# ~<del>~~~~~~~~</del> OUR SHORT STORY

"The Crook Neck Pattern."

#### \*688888

stood holding the horse, which was a bit impatient. You won't forget," will you, father? We really ain't got nothing to our backs, and it's a disgrace. I've made over till there ain't anything left to make over, and I ain't got nothing but what I've got on, 'cept my black

dress, and the girls are all worse off yet. And Susie hasn't been to Sunday school for three Sundays 'cause she don't look decent, and her teacher's been here inquiring. It's kind o' mortifying.

Mrs. Hollis' voice was full of apology as she accompanied her husband down the gravel walk. He scowled, but made no reply as he took the reins from Jed and sprang into the

You must get something for the girls, anyhow," his wife's voice insisted as he drove away.

He gave the lines a yank. It was exasperating to have to be bothered with women and their fixings. He didn't see why they didn't look well enough. Of course, they weren't dressed expensive—it wasn't proper that farmers' families should be—but there wasn't any need of making such a fuss. The Sunday school teacher had been there He remembered her. She always smiled at him and made him wonder to himself if he were such a

bad-looking chap after all. Well, perhaps he had better get something for Susie. The last crop was an extra heavy one and he had made a good deal out of it, and so he might as well be generous and get all his wife asked for. There was nothing stingy about him. No, sir! He smiled complacently as he drove

into the village. "You can't say but what I've done the handsome thing by you this time," Mr. Hollis remarked proudly to his wife, as he threw down a heavy bundle at her feet and watched her as she knelt down to open it.

Her eyes glowed as one knot after another gave way. It was a long time since she had undone a store bundle She did not want to be in too much of a hurry to end the expectancy and disclose its contents.

"Seems to me you ain't in very much of a hurry after wanting it so bad." Her husband's voice was a bit She hastily slipped off the last string and pulled off the wrapper. The children orowded around her.

"Isn't that fine enough to suit you?"
Mr. Hollis chuckled exultantly as he leaned over and, catching hold of an end, unrolled yards and yards of stout cotton. It was a bright yellow ground with a black figure running

"Latest pattern," he exclaimed, with pride. "The girl called it palm-leaf, but I told her 'twas crook-neck squashes or I was no farmer. So I bought the whole piece. Thought I might just as well, and got a good bit

knocked off. "Don't you like it, eh?" abruptly glancing at the downcast face of his wife. "It was dreadful economical, you see, 'cause when one's dress begins to wear out you can mend it with another and so keep things going pretty well. And there won't nobody else have anything like it. cause that I there is.

"Great scheme, that." He chuckled again hoarsely to himself as he stamped away. She didn't seem a bit grateful. It

was provoking. The following Sunday the entire Hollis family appeared in church. Mr. Hollis had gone early that he

might see a neighbor about haying the next morning, and he stood with a group of men and boys about the church door. He was suddenly conscious that the men were losing interest in his account of a certain sharp transaction whereby he had been the

He turned. His family was entering the church. Mrs. Hollis and the four girls led the way. They all wore their new dresses. They were made exactly alike. The three boys followed. A soft laugh floated across the vesas they passed into the church. "All off one piece," a woman's voice whispered. "Don't they look too much like a charitable institution?"

There was a chorus of giggles. Mr. Hollis strode into the church and glanced hastily at the boys. were just settling themselves into the family pew. There was no crook-neck squash pattern visible on them. breathed a sigh of relief as he walked up the aisle.

The sermon was unusually dry that morning. Or possibly Mr. Hollis' mind was not upon it. Almost unconscious ly from the corner of his eye he could



THE VACANT CHAIR.

When the little family circle is broken and we sit sadly looking upon the vacant chair, we think of the things that perhaps we might have done to keep the loved one with us. Why not think of these things now before it is too late? Is it a kind, loving and hard-working mother who is giving all her strength and efforts for the family well-being and happiness? Is it a delicate, fragile sister; or a weak and ailing wife? Try to give her the tender care she needs. Do not let her fade away for want of earnest effort to preserve and restore her.

nest effort to preserve and restore her.

An Ohio lady, Mrs. Shopshire, living in Ballou, Bhelby Co., in a thoughtful letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., says: "My mother had an ovarian tumor which we thought would result in her death, but we commenced using your 'Favorite Prescription,' and before she had taken three bottles she began to improve; she is living to day and we have given your medicine the credit. My mother was sixty-six years old when the tumor commenced to grow; she is seventy-six now and the tumor is all gone. She had gotten awful large, and her limbs began to swell before she began to use your medicine. I value it so much that I am hardly ever out of it in my house."

