

"The Something Just As Good" Substituted For PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.

Beware of Druggists Who Sell Imitations Knowing Them to be Such.

"The Something Just as good" which is poor and worthless imitation of life-saving Paine's Celery Compound is sold on many an unsuspecting buyer by dishonest and greedy druggists and dealers who have not the slightest interest in the welfare of the sick and afflicted. Their thoughts are wholly centered on extra large profits; it is a matter of indifference to them whether you or your friends live or die. We have recently come into possession of one of the imitations referred to; we have had it chemically examined, and find it unfit for human use.

The large majority of our druggists are honest and sympathetic men, and will never condescend to substitution or deception. You should however, when anyone suggests the "Something Just As Good" or offers you a vile imitation for the Paine's Celery Compound which alone can meet your case, at once reject his impertinence and leave his store. All houses and straightforward druggists gladly recommend Paine's Celery Compound to their customers and speak with pleasure about the wonderful cures it has effected.

Beware of the "Something Just As Good" and all imitations. See that the name PAINE'S is on the wrapper and bottle!

A fellow who hunted the gun Was asked, "What on earth would you do?" If the savages tried To catch you for your bird? And he answered, "I'd kill off a gun."

Great Excitement Richards' drug store

Monday, March 3rd, 1902, where a box of Ferrozone will be given away absolutely free. Let everyone come.

A representative of the proprietors of this wonderful preparation will be at J. E. Richards' drug store, Aylmer all day, Monday March 3rd, for the purpose of conducting a free sample distribution. One thousand boxes will be given away absolutely free, and to avoid the rush all those desirous of availing themselves of this generous offer should come early. Ferrozone is the result of careful scientific investigation of all diseases arising from impairment of the blood or nerve tone. It is an absolute specific for Acemia, Impaired appetite, Chlorosis, Brain fog, Nervous diseases, Fluctuation of the heart, Sleeplessness, Dyspepsia, indigestion, Rheumatism, Loss of vigor, all female, Liver, Kidney and Catarrhal troubles.

Every sample box contains a full week's treatment, and you are respectfully invited to call and get one.

Fill out the blank below and bring it to J. E. Richards' drug store, on March 3rd, 1902.

Name..... Street..... P. O. Address..... Ailment.....

"Have you got a lock of Jack Hallock's hair?" asked the sweet, young thing, rooting for Princeton. "No," responded the girl in the Yale sweater; but he gave me a piece of scalp and a lock of hair from Mr. Risher, the fullback on the Columbia eleven."

If Catarrh is Your Trouble. You will find instant relief and absolute cure in Catarrhine, which kills the germs that cause the disease, cures the cough, prevents droppings in the throat, relieves congestion and quickly heals the inflamed membranes. Catarrhine cures perfectly the most chronic cases of Catarrh, lung and throat troubles, and is delightful, simple, and safe to use. Catarrhine is a scientific treatment highly endorsed by doctors and druggists, sells everywhere for one dollar, small size 25c. By mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Sold by J. E. Richards.

Rheth—They say Jack Higgins is plunging recklessly in Wall street. Penelope—Yes! He hopes to make enough to buy Christmas gifts or to lose enough to have an excuse for not buying any!

Loss of Flesh, cough, and pain in the chest may not mean consumption, but are bad signs. Allen's Lung Balm loosens the cough and heals inflamed air passages. Not a grain of opium in it.

Miss Brush—You don't consider the anecdote bag an improvement on the fox? Jack Hunter—Why, I don't know that anybody does except the fox!

Coughs, colds, hoarseness, and other throat ailments are quickly relieved by Vapo-Cresol.

Neva's Three Lovers

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS,

Author of "Lady Kildare," "Beryl's Husband," "The Old Life's Shadows," Etc., Etc.

He sipped his sherbet leisurely, not even looking again at the horseman, who came on swiftly, urging his horse to a last burst of speed. That the horse was jaded, his jerking, convulsive mode of going plainly showed. He was wet with sweat, and his head hung low, and he frequently stumbled. The horseman urged him on with spur and whip, now and then looking behind him as if he feared pursuit.

