A NEW STORY.

The last instalment of the story, "A Heavy Penalty," which has been running for some weeks in the Advertiser, is given today.

Tomorrow a new serial, "Wayward, But Winning," will be started.

"A Heavy Penalty" was full of interest from beginning to end, and was closely followed by the readers of the Advertiser.

Of "Wayward, But Winning," it can be said that it will be found one of the best serials it has yet been the privilege of the Advertiser to publish.

A HEAVY PENALTY

CHAPTER XXXII.

This was Florrie's letter to her sister:

"My Dear Stella,—I suppose you will be very much shocked and horrified at me when you find out that I have run away from home with Walter Dyson. I think long ago you must have guessed that I had some secret which I was keeping from you, and now the time has come when I must tell you the truth. Last winter, when I stayed with the Halevys, I met Walter Dyson in Paris. We fell in love with each other, and he proposed to me. But Walter is a younger son, and I had nothing. Marriage under such circumstances would have been folly. To be poor, you know, would never have suited me; the most devoted husband would weary me out in six weeks had I to live in a cottage with him. Yet I was fond enough of Walter to be unwilling to give him up. Then it came into my head that I had only to promise to marry Norman in order to get our grandfather's money. I did not much think about the future, nor where it would lead me to; but I proposed to Walter that we should conceal our engagement, and that I should go to Wrexham and feign to consent to marry our cousin—for I knew that you had refused him, and that I should not be taking anything from you. Well, Walter did not like the plan at all, not from any scruples of conscience, but because he is very jealous. The only way in which I could gain his consent was by agreeing to marry him secretly at once, in order that, as he said, I might be bound irrevocably to him. We were married at the English chapel in Paris. I left Madame Halevy's ostensibly to join you in England the very day of my wedding.

"Two college friends of Walter witnessed the ceremony, and one of them gave me away. Afterward we crossed over to England, and spent three days in London together. Walter and I came down home together, and on the evening of my strange appearance at Wrexham, when you were so startled and puzzled at my unexpected arrival on foot outside your window, my husband had just dropped me, not a hundred yards from the house, from the fly in which he was going on to Barfield.

"Well, now, you can easily guess the rest. I have not had a very happy time of it, as you may imagine. What with working out my plans, and pretending to be fond of Norman, and having to meet Walter at all hours of the day and night, to keep him in good temper; and then having to elude Mrs. Finch, whose keen eyes soon began to suspect me, you may imagine that I have had my hands pretty full. Do you remember the night we dined at Barfield, when Walter took me in to dinner? You may guess what a good joke the whole thing was to me; and yet, I assure you, I have had many a sleepless night and many an anxious day, especially since that horrible Finch has taken to watching me; for if she had found me out and betrayed me to any of you, all my trouble would have been thrown away.

"Well, now, it is all over, and grandpapa's will is signed; and by the time you get this letter, Walter and I will be away on our road to France, and Norman will have learned that the whole of my engagement to him has been a farce. As he does not care a farthing about me, and is over head and ears in love with—well, I won't say who!—I didn't think it even necessary to apologize to him for taking myself away.

"And, now, Stella, I have only to ask your forgiveness. Don't think worse of me than you can help, and when all this has blown over, I hope, some day, to come home to England and to have a good laugh with you over the whole story. Your affectionate sister, Florrie."

The letter fluttered from Norman's hand to the ground, and a strong feeling of disgust took possession of him. Selfish, unprincipled and shameless how different was Florrie from Stella! Not a vestige of remorse for her duplicity and her deceit—not a particle of shame for her love of wealth and the greed with which she had grasped at the money, of which she was in truth defrauding Stella—only a light wish that they might enjoy a "good laugh" over the discreditable story, and an unseemly recalling of the "joke" it had been to outwit and deceive all her relations and friends.

Nothing could exceed the contempt which Norman felt toward her, excepting his own deep thankfulness for having escaped from such a wife.

Florrie had in a postscript given an address, to which she entreated her sister to write within the next few days to tell her what happened at Wrexham after her departure. It was at an hotel at Rouen, and there she stated that she and her husband would remain for a fortnight and look anxiously for news from home.

In point of fact the success of Florrie's whole scheme depended upon the news she was to receive from Wrexham; if her grandfather lived, he would certainly alter his will. But if he died—Florrie was ashamed to own, even to her own heart, how earnestly she desired that her wicked scheme might have succeeded.

