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From one to two bottles will cure boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin disease. From two to four bottles will cure salt rheum or eczema, shingles, erysipelas, ulcers, abscesses, running sores, and all skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin

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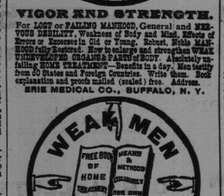

NOTICE.

WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

Traders, Manufacturers and owners of Weights, Measures and Weighing Machines generally are specially requested to read carefully the following instructions and act accordingly:

1. The Weights and Measures Act provides for a regular biennial inspection of all Weights and Measures used for trade purposes, as well as for irregular inspections of the same, which may be made at any time when deemed necessary by the inspector, and it also imposes a heavy penalty on any trader or other person who wilfully obstructs or impedes an inspector or assistant inspector in the performance of his duty under said Act, or who refuses to produce the whole of his weights and measures for inspection when called upon to do so by an inspecting officer.

2. Every trader, manufacturer and owner of weights, measures, and weighing machines when paying moneys to Inspectors or Assistant Inspectors of Weights and Measures for verification fees, is entitled to, and is specially requested to demand from the officer who makes the inspection, an official certificate ("Form O. 5" with the words "Original for the Trader" printed at the head thereof) properly filled out and stamped, and also at the same time to carefully ascertain whether or not the stamps attached to such certificate represent exactly the value the amount of cash paid. Traders are requested to bear in mind that certificates of verification are of no value whatever unless stamps covering the full amount of fees charged are attached.

3. Owners and holders of these official certificates are specially requested to keep them carefully for two years, and in order to secure their safe keeping it would be advisable to placard them in their places of business in the manner in which ordinary license certificates are done, for it must be distinctly understood that all traders who are unable to produce their properly stamped certificates, when asked to do so by an inspector or assistant inspector, may, in all probability, have to pay over again their verification fees.

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BY ELLEN OLNEY KIRK,

Author of "The Story of Margaret Kent," "Through Winding Ways," "Queen Money," "Sons and Daughters," Etc.

SYNOPSIS.

Richard Littleboy escorts his aunt, Mrs. Craige and her stepdaughter Marion, whom he calls cousin, to see Bernhardt at a New York theatre. Richard sees Walter Bellamy, a favorite of fortune, talking to his aunt, and expresses his regrets to Marion that he will now see little more of her society, feeling, as she does not understand him, that she has a lesson to learn. She asks him to teach her. He tells her what a rich friend of his, named George Milgate, who desires a wife said to him about his revenue and marriage. Marion dislikes George Milgate and urges Richard to abandon the tone he has taken about himself, and feel satisfied with his own career. Bellamy succeeds in securing a seat beside Marion, and later at Delmonico's they see Hartley Dare, who is Bellamy's mentor. Mrs. Craige is a Southern lady who has not been in New York for twenty-seven years.

Aunt Rachel tells Richard her intention to make Marion's life successful, and her desire is that she should marry well and she asks him to not hinder her by influence at the same time a preference for Bellamy.

She is called upon by her relatives Mrs Kenyon and her grand daughter, Mrs. Dorsey, whose husband is very wealthy. Another connection, Ralph Atterbury, a brilliant talker, and now a broker, also calls. Ralph tells her his wife, Nina, who is handsome, can spend more in an h r. than he can make in a month, and also describes his elder brother Jim, whose wife is wealthy. He does not succeed in ascertaining the extent of Mrs. Craige's wealth.

He wants to get some of her money for speculation, but fails. He is introduced to Milgate by Richard. Ralph afterwards introduces Milgate to Miss DeLancey and her sister. Miss Gussie Talbot, who are now expecting a fortune, and two women in society.

Later Ralph tells these ladies what he knows about Milgate and asks his wife to invite them and some relatives to dinner. He introduces Milgate also to Mr. Keyon and other society leaders. Milgate is interrupted by Gusey, to whom he begins to make love and has just kissed her hair when Edward De Lancey, the fiancee of Miss DeLancey, and Ralph come in and Milgate is joined by Ralph on the street. Gusey, in the Bishop's seat, sees Mrs. Richard Bellamy, Mrs. Dorsey and Marion. In the continuation of events, Marion thought she had taken Richard's arm talks pleasantly to him and is surprised to find later that Milgate is her escort. Ralph tells Nina his proposication for the dinner party and he is signed.

