A Modern Scourge.

MORE TO BE DREADED THAN AN OUTBREAK OF SMALLPOX.

No EPIDEMIC IN THE LAST QUARTER OF A CENTURY HAS CARRIED OFF

AS MANY PEOPLE AS ANNUALLY

FALL VICTIMS TO CONSUMPTION.

Throughout Canada much alarm

has been felt during the past few

months at the outbreak of smallpox

that has occurred in various locali-

ties and thousands of dollars have

been expended-and rightly so-in

suppressing it. And yet year in and

year out this country suffers from a

plague that claims more victims an-

nually than have been carried off by

any epidemic during the past quarter

great white plague of the north-is more to be dreaded than any epidemic. Its victims throughout Can-

ada are numbered by the thousands

annually, and through its ravages

bright young lives in every quarter

Why? There are two reasons, the in

siduous character of the disease, and

the all too prevalent belief that

those who inherit weak lungs are

foredoomed to an early death and

that the most that can be done is to give the loved ones temporary relief

in the journey towards the grave.

This is a great mistake. Medical

science now knows that consumption,

when it has not reached an acute

stage, is curable. But better still, it

is preventible. Sufferers from weak

lungs who will clothe themselves pro-

perly, who will keep the blood rich

and red, not only need not dread con-

sumption, but will ultimately be

come healthy, robust people Among

those upon whom consumption had

fastened its fangs, and who have

proved the disease is curable, is Mr.

Ildege St. George, of St. Jerome,

Que. His story as related to a re-

porter, of L'Avenir du Nord, will be

of interest to similar sufferers. Mr.

St. George says: "Up to the age

the best of health, but at that age I

became greatly run down. I lost

color, suffered constantly from head aches and pains in the sides; my

appetite left me and I became very

weak. For upwards of three years-

though I was having medical treat-

ment-the trouble went on. Then I

was attacked by a cough, and was

told that I was in consumption. Then

the doctor who was attending me or-

dered me to the Laurentian Moun

tains in the hope that the change of

air would benefit me. I remained

there for some time, but did not im-

prove, and returned home feeling that

I had not much longer to live. It

was then that my parents decided

that I should use Dr. Williams' Pink

Pills, and I began taking them. Af-

ter using several boxes my appetite began to return, and this seemed to

mark the change which brought about

my recovery, for with the improved

appetite came gradual but surely in-

creasing strength. I continued the use of the pills, and daily felt the

weakness that had threatened to end

my life disappear, until finally I was

again enjoying good health, and now,

show no trace of the illness I passed

through. I believe Dr. Williams

Pink Pills saved my life, and I hope

my statement will induce similar

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new.

rich, red blood. With every dose the

blood is strengthened, the quantity

increased, and thus the patient is en-

abled not only to resist the further

inroad of the disease, but is soon re-

stored to active health and strength

If you are ill, or weak, or suffering

from any disease due to poor blood

or weak nerves, take Dr. Williams

Pink Pills at once and they will soon

make you well. These pills are sold

by all dealers in medicines, or will

be sent post paid at 50 cents a box

or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing

the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,

When Pat Devine kissed presty Kate Ma-

She was not mad-the reasons plain t

For with his kiss he cried , "U ! Kate,

sufferers to try them."

fifteen years I had always enjoyed

brought to an untimely end.

a century. Consumption -the

L'Avenir du Nord, St. Jerome, Que.

itles

50 Cents with beautiful stor-

esba Stretton. A ence the career of connections may be. avings. Bound in

only \$1.00

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and Portraits actors. The book 100 pictures. Bound

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sending absolutely

books that if the cost and risk in I promise to canspare time

ghly on the merits conditions so we can well saying that you receipt of your

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d, Ont.

ERS BURNED

age on the borders of he scene of a horrible There had been an avowed their inno rd using incantation spells, and that their ng so was to invok Without delay ser ounced. Aslan

be mine." To 'er 'twas human to fergive Devine.