There came a telegram from Stella to the hotel in Rouen on the very day after their arrival there. Oh, how Florrie trembled as she opened it—and how the words danced before her eyes before she could read them.

But there they were, as plain as daylight before her:

"Grandpapa is dead; the news has killed him. The funeral will be on Friday. Will you come home?"

"Everything is safe!" said Florrie, white with agitation, to her husband; "but I wouldn't go home for the whole world—I should feel like a murderess!" she added, shuddering.

"Nonsense," said her husband "you have nothing to do with his death at all. An old man with heart disease may drop down dead any day. You must not think of it any longer—the money is all right—they will telegraph to us again, of course, as soon as the will is read."

So Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dyson waited at the pleasant city on the Seine, and beguiled the days of waiting by many excursions in the neighborhood, and many rambles through the streets and churches of the interesting old town.

On the Friday, there was, however, no telegram, and Florrie began to feel uneasy.

"You will hear tomorrow morning—they will write," said her husband consolingly; "don't fidget yourself about it—it is quite sure to be all right—there is nothing to be anxious about—you are sure to have a letter in the morning."

Saturday morning came, and with it a black-edged envelope with the Loughton postmark. Florrie tore it open breathlessly and remained speechless staring at it.

"Well, what is it?" said Walter, taking it from her hand.

And then Florrie uttered a wild cry of despair, flung up her arms madly into the air, and then fell down prone and unconscious in a heap at her husband's feet.

This was the letter:

"My Dear Mrs. Dyson,—I have great pleasure in writing to tell you that your dear sister has inherited the whole of your grandfather's fortune, with the exception of the house, furniture, pictures, plate, etc., and twenty thousand pounds, which are left to Mr. Allingham. The greater portion of his fortune was originally left to you, but by a codicil to the will it was so left conditionally upon your marriage with your cousin; failing that, it reverts to your sister; under the circumstances, of course, you are quite unprovided for. Your sincere friend, Harriett Finch."

Two months have now passed away since Mr. King's death, and Stella King and Mrs. Finch are now the only inhabitants of Wrexham Hall.

Directly after the funeral Norman had gone away. He had expressed a wish that Stella and Mrs. Finch should continue to make Wrexham their home for the present, but had said no further word about his future plans.

Stella remained therefore alone. She sorrowed at first deeply for her grandfather and for her sister's treachery; and by and bye another grief began to settle at her heart.

Why did not Norman come to her—what was there now to keep them apart? Had he forgotten his old love for her, and the passionate words he had spoken to her that day when he had rescued her from the gypsy on Loughton Common? Was all that a dream that is past to him? or had he been so thoroughly disgusted by her sister's conduct that unconsciously he had recoiled from her also, and had included her in the just blame due only to Florrie?

Stella could not answer these questions to herself; but she was very sad, for Norman remained up in London, and neither wrote nor came to her.

By and bye an event happened which shed a little brightness and pleasure over her monotonous life. There was a wedding at Barfield and Lily Finch was the bride; and no one rejoiced more sincerely in her happiness than did Stella, although her deep mourning precluded her from being at the ceremony. Lady Dyson had at length given her willing consent to Sir Edgar's marriage. It had been a great blow to her when his engagement to Lady Honoria had been broken off, but as she never quite understood the rights of it, she believed to her dying day that the earl's daughter had behaved very badly to her son; she felt such a sincere compassion for his supposed disappointment that she was the more ready to listen patiently to him when he spoke to her about Lily.

"I suppose it is fate," said Lady Dyson resignedly. "It is evident that it is to be, so I had better make the best of it. And, after all, Lily is a dear girl, and she behaved wonderfully well during her illness."

So one fine June morning Lily was married to Sir Edgar in Barfield Church, and among the handsomest of her wedding presents there figured a diamond bracelet from Lady Honoria Rosett.

Mrs. Finch, of course, was very great on this occasion, and talked so incessantly afterward of "my daughter Lady Dyson" that Stella got tired of the subject. Mrs. Finch, of course, forgave her old scores against the Dysons in consequence of her daughter's marriage.

"I never thought he would have married her, you know," she explained to Stella; "and though I could see that Lily was foolish about him, I discouraged it in every way, thinking he meant nothing serious. However, I must say the girl has played her game better than I gave her credit for."

"I think her own sweetness and goodness is the only 'game' Lily has ever been guilty of," said Stella, a little indignantly.

