



MUNYON'S
I will guarantee that my Kidney Cure will cure 90 per cent. of all forms of kidney complaint and in many instances the most serious forms of Bright's disease. If the disease is complicated send a four-ounce vial of urine. We will analyze it and advise you free what to do.

KIDNEY CURE

FARMERS

Consult your own interests and insure in the NORTH AND SOUTH

Dorchester Fire Insurance Company

Apply to M. E. LYON, Director, Grovesend, Ont.; or to I. B. HUFFMAN, Agent, Aylmer, Ont.



Catarrh

When doctors fail and ninety-nine remedies are powerless to give relief and cure to the Catarrh-stricken sufferer, Japanese Catarrh Cure—the one-hundredth—comes as the never-failing rainbow of promise and will cure as it cured John Crow of 421 Keefer street, Vancouver, B.C., who for 15 years had tried every remedy he could lay his hands on that promised benefit or cure—only to have the parts weakened and more susceptible to most violent returns of the malady when the effects of the false cure had passed off. He used 6 boxes of Japanese Catarrh Cure. Three years have elapsed since he did so, and while he has been subject to some exposures, there has been no symptoms of a return of the Catarrh, and he winds up his testimonial letter with these words: "My wife also uses it for headaches and it gives instant relief." 127

Japanese Catarrh Cure is guaranteed to cure any case of Catarrh, or money refunded. Guarantee and conditions in every package. 50 cents—sent all Druggists or by mail.

GRIFFITHS & MACPHERSON CO., TORONTO



Sores Healed.

Nothing like B.B.B. for healing sores and ulcers, no matter how large or how chronic they may be. B.B.B. applied externally and taken internally according to directions will soon effect a cure. It sends rich, pure blood to the part, so that healthy flesh soon takes the place of the decaying tissue.

"I had been troubled with sore fingers and sore toes around the nails. The salve I was using did not help me and I was getting worse. I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after using nearly two bottles my sores were all healed up. I consider B.B.B. a wonderful blood purifier." Enoch G. Horst, Bloomington, Ont.

Burdock Blood Bitters.

Before After. Wood's Phospholine. The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Six packages guaranteed. Cures all forms of Sexual Weakness, all effects of Abuse or excess, Mental Worry, Excessive use of Tobacco, Opium or Stimulants. Mailed on receipt of price, one package, six, \$5. One trial, 25c. Free to any address. The Wood's Phospholine Co., Toronto, Ont.

Forsale in A Line at the White Dug; No 2

the People's Book Store.

A Woman's Crime.

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE.

By LAWRENCE M. LYNCH.

Author of "John Arthur's Ward," "The Diamond Coterie," "Against Odds," Etc., Etc.

"Old man," he said, gravely, "you did a good thing when you nabbed that 'Buckeye'." Then, without waiting for a comment from Rob Jocelyn, he related his experiences of the past two days, omitting nothing. As usual, when deeply interested, and upon his professional mettle, Rob Jocelyn, throwing off his ordinary manner of careless indifference, became grave, silent and alert. He had listened silently, and when, at the end of his story, Neil Bathurst produced the wallet containing the mysterious letters to Jason Bradwardine, he drew his chair close to the table and examined every document from first to last, without uttering a word.

Bathurst lit a fresh cigar, and, leaning back comfortably, watched his friend's countenance. When the memoranda had been carefully scanned, and the photographs closely inspected, Jocelyn turned two keen, earnest brown eyes upon his friend, and Neil, who knew what the meaning of that intense look upon the usually debonair face, said:—

"I see, Rob, you think we have stumbled upon a slung case." "I think," replied Rob Jocelyn, with slow gravity, "that this man is Jason Bradwardine, and that Jason Bradwardine needs a guardian."

"You think he is here in search of this mysterious mother and child?" "It is not improbable. Did you look closely at the notes and figures? See, they have been jotted down at different times; there are numerous shades of ink, and a variety in the size of the strokes, indicating that different pens have been used. Here are some entries that have evidently been made while moving, probably while riding in a car, or a carriage. Now, then, here are some dates with curious marginal notes, or words. Did you look over these very carefully?"