Brockville, Ont:

Catarrh

Is a constitutional disease and can be su cessfully treated only by means of a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla which theroughly purifies the blood and removes the serefulous taints which cause fram those who have been cured by Heod's aparilla prove the unequalled power

•********************* Neva's Three Lovers

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS.

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

"Fernaps ne's ueserted you? suggested her Job's comforter. "Men desert their wives every day. Lawks! What is that?" the landlady ejaculated, as a loud double knock was heard on the street door. "It's not the postman. Perhaps Mr. Black s been killed, and they're bringing has been killed, and they're bringing home his body."

home his body."

The poor young wife uttered a wild shriek and flew to the head of the stairs, the ponderous landlady hurrying after her, and reaching her side just as the slipshod maid-serhome his body."

vant, opened the door, giving admittance to Craven Black.

The landlady descended the stairs noisily, and Lally retreated to her room. She had hardly gained it room. She had hardly gained it when Mr. Black came up the stairs alone and knocked at the door. She gave him admittance, her big round eyes full of questioning terror, her pale lips framing the words: 'My husband?

Mr. Black, holding his hat in his hand, closed the door behind him. He bowed politely to the scared young creature, and demanded:
"You are Miss Lally Bird?"

"You are Miss Lally Bird?"
The slight, childish figure drew itself up proudly, and the quivering voice tried to answer calmly:
"No, sir; I am Mrs. Rufus Black. My name used to be Lally Bird. Do—do you come from my husband?"
"I come from Mr. Rufus Black," replied Craven Black politely. "I am the bearer of a note from him, but must precede its delivery with an explanation. Mr. Black is now in Kent, and will remain there for the summer."

"I-I don't understand you, sir," said poor Lally, bewildered There was a rustling outside the door, as the landlady settled herself at the keyhole, in an attitude to lisat the keyhole, in an attitude to histen to the conversation between Lally and her visitor. Mrs. McKellar was convinced that there was some mystery connected with her fourth floor lodgers, and she deemed this a favorable opportunity of solving it. "Permit me to introduce myself to you, Miss Bird," said her visitor, still courteously. "I am Craven Black, the father of Rufus."

The young wife gasped with sur-

The young wife gasped with sur-rise, and her face whitened sudden-y. She sat down abruptly, with her

hand upon her heart. 'His father?' she murmured "His father?" she murmured.
Craven Black bowed, while he regarded her and her surroundings curiously. The dingy, poverty-stricken little room, with its meagre plenishing and no luxuries, struck him as being but one remove from an alms-house. The young wife, in her wretchedly poor attire, with her big black eyes and brown face, from which all color had been stricken by which all color had been stricken by his announcement, seemed to him a very commonplace young person, quite of the lower orders, and he wondered that his university son could have loved her, and that he still desired to cling to her and his poverty, rather than to leave her

and wed an heiress. and wed an heiress.

For a moment or more Lally remained motionless and stupefied, and then the color flashed back to her cheeks and lips, and the brightness to her eyes. She could interpret the the eyes. She could interpret the visit of Craven Black in but one manner—as a token of his reconciliation with his son.

"Ah, sir, I beg your pardon," she said, arising to her feet, "but I was sorely frightened. I have been so

anxious about Rufus. I expected him home last night. And I could not dream that you would come to our

She placed a chair for him, but he continued standing, hat in hand, and carelessly upon the chair He was the picture of elegance and cool serenity, while Lally, flushed and excited, glanced down at her own attire in dismay.

"I understand that Rufus has remained in Kent," she said, all breathless and joyous, "and I sup-pose you have been kind enough to come to take me to him. I fear I am hardly fit to accompany you, Mr Black. We have been so poor, so terribly poor. But I will be ready in a moment. Oh, I am so grateful to you, sir, for your goodness to us. Poor Rufus feared your anger more than all things else. I know I am no fit match for your son, but—but I love him so," and the bright face drooped shyly. "I will be a good wife to him, sir, and a good daughter to you."