The dinner is given, after explanations, and is a success. Milgate arrives late and is placed between Mrs. DeLancey and Gussie. He determines to win Marion. Richard introduces him to her.

At 4 a.m. Dorsey carry home they all meet and Mrs. Dorsey and Marion withdraw for a meet that in the former's dressing room. Mrs. Dorsey discusses Marion's future and tells her about her prospects and the pleasures of a marriage engagement. And says there is just one man in it possible for such woman to love: Milgate was eavesdropping the rendezvous that he was under the same roof with Marion. He waits to meet her and hearing a rustle of a gown and a voice rushes out and fell into Mrs. Delancey's arms. She beat him off in triumph. Gusey is taken out to dinner by Mr. Berry, an Englishman, who is learning a number of American expressions.

Mrs. DeLancey sees Milgate's desire to address Marion, and detains him. She says the party is to enable Bellamy to propose, but that she will not have him as the love another. Milgate is elated, thinking he is the one referred to. Bellamy joins Marion who soon leaves him.

Marion experiences her first snow storm next day and she is joined by Mrs. Delancey and her sister. Mrs. Delancey finds it dull and proposes playing a trick on some one. A toboggan slide is erected by the gentlemen and Gussie amuses the party. Bellamy and Milgate both claim to be her partner. Marion goes with Bellamy. Mrs. DeLancey's intention to a slide.

Bellamy's toboggan collides with and buries Milgate in the snow. He gets furious. Bellamy apologizes. Miss Talbot sprains her wrist and the sport is ended. Next morning is New Year's Day and Bellamy starts out to Craige and offers himself to Miss Craige. Miss Talbot's disfigured wrist keeps her a prisoner and she receives Bellamy, who was once in love with him. He pities her poor wrist and kisses it without offending, they twice kisses her lips.

Mrs. Sydney West has seen this incident and so does Marion, who tries to pretend she has seen nothing. Gussie, taken aback, runs off with a muffled shriek. Bellamy tries to explain and proposes to Marion, who indignantly repudiates. Richard visits the Dorseys. Sees Marion and urges Milgate's suit. He also tells her, her aunt begged him to repress his own foolish aspirations. He, however, tells her he has loved her since the first moment he saw her. Richard is called out and soon after Milgate addresses her.

[CONTINUED.]

"You have fooled me!" he exclaimed, so angrily that she glanced about the library and was all the more startled to discover that they were all alone and that all the doors were closed. "I believe it was all a snare, a trap," he went on. "You did it to see how far my folly for you could carry me. Here were you warm and comfortable while I waited there two hours!"

She gazed at him in dismay. His features, usually so calm and cold, were working angrily; the veins in his temples stood out like cords.

"I have no idea what you mean," she said, starting up and looking as if ready to take flight.

"Not know what I mean! When you have been sitting here laughing at me!" he said. "Did you tell Dick Littleboy? They are all laughing at me. I heard them."

A quiver of indignation and disdain ran through her.

"I don't understand you," she said. "You are evidently in a rage with somebody. You say I have fooled you: how have I fooled you? You speak of snares and traps: I know nothing about snares and traps."

"You have been fooling me all this week," said he violently. "What else did I come for except to see you? You have played with me, led me on, gone forward and back. But after being made a laughing-stock like this——"

"I wish, Mr. Milgate, you would bring some definite accusation," said Marion, quietly. "Then I shall know how to answer it."

He looked at her a moment in silence. Her whole attitude was so suggestive of remoteness and disdain that she awed him. He slowly drew two letters from his pocket and offered them to her.

"What are these?" she inquired.

"Your own notes to me."

She made a little gesture as if to thrust them aside:

"When have I ever written to you, Mr. Milgate?"

He tore open the envelopes and held up the sheets to her.

"Do you mean to deny that you wrote these ?" he said, incredulously.

"I never wrote a line to you in my life, Mr. Milgate," she said, with a pain and bewilderment so real that he could not understand it. "It is wrong,—it is wicked,—it is abominable that you should have been treated so! I am so sorry."

Her gentle tone, her soft child-like glance, seemed to mock instead of soothe him.