Then, when the wedding was over, and the newly-married couple gone away, and the neighborhood had settled down again after the commotion, Stella became very lonely again and very sad. She received frequent letters from Florrie, but they were unsatisfactory ones. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dyson were drifting about from one gambling-place to another upon the continent. Walter, apparently, had taken to rouge-et-noir, as a profession—sometimes he won, but oftener he seemed to lose; and then Florrie wrote very despondingly. She was evidently far from happy—the love founded on selfishness and want of principle, which might have flourished and increased in sunshiny and prosperous conditions, was fast perishing utterly under the cold winds of poverty and adversity.

Stella at last determined to do something substantial for her sister and her husband. Out of her own abundance she would provide for them. It was, however, impossible to do this without consulting Norman; and so after a great deal of hesitation, one day she wrote to him to his club in London, propounding her scheme of making to Florrie an annual allowance out of her own ample fortune that might enable her to live in comfort, if not in luxury, and she begged him to come down and see her that she might consult with him about it.

The letter was sent, and two days went by, and no answer came. Stella was very unhappy.

One afternoon she sat alone upon the edge of the stone basin in the garden. The fountain was still, and the deep pool shone in the sunshine—every little goldfish looked like a jewel as it darted

Stella looked down lazily at them, across the transparent water, and dipped her white fingers into the basin. She did not hear the approaching footsteps across the lawn behind her, only all at once a shadow was thrown across the fountain, and looking up quickly she found Norman at her side.

"Oh, Stella, what a long time you have been in sending for me!" he said reproachfully, as he took her hands in his; but his face was beaming over with delight and happiness.

"In sending for you, Norman!" she repeated, wonderingly. "Did you expect me to do that?"

"Of course I did! Do you think I would have obtruded my own selfish hopes into your days of mourning for the old man you loved so well? I waited for you to write to me. Besides, you are a rich woman now."

"Oh, hush!" she interrupted quickly. "Do not pain me by saying that!" And then with a deep blush she said slowly: "Norman, I would like to share all that money with you."

"I know of only one way in which you can do that, my darling!" he said, with all the glow of his love in his eyes, and then he knelt down beside her and put his arms around her. "Stella, will you not give me that long-waited-for kiss now, and with it your own dear self?"

So the kiss, given long ago, that had caused so many misunderstandings and heart-burnings, was returned at last, and Stella King won back again all that on a certain evening in the old cathedral town of Valency "Susette Marton" had lost by her childish folly

[The End.]

BALFOUR AS A VEGETARIAN

Eustace Miles Tried One of His Dinners on British Premier.

London, Nov. 2.—Eustace Miles, the famous Cambridge University athlete, who says he can live on 4 cents a day, is about to start several "fleshless" restaurants in London where the public can test his diet fads. Benson, the novelist, and Lady Henry Somerset, are associated with him in the venture. Vegetarianism Miles, he says, fills him with horrible visions of turgid tomato soup, voluminous turnips and indigestible cabbage. His diet scheme is based on scientific knowledge of food values and their adaptation, to producing tabloid meals digestible, nourishing, stimulating, and palatable. Here is a typical menu of a 33-cent dinner: Chestnut soup, vegetable roast, plasmon, tripe, cheese and salad savory. He tried these dinners on his friends, including Premier Balfour, with most gratifying results.

BORIS HAS BARGE OF SIN

New Evidence of Young Man's Immorality Displayed to Russians.

St. Petersburg, Nov. 2.—"Immoral as a grand duke" has for many years past been an everyday expression in the Russian capital. Many stories are told in the clubs about the gay doings about almost every one of Nicholas II.'s male relatives. But perhaps more tales are told concerning the questionable life led by the Grand Duke Vladimir's son, Boris, than about any of his equally unpopular, though possibly less immoral relatives. The Grand Duke Boris' latest luxury is a floating harem.

Referred to properly as "The Barge of Sin," this evidence of the imperial youth's depravity is the talk of all St. Petersburg. Moored in a canal, the grand duke's Shrine of Venus would not attract the notice of the ordinary passerby. From the outside it resembles a common canal barge, but its interior has been magnificently fitted up and one of the grand duke's visitors has aptly described it as "a veritable Temple of Love." Scenes of unparalleled depravity are said to have taken place on board the "Barge of Sin."

Scandal after scandal has been associated with it, the latest being the suicide of Capt. Uraltseff, when he discovered that his young wife did not return home, after having kept a secret appointment to sup with Boris aboard his ship.

A PLEASANT SITTER

Mr. Felix Borchardt Tells How He Painted Kaiser's Portrait.

