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Is the only safe, reliable
regulator on which woman
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and time of need."
Prepared in two degrees of
strength. No. 1 and No. 2.
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is by far the best dollar
medicine known.
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stronger—three dollars per box.
Ladies ask your druggist for Cook's
Cotton Root Compound. Take no other
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month, in the Masonic
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p.m. Visiting brethren
heartily welcomed.

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steam, work only passing through the
rollers once; the result—WORK IS
EASIER, WILL NOT BREAK, and will
last much longer than when ironed by
the old method, heated by gas, which
has to pass through the rollers eight
times.
P.S.—We have also added a newly
invented machine to iron the edges of
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The Canadian Steam Laundry
Co. of Ontario, Limited.
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Tea, 35c. 40c. and

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25 well ventilated rooms. Weekly or
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J. W. MILES, Proprietor.

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff.

Old Hagar's Secret

BY MRS. M. J. HOLMES

Author of "For a Woman's Sake," "Love's Triumph,"
"Purified by Suffering," "A Grass Widow,"
"Woman Against Woman," Etc.

It was necessary, he said, for
either him or Mr. Douglas to go to
Cuba; and, as Rose's health made a
change of climate advisable for her,
George had proposed to him to go,
and take his sister there for the win-
ter. "And, Maggie," he continued,
"will you go, too? We are to sail
the middle of October, stopping for
a few weeks in Florida, until the
unhealthy season in Havana is passed.
I will see your grandmother to-
morrow morning will once more
honorably ask for your hand, and if
she still refuses, as you think she
will, it cannot surely be wrong in
you to consult your own happiness
instead of her prejudices. I will meet
you at old Hagar's cabin at the
time appointed. Rose and my aunt,
who is to accompany her, will be in
New York, whither we will go im-
mediately. A few moments more, and
you will be my wife, and beyond the
control of your grandmother. Do you
approve my plan, Maggie, darling?
Will you go?"

Maggie could not answer him then,
for an elopement was something from
which she instinctively shrank, and
with a faint hope that her grand-
mother might consent, she went
back to her sister's room, where she
had not yet been missed. Very rap-
idly the remainder of the afternoon
passed away, and at an early hour,
wishing to know "exactly how she
was going to look," Mag commenced
her toilet. Theo, too, desirous of
displaying her white satin as long as
possible, began to dress; while Mad-
am Conway, in no haste to don her
purple satin, which was uncomfort-
ably tight, amused herself by watch-
ing the passersby, nodding at inter-
vals in her chair.

While thus occupied a perfumed
note was brought to her, the con-
tents of which elicited from her an
exclamation of surprise.

"Can it be possible!" she said,
and thrusting the note into her pocket,
she hastily left the room.

She was gone a long, long time,
and when at last she returned she
was evidently much excited, paying
no attention whatever to Theo,
who, in her bridal robes, looked
charmingly, but minutely inspecting
Mag to see if in her adorning she
was aught out of its place. Her
dress was faultless, and she looked
so radiantly beautiful as she stood
before her grandmother that the old
lady kissed her fondly, whispering
she did so. "You are indeed beau-
tiful!" It was a long time ere Mad-
am Conway commenced her own
toilet, and then she proceeded so
slowly that George Douglas became
impatient, and she finally suggested
that he and Theo should go without
her, sending the carriage back for
herself and Mag. To this proposition
she at last yielded; and when they
were left alone Madam Conway,
greatly accelerated her movements,
dressing herself in a few moments;
and then, much to Mag's surprise,
going below without a word of ex-
planation.

A few moments only
elapsed ere a servant was sent to
Mag, saying that her presence was
desired at No. 40, a small private
parlor adjoining the public drawing-
rooms.

"What can it mean? Is it pos-
sible that Henry is there?" Mag
asked herself, as with a beating
heart she descended the stairs.

A moment more, and Mag stood
on the threshold of No. 40. Seated
upon the sofa was Madam Conway,
her purple satin seeming to have
taken a wide sweep, and her
face betokening the immense
degree of satisfaction she felt
in being there thus with the

stylish, elegant-looking stranger who
stood at her side, with his deep, ex-
pressive eyes fixed upon the door ex-
pectantly. Maggie knew him in a
moment—knew it was Arthur Car-
rollton; and, turning pale, she start-
ed backward, while he advanced for-
ward and, offering her his hand,
looked down upon her with a win-
ning smile, saying as he did so:
"Excuse my familiarity. You are
Maggie Miller, I am sure."

For an instant Mag could not re-
ply, but, soon recovering her com-
posure, she received the stranger
graciously, and then taking the chair
he politely brought her, she listened
while her grandmother told her that
he had arrived at Montreal two
weeks before; that he had reached
Hillsdale that morning, an hour or
two after their departure, and learn-
ing their destination had followed
them in the case; that she had taken
the liberty of informing Mrs. Morton
of his arrival, and that lady had, of
course, extended to him an invitation
to be present at her party.

