

SELECT STORY.

MISS MIDDLETON'S LOVER.

PARTED ON THEIR BRIDAL TOUR.

By the author of 'A Forbidden Marriage'.

CHAPTER X.

WITH THREE CONVERSING I FORGOT ALL TIME.

CONTINUED.

The rooms were well crowded when Esmond arrived.

The duchess received him with the greatest expression.

He could not help feeling a little flattered.

At a little distance he saw his friend Ross, standing by an arched doorway, looking unhappy enough.

"Why are you not dancing, my dear fellow, while so many bright eyes are challenging you from all quarters?"

"I will tell you what I am doing," said Ross, frowning darkly.

"I am keeping watch. You remember that young lady I was speaking to you about."

"Well, I have just seen her go into the conservatory with that jacksnape of a French count, Monsieur Ballon."

"I believe they call him. He's a despicable fellow, always hanging round after her. If he wasn't such an expert shot, by the Lord Harry, I'd challenge him to a duel on the spot for persistently annoying that girl."

"I shall stay here until they come out," declared Ross, determinedly.

"They must come out soon; why they have been long enough in there to have exchanged every flirt in the conservatory twice over."

"Ah, they are coming at last," said Ross, with a great sigh of relief, as he clutched his friend's arm.

"Come, let me present you."

Esmond had not the least desire to be presented to this young man, whose face he had so desperately in love, but he allowed himself to be drawn forward.

"See how that miserable French count bends over her, smiling like a hyena," cried Ross, savagely, crushing something very hard in an imprecation through his white set teeth.

"Can't you see how bored she looks?"

"Where are they?" asked Esmond, in no little amusement at his friend's anger.

"Don't you see the two just coming out from that green arch, the young girl stopping to caress the swarming crimson blossoms of that India plant? See, they are coming this way, you will have a full view of her face when she turns from that jacksnape to look in this direction."

Following where Ross had indicated, Esmond saw a picture that he never forgot while he lived.

There was a beautiful overhanging plant, green, with rich, crimson flowers that hung down like the tendrils of the jasmine; they formed a beautiful natural arch, and a young girl was standing underneath it. Her face was turned from him. He never saw the man to whom she was speaking, he never thought of him, every sense, every thought, was engrossed in her.

He saw a tall, slender figure, every line and curve of which was full of grace, the draperies of palest green silk and fine white lace were looped up with a simple cluster of white rosettes and long, shining grasses, white rosettes was mingled with the lace on her breast, and a small knot of the same flowers were twisted amidst her dark curls.

"She must indeed be a charming creature if her form corresponds with that face," murmured Esmond.

"Come, make haste," cried Ross, fairly dragging him forward. The next instant they were standing before her.

Esmond drew back with a gasp of joy; as she turned her beautiful face, he beheld the girl for whom he had been searching so long and so vainly, Irene Middleton.

She recognized him, instantly, as he could see from the sudden paling and flushing of her face as their eyes met. He never remembered in what words Ross made that presentation; for the first time in his life Esmond lost the debonaire self-possession which characterized him.

"Miss Middleton and I have met before," he stammered, and it occurred to him that Ross did not know under what circumstances (as he had but recently returned to London from college) that he had met this young lady.

The count, with a bow, had surrounded the search of Victor Ross, much to the amusement of the gentleman's intense annoyance and Esmond's great relief.

"I will return in a very few moments, Miss Middleton," said Ross, "remember the next waltz is ours," and he bowed himself from her presence, inwardly chagrined, leaving her with so handsome and agreeable a man as Esmond, and mentally wondering why Esmond had not told him that he knew Irene Middleton. It had not occurred to him that he had not mentioned her name, in speaking of her.

Left to themselves, Esmond turned to her quickly. "It is warm here," he said, "and there is some little time yet before that waltz, will you try an ice?"

"It is warm," she answered. I shall be grateful for it."

He offered her his arm; she placed her little white hand upon it and they walked off together.

The next half hour that followed passed like a dream to Esmond. By tacit consent neither of them made the slightest allusion to that past which both would fain forget.