The major did not look up until the horseman drew rein before the bungalow, and alighted at a huge stone which served as a horse-block. The stranger came slowly and factually toward the veranda, and then the Sybaritic major set down his empty cup and glanced at him.

The glance became a fixed gaze, full of wildness and affright. The stranger slowly entered the shade of the veranda and there halted, his features working, his form trembling. He looked weary and travel-stained. His haggard eyes spoke to the owner of the bungalow in a wild appeal.

With the peculiar movement of an automaton, the major slowly arose to his feet, and came forward, his face white, his eyes dilating, a tremulous quiver on his lips.

"Don't know me, major?" asked the stranger wearily.

"Great heaven!" cried the major, even his lips growing white. "It is not a ghost! I am not dreaming! Have the dead come to life? It is—it is—Sir Harold Wyndel!"

CHAPTER XXII.

The stranger who stood upon the veranda of Major Archer's bungalow was tall and thin, with a haggard face, worn and sharp of feature, and full of deeply cut lines, such as a long-continued anguish never fails to graven on the features. His weary eyes were deeply sunken under his brows, and were outlined with dark circles. His hair was streaked with gray, and his long ragged beard was gray also. His face was white like death, and unutterably wan. His garments were torn, and hung about his lank body in rags, save where they were patched with bits of rags and vegetable fibres.

Was Major Archer right? Could this haggard and pitiable being be Sir Harold Wyndel of Hawkhurst, one of the richest baronets in England, who was supposed to have perished in the clutches of a tiger?

It seemed incredible—impossible. And yet when the heavy eyelids lifted from the thin white cheeks, and looked upon the major, it was Sir Harold's soul that looked through them. They were the keen eyes the major remembered so well, so capable of sternness or of tenderness, so expressive of the grand and noble soul, the pure and lofty character, which had distinguished the baronet.

Yes, the stranger was Sir Harold Wyndel—alive and well!

"You know me then, Major?" he said. "I am not changed, as I thought, beyond all recognition!"

He held out his hand. The major grasped it in a mixture of bewilderment and amazement, and not without a thrill of superstitious terror.

"I—I thought you were dead, Sir Harold," he stammered. "We all thought so, Graham and all. We thought you were killed by a tiger. I—I don't know what to make of this!"

Sir Harold let go the major's hand and staggered to the bamboo couch upon which he sank wearily.

"He's not dead—but dying," muttered the major. "Lord bless my soul! What an I do!"

He clapped his hands vigorously. A moment later his Hindoo servant Karrah glided around upon the front veranda.

"Bring brandy—sherbet—anything!" gasped the major, pointing at his guest. "He's fainting, Karrah."

Sir Harold lifted his weary head and gazed upon the Hindoo. The sight seemed to endue him with new life. He leaped to his feet, and his blue eyes blazed with an awful lightning, his pointed nose long and bony finger at the native, and cried:

"Traitor! Viper! Arrest him, Major. I accuse him!"

The Hindoo stood for a second appalled, but as the last words struck his hearing he flung at the baronet a glance of deadly hatred, and then turned in silence and fled from the bungalow, making toward the jungle.

Something of the truth flashed upon the major's mind. He counted up his household in a moment, and dispatched them in pursuit of the fugitive.

Aroused by the tumult, Mrs. Archer

PAIN OVER THE EYES.

Headache and Catarrh Relieved in 10 Minutes.

That dull, wretched pain in the head just over the eyes is one of the surest signs that the seeds of Catarrh have been sown, and it's your warning to administer the quickest and surest treatment to prevent the seating of this dreaded malady. Dr. Agnew's Catarrh Powder will stop all pain in ten minutes, and cure, 50 cents.

SOLD BY J. E. RICHARDS.

came forth from her chamber. She was a portly woman, and was dressed in a light print, and wore a cap. Her husband met her in the hall and told her what had occurred. Restraining her curiosity, she hastened to prepare food and drink for the returned baronet.

Meanwhile Sir Harold had sank down again upon the couch. The major approached him and said: "You look worn out, Sir Harold. Let me show you to a room, where I will attend upon you. My men will capture that scoundrel—never fear. Come with me."

The baronet arose and took the major's arm and was led into the central hall of the house, and into one of the four rooms the house contained. It was the room in which his son had died. The windows were closely shuttered, but admitted the air at the top. The room was full of food and bare, a bedstead, couch, and chairs of bamboo comprised the furniture.