"Sorry!" he exclaimed, harshly. "You may well be sorry. I was ready to ask you to be my wife. I can hardly tell you how from the first moment I saw you I have thought about you and I have thought of nothing else. Nobody knows how you have been in my mind. There was nothing like it before, and there never will be anything like it. I wanted you for my wife, and I would have put everything at your feet; but now all that has changed, and you are to blame. It is not I who have gone forward and back: it is you who have tricked and fooled me until my patience is worn out. Everything is at an end between us. I have sworn it."

She was standing looking at him. Any doubt in her mind as to her course of action lay in her conviction that Milgate had been ill used and that his anger was almost reasonable. She felt this so strongly that she was almost indifferent to the offence his words might have given to her pride.

"I wish——" she began, softly, then her voice died away.

"Oh, you may wish whatever you like," said he with a short laugh, "but it is all over. Yesterday I said to myself that such beauty as yours would redeem a little coquetry; but to-day I am ready to say that such conduct as yours spoils all your beauty."

She looked at him a moment in silence, perplexed and dismayed; then she walked straight past him and went out of the room.

Left alone, Milgate drew in his breath with a sort of hissing sound. His glance dropped to the ground, and he stood like a man dead to realities. His consciousness was steeped in a sense of unmerited ill usage; he could not think coherently,——could not master and suspend his feelings of blind rage and his longing to strike out and punish somebody. He was roused by a touch on his shoulder, and looking up, he saw that Richard Littleboy had come in.

"What on earth is the matter, Milgate?" said he.

Richard's tone of surprise changed Milgate's mood, raising a sudden feeling of disgust at his self-committal.

"Come up to my room," he said, more quietly than he had spoken hitherto. Milgate led the way up-stairs, where he at once flung himself into a chair, dejected and hopeless.

"What has happened?" said Richard, whose mind was busy over the possibilities behind Milgate's excitement. He could only suppose that he had offered himself to Marion and been rejected.

"Miss Craige asked me to go to you," he explained, but she said nothing more."

"Don't speak to me of Miss Craige," said Milgate, starting as if stung. "Everything is over between me and her. I have told her so."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I was ready to make her my wife, and that now I wish never to see her again."

"But——"

"Never mind arguing, I have no wish to argue. Just tell me if those letters are not in her handwriting." And he flung the sheets and envelopes which he still held crushed in his hand at Richard, who picked them up in blank surprise.

"Do you mean that I am to look at them ?" he asked.

"I want to know if Miss Craige did not write them."

"Miss Craige write them? It is not her handwriting at all. They are signed M. C., but her initials are M. A. R. C. You really did not suppose that she was sending you notes?"

Milgate had started up, and seemed to be struggling with something not unlike terror: "Dick, I want you to swear that what you say is true."

"There is no necessity for swearing about the matter. The idea of attributing them to Miss Craige is absurd,—monstrous."

Milgate stood fixed and rigid for several moments without speaking. Richard's words were enough to undo all his belief that Marion had been concerned in writing the letters, but that was no joyful deliverance. He began to have a clear vision of what he had wrought by his fierce pent-up impulse; hurrying images of the girl's shocked, pained face returned to him. She had looked at him almost as if he had struck her.

"How did you get those letters?" demanded Richard.

"I found the first one on my pin-cushion night before last," said Milgate, in a stifled voice. "I had said to Miss Craige that I wanted a chance to speak to her alone. This note is the answer to that, and it says, you see, that I must be patient,—that I must not go near her all the next day, but that if to-morrow evening I were to look under the pedestal in the hall by my door I should find another note appointing a rendezvous. I did find it, and it told me to meet her in the boat-house this morning at half-past nine, no matter what the weather was. I went at nine o'clock. I waited until half-past eleven."

"In the boat-house, and such a day as this!" said Richard. "You ought to have seen that it was a joke. Let me look at that second letter. It is not even signed M. C., as the first is. Milgate, you ought to have been wiser."

"I have been fooled, fooled, fooled!" said Milgate, stung anew. Still, he was not willing to accept the idea that he had been made a fool of by a fabrication which a child ought to have seen was preposterous. "I never dreamed of imposture," he went on. "Who would dare make me the victim of a practical joke? I acted with entire faith. If it did come over me that it was devilish odd to meet anybody in a boat-house at this time of the year, it was only a passing thought. It has been so impossible for me to get her out of hearing-distance of the whole party that I would have gone to the top of Mount Cro'nest if she had bidden me."