For the first time in months, smiles came to the lovely crimson lips as she listened to Esmond.

He was a young man particularly gifted, clever and quick of comprehension, with the great gift of understanding character, and adapting himself to those with whom he was brought in contact. Never before had he exerted himself to interest and please as he did to-night. Can it be wondered that he took Irene's imagination captive, and charmed her artistic fancy by his loving words? She sat with clasped hands, looking into his noble, earnest face, drinking in each word as it fell from his lips.

Suddenly the soft, sweet strains of the "Soldaten Lied" floated through the open doors. Esmond looked at his companion.

"This is Mr. Ross' waltz with you," he said, "he will be looking for you with the utmost impatience; I sincerely beg your pardon for spinning you away from the ball-room and keeping you away so long. If I were fond of quotations I would use one now, Miss Middleton, I could say, with those conversing I forgot all time."

He offered her his arm, her face flashed as she took it, and she was vaguely conscious that her hand trembled.

What did it mean? Why should her hand tremble as it touched his arm? "What is coming to me," she thought, impatiently, "surely I am not growing awkward and nervous." She tried to throw off the feeling, she looked up at him with some careless, laughing remark, and then she suddenly stopped her eyes again, while a hot flush seemed to burn her face, for he was looking at her earnestly and something in that gaze made her slumbering heart beat as it had never beaten before.

They went through the long suite of brilliantly lighted rooms, coming at length face to face with Mr. Ross, who looked exceedingly perturbed as he saw her for whom he was searching, slowly advancing, leaning upon Esmond's arm.

"I owe you many thanks, Mr. Esmond," said Ross, stiffly; "you knew I would be searching for Miss Middleton, that I was to return to her; you forgot all about it."

"I am sorry, I did forget," said Esmond, flushing and smiling.

"I knew you would," said Mr. Ross, driven to desperation by the state of affairs. As he looked at Esmond's handsome, elegant face he said to himself, "Surely he has not fallen in love with her!"

"Before I relinquish you, let me ask for the waltz that follows this, Miss Middleton," said Esmond, eagerly, and Ross bit his lip with fierce vexation and jealousy as he saw her hand Esmond her dainty tablet and he jotted down his name, retaining it with a low bow.

The remainder of the evening passed like a dream to Irene Middleton, the homage offered her, the countless compliments that she received, the music, the lights, and the flowers, were all parts of a confused dream from which she did not awaken, until Frederick Esmond came to claim her for the promised waltz, and with that waltz, a new life-drama was begun.

Victor Ross stood looking after them with darkening brow and compressed lips. "If he asks her to dance again I shall hate him," he thought.

The way in which they waltzed together was simply perfection, the very poetry of graceful motion; it was rather floating to the sweetest strains of music than dancing. Ross turned away with some strong muttered words between his teeth, vowing that he hated waltzing. He had never known a waltz so long and so tedious.

During the remainder of the evening both gentlemen lingered by the beauty's side, each sporting the angry looks of the other.

"If it is to be a drawn battle between us as to which will win her, so be it," muttered Victor Ross, "he will find out this much, I will never give her up."

CHAPTER XI. FATE SETTLES THE MATTER.

The great hall was set with a table, and behind it, as usual, the open window in her room, her lovely dark hair all unbound, falling in dark, heavy curls around her. She had laid aside her magnificent dress, and robed in a pale blue cashmere negligee, she looked even more beautiful than usual.

The duchess had come in to say "good night," and ask her how she had enjoyed the ball.

"I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed it," murmured Irene; "I was sorry when it was all over, it seemed like coming from Eden back to this cold, bitter world."

"I think, Irene," said the duchess, "that some one helped to make it very pleasant for you."

"I had a great many very nice partners," returned Irene, her fair face flushing.

"We will not talk about it to-night, or rather, so early in the new year; I see you are in the 'wee sma' hours' glancing at the ornolu clock on the marble mantel; 'you will join me at 10 o'clock breakfast, and we will talk it over then over our chocolate,' said the duchess, kissing her. "Good night, Irene and sweet dreams," and with these words she left her.

