



Many a child has been fooled by the story of the pot of gold which is to be found at the foot of the rainbow, and has started out to gather riches full of happy dreams. Many a man and woman have been deceived by the tale that there was health to be found out beyond the sunset, and they have started out dreaming of a healthful future, never to be realized.

People who have tried change of climate in vain for the cure of weak lungs have been perfectly and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures deep-seated coughs, bronchitis, bleeding lungs, emaciation, and in other conditions which, if neglected or unsuitably treated, find a fatal end in consumption.

"Last spring I had a severe attack of pneumonia which left me with a very bad cough, and also left my lungs in a very bad condition," writes John M. Russell, Esq., of Brent, Cherokee Nat. Ind. "I had no appetite and was so weak I could scarcely walk. My breast was all sore with running sores. I got two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which I believe saved my life. I cannot express my gratitude to you. I am able now to do very good work."

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Poetry.

A Brakeman on the Train.

If you are a brakeman—running on the cars, Be careful where you step my boys, and look out for the jars;

How many smart and handsome men, as you are now today, By making one false step, my boys, has passed his check away.

You have kind friends, and others, who do not wish to leave; How sadly they would miss you and long for you would grieve.

I will show you the danger signal, so near and yet so far— Be careful where you step, my boys, a-breaking on the car.

I have watched you many a time, my boys, when you about would leap, Working so hard, from morn till night, without your sleep;

We could not do without you, boys, to try would be in vain— Good luck to all the railroad boys that's running on the train.

And when your daily toil is o'er, and you have made the run, There is always something good for you, after the setting sun.

Your friends are many and always kind, you will not ask in vain— Good luck to all the railroad boys, while running on the train.

—A. P. Wyman, M. D.
Beechwood, March 11, 1903.

Literature.

EGERTON'S WILL.

"You are brutally frank, Heriot." "Well, my dear Fred, what is the good of mincing matters? You are absolutely a physical wreck. You have just been examined by one of the best doctors in Liverpool, and he declares that you have not got four weeks to live."

"Well, you needn't rub it in. When I met you four years ago I was a silly fool with a fortune. I am still the silly fool, but you have got my money. A delightful sponge you have been, and sucked up the lot. However, as I am going to peg out, it doesn't matter much; but I can't help thinking of my sister—dear little Mary; I wonder what will become of her?"

"To revert to our discussion, my dear Denman, you have not yet given an answer to my proposition."

"Have I not? Well, here it is in a nutshell. I have been your plaything and duffer for four years. I have lived like a weak-willed lunatic, but I am going to die a clean death."

"Then you refuse?" "Your perspicacity is amazing."

"Then I'm off to London to-night, and you can die when you like, how you like, and where you like."

"You will desert me?" "I have stuck to you for the last two years—when you have been practically a pauper. You have lived on my charity—even your sister."

"Ah, you will let me have that £25 to send her to-night, Heriot; you won't refuse me that?"

"Not a farthing; I have done with you."

"Look here, Roger, I—I—well, you know all my circumstances; you will let me have that £25 for Mary. She has nobody but me, and she still thinks that I am rich. I haven't seen her for four years, but I have always managed to send her money. You will do it, old chap?"

"Listen to me, Fred, and don't be a fool. Your sister, I understand, looks upon you as a noble brother. What is she going to do when you are dead?"

"Heaven knows."

"Would it not be better to keep her

in ignorance of the fact that her brother lived the life of a gambler and died a pauper? Now, look here; agree to my proposition, and I will allow her £200 a year while you are alive and, if you carry things through properly, £500 a year when you are dead."

Fred Denman was silent for a few seconds, and then a fit of coughing seized him that completely exhausted him.

"That is pretty bad," remarked Heriot; "you had better make up your mind before it is too late. What is it to be?"

"What are the details?" "Simply that you change your name to Philip Egerton, and before you die you send for a lawyer, make a will, and leave everything to your possessors to me."