"It is abominable!" said Richard. "Have you got any enemies in the house?"

"They are all enemies!" said Milgate, violently. "I have been taken possession of, ordered about; I have not been able to breathe freely." A choking sense of wrong came over him. "Who contrived this outrageous swindle, do you suppose?" he broke out. "It is a rank insult. I was never insulted before in my life. I will tell Mr. Dorsey about it. He shall have the thing ferreted out. It has been a conspiracy. I will get a detective."

"Hush, hush," said Richard. "I am afraid you had better hold your tongue and say nothing about it. What sort of a place is the boat-house?"

"It was locked up, all but a little shed which was full of snow," said Milgate. "The wind whistled and howled. It was horribly cold. I had on my fur-lined cloak, but I never was so cold in my life. I dare say I have taken a cold. I detest a cold: it is the only thing that makes me ill. And all the time somebody was watching and laughing! When I came in and saw you and Miss Craige sitting together in the window-seat I was half mad with pain and disappointment. Do you suppose it was Bellamy who did it? He isn't here to-day. I begin to believe that he did it and then ran away. He may well be afraid of me. I will twist his neck; I will——"

Richard had been so utterly aghast and his mind had been so full of conjectures that he had not seen the practical bearings of the situation, but now when Milgate made a movement as if to leave the room, breathing fire and vengeance upon the authors of this iniquity, his friend put a heavy hand on his shoulder, faced him about, and said,—

"You had better try and command yourself, Milgate. You can't go in this way. You will put yourself in a position which will humiliate you more deeply."

"It is for the others to feel humiliated," said Milgate.

"Take my advice," said Richard, "and let it all go. You want to keep on good terms with these people; and if you were to bluster and make a scene you could never get over it. The whole affair is beneath your contempt. The easiest way to carry it off successfully is by a display of perfect good temper and good manners. By the bye, what did you say to Miss Craige ?"

Milgate gave him a sullen glance.

"I said to her what I have said to you," said he. "I showed her the letters."

"What did she say ?"

"I don't remember," said Milgate. He put up his hand to his forehead. A thou- and miserable thoughts swarmed through his mind. He remembered the expression in her face as she looked at him, and he felt dizzy and sick. "That is, she did say she had never written me a line in her life. She did not look at the letters."

"Of course you accepted her statement?" said Richard, struck by the look of despair on the other's face.

TO BE CONTINUED.

What a ——(Story)!

For Neuralgia, a novel cure—which we hardly believe if true, will ever become popular—is vouched for, it is said, by a correspondent of the New York Sun. An Irish girl in Patterson, N. J., had suffered with Neuralgia of the head and face until almost frantic with pain; actually beating the wall with her head to cause insensibility. Her employer having heard that a Dr. Toro had cured rheumatism by the sting of a wasp, asked the girl if she would try it. With common horror of despair, she exclaimed "Any other torture would be a pleasure beside this!" A yellow wasp was obtained, and vexed into stinging her face. Within a few moments the pain ceased, the girl fell asleep, and strange to say, never again had an attack of neuralgia. Well, we don't blame her. The remedy was probably too heroic for a second dose. A learned specialist when told this yarn remarked. "The pain may have stopped temporarily, but it could only have been temporary." Continued he, "it is a fact that a sudden shock to inflamed and irritated nerves will stop pain," but the remedy is worse than the disease, as many thinking people in after years find out, who apply fiery and dangerous compounds externally to stop Neuralgia and Rheumatism. They only continue to shock their nervous system, ignorant of the fact that, as in the morphine or alcohol habit their mental and moral nature is thus gradually being destroyed. "Make haste slowly, if you expect Nature to cure your nervous disease" was the advice to a lady by a friend who had been cured of chronic Neuralgia by using for some time Johnson's Anodyne Liniment inhaled, taken internally, and applied externally. We advised in the wrapper around every bottle. "Neuralgia is a fever or inflammation of the nerves, and only by degrees can any inflammation be cured, and that only by an anodyne treatment. Old Dr. Johnson had this in mind when he devised his Anodyne Liniment; a remedy now known to nearly every one, as it deserves to be. Surely, a medicine without real merit could not have survived for eighty years, as this one has done.