Irene must have been tired; but no sleep came to those dark, brilliant eyes; she crossed over to the window, drew aside the heavy silken curtains, and looked out at the stars gleaming in the blue sky.

"For long months the face of Mr. Esmond has haunted me," she murmured; "now, we have met again."

"Kissing like sweetest music in her ears was the sweet sound of his voice. How was it that she had heard many voices, yet the memory of one had never lingered with her before; not one accent, not one word was lost upon her, she thought him the kindest gentleman she ever met."

"Well," said the duchess to her nephew, when she met him in the corridor the next morning, "How do you prosper with your waltzing, my dear fellow?"

Ross thrust his hands deep into his pockets and gazed gloomily from the window.

"I do not prosper at all," he answered, brusquely. "How do you expect me to stand any chance of winning so much as a glance from Miss Middleton, when you invite continually such fellows here to meet her as that detestable French count and—Esmond, who is known as one of the wealthiest and most eligible men in London, even without the title which he disdains to wear. How do you expect me only a poor devil of a student, to stand any chance with such men?"

"I am sure you ought to hold your own against any of them, my dear boy," declared the duchess, looking laughingly at the handsome, disconsolate young student, "but there is one thing I would advise, Victor," she went on, earnestly, "and that is, never allow your impulsive affection to get the better of your judgment. If you see plainly that Irene prefers another to yourself, abandon the field gracefully, that is the best way."

"Do you mean, give up the field easily? Stand quietly by and see another man woo and win the only woman I can ever love?"

"Such advice coming from a sensible woman amazes me. You can depend upon it I am not likely to do anything of the kind."

When Victor Ross sought Irene in the drawing-room that afternoon, he found to his dismay, Esmond was with her.

A group of ladies and gentlemen were examining some fine engravings that had just arrived. Esmond and Irene were at the piano quite alone by themselves.

If he thinks to monopolize Miss Middleton's society after that fashion, he will find he has much difficulty to face, thought Ross, biting his lip with vexation.

He crossed directly over to the piano, and after bowing stiffly to Esmond took his place at the other end of the instrument, and remained there with a pertinacity that was more than answering to Esmond.

Irene tried to distribute her words amid her smiles equally between the two gentlemen. Neither would address one word to the other, but directed his conversation directly to her.

"Will you sing to me?" asked Ross, determined that his rival should not have one moment's conversation with her if he could prevent it; already he had begun to call Esmond that in his own mind.

"Certainly," replied Irene, running her slim, white fingers over the keys, murmuring words to herself than to either of them. "I wonder what it shall be."

"Sing 'My Queen'; that is my favorite song," said Victor Ross.

"Sing 'I have loved thee since the day I met thee first,'" said Esmond, in a low, vibrant voice. Both gentlemen had spoken together, the situation was therefore embarrassing to Irene. She was too gentle to willingly offend either.

"Suppose I sing you my own favorite," she said, and both eagerly assented.

"I read these beautiful words the other day," she went on, "and they haunted me so, I set them to music and have been singing them ever since."

The song was a beautiful one and Irene sang in a clear sweet voice, that had an undertone of sadness in it:

"There's an end to toiling some day, But its weary waiting—where! There's a harbor, somewhere, in a peaceful bay, Where the sails will be furled and the ship will lay At anchor, somewhere, in the far away But its weary waiting—where!"

"There's an end to the troubles of souls oppressed But its weary waiting—where! Sometime in the future, when God thinks best, He'll lay us tenderly down to rest, And roses'll grow from the thorns in the breast But its weary waiting—where!"

"There's an end to the world with its stormy frown, But its weary waiting—where! There's a light somewhere that no dark can drown, And where life's sad burdens are all laid down; A crown, thank God, for each cross a crown! But its weary waiting—where!"

"Very beautiful, but very melancholy," said Victor Ross, when the last note died away.

All music should be sad, replied Miss Middleton, and she sang the waltz with a low bow.

The lovely face paled. "Ah, if he but knew," thought Irene, with a shudder.