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field of practice.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Peliets cure constipation. At all medicine stores.

The last of the load had been bun- see the five figures in their yellow dled onto the wagon and little Jed | gowns. Ella's was becoming. It just suited her dark hair and red cheeks, but poor Susie looked sick and thin. He had never before noticed how peaked the child was. It must be she was not well. His heart hardened with indignation at his wife for not telling him. A man ought to know about his family. If she needed a doctor he guessed he could afford to have one. He wasn't a poor man. He never be-

grudged his family anything! He glanced at Sarah. She was the oldest. Her eyes were downcast and her cheeks a vivid red. Mrs. Hollis was looking at the minister. Little Bessie had fallen asleep and her yellow shoul-

ders rested in Ella's yellow lap. His eyes wandered beyond to the other women in the congregation. There were the summer boarders in all sorts of light, fluffy things, and the farmers' daughters in white or blue or pink, or even black. He never noticed until now how nice a woman looked in black. He must buy his wife a black dress next time he went to town. She didn't need it, of course, but it was just as well sometimes to give women folk things they didn't need. It humored them. She used to be a very pretty woman, but somehow today she looked erribly old and faded. He wouldn't forget.

The next day the yellow dresses appeared again. So on for a week.
One morning Mrs. Hollis explained. 'I hope you don't think I'm extravagant a-wearing our new clothes all the time," she ventured. "But really we ain't got anything else. We'd just got reduced to rags, and them I had to take for cleaning cloths just as fast as

I got the dresses done. There was enough for two dresses apiece for the girls, so they have some a little mite more fancy for Sunday wear. It seems to be real good wearing stuff, and I guess it won't fade much.'

Her voice seemed far away. He was staring hard at his plate. It seemed to have a running pattern of crook-neck

Mr. Hollis did not attend the church next Sunday. He pleaded a sick horse for excuse and retired to the barn, from whose cobwebbed window he saw the family depart, all save Sarah-she had refused to go. The laugh of the girl last Sunday echoed in his ears and he shut his teeth hard.

"It's good wearing stuff," he mut-tered to himself as he vindictively kicked a keg.
The third Sunday Mr. Hollis had

business out of town. "I really can't attend to it any other time," he explained to his wife.

She, Bessie, and the boys attended church. They were all at supper when he returned, and he took his place quickly at the table.

Suddenly his eyes rested on Jed. He seemed to see something familiar. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. It was a blouse covered with the palmleaf

His knife and fork fell with a thud. "Go and take that thing off," he commanded in thundering tones. Jed looked scared and half arose Then he looked helplessly at his moth-

er.
"He hasn't got any other," she whispered in an awed tone. "He spoiled his only other one yesterday when he got caught on some nails, and I couldn't mend it nohow. I sat up late to make this out of a breadth from Sara's dress Hers got terribly burned somehow. There was a short silence. Jed stood

holding on to his chair uncertain. Sarah looked at her plate. Bessie's blue eyes peered startled over the rim of her mug. Mr. Hollis moved uneasily. He open-

ed his mouth to speak. Then he shut it again, took up his cup and drank a long swallow of tea.
"I wish," he said, speaking in a loud voice and looking past his wife out of the window beyond-"I wish you would

take all that stuff away and never let me see a mite of it agin. I'm sick of "They are good wearing dresses," she began. It seems a waste—"
Her husband brought his fist down

so that the dishes rattled. 'Waste be hanged!" she shouted. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a roll of bills. These he shoved across the table to his wife. "I'll hitch up in the morning and you can drive over and get what you want," he said, as he pushed back his chair and started for the door.

"I s'pose I can use it up in dusters," his wife ruminated to herself. "No!" The command came s The command came swift and stern from the doorway.

"No dusters, no—no nothing. I'm sick to death of crook-neck squashes."
He slammed the door behind him and bolted through the shed. In his haste he upset a barrel. Out from it would the torn out and humad remains polled the torn, cut and burned remains of Sarah's dress.

"I don't blame her one mite," he chuckled as he vindictively kicked it into a dark corner and sent an old boot flying after it. "Durn the pattern."—Harriet Caryl Cox, in Chicago Record.

## A SAD SCENE

Prince Kropotkin Describes the Murder of Alexander the Second.