"Which invitation I accept, pro-
vided Miss Maggie allows me to be
her escort," said the young man,
and again his large, black eyes rest-
ed admiringly upon her.

Mag had anticipated a long, quiet
talk with Henry Warner, and wish-
ing the Englishman anywhere else
but there, she answered coldly: "I
cannot well decline your escort,
Mr. Carrollton, so of course I ac-
cept it."

Madam Conway bit her lip, but
Mr. Carrollton, who was prepared
for anything from Maggie Miller,
was not in the least displeased, and
consulting his diamond-set watch,
which pointed to nearly ten, he
asked if it were not time to go.

"Certainly," said Madam Conway.
"You remain here, Maggie; I will
bring down your shawl," and she
glided from the room, leaving them
purposely alone.

Mag was a good deal astonished,
slightly embarrassed and a little
provoked, all of which Arthur Car-
rollton readily saw, but this did
not prevent his talking to her, and
during the few minutes of Madam
Conway's absence he decided that
neither Margaret's beauty, nor yet
her originality, had been overrated
by her partial grandmother, while
Mag, on her part, mentally pro-
nounced him the finest-looking,
most refined, the most gentlemanly,
the proudest, and the handsomest man
she had ever seen!

Wholly unconscious of her cogita-
tion, he wrapped her shawl very
carefully about her, taking care to
cover her white shoulders from the
night air; then, offering his arm to
her grandmother, he led the way to
the carriage, whither she followed
him, wondering if Henry would be
jealous, and thinking her first act
would be to tell him "how she hated
Arthur Carrollton, and always
should!"

It was a gay, brilliant scene
which Mrs. Morton's drawing-room
presented, and as yet the centre of
attraction, Theo, near the door, was
bowing to the many strangers who
sought her acquaintance. Greatly she
marveled at the long delay of her
grandmother and Maggie, and she
had just suggested to Henry that he
should go in quest of them, when
she saw her sister ascending the
stairs.

On a sofa across the room sat a
pale young girl, arrayed in white,
her silken curls falling around her
neck like a golden shower, and her
mournful eyes blue scanning eagerly
each newcomer, then with a
look of disappointment drooping be-
neath the long lashes which rested
wearily upon her colorless cheek. It
was Rose Warner, and the face she
sought was Maggie Miller's. She had
seen no semblance of it yet, for
Henry had no dangerous type. Still,
she felt sure she would know her,
and when at last, in all her queenly
beauty, Maggie came, leaning on Ar-
thur Carrollton's arm, Rose's heart
made ready answer to the oft-re-
peated question, "Who is she?"

"Beautiful, gloriously beautiful,"
she whispered softly, while from the
grave of her buried hopes there came
one wild heart-throb, one sudden
burst of pain, caused by the first
sight of her rival, and then Rose
Warner grew calm again, and those
who saw the pressure of her hand
upon her side dreamed not of the
ferce pang within. She had asked
her brother not to tell Maggie she
was to be there. She would rather
watch her awhile, herself unknown;
and now, with eager, curious eyes,
she followed Maggie, who was quick-
ly surrounded by a host of admir-
ers.

It was Maggie's first introduction
into society, and yet so perfect was
her intuition of what was proper,
that neither by word or deed did she
do aught to shock the most fastid-
ious. It is true her merry laugh
more than once rang out above the
din of voices; but it was so joyous
that no one objected, particularly
when they looked in her bright and
almost childish face. Arthur Car-
rollton, too, acting as her escort,
aided her materially, for it was
soon whispered around that he was a
wealthy Englishman, and many were
the comments made upon the hand-
some couple, who seemed singularly
adapted to each other. A glance had
convinced Arthur Carrollton that
Maggie was by far the most beau-
tiful lady present, and feeling that on
this her first introduction into so-
ciety she needed some one to shield
her, as it were, from the many fool-
ish, flattering speeches which were
sure to be made in her hearing, he

kept her at his side, where she was
nothing loth to stay, for, notwith-
standing that she "hated him so,"
there was about him a fascination
she did not try to resist.

"They are a splendid couple,"
thought Rose, and then she looked
to see how Henry was affected by the
attentions of the handsome stran-
ger.

But Henry was not jealous, and,
standing a little aloof, he felt more
pleasure than pain in watching Mag-
gie as she received the homage of
the gay throng. Thoughts similar
to those of Rose, however, forced
themselves upon him as he saw the
dignified bearing of Mr. Carrollton,
and for the first time in his life he
was conscious of an uncomfortable
feeling of inferiority to something
or somebody—he hardly knew what.
This feeling, however, passed away
when Maggie came at last to his
side, with her winning smile, and
playful words.

Very closely Madam Conway
watched her now, but Maggie did not
heed it, and, leaning on Henry's
arm, she seemed oblivious to all
save him. After a time he led her
out upon a side piazza, where they
would be comparatively alone. Ob-
serving that she seemed a little
chilly, he left her for a moment while
he went in quest of her shawl.