"Stay," said Mr. Black, in a cold, metallic voice. metallic voice. "You are laboring under a misapprehension, Miss Bird I am not come to take you down in to Kent. You will never look upon the face of Rufus Black again.

"I mean it, madam. I pity you from my soul; I do, indeed. It were better for you if you had never seen Rufus Black. You fancy yourself his

Rufus Black. You fance yourself his wife. You are not so."

"Not his wife? Oh, sir, then you do not know? Why, we were married in St. Mary's Church, in the parish of Newington. Our marriage is registered there, and Rufus has a certificate of the marriage."

"But still you are not married," said the pitiless visitor, his keen eyes lancing the soul of the tortured girl. "Permit me to explain. My son procured a marriage license, and he made oath that you and he were both of age, and legally your own he made oath that you and he were both of age, and legally your own masters. He swore to a lie. Now that is perjury. A marriage of min-ors without consent of parents is null and void, and my consent was

not given. Your marriage is illegal, is no marriage at all. You are as free and Rufus is as free as if this little episode had not been."

little episode had not been."

"Oh, Heaven!" moaned the young girl, in a wild strained voice, sinking back into a chair. "Not married—not his wife!"

"You are not his wife," declared Craven Black mercilessly. "I cannot comprehend of what fascination you lured my son into this connection with you, but no doubt he was equally to blame. He is well born equally to blame. He is well born and well connected. You are neith-er. A marriage between you and him is something preposterous. I have no fancy for an alliance with the family of a tallow-chandler. I

speak plainly, because delicacy is out of place in handling this affair. You are of one grade in life, we of another. I recognize your ambition and desire to rise in the world, but it must not be done at my expense."

"Ambition?" repeated poor Lally, putting her hand to her forehead.

"I never thought of rising in the world when I married Rufus. I lov-

ed him, and he loved me. And we meant to work together, and we have been so happy. Oh, I am not married to him! Do not say that I am not. I am his wife, Mr. Black—I am his own wife!"

am his own wife!"

"And I repeat that you are not,"
said Mr. Black harshly. "The law
will not recognize such a marriage.
And if you persist in clinging to the
prize you fancy you have hooked. I
will have Rufus arrested on the
charge of perjury and sent to prison."

son."

Lally uttered a cry of horror. Her eyes dilated, her thin chest heaved, her black eyes burned with the fires that raged in her young soul.

"Rufus has recognized the stern ne "Rufus has recognized the stern necessity of the case, and full of fears
for his own safety he has given you
up," continued Lally's persecutor,
"He will never see you again, and
desires you, if you have any regard
for him and his safety, to quietly
give him up, and glide back into
your own proper sphere."

"I will not give him up!" cried

"I will not give him up!" cried Lally—"never! never! Not until his own lips tell me so! You are cruel, but you cannot deceive me. I am his own wife, and I will his own wife, and I will never give

"Read that!" said Mr. Black, producing the note his son had written.
"I presume you know his handwrit-

He tossed to Lally the folded pap She seized it and read it eager-her face growing white and rigid She knew the handwriting only too well. And in this letter Rufus confirmed his father's words, and utterly renounced her. A convic-tion of the truth settled down like

a funeral pall upon her young soul.
"You begin to believe me, I see,"
said Mr. Black, growing uncomfortable under the awful stare of her
horrified eyes. "You comprehend at last that you are no wife? What am I then?" the pale lips

"Mar an I then the way. Miss Bird. Really you frighten me. Don't take this thing too much to heart. Of course it's a disappointment and all that, but the affair won't hurt you as if you belonged to higher class in life. It's a mere a higher class in life. It's a mere episode, and people will forget it. You can resume your maiden name and occupations and marry some one in your own class, and some day you will smile at this adventure!"

"Smile? Ah Cod!"