Paris, Nov. 2.—The Kaiser in conversation with Felix Borchardt, who painted his portrait, denied laughingly reports that he frequently visited Paris in secret. "Never since my accession," he said, "and only once in my life, and that before I was kron prinz. When I was a student at Bonn I ran over for a couple of days, put up at the Hotel Mirabeau and passed the evening at a theater in the Palais Royal, where I certainly had a good laugh for my money."

The artist says the Emperor is keenly interested in every phase of Paris life, even social gossip. He is captivated by the theater, spoke of Bernhardt and Rejane with enthusiasm and counts Coquelin as a personal friend. The Emperor showed a good deal of humor during the sittings and told the artist to make him look pleasant, as the picture was destined for France and "I do not want to be taken for a France baiter." He criticised the detail in the background.

"That cloud," he said, "is all wrong; it looks as if it were letting my handkerchief fall out of my pocket." And the artist was obliged to confess the justice of the observation. He told the Kaiser he was the first emperor actually painted not in a studio but in the open air, and immediately the Kaiser adopted an air of mock solemnity and swore he would endeavor to conduct himself in a manner worthy of so solemn an occasion.

DRIVES OVER ROAD OF FIRE

Stage Coach Jehu Would Put Mails Through at All Costs.

Oroville, Cal., Nov. 2.—Mel Whitter, the Mooretown stage driver, with two passengers aboard his stage, had the most thrilling ride of his life the other day—one which he would not care to take again under any circumstances.

The forest fires that have been sweeping over Mooretown, Enterprise and Hurleton regions have devastated an area of forty miles square. When he left Mooretown there was some doubt in his mind as to whether he could get through the burning district, but he finally decided to get the United States mail through, if possible. Two mining men and a Chinaman were his passengers. At Enterprise he was informed that the worst part of his trip was to come and the Chinaman declared he would go no further. The two mining men, however, decided to take the risk with him.

After reaching the top of Stringdown Hill the flames were sweeping each side of the road, the dense undergrowth

Tonight

Just before retiring, if your liver is sluggish, out of tune, and you feel dull, bilious, constipated, take a dose of

Hood's Pills

And you'll be all right in the morning

burning furiously. For several miles Whittier realized it would be a race for life, but if no trees had fallen across the road there was a chance, one in a hundred, of getting through unharmed. As it was, he could not turn back; he was surrounded by flames in every direction.

Pluckily he lashed his horses and started on his perilous drive through the burning district. Several times his horses stumbled, nearly overcome by the intense heat, and the flames were so close that the hair on the back of his head was singed close to the scalp. Whittier stuck to the reins, however, and guided his faithful animals along the flame-swept road without serious mishap.

When he arrived at Oroville last evening, as evidence of the perilous drive, it was seen that his hands were badly burned and blistered and that the skin had peeled from his face and ears from the extreme heat. The blinds being down, protected his two passengers to some extent, although they suffered greatly from the heat.

CREW PRAYS FIVE HOURS

Mahommedan Tars of British Tramp Ship Are Strong on Devotion.

Portland, Ore., Nov. 1.—Two and a half hours every day the Mohammedan crew on the British steamship Knight Errant pass in prayer and supplication. The services are held at 5 o'clock in the morning and at 1, 4, 6 and 8 o'clock in the afternoon, and each continues for thirty minutes. Sixty-two men and boys, the entire number of common sailors, participate in the services, which are conducted by Methoo Serang, their foreman. Regardless of how busy they may be all of them stop work when the hour for worship comes.

"We are not like the Christians," says Methoo Serang, "all of us are religious and will abide by our faith through life. Once a Mohammedan always a Mohammedan. When we hold services I preach to my mates and tell them what kind of lives they should lead. After all, we are not very much different from other races in our religious beliefs."

Serang and the other sailors are from Bombay. Serang has spent a number of years on British ships and speaks English fairly well.

"We believe in plural marriages," he said. "It has been taught in our country for ages past and we deem the practice to be right. Women are not allowed as many privileges, it is true, as in some countries, and they should not be. A married Mohammedan woman in Bombay is not allowed to go out of the house unless her face is so thoroughly masked that no one would recognize her. After she marries no one but her husband ever sees her features. Should she go out without hiding her identity her husband would cut her in two with a knife."

While he was talking some of his mates were bathing on the deck of the steamer. It was then almost 2 o'clock and they were getting ready to appeal to Allah. Serang became restless and started back to join the group. Soon all began to bow and writhe and humble themselves by falling down on their knees. A few murmurs were heard from the worshipers. After these formalities a short sermon was preached in the East Indian dialect.