At one side of the room were two spacious closets. One of these contained a portable bath-tub, a rack of fresh white towels, and plenty of water. The other contained clothes depending from hooks.

"You'll find your own suit of clothes there, Sir Harold," said the major. "I intended to send them to England, but I am as fond of procrastination as ever, as just as water. You can take them home yourself."

Sir Harold sat down in the nearest chair.

"Home!" he whispered. "How are the Octavia? Neva?"

"All well—or they were when I heard last."

"Tell me what you know of them?" And Sir Harold's great hungry eyes searched the major's face. "They believe me dead?"

Certainly, Sir Harold. Everybody believes you dead. And I am dying to know how it is that you are alive. Where have you been these fifteen months? How did you escape the tiger?"

The desired explanation was delayed by the appearance at the door of Mrs. Archer, who brought a jug of warm spiced milk and a plate of food. The major took the tray, and shut his wife out, returning to his guest.

Sir Harold was nearly famished, and ate and drank like one starving. When his hunger was appeased, and a faint glow began to dawn in his face, he pushed the tray from him, and spoke in a firmer voice than he had before employed.

"I have imagined terrible things about my wife and Neva," he said. "My poor wife! I have thought of her a thousand times as dead of grief. Do you know, major, how she took the report of my death?"

"I have heard," said the major. "She nearly died of grief. For a long time she shut herself up, and was inconsolable, and when she did venture out at last, it was in a funeral coach, and dressed in the deepest mourning. There are few wives who mourn as she did."

Sir Harold's lips quivered.

"My poor darling!" he muttered. "My poor precious wife! I shall come back to you as from the dead."

"Lady Wyndel is heart-broken, they say," said the major. "One of the men in our mess, a Lieutenant, is from Canterbury and hears all the latest gossip, and he says people were afraid that Lady Wyndel would go into a decline."

"My poor wife!" said Sir Harold, with a sobbing breath. "I knew how she loved me. We were all the world to each other. Major. I must be careful how she hears the news that I am living. The sudden shock may kill her. Have you any news of my daughter also?"

"She was still at school when I last heard of her," answered the major. "There is no more news of your daughter, Sir Harold. Your family are mourning for you and you will bring back their lost happiness. You ought to have seen your obituaries in the London papers. Some of them were a yard long, and I'd be willing to die to-day if I could only read such notices about myself. That sounds a little Hibernian, but it's true. And your tenantry put on mourning, and they had funeral sermons and so on. By all the rules, you ought to have been dead, and by the Lord Harry, I can't understand why you are not."

Sir Harold smiled wanly.

"Let me explain why I am not," he said. "You remember that I was taking my last ride in India, and was about to start for Calcutta, to embark for England, when I disappeared? Some three days before that I had a quarrel, if I might call it so, with the Hindoo Karrah—"

"I know it. He told me about it for the first time this morning."

"You understand that I had incurred his enmity by kicking him out of this house? I found him stealing the effects of my dead son. He had also stolen from me. The letters he was stealing he was acute enough to know were precious to me, and there was George's diary, for which I would not have taken any amount of money. The scoundrel meant to get away with these, and then sell them to me at his own terms. I took back my property, and punished him as he deserved. I have no more reason to believe he went away that night to his friends among the hills."

Torpid Liver

is sometimes responsible for difficult digestion, this is, DYSPEPSIA.

When it is, What headache, dizziness, constipation, What fits of despondency,

What fears of imaginary evils, consoled with the distress after eating, the sourness of the stomach, the bad taste in the mouth, and so forth, to make the life of the sufferer scarcely worth living!

Dyspepsia resulted from torpid liver in the case of Mrs. Jones, 2320 N. 12th St., Philadelphia, Pa., who was a great sufferer.

Her statement made in her 77th year is that she was completely cured of it and all its attendant aches and pains, as others have been, by a faithful use of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

That acts on all the digestive organs, cures dyspepsia, and gives permanent vigor and tone to the whole system.

"He did. He told me he did. But what did he go for?" cried the major excitedly.