A Share in a Jewel.

There is a story told of a French servant who was shown a priceless jewel by a great duke.

"Thank you, my lord duke," said the man of science, "for allowing me to share with you the possession of so great a treasure."

"In what way?" said the duke.

"Why, your Grace can do no more than look at it, and you have allowed me to do the same."

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

On May 2nd., while Mr. James Slaughenwhite of Mill Village, Queens Co., N. S., was clearing a drive of logs about two miles above Gold River Mills he fell through and was drowned. The body was recovered on Monday. He was about 40 years of age and leaves a wife and six small children.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we cannot do better than to try it. Price 10c., 50c. and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Parker Bros, Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

The Time to Call.

Bill Collector—Can you pay this little account to-day, sir?

Debtor—You call at such inconvenient times.

Bill Collector—Well, sir, what time would suit you for me to call?

Debtor—Oh, call when I'm out.

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Sick Headache, Want of Appetite, Coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 25c we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Parker Bros, Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

Comets and Cosmetics.

"Hello, St. Agedore, what were you doing last night?"

"Stargazing."

"Why, it was as dark as pitch all night."

"I dare say. I sat in the front row at the burlesque."

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.—A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal Inject or for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by Parker Bros, Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

"Out of Sight."

Pops—Black eye, nose out of plumb, clothes torn! Been in a fight, haven't you, my son?

My son—N-N-No, sir.

Pops—What's that you're saying? Why you must have been in a fight! Now, tell me the truth.

My son—Well pops there was a fight, But I wasn't in it!

MESSRS, C. C. RICHARDS & Co.,

Gentleman,—In playing Tennis I wrenched my ankle, causing me much suffering and inconvenience, but by using MINARD'S LINIMENT I was not confined to the house a single day. After a few days I was able to continue training for the sports at the Halifax Carnival for which I had entered.

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Yarmouth. Instructor Y. A. A. C.

Taking Precautions.

Senior Partner—I've got a little matter of business I want to talk over with you. Are you sure no one is listening.

Junior Partner—Why no. There's no one around. What makes you so suspicious?

Senior Partner (closing the door)—I thought I heard the confidential clerk in the next room.

Coming Events Cast Their Shadows.

Johnnie Chaffie—"I know whose coming to-night."

Miss Chaffie—"Who?"

"Jim."

"How do you know?"

"I saw you take his photograph out of the album and put it on the mantlepiece, and you put Fred's out of sight until Saturday evening."

Every ingredient employed in producing Hood's Sarsaparilla is strictly pure, and is the best of its kind it is possible to buy. In the course of producing Hood's Sarsaparilla everything is carefully watched with a view to attain the best result.

Didn't Hold a Pair.

She—Have you noticed the coolness between the kings abroad lately?

He (thinking of the last poker game)—Yes, they're as unsociable as milestones. I never see two of them together.

A GREAT SPELLING MATCH—The greatest spelling match on record is that offered by Our Homes Publishing Co., in which they will award the following magnificent CASH PRIZES:—One prize of $300; one prize of $200, two prizes of $100; four prizes of $50; eight prizes of $25; twenty prizes of $10; forty prizes of $5; one hundred prizes of $2; and two hundred of $1. These prizes will be awarded to the persons sending in the largest number of correctly spelled words found in the advertising pages of the February number of Our Homes, in which no letters occur but those found in the sentence: *Our Homes is Unrivalled as a Home Magazine.* Special cash prizes will be given away each day and each week during this competition, which closes April 25th, 1891. Send 10 cents in stamps or silver, for a sample copy of the February number, with rules and regulations governing the competition. Address, OUR HOMES PUB. CO., Brockville, Ont.

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Dear Sirs—My mother was attacked with a very severe cold and cough. She resolved to try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and on so doing, found it did her more good than any other medicine she ever tried. MRS. KENNEDY, Hamilton, Ont.

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From The Pacific Coast.

We quote from a letter recently received from Miss Eleanor Pope, Port Haney, B. C. "For sore throat, coughs, croup, bruises, etc., Hagyard's Yellow Oil is the best thing I have ever used."

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All skin diseases of whatsoever name or nature are caused by impure blood. Burdock Blood Bitters is a natural foe to impure blood removing all foul humors from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

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—2—
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