive, the Wabash Railroad will sell round trip tickets to the Great World's Fair, St. Louis, at the lowest one-way first-class fare, good for fifteen days, fare and a third; good for thirty days, good either via Wabash direct line or via Chicago, with stop over privileges. Canadians going to this, the greatest of all Expositions, should remember the great Wabash line is the shortest, quickest and best route. The only line that owns and controls its own rails direct to the World's Fair gates. For time-tables and descriptive World's Fair folder, address any ticket agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, North-east corner King and Yonge Streets, Toronto

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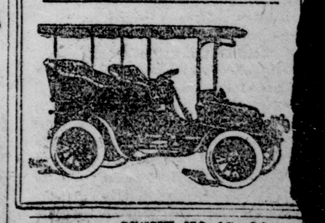

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