"And Philip Egerton?" "Is dead. You remember the row in Rafferty's saloon?"

"When the lights were put out and a stranger was shot?" "That stranger was Philip Egerton."

"And you killed him?" "An accident, my dear Fred. He had quarrelled with his father in London and was living in Australia under an assumed name. No one knew who he really was, so you see everything is quite safe. His father died twelve months ago, and there you are."

"And what am I, as Philip Egerton, supposed to be worth?" "Hard to say. Perhaps £4,000 a year."

"All right, I'll do it. But what about my dear wife, Sophie?" "She must know nothing about it. It is two years since we set eyes on her."

"Exactly; but you know my dear Sophie. She smells money as a vulture smells blood, and I wouldn't mind wagering that she'll be knocking at the door before the breath is out of my body."

"All right, let her knock. Now, here are the details. An old certificate of the birth of Philip Egerton, a photograph of his mother, a gold watch with his name on, the Bible his mother gave him, a few books and several specimens of his hand writing."

"You have got things fixed up." "Now, you will remove to other lodgings, practice the signature of Philip Egerton, and rehearse your last earthly tragedy. Scatter these things about your room to establish your identity, and when you have made the will everything will be plain sailing."

Twenty-four hours later Captain Roger Heriot had arranged everything to his satisfaction and took train to London, there to await the speedy demise of the poor wreck of a man who had once been respected as Fred Denman.

He had not long to wait, for it was but ten days later when he received a communication from a firm of lawyers in Liverpool announcing the death of Philip Egerton, and begging the captain to journey north without delay.

The dead man lay in the darkened room, and a woman sat by the bedside. She glanced curiously at the corpse now and then, and the suspicion of a smile played round her mouth. The door opened and Captain Roger Heriot entered. At the sight of the woman he started back in amazement.

"Sophie! You here?" "Yes, Roger; is not a woman's place beside her husband?"

"Hush! be silent! This is not your husband."

"Oh, I beg his pardon. May I inquire the name of this late gentleman?"

"Be quiet and don't be a fool. The lawyer is here now. Remember that"

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Diseases of the skin inflict intense pain, suffering and disfigurement. If not cured in time, they end in the decay of the bones, a pallid complexion, loss of strength, and a gradual wasting away of the body. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is an absolute specific in Scrofula, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Ring Worm, Scabs, Itch, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Liver Spots, Prurigo, Psoriasis, and all sores and disfiguring eruptions of the skin. An old soldier, S. E. Buckman, residing at the National Soldiers' Home, Grant Co., Ind., writes: "I was a constant sufferer from skin complaints. Last summer a disfiguring eruption appeared on my face, and I decided to try Dr. Agnew's Ointment. I was relieved after the first application, and in a remarkably short time absolutely cured." 35 cents.

Few Escape Dyspepsia and Indigestion. If you suffer their agonizing pains, it is because you do not know that Dr. Von Stan's Pleasant Tablets relieve at once and cure when all other remedies have failed to benefit. 50 tablets, 35 cents. No. 34

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes bunches in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. McGee, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

this man is Philip Egerton; stick to that, do you hear?"

"On one condition." "And that is?"

"Halves." "Further talking was precluded by the arrival of the lawyer, who after various preliminaries proceeded to read the will which Fred Denman had executed before his death."

"This will is short, sir, quite short, but in perfect order."

"This is the last Will and Testament of me, Philip Egerton, of Hyde Park Lane, London, in the County of Middlesex, and Dalling Lodge, Little Willoway, in the County of Surrey, Gentleman, whereby I bequeath to Miss Mary Denman, of Oak Cottage, Barnes, in the County of Surrey, sister of my friend Frederick Denman, an Annuity of £3,000, and I make this Annuity a first charge upon my estate. The residue of my property I leave to my friend Captain Roger Heriot, of Albany, London, and appoint him sole Executor of this my Will."

"This is the will, sir, duly signed and attested in the presence of witnesses."