A bomb was thrown under the Czar's iron-clad carriage, to stop it, says Prince Kropotkin in the September Atlantic. Several Circassians of the escort were wounded; Rysakoff, who flung the bomb, was arrested on the spot. Then, although the coachman of the Czar earnestly advised him not to get out, saying that he could drive him still in the slightly damaged carriage, he stepped out. He felt that his military dignity required him to the wounded Circassians, to condole with them as he had done with the wounded during the Turkish war, a mad storming of Plevna, doomed to end in a terrible disaster, was made on the day of his fete. He approached Rysakoff and asked him something, and as he passed close by another young man, Grinevetsky, the latter threw his bomb at their feet, between himself and Alexander II. that both of them should be killed by the terrible engine. They lived but a

There Alexander II. lay upon the snow, profusely bleeding, abandoned by every one of his followers! All had disappeared. It was cadets, returning from the parade, who lifted the bleeding Tzar from the snow, and put him in a sledge, covering his shivering body with a cadet mantle and his bare head with a cadet cap. And it was one of the Terrorists, Emelianoff, with a bomb wrapped in a paper under his arm, who at the risk of being arrested on the spot and hanged, rushed with the cadets to the help of the wounded man. Human nature is full of these contrasts.

Thus ended the tragedy of Alexander

II.'s life. People could not understand how it was possible that a Tsar who how it was possible that a Tsar who had done so much for Russia should have met his death at the hands of revolutionists. To me, who had the chance of witnessing the first reactionary steps of Alexander II. and his gradual deterioration, who had caught a glimpse of his complex personality—that of a born autocrat whose violence was but partially mitigated by ence was but partially mitigated by education, of a man possessed of military gallantry, but devoid of the courage of the statesman—of a man of strong passions and weak will—it seemed that the tragedy developed with the unavoidable fatality of one of Shakespear's plays. Its last act was already written for me on the day when I heard him address us, the promoted officers, on June 13, 1862, immediately after the first execution in Poland.

# OF INTEREST

The Uses of Lemons.

One of the most delightful luxuries is a lemon bath, and in countries where they grow it is indulged in daily by most people. Three or four lemons are sliced into the water, which is drawn half an hour before using, so that the juice of the fruit may have a chance to permeate, and the comfort of such tubbing must be felt to be appreciated. The sense of freshness it gives, and the suppleness and smoothness it imparts to the skin, is not soon forgotten, and those who have once tried the experiment never fail to repeat it. In the West Indies, where the lemon is so abundant, it is used instead of soap, and when the natives want to wash their hands they squeeze the juice on to them and rub them briskly in water

until they are clean. In the care of complexions, the lemon is invaluable, particularly in summer, when a few drops in the water in which the face is washed removes all greasiness and leaves the skin fresh and velvety. A little lemon juice rub-bed on the cheeks before going to bed and allowed to dry there will remove freckles and whiten the skin, besides giving it a delightful smoothness. This should be done about three or four times a week in summer and twice a week in winter, and will be found to work wonders with such complexions as are afflicted with enlarged and blackened pores, and if persevered with will eventually carry off all un-sightly blemishes that are not caused by internal trouble.

Lemons are also useful in the care of the teeth. A few drops squeezed into a glass of water for rinsing the mouth acting as a tonic to the gums and rendering them firm.

In washing the hair, if a lemon is used, it will cleanse the scalp better than anything, and give a soft fluffiness and shine to the hair that is al-ways desirable. For this purpose, dip the head into tepid water, take the two halves of a juicy lemon and rub and squeeze them over the head; when this is done, wash thoroughly with the hands in the tepid water, rinse in fresh water of the same temperature and rub briskly with towels until the hair is quite dry, standing in the sun to do so if possible. The hair will soon become several shades lighter under this treatment, which should be performed about every two weeks. Lemons are not so costly, even in the

dest countries, that wom easily afford to use this tropical aid to the toilet, and no other cosmetic will do so much or give such good results. Another virtue of the lemon is that the juice of half a one in a cup of strong black coffee, without sugar, will often completely cure the most stubborn sick headache, and in every case will give considerable relief.

#### +++ The Art of Listening.

Would that there were more people who knew how to listen! We sometimes deplore the fact that there are so few good talkers; may we not rather regret that those who can talk so seldom find people who know how to hear them?

The habit of interrupting is one that is certainly on the increase. If one will sit quietly by and take notes of a casual conversation he will be disagreeably surprised to see how few sentences are allowed to run their smooth even way without some interruption. When a story is in telling by one of a small group it is bound to be paragraphed by exclamations, needless questions, or would-be jocose speeches. To listen properly one should look at the speaker and think of what he is saying. Such a listener is in himself an inspiration. We sometimes hear it said of a man or woman, "That person brings out all that is best in me in the way of conversation." And generally the reason for this is that this particular person gives appreciative heed to what is being said.

