

Suffered Five Years With Palpitation and Pain in the Heart.

A Berlin gentleman's statement of his cure of serious Heart and Nerve trouble through the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills

The great number of deaths we read of day by day, which are the result of heart failure, should put everyone on his guard to keep that most vital organ of the body in a perfectly healthy condition.

On the slightest indication of any heart trouble, palpitation, fluttering, skip beats, weakness of the pulse, dizzy or faint spells, numbness of the hands or feet, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills should be taken.

They have saved many a life and are daily proving themselves the greatest benefactors of mankind.

One after another, grateful for the blessings of life spared and health restored, is coming forward and speaking in words for this splendid remedy.

Today Mr. F. W. Meyers, King St., East, Berlin, Ont., gives a history of his case in the following words:

"Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are the best remedy for heart and nerve trouble on the market. I suffered for five years with palpitation, shortness of breath, sleeplessness and pain in the heart. One box of these pills completely removed all these distressing symptoms. I have not suffered since taking them and now sleep well, and feel strong and vigorous."

Not only do Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills never fail to cure the diseases with which Mr. Meyers was afflicted, but they build up and strengthen the weak, worn out and run down system and impart vigor and vitality to every organ of the body.

Price 50c a box, or 3 for \$1.25, at all druggists, or sent by mail. T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

1\$ DOLLAR \$1

DOCTORS

CURE

NERVOUS, BLOOD

PRIVATE & SEXUAL DIS-

EASES, MEN & WOMEN.

ONE DOLLAR \$1

Young, Middle Aged & Old Men.

If you are suffering from any complication of the Sexual System, Bladder, Kidneys, Blood or Nerves, consult us at once. We cure all weakness, Nervous Waste, Secret Losses, Nightly Dreams, Sexual Decline, and make marriage possible. Rich or Poor—One Dollar.

NO INCURABLE CASES TAKEN.

We guarantee to cure: Varicose, Emissions, Stricture, Gleet, Syphilis, Impotency, Venereal Discharges, all Private, Nervous and Delicate Diseases of Men and Women. Our solution Free. Question List for Home Treatment Free. Send Free.

DOLLAR DOCTORS. 47 Michigan Avenue, Detroit, Mich.

SNAP! SNAP!

—IN—
Clothes Pins.

No. 1 hand wood smooth finished
Clothes Pins
5 dozen for \$1.00

I have bought a large lot of these, and have decided to close them out at the unheard of price of 1 CENT A DOZEN. Hurry up and secure a supply of these extra quality pins.

J. W. DYER

RED STAR STORE, BALDOON ST.

PHONE 174

Why Use CARLING'S?

Because Carling's Ale, Porter and Lager are made from the best quality of malt and hops that can be produced.

Because the manufacturers of Carling's Brewery are absolutely pure.

Because when you get Carling's you get the best.

That's why!

LADIES

DON'T FORGET TO RE-MEMBER

That you can have your hair done to look like new at the

PARISIAN STEAM LAUNDRY

CO. Of Ontario, Ltd.

TELEPHONE 20.

A Bit of Blue Enamel

Or Tamed By a Valentine

"What's impossible, Sir Edward?"

"That you should be the Fred Trevor"

of whom I heard a good deal a little while ago."

"Do you mind telling me who he was?"

"Well, he was, or rather he is, the nephew of Sir Edward Trevor of Denham Park, Sussex. He had a quarrel with his uncle a year or two ago; and I fancy, disappeared mysteriously."

"I didn't know him at all, but one of my sisters did; and that's how I came to hear a good bit about him. Of course, you're not he?"

"If I'm not, no one is," retorted the young detective, coolly, with an amused twinkle in his eye.

"Oh!" exclaimed Marjorie, "You didn't tell me that."

And she looked at him with something like reproach.

"Didn't I, dearest? Well, I didn't like to seem to boast about myself, you see," said Trevor, turning to her with such a tender smile that Sir Edward, even if he had not heard the term of endearment must have guessed how matters stood between them.

It cost him just a little pang, for, if the truth must be told, his own heart was already inclining very tenderly towards Marjorie, and as he walked to Denelands in a very pleasant day dream in which Marjorie had figured as Lady Mortimer.