"I have sung all my spirits away," she said, "but then, I waltz do."

When she rose from the piano the two gentlemen rose with her; they could endure that she should leave them both together, neither would have left her first.

There is nothing the world enjoys more than a comedy of lovers. The world looked on with laughing eyes at the fierce dislike that was growing up in the hearts of these two, who had once been such firm friends.

"Which will she choose?" "How will it end?" were the two questions people asked each other.

It was becoming a serious matter with both Esmond and Victor Ross; both loved Irene, and neither would yield in the slightest degree to the other.

Both decided on the same plan of action; to ask Irene to be his wife, thereby settling their bitter rivalry at once and forever.

Both pitched their rival, being confident she would accept himself.

That very evening, fate settled the matter in a strange way for the young student, bringing his dream of love to an abrupt end.

He had gone out into the rose garden to enjoy a cigar in solitude under the trees. Tempted by the beauty of the night he sat long after his cigar was finished, indulging in fanciful day dreams, of a bright future with dark-eyed, sweet Irene by his side. Planning how he should work for her day and night, of the name and fame he should build for himself, all for her dear sake.

It was a pity the poor fellow could not have dreamt of forever thus, for those airy day dreams were destined to be his last.

He was startled at length by the sound of voices.

He did not care to be disturbed; he felt in no mood to be amiable to any of the young ladies, listening to their small talk, and being forced to pay the compliments between them were expected.

I will wait here until the young ladies pass by, he told himself, leaning carelessly back upon the rustic bench.

They were very near here; he could see two slender, white figures, for though they were from him, quite distinctly through the green foliage.

One of the ladies was talking in a low, earnest voice, which he readily detected as the duchess.

Victor Ross was no eavesdropper; he disliked anything so mean as his listen to conversation not intended for his ears; he did not make his presence known, believing they would soon pass on.

In this he was mistaken; they stopped short in the moonlight path, so near the secluded spot in which he had concealed himself, that he could easily have put out his hand and touched them.

My dear girl, the duchess was saying, of course you know best; but I should advise you to think twice before you refuse such a lover if he asks you to wed him. Victor Ross loves you, and the day is not far off when he will tell you so. I tell you this because you are so blind you do not see it, Irene.

Then it was Irene to whom the duchess was talking.

In an instant Victor Ross was painfully alert. He could surely be pardoned for waiting breathlessly for the reply that would fall from Irene's lips; for did not the issue of his whole future depend on what her answer would be?

"A 'No,' and saying that he may not care for me, Irene said, huskily; for oh, believe me, it could never be. I do not love Mr. Ross, and I could never be his wife."

You might learn to care for him in time, urged the duchess, he is all that is good and manly.

He is all that I grant you, replied Irene, sadly; but were he a king on his throne I could not marry him. Nothing could change that.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A WELL-KNOWN CATHOLIC PRIEST.

Of Hamilton, Rev. Father John J. Hinchey, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Hamilton, bears testimony to the Undisputed Worth of Dr. Agnew's Cathartic Powder.

In the person of the Rev. John T. Hinchey of the Rev. John T. Hinchey of St. Joseph's Church (R.C.), Hamilton, is found one who does the highest credit to the self-sacrificing work in which he is engaged. His kindly heart constantly prompts to deeds of love and goodness, and in the city of Hamilton all who know him are ready to bear testimony to his high character and active generosity. As result of neglect, thinking more of others than himself, he has been a sufferer from cold in the head and its almost certain associate, catarrh. Recently he made use of Dr. Agnew's Cathartic Powder, and has found in it so great relief that he deems it a pleasure to tell others of the good it has done him.

One short puff of the breath through the blower supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cathartic Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness.

60 cents. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two 3 cent stamps. S. & G. DeLachon, 44 Church St., Toronto. Sold by W. H. Carten, C. A. Burchill and J. M. Wiley.

SEVERED THE JUGULAR.