"No," he told the truth, "I did little more than glance at the notes. I was very sleepy, and expected to run them through again with you."

"Why did you not think of comparing some of these dates with the dates of the letters?" "Why didn't you think of connecting our friend Bradwardine with that 'ad' for a female detective?" retorted Bathurst, with a good-humoured laugh. "Hang it, man, one brain can't hold everything. You and I may possess very good heads, as heads go; but heaven's sakes, we are not more than one of the old adage."

"Two heads better than one," quite true," replied Jocelyn, gravely. "We have done some head thinking together, and if you came to go over these papers the second time you would hardly have overlooked this matter of the dates. Let us see. Just refer to that pile of letters, will you. For a test, take that letter of defiance, the last one; what date does it bear?"

"April 7, 19—," under my eye, is the same date; and here another date, some forty days later, most likely to mark the time when the letter was received. This man must have relied much upon his memory. Wait a moment; he sent an emissary, she says in her letter. Well, here, just above the memorandum, April 7, is another date. 'Feb. 18th I sailed.' What do you make of that? By Jove! 'I, must be the fellow who came over to steal the child.'"

"Precisely. Now then, below I find this: 'May 21st, failure.' That means the man's return, eh?" "It looks like it."

Upon further examination of the letters and notes they found that the latter bore entries corresponding with the dates of the letters, or at the least, at which they were received. Beyond this, their combined efforts could make nothing out of the memoranda, or notes.

For nearly an hour they talked of Jason Bradwardine, and his probable intentions and movements. Then Jocelyn said, "Well, Neil, we will work up this case together, as we both have leisure."

"Now, Jess Warren, stop acting like a mad woman; what prank are you trying to play me?" "I am not playing a prank," whimpered Jess. "Don't you see how scared I am. I tell you it is true."

"What is true?" stamping her slippered foot wrathfully. "Tell me instantly." "Well, I am going to," cried Jess, beginning to recover herself a little. "You see Lenore dragged us down among the horrid, nasty smelling Germans, and at last turned into the awfullest, awfullest dirty street you ever saw in your life. We tried to coax her to turn back, but no; she was seeing Chicago, she said, and she must see all of it. So on we went, and oh, how it did smell! When we had got to the nastiest, meanest, dirtiest place of all, we heard some one screaming, and some one else swearing in awful Dutch. There was a sort of alley-way, and as we came to it there were three big boys beating a woman with their great dirty, awful fists. The woman was down on her knees beside a little pile of wood, and a mallet and wedge were being used on her head. We could think Lenore had rushed at the man screaming in the awfullest way. 'Stop, you beast, you devil; stop, I tell you.' But the man roared out another oath, and struck the woman again so hard that she fell over upon the wood. In an instant Lenore seized that great mallet and struck the man an awful hard blow upon the head. We could hear his skull crack. Oh, Nettie, it was awful. And there stood Lenore above the man, and you could fairly see the sparks fly out of her eyes. 'Lie there, you brute,' she said, and I thought she would kick him with her boot. By that time the ragged little girl ran up, and at her heels a big, ugly policeman. I saw him go up and take Lenore by the arm, and then I ran away as fast as I could."

Having finished her "awful" story, Mrs. Warren sat down to recover her breath. "And Kate?" asked Mrs. Ruthven, all in a tremble. "I tell you, he has got her too. Think of it Nett—Kate and that awful Lenore looked up in a police station."

"Who talks of my being locked up in a police station," cried a clear, vibrant voice, and simultaneously the door swung open, and Lenore Army appeared upon the threshold, with cheeks flaming, eyes blazing, and nostrils quivering. "Is it you, Mrs. Warren? Oh, you pitiful coward; you would stand by and see a human being killed by a brute and then run away and lie about one who dared to interfere. Bah! I despise you." And Lenore Army turned on her heel, and walked straight to her own room.

"Jess, how could you," said Kate Seaton, who had followed Lenore into the room, looking very pale but quite collected. "You have made Lenore so angry."