JOSHUA AND THE SUN

Expert Says Former Never Caused the Sun to Stand Still.

Minneapolis, Minn., Nov. 2.—Move not, O sun, toward Gaban, nor thou, O moon, toward the Valley of Allon. And the sun and the moon stood still till the people revenged themselves upon their enemies.—Joshua, ch. x, 12-13.

The sun did not stand still at the command of Joshua. If it had, according to the laws of nature, Joshua would not have been alive to tell of it.—W. A. Schaper, professor in political science at the State University.

Professor W. A. Schaper in a lecture to his students in jurisprudence at the University of Minnesota, told them Joshua had never made the sun stand still for a whole day, as the Bible states.

He said: "Natural law gives no sanction to such a phenomenon. Man's law may be violated, but this law of nature has never been trespassed against.

"If the sun stood still for a day there would be such an eruption in the universe that the earth would be entirely wiped out."

He gave the law of gravity as an instance and showed that the accomplishment of perpetual motion is a thing men will never attain.

In a decision of natural rights he said that Adam had no rights in the Garden of Eden because there was no organized government. He would not agree to the theory of his students that if Adam had no rights he could as a result do no wrong.

Letters to the Editor.

UNSATISFACTORY MAIL SERVICE.

To the Editor of The Advertiser:

Since Sir William Mulock's resignation he has been the recipient of many compliments from many sources, and I suppose these are in some measure merited. It is still true that economy is a virtue, but it certainly has many limitations. When we look upon half a million surplus, and the efficiency of the mail service in old Ontario, we are at loss whether to compliment or rebuke the Postmaster-General. From London to Vanneck, or to Strathroy, it takes two days to get a return letter, each being fifteen miles from London. If this kind of service is the rule, then certainly compliments from the rural districts will neither be numerous nor sincere. It is to be hoped his successor, Mr. Aylesworth, uses his great powers in improving the mail service. This half-million surplus would go a long way in rural mail delivery, and if another half-million should be required to give an up-to-date service, then let us demand economy from some of the other departments to give this boon, at least, to old Ontario. The Minister of Militia might spare us, not a half-million, but half a dozen millions, and still leave a million and a half, and that was the expenditure at the time Laurier took office. If our new Postmaster-General should carefully contrast efficient military service and efficient mail service he would certainly bring strong pressure upon the Government.

T. B. SCOTT,

Vanneck, Ont., Nov. 1.

Prince of Wales a Sportsman

The announcement that the Prince of Wales is about the follow the example of the King and breed horses for racing purposes has naturally riveted public attention upon his career as a sportsman, concerning which comparatively little is known outside his immediate circle. Some little time ago, when a plebiscite was held in a popular magazine circulating among sportsmen as to who were the twelve most remarkable shots in this country, the result found the Prince of Wales bracketed with Prince Victor Dhuleep Singh, Mr. F. E. R. Fryer, Mr. W. Stonor and Lord Falconer in the fourth place, the first being filled by that prince of game shots, Lord de Grey, the second by Mr. R. Rimington-Wilson and Lord Walsingham, while that brilliant shot, Mr. Headley Noble, occupied the third place in the final order. To give an idea of the deadly precision of the prince's aim, it may be mentioned that he has performed the remarkable feat of firing both barrels of two guns in such rapid succession that he has had four dead pheasants falling through the air at the same moment, a feat requiring the acme of accuracy. The actual aggregate head of game killed at a royal shoot rarely transpires, but when in 1901 the King and Prince of Wales enjoyed their first day's shooting for the season in Windsor Great Park, it was significant that of the 500 pheasants that fell on that tempestuous day by far the greatest bag fell to the deadly aim of the prince.—M. A. P.

No Sleep For The Kidneys.

Old people are especially liable to Kidney and Bladder Irritation. The organs are weakened by age. This starts up inflammation—blood is not properly purified as it goes to the kidneys—and the bladder is unable to retain the urine properly. There is a constant desire to urinate day and night—and sound, restful sleep is unknown.

Bu-Ju

THE GENTLE KIDNEY CURE

gives the vigor and strength of youth to kidneys and bladder. It soothes and heals the irritated surfaces—tones up the organs—enables them to do their work easily and naturally—and cures all kidney troubles.

Cures Rheumatism Too.

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with cocaine powders and morphine pills. They only give temporary relief, from Headache and Neuralgia.

