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edy and Kergan. th them. Indiscre trie belts took scores of bottles of patent medicines—all failed. I tried the New Hethed Treatment of Drs. Kennedy and Kergan, and it cured me. I am a Man Again. I have gained twenty-six pounds and am strong mentally, physically and sexually. It is a wonderful treatment."

NO CURE NO PAY DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN 148 SHELBY STREET. DETROIT, - - MICH.

But, my good little man, you have made a mis-If you really are pleased to suppose That the Thames is alight with the lyrics you

make. We could all do the same if we chose

From Solomon down, we may read, as we run, Of the ways of a man and a maid. There is nothing that's new to us under the sun, And certainly not in the shade.

The erotic affairs that you fiddle aloud Are as vulgar as coin of the mint, And you merely distinguish yourself from the erowd By the fact that you put 'em in print.

You're a 'prentice, my boy, in the primitive stage, And you itch, like a boy, to confess. When you know a bit more of the arts of the

age, You will probably talk a bit iess.

for your dull little vices we don't care a fig. It is this that we deeply deplore—
You were cast for a common or usual pig,
But you play the invincible bore.
—Omen Seaman in New York Tribune.

MAE'S SACRIFICE.

If any shadow of unhappiness or jealousy spoiled the brightness of Mae Lisbon's life, not one of the gay group of which she was a member seemed to know it, for she was not a girl to "wear her heart upon

And yet, among all that merry party just setting out for a prolonged horseback ride among the surrounding steep, moun tainouslike hills, on that beautiful autumn afternoon, there was not another heart so crushed and hopeless and despairing as that which beat under pretty Mae Lisbon's

dark blue riding habit.

But she laughed brightly as she reined but she laughed originity as she relined her prancing horse to one side to make room for Paul Beresford to pass with Miss Elise Turley, whom he had just assisted to her saddle with an air of tender emotion that wrung Mae's very heartstrings. "I'm expecting every day to hear their engagement announced," said Joe St. Giles, Mae's escort, with a significant glance and smile toward the handsome "It's a clear case of mutual fascina Don't you think so, Miss Lisbon?" "It does look that way," she returned

So they rode on, talking, laughing, jest-ing, sometimes the whole party keeping together for awhile, the scattering in cou-ples to explore the picturesque scenery of the valleys or the winding roads that went twisting boldly, and sometimes danger-

ously, around the rugged hillside slopes.
Gay as Mae Lisbon's bright face and sweet, ringing lughter declared her to be, her heart was heavy with its weight of woe, and she stole away from the others for a time that she might lay aside the mask of happiness which, while in their presence, pride compelled her to wear. After riding along for awhile she came to a sort of gulch or dry creek bed, deep

and narrow, which she unhesitatingly made her horse leap over, for Mae was a fine and fearless equestrienne Going some distance farther, she dismounted, and throwing the reins over her

arm, went on to explore a deserted mining cabin which nestled picturesquely among some rocks a little way beyond. Here she sat down, and before she knew it, was lost in the labyrinth of her own

it, was lost in the labyrinth of her own intensely painful thoughts.

She knew that St. Giles' words were true, though they had been spoken half in jest, and that it could not be long ere an engagement between Paul Beresford and Elise Turley would be formally announced.

And how she Man loved him!

And how she, Mae, loved him! But, thank heaven, he had never guessed she would cheerfully have given

of her life to be loved by him. But he had passed both her love and her loveliness by with unseeing eyes to lay his heart at the feet of that fair, dazzling blond beauty who would soon be his bride. What a grim old sphinx fate is!" she

cried out at last, a half sob in her breaking voice. "I would die for his love. Yet all I can do is to hide the truth from him, to keep it from speaking in my eyes and sobbing in my voice when I come near him, while another woman holds that precious love of his in the hollow of her dainty hand without an effort, and will doubtless pass her whole life at his side without even knowing or half appreciating the priceless blessing that it is. Oh,

