

The Whispering Tempter.

CHAPTER I.

"No. Every time I build up a hope you tear it down better to hope, though the hope may be in vain, than not to hope at all." "It is never better to be deceived, John." "Try me today. I swear by all that is sacred, by the love I bear you—"

CHAPTER II.

The next morning just before starting down town, I kissed Maud tenderly. She did not enclose my caresses, but she allowed her head to rest on my shoulder. "Oh, I won't drink anything today." "That's what you said yesterday."

does the gilded butterfly light upon the withered flower I don't know. "When a friend asked me to take a drink; I said 'no.' I didn't say 'I believe not.' I said 'no.' Sometimes the 'hooded' tempter would whisper in my ear, but when I turned upon him, he would apologize and retire. The sounder! The world is full of news, but there was no news of Maud. She must have heard of my book, and knowing that such a book could have only been written by a sober man, why did she not come back to me? I wondered aimlessly; I scolded without purpose. I took no delight in the attentions which literary people paid me. How could fair society smile upon such a wretch? A magazine said that I had once been a drunkard, and in encouragement to other men, held me up as an example. One day in a section of country which I had never before visited, I strolled in an almost pathless forest. I suddenly came upon a little log school house. I would have passed on but a voice held me.

"Children," said the voice, "I am glad that you love me, but I must go. My husband who has become a noble man. We have long known each other and the separation will be painful, but I must go. I told you of the author of the book which I read to you. That man is my husband—Henry's father. He does not know that Henry and I pray for him—"

A Helping Hand is most appreciated where it is most needed, and thus it is that Burdock Blood Bitters gains more favor yearly by leading the weakened system valuable assistance in removing all impurities and building up a strong, healthy body.

Putting the Baby to Bed. Last spring I spent a night with a friend. There were two children in the family—the youngest a bright, restless boy, four years old, who might stand for a 'bundle of nerves.' A lady and gentleman with their two children were visitors at the house, and after supper Mrs. Brown, a neighbor, left her little boy and girl in my friend's care while she went to make a call in the village. The evening wore on. The children played hard, and little Frank's eyes opened wider and wider with the intoxication of the unusual excitement. After his bedtime was long past, his mother came to the room where her husband slept, and she said, "What's that noise I hear? I told Frank he could sit up until Mrs. Brown came after her children, supposing she would be gone only a few minutes. How shall I break my promise to him, or risk his being cross and ill by all this excitement?"

CHAPTER III. I went away from the town where I had disgraced myself—where I had trampled upon the affections of my wife. It would be impossible to describe my wretchedness. I contemplated suicide, but I resisted. I was late in getting out a good resolve, and I found but little consolation in the old adage, "better late than never," but with a determination born of despair. I turned my back upon every temptation. I lived in the hope that my wife would return. When evening came, I would go to our house, could not call it home, and sit under the vines, the vines which Maud had trained with such tender care. My little angel. His face was ever before me. I found one of his shoes in a coat. I kissed it. Weary as I was, I crept along in a dreamy state. I had written many letters in many times, but no one could tell me where I could find my wife. Critics said that my work had become melancholy. I was not the least melancholy when the frost falls upon it. The precious essence of life had been squeezed from my soul. Time and again I prayed that I might die. Once I heard a man who did not think that I was near, say that I was a sin on my mind. He was wrong. I had a great deal to write. I wrote a book. It was a cry, rather than a voice of despair, but the people bought it. How surprised I was. Why do we get people like to read lines of sadness, why

"I Want to Vote for Pa."

"Good morning, my little man; and whom will you vote for today?" So said a neighbor to little Jimmie Lambert, a brave five year old. It was village election day, and the neighbor was on his way to the polls. Jimmie straightened himself up, and was puzzled but for a moment; a bright thought struck him. "I'm going to vote for my pa," he said, as if there could be no doubt about the propriety of that. "I guess you are hardly big enough," replied the man, laughing, "but you might try."

Jimmie's old play suddenly grew stale. Here was a new thing that men were doing and he wanted to do the same; for all play is but an imitation of real life, whether it be play of children in the nursery, or of grown up people on the stage. But he was sorely puzzled how to do it, and after trying several things, and calling them voting, he said to his little sister, fourteen months younger than himself: "Mamie, let's go and vote for town, and off they went. But mamma was there. Now Mrs. Lambert was somewhat out of temper that day; for Mr. Lambert, while fuddled with beer at the saloon, had just made a peculiarly unfortunate bargain. He had traded his own main support of his family, for a washing-machine, which some unscrupulous guller assured him would do their washing before breakfast, meaning, of course, if they commenced early enough. Mrs. Lambert was kneeling, bread and brooding over the matter, when she spied her two children just tramping into the street.