"Do I understand that this Miss Denman receives an annuity of £3,000 a year, and that I am simply residuary legatee?"

"That is the situation, Captain Heriot."

"And until this annuity is provided I handle nothing?"

"Exactly." "The lawyer, after undertaking to see matters through, took his leave, and Sophie immediately indulged in a peal of laughter."

"Oh, Roger, this is splendid. Who would have thought Fred so cute? Three thousand pounds a year to his sister, and what do you get, my poor deluded friend?"

"A house in Hyde Park Lane, a lodge in Little Willoway, and £400 a year to keep them up."

"We can't live on £400 a year." "We?"

"Yes. Either I share or you get nothing."

"I get precious little as it is. But I suppose it must be halves. I must stay here until to-morrow and see the late lamented put under."

"Right you are. I suppose that fool of a lawyer will communicate with this Mary Denman."

"I suppose so, unless I do so first. By Jove! I see a way out of it. If I marry Mary Denman that £3,000 a year is safe."

"And if there was no Mary Denman there would be no need for an annuity. Dead men tell no tales, nor women either."

"You mean——?" "Exactly."

Tap, tap, tap. The blind beggar crept slowly along Hyde Park Lane, feeling the railings carefully with his iron-shod stick. Outside a certain house he stopped, and leaning against a pillar gazed vacantly through his heavily-rimmed glasses. The house door opened, and Captain Heriot and Sophie came out.

"You know the address, Roger?" "Yes. Oak Cottage, Barnes."

"Well, play your cards carefully and meet me at the Trocadero at nine."

"All right. Here's that confounded blind man again."

"Pity the poor blind."

"Oh, confound you; be off."

He halted a hansom and drove off. The cab was no sooner out of sight than the blind beggar hailed another and was driven rapidly to Barnes. Taking up his position a short distance from Oak Cottage he waited, and an hour later Captain Roger Heriot made his appearance.

The captain knocked and was admitted. The blind beggar crept into the porch and sat down. A faint murmur of voices reached him, but he could not hear the conversation. When the captain left the beggar was walking along the Station Road—tap, tap, tap with his stick.

As soon as he was out of sight the blind beggar took off his spectacles, beard and wig. The tattered overcoat was removed and thrown over his arm, and the erstwhile object of charity became a very presentable young man.

"And now for home and little Mary." He opened the door of Oak Cottage with his key, but Mary Denman had seen him coming, and as soon as he entered a pair of arms were thrown around his neck.

"Oh, Jack—Jack, such good news. Guess I am an heiress. £3,000 a year, Jack—just think of it."

"Good news, indeed, little girl; but tell me all about it."

"I can't understand it yet, Jack, but somebody has died and left it to me. A gentleman named Captain Roger Heriot called just now to tell me. I am to have all the money and Captain Heriot the houses, and—oh, Jack, it is so funny! It appears he hasn't got enough money to keep up the two places, and he wanted me to think about marrying him."

"Ha, ha! very funny!" "Of course, I told him that I was going to marry you."

"But you haven't told me who left you the money."

"Oh; how stupid of me; I never knew the man, but his name is Philip Egerton."

"Philip Egerton?" "Yes, Jack, a friend of Fred's, I believe."

"And—and is Philip Egerton dead?" "Of course he is, you stupid; how could he leave me the money if he was alive?"

"Why certainly. But listen, little woman, are you quite sure that you want to marry me now that you are going to be so rich?"

"Don't be an old goose, Jack."

"Well, I have told you my circumstances. My name is not John Castle; I have an enemy, that enemy is occupying my place; I am waiting patiently to track him down and until I have done that I cannot reveal myself."

"You have told me all that before, dear. I love you. I trust you."

Two days later the blind beggar took up his position in Hyde Park Lane. It was late in the afternoon; the autumnal wind swept the road in boisterous gusts, and the sky gave evidence of a tempestuous evening.