"I made her angry," retorted Jess, growing suddenly more composed, "the her knock that man down, I suppose. Heavens, I am afraid to live in the house with Lenore Army; she is a terrible woman, she has never dreamed how she looked. But of course you won't say a word against her, not if she kills the whole family some day. It's a pity the policeman didn't shoot her up," said the now hysterical Jess.

"If you are afraid to live here you had better get out of the quarters," said Kate, in a white heat. "Rest assured Lenore will never kill you, she doesn't care enough about you, one way or the other."

"Don't she?" hissed Jess. "Well, I hope some day to prove more worthy her consideration," and she flounced out of the room.

As soon as the door had closed behind her, Mrs. Ruthven turned to her sister.

"Kate, what on earth does this all mean? Did Lenore Army strike a man?" "Yes, Nettie, she did," replied Kate Seaton, gravely. "She felled him with one blow. He went down like an ox, and he deserved it. But oh, it was terrible to see Lenore. I never dreamed she could possess such a temper. I have seen her eyes flash, and her hands clench, at the mention of wrong done to her, and she has never dreamed of the weak. I have seen her interfere between quarrelling children more than once, and shake a boy as hard as her little hands would permit. But nothing like this. Nettie, she will never forget them. She told the policeman what she had done, and he looked thunderstruck; then, as we saw people coming, he told her that she had served the brute right, but that she had better go home as quick as possible. 'I wouldn't arrest you if you had killed him,' he said, 'but some one else might if you stayed.' I wanted her to run, but she would not; of course I would not leave her, and she walked along so steadily all the way, but with that dreadful look of anger on her face. Nettie, I would not wonder Lenore Army for the world. If any man ever does, she will murder him."

CHAPTER XI.
SETTING THE SNARE.

Lenore Army kept her room until luncheon time; but when she came down and took her seat at the table she was outwardly at least, her usual calm self.

TRAGEDY AT MONTREAL.

Pierre Lanson Shoots Former Sweetheart, Who Had Rejected Him, and Turns the Revolver on Himself.

Montreal, Dec. 5.—Murder and suicide will probably be the verdict in a shooting affray that occurred here on Saturday evening. Pierre Lanson shot Fabiola Gravel, wife of O. Richot, and then shot himself.

The woman, who was shot in the head, died instantly, and the murderer died three hours afterwards.

The shooting was the result of jealousy. Lanson had been paying court to the girl for some time, but she rejected his suit and recently married Richot. While she was walking along St. James street, near the Grand Trunk station with a young sister, she was met by Lanson, who, after following her for a short distance, pulled a revolver and shot her in the head. He then turned the weapon on himself.

The words of praise bestowed upon Hood's Sarsaparilla by those who have taken it prove the merit of the medicine.

"Are your new neighbors well-to-do?" "I think they are. The children have such awful manners."

Catarrh and Hay Fever.

If it's hay fever that is the bug-bear of your life, you won't know the pleasure of freedom from it till you've tried Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure.

He—They can photograph the voice now. She—I hope I'll never live to see a picture of the things you say when your collar button drops down your back.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.



You'd Never Die
If your heart never stopped beating. You would never be sick if your heart was always able to carry rich, healthy blood in sufficient quantity to every organ and tissue of your body.

When your heart, through weakness or the strain due to worry and overwork, is unable to supply the necessary amount of rich, healthy blood, every part of your body begins to show signs of weakness and disease.

DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE
Strengthens the heart and purifies the blood. It positively gives relief in "dirty" minutes and effects a speedy, permanent cure. It cures nervousness, sleeplessness, neuralgia, headache, dizziness, female diseases, and all other ailments that spring from diseases of the heart and blood. If you suffer from palpitation, weak or irregular pulse, shortness of breath, fainting spells or a lack of normal strength and vigor in any part of the body, you should secure Dr. Agnew's HEART CURE.

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRH POWDER is endorsed by Canada's greatest ministers and statesmen. Try it. Dr. Agnew's Ointment is without a peer in cure of skin diseases. Relief in a day. 35 Cts. Use Dr. Agnew's PILLS, 30 Cts.