"You can soon guess. The next morning Karrah came back, professing repentance," said Sir Harold. "I reproached myself for having been too harsh upon the poor untaught heathen, and took him back. He accompanied me upon that last ride, so gentle, that I even felt kindly toward him. We rode out into the jungle. I was in advance, riding slowly, and thinking of home, when suddenly a monstrous tiger leaped out of a thicket, and fastened his claws in the neck of my horse. I fought the monster desperately, for he had pinned my leg to the side of my horse, and I could not escape from him. We had a frightful struggle, and I must have succumbed but for Karrah, who shot at the tiger, wounding him, I think, in the shoulder, and frightening him into retreat."

"And so you escaped, when we all thought you killed?" cried the major.

"My horse was dying," said the baronet. "And I was wounded and bleeding. I thought I was dying. I fell from my saddle to the ground, groaning with pain. Karrah came up, and bent over me, with a devilish smile, and muttered my lips with brandy from a flask he carried. Then, muttering words in his own language which I could not understand, he carried me to his own house, mounted, with me in his arms, and rode off in the direction in which we had been going, and away from my bungalow."

"The scoundrel! What was that for?"

"After a half-hour's ride, we came to a hollow, where three natives were camped. Karrah halted, and addressed them. They gathered around us, and then Karrah said to me, in English, that he hated me, that he would not kill me, but meant me to suffer, and that these men were his brothers, who lived a score of miles away up among the mountains. I was to be their slave. He transferred me to their hands, disregarding my pleas and offered bribes, and rode away on his return to you. I was carried on horseback, securely bound, a score of miles to the north and westward. How I suffered on that horrible journey, you would have heard, if I had not told you a dozen times I thought myself dying."

"It is a wonder you did not die!"

"It is," said Sir Harold. "We went through savage jungles, and forested mountain torrents. We went up hill, and down, and more than once leaped precipices. I was in a dead faint when we reached the home of the three Hindoos, but afterward I found how wild and secluded the spot was, and that there were no neighbors for miles around. Their cabin was niched in a cleft in a mountain, and hidden from the eye of any but the closest searcher. Had you searched for me, you would never have found me. It was in a rear hut, small and dark, with a mud floor, and windowless walls, that I have been a prisoner for fifteen months, major. My enemies, for the most part, left me to myself, and I have dragged out my weary captivity with futile plans of escape. Ah, I have known more than the bitterness of death!"

"If we had only known it, we'd have scoured all India for you, Sir Harold," said the major hotly. "We'd have strung up every native until we got the right ones. But that episode of the tiger—for it seems that the tiger was only an episode, coming into the affair by accident, but greatly assisting Karrah's foul treachery—threw us off the scent, and made us think you dead. Why did we not suspect the truth?"

"How could you? Don't reproach yourself, major. My children's sufferings during these horrible fifteen months have been on account of my wife and my daughter. To feel myself helpless, a slave to those Hindoo pariahs, bound continually and in chains, while Octavia and Neva were weeping for me and crying out in their anguish, and perhaps needing me—ah! that was almost too hard to bear! Now and then Karrah came to taunt me in my prison, and to tell me how he hated me, and how sweet was his revenge. He told me that you had heard through a friend that my poor wife was dying of her grief. After that I tried, with increased ingenuity, to find some way of escape. Last night the three Hindoos went away—upon a marauding expedition, I think. After they had gone, one of the women brought me my usual evening meal of boiled rice. I pleaded to her to release me, but she laughed at me. She went out, leaving the door open,

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"How could you? Don't reproach yourself, major. My children's sufferings during these horrible fifteen months have been on account of my wife and my daughter. To feel myself helpless, a slave to those Hindoo pariahs, bound continually and in chains, while Octavia and Neva were weeping for me and crying out in their anguish, and perhaps needing me—ah! that was almost too hard to bear! Now and then Karrah came to taunt me in my prison, and to tell me how he hated me, and how sweet was his revenge. He told me that you had heard through a friend that my poor wife was dying of her grief. After that I tried, with increased ingenuity, to find some way of escape. Last night the three Hindoos went away—upon a marauding expedition, I think. After they had gone, one of the women brought me my usual evening meal of boiled rice. I pleaded to her to release me, but she laughed at me. She went out, leaving the door open,

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