She stopped abruptly, shocked, horrified, by a terrific crash of thunder which seemed to rend the very rocks apart. "Heavens, how foolish I have been not to notice this before!" she exclaimed, her pretty uplifted face paling with consterna-"But such a lovely day as it was

when we started. Who could have dreamed of such a change as this? What will they think has become of me, I wander? Oh, I must hurry or I shall miss them all, and have to find my way alone through this blinding storm. I wonder if St. Giles is alarmed about me"-a little smile, despite the grave situation, flickering around her charming lips—"no, I think not, as he knows what a reckless rider I often am." All this time she was leading her horse down the uneven slope to the road below, where she mounted and went flying, as swiftly as the storm would allow, in the

direction whence she had come. Reaching the narrow gulch, however, which such a short time before she had crossed so easily. Mae found it now a rushing torrent, from which her horse drew back with quivering nostrils and unwill-

ing feet, "Good gracious! What am I going to go?" she thought impatiently. "Oh, here is my bugle. Perhaps I can at least let some of them know my whereabouts. And lifting the little silver bugle, which she carried to her lips, she blew one long, shrill, clear blast, then paused, listening intently for some response.

It came sooner than she expected. There was an answering call, and a moment later Paul Beresford came into view around a listle promontory a hundred yards away. Mae drew back as he approached, too

amazed to utter a sound.
"Why, Miss Lisbon!" be cried, coming up to her. "Good heavens, are you lost too? I—I somehow got separated from Miss Turley after crossing this creek to find some particular specimens of autumn find some particular specimens of autumn flowers for her, and now it seems out of the question to recross it. I never saw anything like this before," he added loomily, his handsome face clouded with the most perxplexed anxiety.

"Oh, we must recross it! We must get hand to make your recross it!

back to our party, Mr. Beresford!" ex-claimed Mae as a sudden realization of their position flashed upon her. "Surely we can find some point where our horses can make the leap. Come, let us hasten! Every moment makes it worse!"

Paul shook his head with a hopeless smile. Still he obeyed her, and almost trantically they rode up and down the

EXPERIENCE HAS PROVED IT. A triumph in medicine was attained when experience proved that Scott's Emulsion would not only stop the progress of Pulmonary Consumption, but by its continued use, health and vigor could be fully restored.

Minard's Lintment Cures Garget in

TO A BOY POET OF THE DECADENCE. | banks of the swallen stream searching vainly for some point where they might

> "No use," said Paul at last. "We could not even swim across without almost certainly losing our lives. No, we must simply make the best of a bad matter, Miss Lisbon, and put up with our unpleasant situation as philosophically as we can."
>
> Then thoughtfully a moment after: "Can't we find a shelter of some kind, do you think," It will kill you to be exposed to this chilling storm all night."
> "All night!" Mae echoed in a low, tense

whisper. Yet not so low but that Beres-ford caught it, as well as the little gasping break in the breath that uttered it.

"There is an empty miner's cabin not very far from here," she said very quietly aloud. "If I had not been so foolish as to linger to explore it, I should have not been

caught in this awkward dilemma.' "Let us go there, then," he answered ently. "It will be some slight protection gently. "It will be some slight protection for you at least, and as for me"— His low voice died into silence, and in the little, silence they went on until the little, empty, desolate cabin was reached.

Fortunately Paul had some matches in his pocket, and equally so Mae remembered having seen a quantity of pine fagots scat-tered about the hut. So it was but a few minutes until a bright fire was blazing upon the neglected hearth, and the uncanny darkness fled before its cheery light. Having thus made her as comfortable as he could, Paul rose to his feet and hastily began buttoning his coat close about his

For an instant Mae watched him intently, a strange softness veiling the luster of her hazel eyes. Then:

"No, Mr. Beresford," she said, with gentle firmness, laying one little hand-a touch as light as a falling snowflake-or his sleeve, "you must not-shall not-go outside and spend all this long, dreary night in the pitiless storm. You have as much right as I to the shelter of this roof and the comfort of this cheerful fire. Do not leave them and go out into the storm unless you wish to make me more unhappy than I am.