"Smile? Ah, God!' Poor Lally cowered in her chair, her small wan face so full of woe and despair that even Craven Black willain as he was, grew uneasy. There was an appalled look in her eyes, too, that scared him.
"You take the thing too hardly, Miss Bird," he said. "I will provide for you. Rufus must not see

Miss Bird," he said. "I will provide for you. Rufus must not see you again, and I must have your you again, and I must have your promise to leave him unmolested. Give me that promise and I will deal liberally with you. You must not follow him into Kent. Should you meet him in the street or elsewhere, you must not speak to him. Do you understand? If you do, he will sufunderstand? If you do, he will surfer in prison for your contunnacy!"
"Oh, Heaven be merciful to me!"
wailed the poor disowned young
wife. "See him, and not speak to
him? Meet him and pass him by,
when I love him better than my
life? Oh, Mr. Black, in the name of
Heaven I beg you to have nity up-Heaven, I beg you to have pity upon us. I know I am poor and humble. But I love your son. We are of equal station in the sight of God, and my love for Rufus makes me his equal. He loves me still—he loves me—"

Do not deceive yourself with false hopes," interposed Craven Black. "My son recognizes the inva-lidity of his marriage, and has succumbed to my will. If you know him well, you know his weak, cowardly nature. He has agreed never to speak

nature. He has agreed never to speak to you again, and, moreover, he has promised to marry a young lady for whom I have long intended him—" A sharp, shrill cry of doubt and horror broke from poor, wronged

"It is true," affirmed Craven Black.
The girl uttered no further moan,
nor sob. Her wild eyes were tearless;
her white lips were set in a rigid
and awful smile.

"I-I feel as if I were going mad!" she murmured.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

ent to thoe.

W. A. Nugent, Bellyille, Ont., was teached with it for years; and Parent Gaars, Eau Clairs, Wis, who aminoted with it that he was nervous besse, and asteally stok most of it obtained no relied from medicines sionally prescribed.

Sionally prescribed, as sionally prescribed.

that organ.

No disease makes life more miserable.

Its sufferers certainly do not ties to cut;
they sometimes wonder it they smooth

ni and bas rogiv to tasw galeogelberg has come rather to signify bad stomach; for the most common cause of the disease is a

Disdedska

"You will not go mad," said Craven Black, with an attempt at airi with an attempt at antenness. "You are not the first woman who has tried to rise above her proper sphere and fallen back to her own detriment. But, Miss Bird, I must have your promise to leave Rufus alone. You must resume your maiden name and let this enjude

maiden name, and let this episode be as if it had not been."
"I shall not trouble Rufus," the poor girl said, her voice quivering.
"If I am not his wife, and he cannot

marry me, why should 1?"
"That is right and sensible. Here are fifty pounds, which may prove serviceable if you should ever marry," and Mr. Black handed her The girl crumpled it in her han and flung it back to him, her eye

flashing.

"You have taken away my husband—my love—my good name!' she panted. "How dare you offer m money? I will not take it if l starve."

Mr. Black coolly picked up the note and restored it to his pocket.

He was about to speak further when the door was burst violently open, and the landlady, flushed with

open, and the landlady, flushed with excitement, came rushing in like an incarnate tornado. The rejection of the money by Lally had incensed her beyond all that had gone before.

'I keep a respectable house, I hope, Miss,' snapped the woman. 'I've heard all that's been said here, as is right I should, being a lone widow and a dependant upon the reputation of my lodging-'us for a living. And being as you an't married, though a pretending of it, I can't shelter you no longer. Out you go, without a minute's warning. There's your hat, and there's your sack. Take 'em, and start!'

Lally obeyed the words literally She caught up her out-door apparel, and with one wild, wailing cry, dashed out of the room, down the stairs and into the street.

Mr. Black and the landlady regard-

Mr. Black and the landlady regarded each other in mutual alarm.
"You have driven her to her death, Madam," said Craven Black, excitedity. "She has gone out to destroy herself, and you have murdered her."
He put on his hat and left the house. The girl's flying sgure had already disappeared, and the villain's conscience cried out to him that she would perish, and that it was he. would perish, and that it was he, and none other, who had killed her.