A Waller's Senses Ep calls vividly to mind the appalling specter of death, and yet no thought is taken of the thousands annually dying through disease caused by wrong action of the stomach, liver, kidneys or bowels, and which might be remedied by the use of B. B. B. nature's great restorative tonic and blood purifier.

Tea-Table Chat. Pearl and silver whistles for calling one's dog, if you have such a nuisance, are for sale. Undressed kid gloves embroidered on the back have taken the most eccentric turn of late. Fashionable extravagance has a fine field in the matter of the beaded wraps of this season. A 16 year-old girl's hat on a woman of even 40 is one of the saddest sights of the season. Some new conceits in correspondence cards and fashionable stationary are already exhibited. The beaded sunshades in the sunlight have a dazzling effect, and were not created in vain. It is a safe prediction that gentlemen will be glad to discard the "girder" shirt before long. Now is the time when we take up our once wild animal rugs and put them carefully away.

More Remarkable Still. Found at last, what the true public has been looking for these many years and that is a medicine which although but lately introduced, has made for itself a reputation second to none, the medicine is Johnson's Tonic Bitters which in conjunction with Johnson's Tonic Liver Pills has performed some most wonderful cures. Impure or imbecile blood soon becomes purified and enriched. Biliousness, indigestion, sick headache, liver complaint, languor, weakness, etc., soon disappear when treated by these excellent tonic medicines. For Sale by Goode, druggist, Alton, Black, Goode, Gocher, sole agent. [d]

SHINGLES! SHINGLES! SHINGLES! A large quantity of extra-thick Georgian Bay Cedar shingles, extra-thick, are on hand at our mill at reasonable prices. Call and examine before purchasing elsewhere. Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson

The Kaiser: "You know I love you er to the czar; No lumps, much less friendship star. If Europe were our job, would see No quadrants, guns, amity. I'm built to keep an is a foe. That's roasting an agree self, you know, and as for this my nat war I keep it just for viatic. Just. Then once again the m friends to be: The Kaiser wept, and he or three times the Then afterwards he also repeat it, and And told him all the m it could be done: How waits a dozen Muse in a row. Might with a single bu realms below. "But then," he added, "his patron star. "I won't think of u not," said the Czar So pleased his nighty 2 sian lands Shed tears of joy and w or his teacher's hand. "I know you're new h are so allied." The Kaiser choked and couldn't if I tried. "I've got a little 'm trace. "I think," replied the K one or two. Then after telling him meant to fight. That warship were bu with flags at night That rifles should be salute. And if Krupp meant a Krupp meant to be a This unapologetic C play. Where Cosmicks in their shalled in array. Where cannon roared in halls and pomp o. Stretched far as the e. The Baltic shore. With heart inflamed h his portentous pov An Austro-German-Turk in halls and pomp o. "Aut, of course, I will the ross-uring Cz. "Of course not," said th ed his ocular.

When symptoms present themselves, Miss Mary E. Davis says: "My brother is morbid and after a Fowler's Extract of cured him entirely." Endorsed by the... civilization are well it tent and variety of systems now employ Thus there are in act 1. Pipes for conve illuminating gas. 2. Pipes for conve fuel gas. 3. Pipes for conve drinking water and 4. Pipes for conve street sprinkling and 5. Pipes for draini sewage and 6. Pipes for deliv der high pressure f and power. 7. Pipes for deliv der high pressure f. 8. Pipes for deliv der pressure for ho power. 9. Pipes for deliv der purposes of powe 10. Pipes for pre required, by vacu ventilation. 11. Pipes for col packages, by compr 12. Pipes for regu pressed air. 13. Pipes for elec 14. Pipes for con tric lighting, elec phones and telegr 15. Pipes for pow machinery, moving etc.—Scientific Am

Consumption. To THE EDITOR readers that I have the above named c use thousands of been permanently c to send two bottles to any of your r assumption, if they press and P. O. ad Respectfully, ly 37 You Considerable of Joseph's cost is in the scarf and culine lady-killer. A double B. "We have used of Wild Strawber diarrhoea it can cannot speak to R. Clare Cross and R. Ont., April 29th, 1888. Lieut-Governor Baufr. Dangerous Counterfeits as more so that the TATE'S ORIGINAL NAME. The rema by Natal Balm. Catarrh and Col duces unprincip The public are c ceived by indist in name and app names as Nasal etc. Ask for N take imitation d you. For sale b post-paid on rec by addressing Fu Ont.