But he was a frank, generous-natured young fellow, so he nipped his dawning fancy in the bud, and gave his hand to Trevor with a cordial smile.

"I congratulate you, old fellow," he said, frankly. "You've had a run of luck at Denelands."

And his meaning glance at Marjorie said—

"I congratulate you not half so much on making a very clever and successful capture, as on winning that sweet girl's love."

At the end of March, the trial of Geoffrey Hyde and his accomplices came on at the assizes.

It was the greatest of all the criminal trials that year; and warm and uninitiated was the praise that was poured out on the young detective, whose bold and skillful coup de main had brought such a dangerous gang of scoundrels to punishment.

Hyde was sentenced to penal servitude for life, the others to periods ranging from eight to fifteen years.

No charge was preferred against the unhappy Madeline.

Trevor made it clear that she had had no hand in the nefarious schemes of those to whom she had unhappily been bound by the closest of human ties.

Much sympathy was felt for her, especially when it was known that she became a mother on the very day of the trial.

Her child was born prematurely—a little girl, that lived only for a day.

Madeline, as she kissed its weak face, and folded its hands in death, thanked heaven for its mercy.

Her life is overshadowed by so dark a cloud that it seems almost impossible she should ever stand again within the sunshine.

And yet who can tell?

She is very young, and heaven is merciful.

Marjorie is tender and sweet to her, and has often begged her to come and stay with her in her new home; but this Madeline will never do, in spite of her deep love for Marjorie.

Instead, she lives in a great city, where she busies herself among the poor, and is especially solicitous for the welfare of young children whose parents are, or have been, criminals.

Very early in the autumn Marjorie became Fred Trevor's wife.

It was quite a fashionable wedding, for society chose to interest itself hugely in the young man, and in the bride whom he had wooed and won in so strangely romantic a fashion.

His detective exploits were over before his marriage, for his uncle, Sir Richard, had partly through the friendly offices of Sir Edward Mortimer, become reconciled to him and reinstated him as his heir.

Sir Edward acted as best man at the wedding, and his sisters were Marjorie's bridesmaids.

All the world and his wife were there and the lovely young bride was, of course, the cynosure of all eyes.

One of the prettiest weddings of the season, declared society, and certainly the most interesting.

Sir Richard settled a handsome income on his nephew and bought a beautiful house for him in Surrey.

There he and Marjorie were happily ensconced, a staid married pair of almost five months, when St. Valentine's Day again came round.

Trevor was up early in the morning. It was his invariable rule to take a four or five miles' walk before breakfast, and he wanted to be back in time to greet his Marjorie when she came downstairs.

The clock struck nine as she entered her pretty breakfast-room, looking fresh and fair as a rose in her dainty morning-gown, with a soft flush on her cheeks and the light of love and happiness in her eyes.

"Well, sweetheart," was her husband's greeting, showing they had not quite degenerated into prosy old married folk after all.

Then sinking his voice to the softest of whispers, and bending down to look into her sweet eyes, he added—

"My valentine!"

"You are my valentine!" she whispered, softly, nestling to his bosom while his arm encircled her.

A slight shadow stole over her face as she nestled there.

Even in the midst of her happiness, and after all these years, she could not but remember that it was the anniversary of her father's death—that he had been murdered on St. Valentine's Day.

Her husband saw the look, and understood it.

He took her hand in his, and pressed it with a lover's tenderness.

"I know what you're thinking of, darling," he said, very softly. "This day has its sad memories for you, as well as its happy ones. But, sweetheart, try to let the dead past bury its dead."

"I do—indeed I do. And I am not unhappy—oh, don't think that, dear; only, my memories of this day are very solemn ones."

"Of course they are, my pet. And see, I've got something here for you that I think you'll like. It isn't exactly a present, because it was yours already, but I've had something done to it, and I thought, perhaps you'd like to wear it now."

He held out a small, square, blue enamel locket which had played so important a part in establishing the guilt of Edgar Hyde.

She took it, eagerly, and with a little cry of pleasure.

The bit of blue enamel had been put in its place by so skilful a hand that Marjorie herself could scarce tell where the locket had been broken, and when she opened it she found it contained the portraits of her father and mother, exquisitely painted in miniature, and encircled with beautiful pearls.