Scarcely was he gone when a slight,
fair form came flitting through the
moonlight to where Maggie sat,
and twining its snow-white arms around
her neck, looked lovingly into her
eyes, whispering soft and low, "My
sister!"

"My sister!" How Maggie's blood
bounded at the sound of that
name, which even the night wind,
sighing through the trees, seemed to
take up and repeat. "My sister!"
What was there in those words thus
to affect her? Was that fair young
creature, who hung so fondly over
her, naught to her save a common
stranger? Was there no tie between
them, no bond of sympathy and
love? We ask this of you, our read-
er, and not of Maggie Miller, for to
her there came no questioning like
this. She only knew that every
pulsation of her heart responded to
the name of sister, when breathed by
sweet Rose Warner, and folding her
arms about her, she allowed the
golden head upon her bosom, and
pushing back the clustering curls,
gazed long and earnestly into a face
which seemed so heavenly and pure.

Few were the words they uttered
at first, for the mysterious, invisible
something which prompted each to
look into the other's eyes, to clasp
the other's hands, to kiss the other's
lips, and whisper the other's
name.

"I have wished so much to see
you, to know if you are worthy of
my noble brother," said Rose at
last, thinking she must say some-
thing on the subject uppermost in
both their minds.

"And am I worthy?" asked Mag-
gie, the bright blushes stealing over
her cheek. "Will you let me be your
sister?"

"My heart would claim you for
that, even though I had no brother,"
answered Rose, and again her
lips touched those of Maggie.

Seeing them thus together, Henry
tarried purposely a long time, and
when at last he rejoined them he
proposed returning to the drawing-
room, where many inquiries were
making for Maggie.

"I have looked for you a long
time, Miss Maggie," said Mr. Car-
rollton. "I wish to hear you play,"
and, taking her arm in his, he led
her to the piano.

From the moment of her first in-
troduction to him, Maggie had felt
that there was something command-
ing in his manner—something she
could not disobey; and now, though
she fancied it was impossible to play
before the multitude, she seated her-
self mechanically, and while the keys
swam before her eyes, went through
with a difficult piece which she had
never but once before executed cor-
rectly.

"You have done well—much better
than I anticipated," said Mr. Car-
rollton, again offering her his arm;
and though a little vexed, those few
words of commendation were worth
more to Maggie than the most flat-
tering speech which Henry Warner
had ever made to her.

(To Be Continued.)

A TOTTERING WRECK.

Weak and Shattered
Nerves Are Rapidly
Restored to Health.

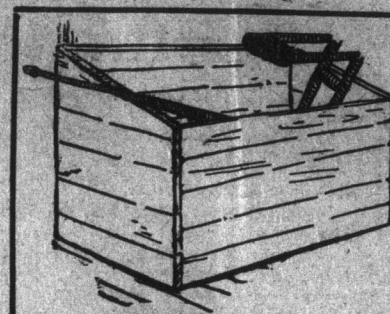
South Amer-
ican Nerve.

Three out of every four people who
suffer from chronic and incurable
diseases do so because of a disordered
nervous system. The Great South
American Nerve Tonic—not a medi-
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restores vigor to the nerves and recon-
structs the worn-out tissues. Cures Lost
Appetite, Loss of Flesh, Headache, Pal-
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Liver and Kidney Disease, Colds and
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other diseases of the nervous system.
A. W. Stephens, a prominent business
man of Strathaven, Ont., writes as fol-
lows: "I was a total nervous wreck. I
almost despaired of ever recovering my
health, until I followed a friend's advice
and tried The Great South American
Nerve Tonic. In a miraculously
short time, I was entirely well."

A Sallow, Muddy Complexion.
If your kidneys are not in proper con-
dition, your skin will soon tell the tale.
South American Kidney Cure restores
normal health condition, clears the skin of
every discoloration. Relief in six hours.
No. 85

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Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.



The Crutch

(soliloquizing)

"I HAVE STOOD BY THE OLD
MAN FOR FIFTEEN LONG YEARS,
AND NOW HE HAS TURNED ME
DOWN FOR A BOX OF Bu-Ju. I
FEEL ALL BROKEN UP OVER IT."

The doctor told him he had rheu-
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trouble—too much uric acid in the
blood. The kidneys had failed to
perform their proper functions, and
a long, continuous, painful case of
rheumatism is the result. He was obliged to use a crutch off and on for 15 years
until he read an advertisement of

Bu-Ju, The Kidney Pill

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in a short time was enabled to cast the crutch into the woodbox, to take part in
the building of its own funeral pyre.

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the symptoms arising from disordered kidneys and they are treating for symptoms
instead of fighting the disease, which is kidney trouble.

London, Sept. 7, 1903.

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all forms of kidney dis-
orders. Does it promptly and effectively.
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