A sad accident happened to little Charlotte Heveridge, Wednesday at Montreal, which resulted in her death. The girl, who was only about twelve years old, lived with her aunt and uncle, W. V. King, White hurrying out on an errand, she in some way fell through a glass door. Her aunt ran to her aid, but in her excitement fell downstairs with her. A boarder ran down and carried the little one across the street to a drug store, where there happened to be a doctor at the time. He found that the jugular vein had been severed, and his aid was of no avail as the girl quickly passed away. Mrs. King was more frightened than hurt by her fall, but she was greatly upset by the death of her niece.

HEIRESS TO \$15,000,000.

A Philadelphia Gardener's Daughter the Lucky One.

A remarkable romance in real life has come to light by the sudden, unexpected inheritance of a fortune of \$15,000,000 by the twenty-five-year-old daughter of a poor gardener, Elizabeth Kelly, who lives at Philadelphia. Elizabeth Kelly and her father have confirmed the story.

The legacy comes from the estate of a long dead uncle, Peter Kelly, who amassed an immense fortune in the Australian gold fields over thirty years ago.

Peter Kelly was living with his parents in Lancashire, England, when the Australian gold came broke out, and he went to that land to make his fortune. Nothing was heard of him for many years, until one day, nearly a quarter of a century ago, his mother received word that he would soon return home a millionaire. He did not come, however, but after some months a deaf mute, who had been a passenger with Peter on the vessel bound for England, appeared and told of a violent storm at sea, in which several of the passengers, including William Kelly, were drowned.

Enquiry was begun, and the son's story of his millions was verified, part of the money being in Australian banks. He had never married, and had no relatives living in Australia. The family received the interest on the fortune, which was valued at \$15,000,000.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Ward has been received at Moncton from Ottawa that the petition for a Scott Act repeal in Westmorland is passed, and a writ for an election will be issued forthwith.

The St. Stephen town council has passed a resolution urging the adoption of standard time in that town.

THE SMOKING CONCERT.

Given by the Bicycle Club Boys at their Club House Friday Night.

It was an Unqualified Success.

The members of the Bicycling and Boating Club, although young as an organization, have recently placed the public under obligation for two very pleasant and successful entertainments.

The club house was opened early in the autumn by one of the largest and most enjoyable balls and receptions ever given in the city, and last night the club again opened their handsome hall for the exclusive enjoyment of their gentlemen friends.

It was a smoking concert and fully deserved the name. Smoke, every body smoked, and there were sixty-five pipes constantly sending their aromatic perfumes heavenward. The guests commenced to arrive shortly after 8 o'clock and found the club room looking most cozy and inviting with a blazing log fire in the big fireplace, the rooms brilliantly illuminated with the Auer light and a profusion of comfortable lounging chairs.

A committee of the club headed by such agreeable gentlemen as R. S. Barker, D. E. Crowe, G. H. Clarke, A. A. Shute, Jos. Purdie and others welcomed the guests and showed them to the disrobing rooms. Then when the whole company had gathered it was found to be

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children with soothing effect. If disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child crying with pain of Cutting Teeth, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP" for children teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation. Is pleasant to the taste. The prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. 25c per bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

CONSTITUTED AS FOLLOWS:

- Mayor VanWart Frank L. Cooper
Jeremy Taylor R B H Phillips
W F Mitchell G L Fenety
C E Duffy Thos Allen
F B Bristow H C Mackay
E H Murdoch N A Edgcomb
T Lawson, Andover George Black
A H F Randolph H G Nealis
R S Barker A A Shute
R B Barker J C Allen, jr
R F Randolph J A Winslow
D E Crowe R H Buchanan
W Anderson R H Buchanan
J F Jennings J F Rogers
W Adams J F Fowle
Gregory McPeake W Perkins
Louis M Owens Robt Chestnut
C Macart Ham Kitchen
J A Wilson, St John C E Neill
Geo H Clark Fred Magee
Jos Purdie N Leane, Woodstock
H V Edgcomb Fred Taylor
B Lemont James Tibbitts
Geo L Wilson F A Creighton, N Y
F Fraser Winslow Bert Wiley
J P Hatt L C Macnutt, F. Cooper
J H Hawthorn P McSodrick
J A George T Doherty
Harold Babbitt Fred Peters
L W Bailey, jr J Holland
W C Roberts W Bailey
A C Tabor Frank Bayfield

ARROOSTOOK GAME.