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instantly relieves the pain and cures the inflammed nerves. Stops pain of any kind. 25c. a bottle—at druggists.
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If you are suffering from impure blood, thin blood, debility, nervousness, exhaustion, you should begin at once with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the Sarsaparilla you have known all your life. Your doctor knows it, too. Ask him all about it.

We have no secrets! We publish the formulas of all our medicines. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

SMART OVERCOATS FOR MEN.

They are moving out rapidly—elegance of style, combined with fit and durability, help to close sales quickly. If you have not been in for a look, you will be greatly surprised to learn how good an Overcoat we can give you for **$8.50,** but we have them in all prices—

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All styles are represented here.

THE TOURIST—Double and single breasted, in neat overplaids.

THE CHESTERFIELD—Always dressy.

THE THREE-QUARTER BOX—In plain black, blue and grays, and many others.

Boys' Overcoats.

The many wanted styles are here for the boys—the nicest showing in London—fashionable, natty ones—the Oak Hall individuality in every garment.

Whether it is the Russian, the Jap, the Buster or the Hudson Bay Coat, we have them all. Prices range from

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Sashes and Toques to match Hudson Bay Coats.

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Clothes with "snap" and style—made up with that touch of "mannishness" that all boys like.

"Progress" Brand Clothing

is built for *real boys.* Every garment is made for *service*—to stand the hard wear that boys give to their clothes.

Put your boys in "Progress Brand" Suits and Overcoats — and see how much longer the clothes wear.

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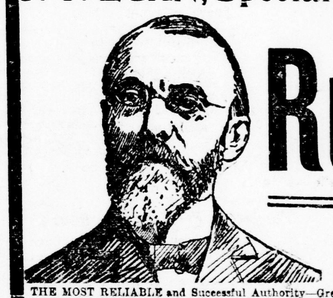

Rupture

THE MOST RELIABLE and Successful Authority—Greatest success in the treatment of Hernia (Rupture) Varicocele (False Rupture) of all known agencies in modern times. He who makes a specialty of one department must certainly be more experienced and capable than those having "many irons in the fire." Don't put off your case, believing it to be simple—Remember neglect often proves fatal. Have your case attended to now, and thus avoid danger. Stop wasting time and money elsewhere, but come to one whose life-long study has taught him what to do. Do not despond or be deterred from seeking further advice, or because of repeated failures consider your case incurable. Because others failed in your case you have become discouraged. This is the very time you should consult me as my reputation has been made in curing hopeless (so-called) cases.

LADIES suffering from Navel or any form of Rupture should not hesitate in having their case attended to at once. Everything strictly private and professional.

MOTHERS—Look to your children—Now is the time to have them cured, while young. Don't allow them to grow up handicapped in the race of life, with rupture.

MY CHARGES are within reach of all, the poor man as well as the rich. Terms can be satisfactorily arranged, no reason why you should not consult me at once, during this visit.

VARICOCELE, FALSE RUPTURE

MEN OF ALL AGES SUFFER from this terrible affliction in some way. There is no other affliction to which man is heir that so completely unfits him for the duties or pleasures of life as Varicocele. The universal tendency of these conditions is to grow worse and more complicated—leading to impotency, nervous debility, wasting, stricture, lumbago, sexual exhaustion, etc. Do you intend to allow this insidious affliction to sap away your vitality? It is doing so now and if not checked will result in the above conditions. No matter how serious your case may be, time afflicted, or the failure you may have experienced in trying to be cured by medicine—free trials, or Electric belts—my Biotone system will cure you; the wormy veins return to their normal condition and hence the sexual organs receive proper nourishment, the parts become vitalized and manly powers return. No temporary benefit, but a PERMANENT one. NO OPERATION necessary. No detention from business. If you have had the usual experience you have no doubt spent large sums of money and still larger quantities of time searching for the remedy that I offer you here.

SPECIALIST WILL VISIT:

LONDON, GRIGG HOUSE, SATURDAY, ALL DAY AND EVENING NOV. 4

Consult Specialist Early, One Day Only.

"David Harum," the novel written by the late Edward Noyes Westcott, netted the author's estate $125,000, according to a statement made in the surrogate's court, Syracuse, N. Y.

English agriculture is reviving. Last year the wheat area was increased by over 400,000 acres, and farmers everywhere increased their live stock.

THESE TWO desirable qualifications, pleasant to the taste and at the same time effectual, are to be found in Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. Children like it.