

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION.
Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. *Wm. Wood*
CURE SICK HEADACHE.

DRESS HINTS.

Thin stockings should be darned with fine worsted.

Cover an old hat pad with crape and use it for brushing velvet and velveteen.

Water in which potatoes have been boiled is the best thing with which to sponge and revive a silk dress.

When buttonholing flannel edges, first run a linen thread about one-eighth of an inch from the edge. It will hold the buttonhole stitch and wear much better.

Corsets may be cleaned by scrubbing them with a hand brush and warm soapuds after removing the steels and laces, then rinsing. When dry, mend carefully and put the steels and laces back in place.

To renew lace veils dip them in new milk, squeeze dry and pin them to a firm surface to dry. Pick out every point of the lace and have the edges perfectly straight, and the lace will look like new when dried.

Pink, cel blue or mauve accessories often render a gray gown becoming to either fair or dark women, and, again, a small amount of rich velvet, with the addition of some handsome deep cream lace, greatly improves a gray toilet.

The Parlor.

The parlor, otherwise the "company or show room," ought to be the one room in the house that should portray in its every detail the ideal personality of the woman who owns it. It should contain but a few beautiful objects on which the eyes might rest without distraction, some good pictures on the walls, a suggestion of music by the presence of an unobtrusive instrument, and, above all and everything, a sense of comfort and unity should be apparent in all its furnishings and decorations. The Japanese custom of showing only one good picture or kakemono or screen at a time and placing the flowering branch of a tree where it will be seen to greatest advantage in their guestroom is unquestionably an excellent idea, one well worth imitating. In our efforts to have everything pretty and showy around us we reduce our parlors to miniature curio stores and palaces, and in crowding our treasures fail to obtain the effect of artistic beauty in their arrangement.

Irritating Form of Itching Piles

A Source of Continual Worry and Annoyance—Sleep and Rest Impossible Until Relief and Cure Came With the Use of

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

All classes of people are subject to piles, but especially those who are exposed to dampness. Teamsters, farmers, railroad men and laborers suffer greatly from this distressing ailment.

While there are plenty of remedies recommended as treatment for piles, Dr. Chase's Ointment is the only actual and guaranteed cure. It is truly wonderful how the merit of this preparation has become known throughout this continent and Europe.

But when a person has endured the torture of piles, the itching, stinging sensation, the sleepless nights of misery, the annoyance during the day, when going about the daily work, he feels grateful for the relief and cure brought by Dr. Chase's Ointment, and does not forget to recommend it to his friends.

Mr. George Thompson, Merchant, Blenheim, Ont., states—
"I was troubled with itching piles for fifteen years, and at times would get so bad I could scarcely walk. Had tried a great many remedies. Was advised to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. After the third application found relief, and have only used one box and am completely cured, and consider it worth its weight in gold."

Dr. Chase's Ointment 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmansson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE DEALER'S STORY

By R. O. Ackley

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It was one cold night just two years ago that I first noticed him. I didn't learn his name until later. I was dealing roulette at that table over there, the same as now, and had had a hard day of it—a lot of plungers playing the limit, scattering bets all over the table, and the worst of it the bank was losing all the time.

Well, the crowd had pretty well thinned out—it was along toward morning—when I walked a young fellow and staked a big bet. He was well dressed, tall and slim and fine looking any way you'd take him, but I could see by his face and by the way he handled the chips that he was in some kind of trouble. We got so we can read a face pretty accurately—it's part of our business—and I felt certain when I first looked at that young man that his closet contained a pretty big skeleton of some kind.

He played for a couple of hours, scattering chips all over the table, never counting a bet, and half the time he would have played against himself if I hadn't interfered. What's that? No, sir, I can't sit and see a man place bets that are bound to lose for him, and then I believe I took an interest in



THE NEXT MINUTE ALLEN HAD SEIZED THE GIRL BY THE WAIST.

that young fellow right from the start. Anyway I rather wanted him to win. And he did win. No matter how reckless he played he didn't seem able to lose.

After that he dropped in pretty regularly, always playing in the same listless way, not even looking up when the ball stopped and, the strangest part of it, hardly ever losing a bet.

It ran along in this way about six months, and although he didn't show it much each day I could see some fresh indication of the fast life he was leading. And it worried me a good deal. Not that it's an uncommon thing in this business to see a young fellow going down the line, but somehow this young man seemed different; just slipping along so quiet like, down, down, all the time. The worst of it was he seemed to realize it himself, but didn't care, and then any one could see that he wasn't made for that kind of life.