"Oh, Fred! How kind—how thoughtful!—how good you are!"

And she stood on tiptoe to kiss him.

"I'm glad you're pleased little wife. I got it done when I was in London. There was a fellow in Regent street who seemed to me to paint miniatures wonderfully well, so I thought he might as well have a try at these. Of course I had to lend him the original portraits to copy from. I took those out of your desk, little woman, and you never missed them."

"How good you are!" said Marjorie again, while a mist of grateful tears dimmed her eyes. "The kindest, the noblest, the tenderest husband in the world!"

"I ought to be. Haven't I got the dearest of wives?"

And again he clasped her dainty form, and covered her lips with kisses.

"Are you happy, sweetheart?"

"How can I help being happy?" she whispered back, "when you are so good to me, and—nestling very closely to him—"when I love you so?"

"Marjorie, I often think about our meeting. How strange it seems that, if you had not fallen into the clutches of that arch old scoundrel, Hyde, you and I might never have met."

"Oh, but I think we would. We love each other so much. I feel that we must have been brought together somehow."

Sovereign sweet, simple faith, which is so much stronger, and, perhaps, after all, so much wiser than mere reason.

Her husband smiled, well pleased.

"Perhaps so, darling," he said; "at any rate, I like you to think so."

"Poor Madeline!" sighed Marjorie, after a pause. "I am a little sad sometimes when I think of her. She has borne all the suffering, while I—"

"Oh, husband darling, heaven has blessed me more than I deserve!"

Surely nothing more need be said to show that Marjorie Trevor is today one of the happiest young women in all England.

Nevertheless, her husband declares he always makes her shudder if he reminds her of the time when she had her home among desperate criminals, and her father's murderer so romantically traced by "A Bit of Blue Enamel."

THE END.

Unless a woman feels well dressed herself she will never admit to a man she is with that another woman they pass is.

Common sense is of all kinds the most uncommon. It implies good judgment, sound discretion, and true and practical wisdom applied to common life.

Science is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face, but their own, which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world.

"People say he is courting you only on account of your money, dear."

"They never make such remarks you, dear."

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

MAKING A PASTURE.

The Best Ever Seen in Iowa was Made by Disking Out Stubble

In the Fall, Sowing Rye and Pasturing the Rye and Second Growth Oats That Fall.

An Iowa farmer writes: The best pasture we ever saw in this locality was made by disking out stubble in the fall, sowing rye and pasturing the rye and second growth oats that fall. In the spring after the ground was dry manure and clover seed was sown at the rate of one bushel to eight acres and stock turned in. When the rye headed, it was clipped with a mower set as high as possible. This made a mulch for the clover, and also thickened it, and it was a good pasture all the season. The next year it was still better, the cows wading to their bellies in clover. Early in July the clover was clipped with a mower, with the bar set at the highest point and two tons per acre of fine hay secured, and the stock revelled in the new growth of clover the rest of the season. We shall plant it to corn this year.

ECCENTRIC BALZAC

He had a Good Meal and it Cost Him Nothing.

This was Because he Dilated on Cooper's "Lake Ontario."

A correspondent of literature sends an interesting anecdote of Balzac to that journal: Leon Gozian used to relate how he met Balzac one day on the Boulevard des Capucines "dying with hunger." The novelist insisted on taking Gozian to a confectioner who sold macarons and pastries. Forgetting his hunger, Balzac plunged into an appreciation of Cooper's "Lake Ontario" (newly appeared). Gozian noticed that the shop attendant, an English girl, had heard him address Balzac by name and was gazing at the author as though fascinated. She was astounded presently by the appetite of genius for macarons and pastries, which disappeared by couples.

"How much do I owe you?" asked Balzac.

"Nothing, M. Balzac," said the English girl firmly.

Balzac was nonplussed for a moment, then he pushed his precious copy of "Lake Ontario" into the girl's hands, saying, "I can never sufficiently regret, mademoiselle, that I did not write that book."

Not His Kind.

Two members of a well established firm that does business in the wholesale district indulged in the following dialogue the other afternoon.

Junior Partner—Why didn't you give that man a chance? We need another clerk here, and I rather like his looks.

Senior Partner—I liked his looks, too, but he's no good.

Junior Partner—How do you know that?