.He turned and looked curiously at her for a good half minute.

Then, seeing in her clear, honest, hazel eyes that she meant just what she said, he

answered simply: "Then I will stay here, Miss Lisbon." And throwing himself down upon the opposite side of the glowing hearth, the two talked or fell into troubled silence as their moods inclined them.

The morning sun was bringing out all the golden glints in Mae's pretty chestnut hair by the time they found it possible to cross the treacherous gulch. As they rode homeward both were strangely silent, and Paul's face was white

and tense with the flerceness of some in ward struggle. After a little he turned to her abruptly and said in husky tones: 'Miss Lisbon, after last night's adver

only one course for us to take. You understand me, do you not?"

"I think I do, Mr. Beresford," she answered after a brief silence in accents louders then a white such as the course of er than a whisper.
"Then"—more hoarsely still—"I ask

you to become my wife at once. We can ride to the Rev. Mr. Martin's and have the ceremony performed before we go home at all, and then no one dare say a word against your name."

If he had only been looking at her then,

he must have pitied her.

That finely chiseled, strong, yet dain tily lovely face of hers crimsoned painfully at first, then grew white as the purest snow, and she trembled so violently that she seemed in danger of falling to the

But she soon rallied, and then her low, clear, silvery voice startled him from his painful revertes. "Your proposal is a generous one, Mr. Beresford," it said, with a sweet, touching little waver in its accents-"it is man

ly, noble-and it is like yourself. But,

with a full understanding of all that it implies, I cannot accept it. He turned, with a look of amazement in his dark, despairing eyes.
"Miss Lisbon—Mae," he ejaculated 'do you know what you are saying? Do you realize the peril to your pure reputa-tion from the vile harpies who will be only

too ready to attack it? My God, have you

counted the cost '-"I have," she answered, turning to him at last, with a brave, sweet smile on her lovely face. "I was doing that all through the long, dragging hours of last night. I know that your love is given elsewhere, Paul Beresford, and I will not permit you to wreck the happiness of your own life and—another's—simply that you may thus shield the honor of mine. Let those talk who will"—lifting her bright head with a gesture of infinite pride. "My character is as stainless as it ever was, and I do not need a forced marriage to maintain its

purity 'God bless you, Miss Lisbon,' he murmured, leaning over to clasp and kiss the pretty hand which rested lightly on her horse's neck. "If ever you need a defend er, I am ready to serve you to the last throb of a loyal, grateful heart!"

Of course the story of Mae's terrible ad-

venture was already broadcast throughout the social world. And, though Paul Beresford did not let any one remain in ignorance of Mae's refusal to marry him, nor indeed, of any other fact in regard to her purity and heroism, still there was plenty of malicious slander, and poor Mae often felt most keenly the bitterness of her po-

But what was Paul Beresford's surprise and disgust when one day he found that Elise Turley, the woman he had loved, was among the persecutors of the girl who had sacrificed so much for her and him. And one day he electrified Mae Lisbon by saying to her bluntly:

Mae, I ask you again to be my wife, and I ask you now because I love and honor you above all other women on this earth. Don't refuse me, darling, after stealing my heart away in that lonely hillside cabin where I had no chance against the witchery of those lovely, hazel eyes.' -Dublin World.

Mankind's Dream of Civilization. Is there to be, as in the ancient case, world empire, not perhaps of centralized and despotic rule, but one so mighty and espread, so powerful on every continent, so free within and so just and generous without that it shall stand at the head of the world without a rival, to keep peace un-broken, to teach the most powerful nations laws and institutions, to guide the mere backward along the way of right growth, and to prepare the realization of mankind's long dream?—George Burton Adams in Atlantic

thee from beggar to prince."
Subsequently, however, his beloved touched him without any wand and made him a beggar again. - Detroit Journal.