He had always come in alone, and one night I was surprised to see that he was accompanied by a young man about his own age. They both came over to my table and bought a stack of chips. For some time they played in silence; then the stranger said abruptly, "By the way, Allen, I heard something the other day about that pretty Bernice Arthur you used to be so intimate with."

Allen's face turned a shade whiter, but he answered quietly enough, "What is it?"

"You haven't heard? She's to marry a fellow by the name of Franklin—immensely rich, they say. The wedding takes place this fall."

Allen's face had grown as white as chalk, and his hand trembled as he suddenly pushed his whole stack of chips over on the red. I spun the wheel, and he lost. And when he lost that bet, sir, although I'm not very superstitious, I felt sure his luck would change for the worse, and it did. Moreover, from that on there was a marked change in the man. He was dissipating more than ever.

It was the last night of the carnival—they hold a street carnival here every fall. The play had been pretty heavy all day, but about 8 o'clock, when the crowd had thinned out, Allen walked in. He laid a \$100 bill on the black and in a low voice said: "My last dollar. Black I live. Red—well, why not? Chance has decided the fate of far greater things."

I rolled the wheel. The little ball rolled around the groove. We both watched it in breathless silence. Knowing the man as I did, I felt sure his life hung on the chance. He had come to the end of his rope and staked all. Suddenly and with a sharp click the little ball struck the diamond, bounded and rolled off, struck again, then glided into the black, only to be thrown out again, roll partly around the wheel, then settle down, "Twenty-one, red." He had lost!

For a moment he stood there, looking straight ahead, then, with a laugh, turned and walked down the stairs.

In my life I have played for some pretty high stakes, but never before have I rolled the wheel when I thought a human life was at stake. I followed him, resolved if possible to prevent his

doing himself any harm. The streets were brilliantly lighted—a procession of gayly decorated floats was passing. Every one was merry. But Allen walked on, to all appearances unconscious of the surroundings.

Suddenly a sound of mounted officers dashed up. "Stand back!" they cried, forcing the people on to the sidewalk. By this time I found myself standing next to Allen. Our way was blocked by the crowd, so we stepped forward to the curb. Down the street the city fire department—hose cart and all—was coming at full speed, making an exhibition run.

Suddenly a slim, girlish figure darted forward directly in the path of the oncoming team. The next instant Allen had dashed forward, seized the girl by the waist, lifted her bodily and tossed her full into the arms of the startled crowd.

One second Allen stood there, a smile on his lips, looking square at the oncoming horses.

"Jump!" I cried, but he did not move. The crowd held its breath. Then the plunging horses were upon him. When they picked him up a moment later, a mangled, bloody form, he was unconscious, but still alive.

The following morning the papers contained a full account of the disaster. Allen was still alive, but in a very precarious condition. The name of the young lady was Miss Bernice Arthur, and Allen's fatal pause after saving the girl was ascribed to momentary confusion.

"Miss Arthur," it was further stated, "had suffered no injuries and when seen by a reporter was apparently as well as usual. Acting on the impulse of the moment, she had started to cross the street, not seeing the approaching fire team until so unceremoniously hurled from her perilous situation."

On the society page appeared a notice of the postponement of Miss Arthur's marriage, which was to have taken place the following day. The reason assigned was the unsettled condition of Miss Arthur's nerves, due to her narrow escape.

I visited the hospital, but could not see the patient. His life could be saved, but he would be a cripple for life.

I didn't call again until I learned by the paper that Mr. Allen was able to receive visitors. Then I was rather afraid he would not care to see me, but he seemed glad to have me there. He was sitting propped up in a chair, looking pale and thin, but remarkably happy. Around the room were arranged several bouquets of fresh cut flowers. The way they were arranged was what first caught my attention—a touch here and there that makes the plainest kind of a room take on the appearance of a home, and that touch, sir, can only be given by the hand of a loving woman.

We chatted on different unimportant subjects until I rose to go, when he put out his hand and, with a smile, said: "You remember the last bet I made? Well, I think chance decided in my favor after all."

I didn't know what he meant just then, but later, as I came down the stairs, I met Miss Arthur just going up, her arms full of flowers. Then I understood.

Yes, sir; he married her, though most people say that she married him. At least, as the story goes, she proposed. If you're watching out this window about 4 o'clock, you'll see them drive by. He can't walk a step, you know.

Geography With a Revolver.

"While I was dining at a London club," said a traveler, "I heard a San Francisco man tell a fairy tale about revolver practice in the west that was swallowed without a whimper by our credulous hosts. It started by his being asked if it was true that all westerners were natural marksmen.

"Not all," answered the man from the Pacific slope. "Shooting, you know, is taught in our public schools."