Senior Partner—When a man who is looking for a job comes to me and says, "I suppose you don't want to hire any one today, do you?" that's enough. If he had anything in him, he'd come right out and say what he meant. If he supposed we didn't want to hire any one, why did he waste our time and his by coming in to bother us?

Triumphant.

"When you get in a crowd, my dear," said Mr. Winkles to his wife, "always look out for pickpockets."

"I'm not afraid of them, dearest," answered Mrs. Winkles. "They can't pick my pocket."

"That's just like you women," said Mr. Winkles, "always so sure. Pray tell me why you couldn't have your pockets picked."

"Because I haven't got any," answered Mrs. Winkles proudly.—Harper's Bazar.

Stretching to Meet.

When a man is tired, he stretches his arms and legs and yawns. Birds and animals, so far as possible, follow his example. Birds spread their feathers and also yawn; they open their mouths slowly till the eyes are round, the bones of the head seem to loosen and the gills open.

WHAT AILED HIM.

"No, sir," said a passenger on a steamship to the captain, "I am not seasick, but I am disgusted with the motion of the vessel."

THE DOCTOR'S ANSWER.

"Do you know anything that will make me stout, doctor?"

"Why, certainly I do."

"What is it?"

"Flesh."

WHAT IT DID FOR HIM.

"Did your office boy's vacation trip do him any good?"

"I think so; he seems lazier than before he went away."

EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

Facetious Gentleman—What is your regular hour of dining?

Wearly Watkins—Right now, I hope.

HOW SOME MEN LIKE IT.

"Do you believe in the observance of the golden rule?"

"Yes, I always like to have other people keep it in mind when they are dealing with me."

A BAD MAN.

"Isn't a secret drinker terrible?" said the city cousin.

"He's contemptible, little girl," responded her Kentucky relative. "The idea of a man drinking so, that he won't have to treat."

EASY QUICK WORK
SNOWY WHITE CLOTHES.

SURPRISE SOAP

MAKES CHILD'S PLAY OF WASH DAY

When a woman buys King Quality Shoes she saves \$2. They cost \$3 and have the appearance of \$5—that is how she saves \$2.

These shoes are irreplaceable in material, style, fit and finish.

All trimmings are of silk, and they are the best shoes for the price on earth. All the words in the English language could not tell the facts plainer than that.

Remember King Quality \$3

TRADE MARK

KING QUALITY

A Pointer

Made by the J. D. King Co., Limited, Toronto

Wanted Immediately

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...KENT MILLS...

LARGE QUANTITIES OF WHEAT, OATS, BARLEY, NEW AND OLD BEANS

BUY KENT MILLS FLOUR

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

Flour made by the Gyrator System takes more water, and gives you a larger, whiter and sweeter loaf, and makes more loaves to the Barrel than any other Flour. It gives Breakfast Food and Family Cornmeal, freshly ground, always on hand. Farmer's Feed ground on quick notice by a three reduction roller process, much ahead of the old system of chopping.

John A. Morton

The Hardware Man

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Happy Thought Ranges

In (32) styles.

Celebrated Radiant Home Heating Stoves

Best Houses made. Coal and Wood stoves and Heating Stoves, great variety.

John A. Morton

If you would Build Up your Market Town Support Home Manufacturers.

THE NEW CHATHAM WAGON

VAN ALLEN'S PATENT GIANT ARM'S

Pronounced by the Judges at the WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO, The Greatest Improvement ever made in Wagon Building and by them given the only

MEDAL AND DIPLOMA Awarded to any of the numerous American and Canadian Wagons exhibited at that great Fair—an award so heartily endorsed by the thousands of users of

THE NEW CHATHAM all over the Dominion that the demand for it is taxing to the utmost the productive ability of the Wagon Works to supply it.

SEVEN YEARS of the severest trials having proved beyond a doubt this Arm not only doubles the strength and durability of a Wagon but secures the greatest ease of running, simply and solely because these arms are absolutely rigid, and any mechanic, worthy the name, will tell you no arm or bearing should spring, LOADED OR LIGHT.

WHEN IN WANT OF A WAGON in your own interest, drop into A. B. McCOIG'S Ag'l. Imp't. Warehouses and see D. K. VAN ALLEN.