Touching.

touch thee with my wand and transform

Behold," exclaimed the good fairy, "I

DARRELL The wheat has grown wonderfully since the recent rains. The crop in this immediate neighborhood is good, while some fields are looking excellent. Owing to the cold and damp weather spring seeding has been progressing very slowly. Stock were turned out to pasture fully two weeks earlier than this time last year. It will be a week before the grass will be fit for graz-

ing on.
Thomas Graffith has been making Thomas Graffith has been making great improvements upon his premises. He has also completed a new addition to his residence, which now takes a leading place among the many beautiful dwelling houses on the fourth concession. He has also recently planted at locust hedge along the front of his farm. This, in a few years will add much to the appearance of the place. Tom is a very industrious fellow.

ust across the road from Mr. Grif-h, Mr. Atkinson, Barrister, of Chatfitth, Mr. Atkinson, Barrister, of Chatham, is making great improvements upon his farm, formerly occupied by Stephen Pinder. He is refitting up the barn and stables, and will soon have an ornamental fence erected along the front of the farm.

James Chinnick arrived home last week from down east, bringing with him some fire short horn Durham cattle. Mr. Chanick believes in breeding nothing but theroughbret stock.

We have to chronicle the death of

we have to chromother stock.

We have to chromothe the death of Mrs. Blanchard, sister of Wm. Gee, of Darrell. She died at an early hour on Monday morning after an extended period of suffering. The remains were taken to Darrell by the Erie & Huron radway, for interment. We sympathize with Mr. Gee in his loss.

Walter Holmes, who has been suf-Walter Holmes, who has been sufering from diphtheria, is recovering. Edwin French, who has been sufferng with an attack of la grippe in Cal ing with an actack of la grippe in Cal-ifonnia, is recovering.

Miss Hattie French has been home spending the Easter holidays.

Miss Olga Tompkins is visiting at

The condition of Edward Jinks is very entical. There is not much hope for his recovery. Our prayer is that God's arm of love and mercy will be continually around him.

Mrs. Fones Holmes has been visitng her daughter, Mrs. Walter Mel-

Tunnerville with her sister, Mrs. Tho-

ng her daughter, Mrs. Walter Mel-vern, of Northwood.

Mrs. Joseph Weaver is able to be around again after a severe illness.

Quarterly meeting next Sabbath at French's Methodist church at 10.39 a. m., when sacrament and love feast will be administered. Let there be a good turn-out that memorian. a good turn-out that morning.

Next Sabbath evening at 7.30 o'clock song service and prayer meeting. All are specially invited to attend this means of grace.

are specially invited to attend this means of grace.

On Wednesday evening next a faceting will be held for the purpose of reorganizing the Epworth League. The pastor and Epworth League members are anxious for a good attendance. Whether the League will be restored or not will depend upon the attendance.

DEBTS DELAYED HIS BURIAL.

The case of a burial long delayed has The case of a burial long delayed has re-ently come to light at Revel, a Russian town near the Gulf of Finland. The body thus tandily interred was that of a Beigian holdier of fortune, the Luc Charles de Croy, who had been Commander-in-Chief of the Russian ammy at the historic battle of Narva in 1760. Peing made a prisoner during the fight, De Croy took up his residence at Revel, where he died in the course of events; his creditors demurred to his burial, however, until his debts were paid. So the soldier mummified and his remains have stayed ever since in a church, where they and the remains have stay-bed ever since in a church, where they have been exhibited to visitors as a uriosity. Now, at last, amid such comp as was to be found among the local authorities he has been given a litting coffin and properly interred in one of the vaults of the church.

A child was cured of croup by a dose or two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. A neighbor's child died of the same dread ase, while the father was getting eady to call the doctor. This show the necessity of having Ayer's Cherry Pectoral always at hand,

HIS REQUEST.

He-Can you play "The Maiden's Prayer," Miss Wayback? She (with alacrity)—Oh, yes! He—Well, please don't.

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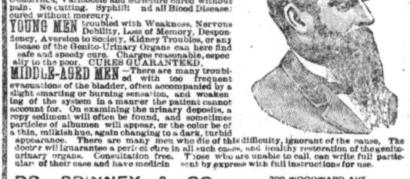
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