He had been at his post for an hour. Sophie Denman had entered the house, opening the door with her own key, but of Roger Heriot he had seen nothing.

But half an hour later his vigil was rewarded. Captain Roger Heriot drove up to the door and handed a lady from the hansom. They passed up the steps together and the captain fumbled in his pocket for the key.

"Here we are at last. You are not afraid to trust yourself in a bachelor's den?"

"Afraid! A woman will do much for the love of—"

The concluding words were lost as the door closed upon them, and the blind beggar stood as if turned to stone, for the voice was the voice of Mary Denman, his betrothed wife.

The twilight deepened into night, hour after hour passed, the rain was falling in torrents, but the blind man stood, immovable. The inmates of the house made no sign and the street was deserted. Then a carriage drove up to the door and the driver waited without dismounting from the box. Then Roger Heriot came out and peered up and down the road, and the voice of Sophie called to him from the doorway.

"Is all clear?" "Yes."

Sophie came down the steps with her arms around Mary Denman. The girl walked willingly enough, but there was a dull, stupid expression on her face. They helped her into the vehicle; Sophie and Heriot followed, and they drove rapidly away.

Mary Denman lay back in the carriage and appeared to sleep. Presently she opened her eyes.

"To where are you taking me?" "I am keeping my promise, my dear."

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I am taking you to see your brother Fred.

"Ah, yes I remember."

She closed her eyes wearily, and Heriot and Sophie exchanged glances of satisfaction. The drug which they had administered was just sufficient to make her stupid and obedient.

After half an hour's ride the carriage pulled up before a dilapidated house sandwiched between two tall warehouses. Heriot opened the door and the three entered, after dismissing the vehicle.

The house was in darkness, but Heriot lit a lantern and led the way upstairs, and Mary noted wonderingly that the house was unfurnished. At the top storey Heriot opened a door at the back of the house and motioned the others in.

It was a low room with a window reaching from floor to ceiling. The rain beat upon the panes, and a number of disturbed rats ran to their holes in the dilapidated flooring.

(Continued on sixth page.)

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. See a box at Dr. Chase's Ointment.

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If you suffer from germs, and don't know that Powley's Liquefied Ozone kills them, let us give you a bottle. Not a mere sample, but a full size bottle—enough to prove what Ozone can do. We will send you an order on your druggist for it, and instruct him to charge it to us.

This very offer must indicate to you that Ozone does what we claim.

Kills Inside Germs

Powley's Liquefied Ozone is the only way to kill germs in the body without killing the tissues too—and you can't cure a germ trouble without killing the germs. Some of you have taken medicines until you are discouraged, for drugs never kill germs. Some of you believe your trouble incurable—simply for lack of a germ-killer. You are the ones to whom we want to give Ozone. We want you to know that Ozone ends these germ troubles—at once and forever. A cure is inevitable.

Not a Medicine

There are no drugs in Powley's Liquefied Ozone—no alcohol—nothing but oxygen, the vital part of air.

Ozone is the discovery of a chemist who spent 20 years in learning how to get an excess of oxygen, in liquid form, into the blood. This product alone solves the problem of an internal germ-killer—a problem to which many scientists, including Koch and Pasteur, have devoted their lives.

Ozone gives to the world the only way known to kill germs in the body, and to cure the diseases they cause. It does that with oxygen—nature's greatest tonic—the very source of your vitality. It kills them because germs are vegetable, and an excess of oxygen, while life to an animal, is deadly to vegetable matter.

To-day the world's best physicians, and the largest hospitals everywhere, are using Ozone alone for germ troubles. And every person who suffers from a germ disease must employ it. We spend 14 days in making every bottle.

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Rheumatoid
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Stomach Troubles
Tuberculosis

Eczema—Erysipelas
Fever—All kinds
Gonorrhea—Gleet
Gravel
Hemorrhoids
Hysteria
Indigestion
Influenza
Itch
Jaundice
Kidney Diseases
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