SOLD IN AYLMEY BY J. E. RICHARDS AND E. A. CAUGHELL.

"That Tired Feeling"

Is just as common and just as reasonable in horses as it is in men. When their blood is impoverished their appetite and energy leave them—their work feels twice as hard.

Dick's Blood Purifier

restores this lost vitality—The food is enjoyed—Every particle is digested.—The hide frees itself. Bots and kindred worms are destroyed and the horse thrives.

50 Cents a Package. Trial Size, 25 Cents.

LEEMING, MILES & CO. Montreal, Agents. DICK & CO., Proprietors.

Shorey's Ready-to-Wear

Rigby Waterproofed Freize Ulsters

Made from pure wool, 32 oz. to the yard. Frieze. Five pockets.—Deep flaps.—Six inch collar, with throat tab.—Double stitched edges.—Raised seams. Length 54 inches. Nine colors. Black, Blue, Mid Brown, Drab, Claret, Heather, Oxford, Blue mixture and Olive mixture.

Waterproof, Windproof, Frostproof, Comfortable.

Sold by all reputable dealers from Nova Scotia to British Columbia for \$6.75

Shorey's Guarantee Card in the pocket, of course. Insist on seeing it, it is a good square guarantee.

LA CARENITA

DELIGHTFUL CIGAR

That Makes A Friend Of Every One who Tries it

J. RATTAY & CO. MONTREAL.

The

POINTERS

In speaking of "nevers," "Toy Dr.," he of interest:

First. Never w not allow the g straight line.

Second. Never sole narrower th foot, traced with the rounding edg

Third. Never w es the heel.

Fourth. Never so large the l not kept in place.

Fifth. Never v tight anywhere.

Sixth. Never (that has depressi sole to drop any low the level pla

Seventh. Never sole turning up v as this causes th per the foot to

Eighth. Never presses up into th

Ninth. Never boots tight, as it action of the calf walk badly and s ankle.

Tenth. Never c to low heels at on

Eleventh. Neve shoes all the time, so. Two pairs of a time alternate; and are much mo

Twelfth. Never linings to stand i driving or linen more healthful.

Thirteenth. Ne stocking or one washed is not at longer than the f that stockings sh they will allow y at the extreme en joints in place and attractive foot. A lings, the single stocking" is the b

Fourteenth. Ne feet will grow la proper shoes. Pin makes them grow unhealthily. A prop the muscles make attractive.

A USEFUL S

In every house-ho require mending a

A stocking bag i those that need a useful thing for

have and from an following descrip

Take a yard of p a small figure; pr bon an inch wide tonne in color, a flannel, some stiff

spool of silk. Cut of the pastboard, es in diameter. Yu by a large saucer o piece. Cover these e cretonne and over

gether, as if for i with the sewing s The puff should of cretonne six in

ches wide. Turn sides of this strip; circular pieces, to be neatly overlapp

open for the moul is a full ruff, with side of one of the

the same size and flanne several i shape, but smaller meter, buttonhole

each with sew three or four. Th circle are to form a need

Fasten the embi this and sew a bow is extended.

On the opposite piece of cretonne i book, gathered at run in a casing, at two shirtings. Th

darning cotton. H puff for a casing of ribbon in for st

bag up. The bott for the stockings.

CHOICE

Corn Fritters—On one half teacup mi

flour, one small powder, one tablesp

ter, two eggs, one little pepper. Fry i

Bouillon—Six po bone. Cut up the v bones; add two qu

and simmer slowl through a fine sie

particle of fat. Set per and salt.

Lobster Soup—Co ing four pounds, s

pieces. Place in a rolled fine, one cu

a very little cayenn together. Heat thr

and use of water; s bad two or three cut lobster, and bo

Cranberry Pie—T ries, stewed with o

fals of sugar, and s plate w/ h paste; pu

wash the edges, th across; fasten at ed

across, forming dian wash with egg; b

til taste is cooked.

Lemon Pie—Two