CHAPTER XIII.

While Craven Black was successfulpursuing his machinations to destroy the happiness of two young lives, Lady Wynde had been active in carrying out her part in the in-lamous plot against Neva. The little packet of forged letters which had cost Lady Wynde's fellow-conspirator a night of toil, and which had been sent to Hawkhurst by a special mes-senger, had been safely delivered into the hands of Mrs. Artress, who had been waiting at the gate lodge receive it. It had so happened not even the lodge keeper had nessed the reception of the packet, and she had dismissed the messenger, and carefully concealed the packet upon her person, and returned to the

Lady Wynde had not yet risen. She lay in the midst of her white bed, with her black hair tossing upon her rufiled pillow, one white and rounded arm lying upon the scarlet satin coverlet, and with a profusion of dainty frills and laces upon her person. A small inlaid table at her bedside, supporting a round silver tray, upon which gleamed a silver tete-a-tete set of the daintiest proportions, and at the moment of her companion's entrance her ship was sipping her usual morning cup of black coffee, which was ex-pected to tone and strengthen her nerves for the day.

nerves for the day.

She dropped her tiny gold spoon, and looked up eagerly and expectantly, and Artress, closing the door, drew forth the packet with an air of trium. of triumph.

"I have received it," said the gray companion, "and no one is the wiser for it. The messenger thinks it a book, and the people at the lodge did not even see it. We are usual luck, Octavia. Everything goes

well with us."

"I am glad that Craven did not fail me," murmured Lady Wynde. "I feared he might find the task too heavy for him. But he is always heavy for him. But he is alwa prompt. Open the packet, Artress. The companion obeyed, bringing to light the double letter, the o bringing to light the double letter, the one Craven Black had forged being securely lodged within the last letter Sir Harold Wynde had written to his wife from India.

Wynde saw that the inner letter, addressed to Neva, was

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. to sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air

curely sealed, read the forged postscript to the letter addressed to her,
and placed both under her pillow,
with a complacent smile.

"Craven is a clever fellow," she
muttered. "And how much he loves
me, Artress. Not many men could
have seen the woman they loved
marry another, but Craven and I
have been worldly wise, and we
shall reap the reward of our selfdenial. If we had married three
years ago, we should have been
poor now, mere hangers on upon the
outskirts of society, tolerated for the
sake of our connections, but nothing
more. But we determined to play a
daring game, and behold our success. I am again a widow, with four
thousand a year and a good house
while I live, and I can lay up money
if I choose while I continue the chaperon of my husband's daughter. And
if our game, continue was a service of the control of the con eron of my husband's daughter. if our game continues to prosper, and Neva marries Rufus Black, Cra-ven and I will make ten thousand a year more for the remainder of ou lives. Rufus will have to sign a

lives. Rufus will have to sign an agreement giving us that amount out of Neva's income. Think of it, Artress; fourteen thousand a year!"
"Of which, if you win it, I am to have five hundred," said Artress, her gray face flushing. "And if you do not win the ten thousand, I am to have two hundred pounds a year settled upon me for life. Is not that our bargain?" our bargain?"

Lady Wynde nodded assent.
"And," continued Artress, "I am

to enter society with you, to remain with you as your guest instead of companion. I have been necessary to you in playing this game. I have lived with you some three years now, and though people know that I am a lady born, no one suspects that I am own cousin to Craven Black, and soon to be your cousin by marriage. We have joined our forces and together in this game, and we shall enjoy our success together."

Stop the Blight

It is a sad thing to see fine fruit trees spoiled by the blight. You can always tell them from the rest. They never do well afterwards but stay small and

It is worse to see a blight strike children. Good health is the natural right of children. But some of them don't get their rights. While the rest grow big and strong one stays small and weak.

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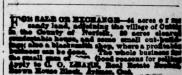
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