"Indeed?" returned the Britisher. "And how do you proceed with such instruction?"

"The teachers combine revolver practice with geography," calmly explained the cheerful liar. "You see, they have a big map of the world hung on a schoolroom wall, and in the lower corner a small boy is asked to locate England on the map. The boy doesn't say anything, but just draws his six shooter and puts a bullet in the middle of England or any other country that happens to be asked for."

"Among the more advanced classes the scholars are required to pick out the cities and towns as well. If any one fails to puncture the right spot on the map, it's a sign he doesn't know his geography; that's all."—New York Times.

He Wasn't Fooled.

A good story has recently been revived of a once famous publisher. He was a man well acquainted with general literature, and it was often said of him that he never failed to name the author of any given passage. A would be wit, thinking to have a little fun at this gentleman's expense, told his friends at a dinner party before the said publisher's arrival that he had himself written some verses in imitation of Southey, and that he intended to puzzle old F.—with the question of their authorship.

Accordingly, later in the evening he quoted his lines, and, turning to Mr. F.—, he said: "I am sure they are Southey's from their style, but I cannot remember where they occur. Of course you can tell us?"

"I cannot say I remember them," replied Mr. F.—, "but there are only two periods in Southey's life when he could have written them."

"When were those?" asked the joker, with a wink at his friends. "Either in his infancy or his dotage!" was the quiet reply.



Gentlemen!!!

You will agree with me, I think, that water is a splendid drink—For those who're fond of it; And yet, unless I greatly err, There may be times, old chap, When you and I, would much prefer A "Club" Old Tom night cap.

A Pure and Wholesome Matured Spirit



Bolton, Wilson & Co. Montreal Distributors.

HUGH McDONALD & Co. are offering Special Values in

IRON BEDS

They have the largest assortment in town and can sell them at the lowest prices.

Iron Beds now come at \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50 to \$20.00,

and are fitted with strong, durable springs at \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00 and \$3.00.

To complete the outfit they can give pure, clean Mattresses at any price from \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00 to \$18.00,

Hugh McDonald & Co.
FURNITURE AND CARPETS

BIG OIL REFINERY

MAKES CERTAIN

BIG DIVIDENDS and BIG ADVANCE in STOCK.

Did you ever think of the enormous profits the Standard Oil Co. pays its stockholders in dividends from the refinery business alone? This special issue of stock at 50c. a share is for the purpose of building a big oil refinery in Kern River without incurring a dollar's indebtedness. This is the stock that has paid to its stockholders 27 per cent. on the investment in thirteen months—prospects of richer dividends to come.

The Public Thoroughly Aroused. Large Orders Cabled from Europe. Over-Subscription Inevitable.

Do you realize that there are several companies to-day whose only asset is a single refinery, paying handsome dividends and whose stock could not be bought for several dollars a share? Did you ever stop to think that Eastern Consolidated would be cheap at \$5.00 a share with its immense oil properties, big production of oil, refinery of 60,000 barrels capacity and practically not a dollar of indebtedness? With the extraordinary profits of oil refining added to the present large income the Eastern Consolidated Oil Co.'s stock is certain to jump to several dollars a share with the opening of spring activity.

We will Refine 2000 Bbls. a Day from Our Own Wells in Kern River.

50,000 barrels of Kern River Oil is worth about \$25,000. When it is refined it is worth nearly \$100,000. High grade illuminating oil from our 107 oil wells in Ohio sells for about \$1.25 a barrel—Thousands of barrels monthly. Fuel oil is making a new epoch in the oil industry—Greater fortunes than ever are to be made now in oil.

Eastern Consolidated Oil Co.

Thousands of dollars in trust funds invested past week in E. C. Oil stock—Trust companies know a million dollars in assets and practically no indebtedness mean absolute security. Eastern Consolidated closely follows the footsteps of the Standard Oil Co.—Those who had foresight to buy even a few shares of Standard Oil Stock in the early days are rich men to-day. A Wall street syndicate of brokers has asked for lowest figures on the entire 100,000 share allotment. This offer was refused, as blocks of this size will not be sold to any one interested.

C. B. HEYDON & CO.,
Rooms 401 and 402 Manning Chambers Building,
72 QUEEN STREET, WEST,
Cor. Queen and Terauley Sts., Court House Square,
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Each time you write is published in Detroit, and the as the foremost specialist in The Latest M Varicocele and Stricture Chronic, Private, Nervous, Troubles. CONSULTATION men's. Perfect system of h for Canadian patients DR. GOLD

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the hair from Mrs. M. D. G

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We have a complete Cement, Plaster, Se Brick, Cut Stone, S of the best quality lowest possible pri call.

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