To look at a book, to turn over the pages of a magazine, or to glance over the columns of a newspaper is not to listen attentively, and will serve as a damper to the most enthusiastic of speakers.

#### +++ The Correct Corset.

Woe be to the woman nowadays who has not a good corsetiere. It is necessary that stays should be specially made for every woman who dresses well; that they should well cover the shoulder blades; that they should give ample room to the bust; that they should be long in the waist line; that they should give good spring to the hips, and descend longer than we have had them for some time, for the new gowns will not set over them unless all this care is taken. They should quite straight in front, giving freedom about the waist, while below it they are expected to form the foundation for the skin-tight skirt. +++

#### Puddings.

One heaping cup of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one pinch of salt, one piece of lard the size of an egg; stir the above ingredients with milk to make dough. Put one-fourth or more of a cupful of fruit, either plums, cherries or berries, and plenty of juice, in each teacup, and nearly fill the dough described above. Steam an hour in these cups, without lifting the cover. Then put in saucers and serve with the following dressing The juice of the fruit ought to run over the pudding when it is turned out: Dressing-One-half teacup of sugar, one tablespoonful of flour, butter the size of an egg; salt. Beat sugar and flour, then stir in the butter and pour over it boiling water. Flavor with vanilla or lemon.

#### +++ House Decoration.

An interesting description of a London artist's house has recently been published. The workmen engaged on its decoration were all imported from Japan, and paid wages hardly amount-

ing to more than those which they received in their own country. Each room has for its decorative motive one particular flower. In the drawingroom the peony furnishes the inspira-tion, in the studio the camellia, in the dining-room the cherry blossom, and in the three entrance halls the chrysanthemum. Only one room marks the exception. The morning-room, according to a published account, has the fish as its motive. Fish disport themselves upon the paneled ceiling and upon the walls, on the carved doors, the handles of which are bronze fish, and so forth throughout the whole room. Without doubt before long the same thing will be done in this country.

00000000000000 The Poets.

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The Canadian Song Sparrow.

From the leafy maple ridges, From the thickets of the cedar, From the alders by the rivers, From the bending willow branches, From the hollows and the hillsides, Through the lone Canadian forest, Comes the melancholy music, Oft repeated-never changing-"All-is-vanity-vanity-vanity."

Where the farmer plows his furrow, Sowing seed with hope of harvest, In the orchard, white with blossoms, In the early field of clover, Comes the little brown-clad singer, Flitting in and out of bushes, Hiding well behind the fences. Piping forth his song of sadness-

"Poor-hu-manity-manity-manity." -The late Sir James Edgar.

The Saddest Thing. They asked me once, when life was Its tale untold, its songs unsung-And hope still near. I laughed and

"To know my cheeks must lose their red, And ev'ry shimmering, golden thread In this fair coronal, its glory shed, Be coiled and folded, snowy white— A sign of sorrow, loss and blight-

This is the saddest/thing!"

They asked again when partings came, And Death, triumphant, breathed the

name Of one held dear. I wept and said: "To sit alone, here, with one's dead And list in vain their footsteps! This-To wait their coming, and forever miss Their voices. Surely life's sad tale when told

No other grief so deep can hold. This is the saddest thing!"

But now-I sit dry-eyed and cold, And wonder that a living form can hold A heart so dead. And if you ask:
"What is it now? What new, hard

Has left you hopeless?" Thus, tonight. I answer, with a clearer sight:

"The saddest thing-to sit alone And face, all tearless, Love outgrown-This is the saddest thing!" -Katherine B. Kenton.

+++ Daisies.

Over the shoulders and slopes of the I saw the white daisies go down to the

A host in the sunshine, an army in people God sends us to set our heart free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the The orioles whistled them out of the wood;

And all of their singing was, "Earth, It is well!' And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art good!" -Bliss Carmen.

# 00000000000000 Boys and Girls.

The Magic Letter.

There was a little maiden once, In fairy days gone by, Whose every thought and every word Always began with "I."

"I think," "I know," "I wish,"
"I like," "I want," "I will;" From morn to night, from day to day, was her burden still.

Her schoolmates would not play with her. Her parents tried in vain To teach her better, and one day Poor "I" cried out in pain. "Help me, O fairies!" he besought.