The report of the Bangor and Arroostook Railroad relating to the amount of game shipped over their lines during the hunting season is very interesting reading.

The figures of course relate only to such game as has been sent away, and bears no reference to the hunting done by the "natives," which no doubt, would swell the figures to nearly double their present amount. The total number of deer shipped was 989; of moose, 24; of caribou, 10; of bears, 3; and an immense amount of small game, including ducks, partridges, etc.

I was Cured of Rheumatism in Twenty-four Hours.

I, George English, shipbuilder, have lived in Chatham, N. S., over forty years. Last spring I took severe pains in my knee, which, combined with swelling, laid me up for six weeks, during which time I endured great suffering. I saw South American Rheumatic Cure advertised in the Chatham World and procured a bottle. Within twenty-four hours I was absolutely free from rheumatism, and have not been troubled with it since.

Sold by W. H. Carten, C. A. Burchill and J. M. Wiley.

VERY SAD DEATH.

One of the saddest events recorded in Fort Fairfield, Maine, for a long time, says the Beacon, is the death of Mrs. Leverett G. Kimball last Wednesday, after having given birth to twins three days previously.

The maiden name of the deceased was Edith Savage, and her old home was in Williamsport, Carroll County, N. B. She was married to Mr. Kimball last winter. The little babies are strong and well.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO SWEAR OFF

Says the St. Louis Journal of Agriculture in an editorial about No-To-Bac, the famous tobacco habit cure. "We know of many cases cured by No-To-Bac, one of prominent St. Louis architect, smoked and chewed for twenty years; two boxes cured him, so that even the smell of tobacco makes him sick. No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed by Chas. A. Burchill No cure, no pay. Book free. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases.

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures letter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.

The estate of the late Byron G. Taylor of St. John, is valued at \$800,000. By the will \$1,000,000 is to be set apart for the education of his son. Of the residue one-half the income goes to Mrs. Taylor so long as she remains his widow, and the other half to the son. The contingency for the remarriage of the widow is provided for and two-thirds of her proportion in that event given to her son in addition to his half share of the estate, and the remaining one-third of the widow's half is continued to her on her re-marriage.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away.

Is the truthful, starting title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotine nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison makes weak men gain strength, vigor and manhood. You can no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold by Chas. A. Burchill, under guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal.

The plans for a complete system of sewages for the city of Belleville is designed by Henry Carre, a member of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, have been accepted by the provincial board of health and are being carried out under the local improvement act. Fredericton should seek information there.

A Graduate of Toronto University says:

"My children have been treated with Scott's Emulsion from their earliest years. Our physician first recommended it and now whenever a child takes cold my wife resorts to this remedy which always effects a cure."

The C. P. R. depot burned at Ottawa on Thursday, as mentioned in our despatches, contained waiting rooms, baggage rooms, etc., all of which have been burned and nothing remains standing but the charred walls. The superintendent's office was also burned, and all records and private papers.

The Orilla, Ont. town council has decided to retain the management of the handsome new opera house in its own hands for a time with the expectation of realizing about \$1000 a year from it. A party offered to rent it for \$500.

My Baby

was a living skeleton; the doctor said he was dying of Marasmus and Indigestion. At 13 months he weighed only seven pounds. Nothing strengthened or fattened him. I began using Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites, feeding it to him and rubbing it into his body. He began to fatten and is now a beautiful dimpled boy. The Emulsion seemed to supply the one thing needed.

Mrs. KESVON WILLIAMS, May 21, 1894. Cave Springs, Ga. Similar letters from other mothers.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute! Scott & Bown, Belleville, 50c. and \$1.

Wiley's ... EMULSION ...

COD - LIVER - OIL.

Gives Best Results. The Best Preparation. Purest and Best Materials used in Manufacture. Best Value for the Money. in the Market. Readily taken by Children. No preparation equal to it. For Building up the System.