'I'm worn just to a thread. Do save me from this dreadful child, Or I shall soon be dead!"

The fairies heard, and heeded, too. They caught poor "I" away And nursed him into health again Through many an anxious day; And in his place they deftly slipped A broader, stronger letter. "The more she uses that," they said,
With rogunish smiles, "the better!"

The little maiden wept and sulked At first, and would not speak, But she grew tired of being dumb, And so, within a week, She used the substitute; and lo! Her playmates crowded round,

Her parents smiled, and all pleased To hear this novel sound.

She grew to use it steadily, And liked it more and more, It came to fill a larger place Than "I" had done before; And each year found the little maid More kind and sweet and true. What was the magic letter's name? Why, can't you guess? 'Twas "U!'

-Priscilla Leonard, in The Outlook +++ The Kindergarten and the Sparrows.

Little brown sparrows, Flying around, Up in the tree-tops, Down on the ground, Come to my window, Dear sparrows, come! See! I will give you Many a crumb.

Sang the little children in the kindergarten in one of the vacation schools in a large city. "Why," exclaimed the anxious Mother Sparrow in the one tree in the whole

neighborhood. "How kind and cordial! Quite different from what I expected.' Papa Sparrow stood up in the most dignified way, as if to assure Mrs. Sparrow that the family were at last being treated as it deserved.

Here is some water. Sparkling and clear, Come, little sparrows, Drink without fear. If you are tired,

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Here is a nest, / Wouldn't you like to

Come here and rest? "Beautiful!" exclaimed the Mother Sparrow, her voice trembling with pleasure and excitement. "I'm not nearly so worried about the other children who flew away yesterday to make their own homes; nor about you, darling, who must go so soon," and she gave Baby Sparrow a bird kiss on the top

Please mention this paper.

of its head. The children's voices floated out through the window, but there were no more messages for the Sparrow family in the tree not far from the windows.

After a time it was very still. "Now," thought Mr. Sparrow, "I will look in those windows; perhaps it is just the place for us. The music is just what I want this baby to learn. He really needs protection a little longer-but the cats!" Here he gave a shudder. When he recovered he told Mrs. Spar-

row what he had decided to do. "The very thing, my dear. How wise you are!" she replied. Mr. Sparrow flew cautiously to the window from which the song had float-

ed, and lighted on the window sill. The room was bright, pretty and so quiet, but no one was there. Mr. Spar-row was quite disappointed. He flew mislead until disease is firmly tablished. of a hopeful disposition, and said, soothingly, "We will wait until tomorrow. Sonight is so dark that the

nest will not be seen." The next morning was bright, cool, delightful, and the children in the kindergarten were bubbling over with fun and songs. The Sparrow family listened, but this morning the invitation did not come.

"Well, my dears," said Mrs. Sparrow, "I think we should have gone yesterday. They may think we did not want to accept. Let us go at once." The baby was helped to the edge of the nest, and after many directions as to how to balance and steer, a push was given the baby, who, escorted by his father and mother, entered the kinder-garten. The children were in the play circle, and, of course, were greatly excited by the arrival of the Sparrow family. They rose to their feet—they had been sitting on the floor-and some clapped their hands. The Sparrow family flew around the circle two or three times, and then modestly sat down on the floor. "Do you suppose they had been watching through the window? The piano spoke and the children knew what it said. They sat down at once in the play circle. The kindergartener suggested that they sing the Sparrow

Mrs. Sparrow hopped closer to Mr. Sparrow. "We did right to come this morning," she whispered. Mr. Sparrow was listening critically to the music, and did not answer.
Suddenly he leaned close to Mrs

Sparrow and both rose in the air, and flew out of the window as the children All the brown sparrows Flutter away, Chirping and singing,

"We cannot stay." For in the tree-tops, 'Mong the gray boughs, There is the sparrows' Snug little house.

The baby attempted to fly after them, but, as it passed a corner, near a window, is discovered some rabbits. and dropped down beside them, as if saying, "I have found some friends." Baby Sparrow was quite contented in the kindergarten, to the joy of the children, and apparently of the bunnies, who were very friendly.-The Outlook

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of women DISEASES OF WOMEN are always attended by symptoms that are entirely remote from the seat of disorder. Paleness, weakness, nervousness, are often experienced long before the true character of the disease is discovered. Headaches, Sunken Cheeks, Palpitation of the Heart, Im-paired Digestion, Torpid Liver and Costiveness are all prominent symptoms that attend those ailments peculiar to women, symptoms that may

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