

HER'S INSTINCT

HAS IT DOESN'T NEED FROM CONGRESSES.

her is not tied down to hearing her children. We must when we look at childhood?

ed from the mothers' con- the lectures, articles and subject of the rearing and children. It would seem that ra have women been so in- filling properly the duties l. It might be taken also ifession that the mother in- labor in every woman and which does not come from ist be learned from books. intention here to disparage ment. In some quarters it dion and has become ac- culous, but it has its uses. It has been productive of ening certain women to a full view of their responsi-

act of bringing young into es not bestow the mother a childless wife, many a er, has the true mother y lacking in the mother en. Dumb animals even a this respect. There are just as averse to the duties as any frivolous fine lady, rear successfully all the es brought off the nest, in the same flock will lose in thickly and in neg- lect. One spotted poultry yard afforded a to the observant. She ly wanting in that pro- dward her young which is strongly developed in the always a preoccupied and is if there were far more to be solved than man- If she searched for her in a desultory and fact- in the meantime they became entangled in the ell into holes. Sometimes, e of mind, she would even daw planted firmly on a brood regardless of its ruggles, meanwhile utter- raucous soliloquies to e addicted. Perhaps she theories upon the proper g chicken.

th the real mother instinct to attend mothers' con- cros or to study books. We most simple and natural ble bringing up good children who are to be new of the nation. If one upon what system she pro- not tell, for it is all done the truth is any syin- ing of children, that love one and vary to suit the mother's sympathy gives deal with diverse tempora- leons, and if there is es alien to her own nature s the difference—that love er offspring no matter ay go, so that her heart, vigne expressed it, is "al- ghronde." If a child of in mind or body, homely dull of wit or broken ill that one is her affection t, because he needs it the t is the unfeeling refuge, where even the erring and ill will not be judged, but ough all the rest of her happy, honored and suc- cess forever wandering unfortunate who has the port of her teachings—out rough the rain and snow, stretches of the highway, angel pleading with him rd. But she who is a py parent, her love not, its egotism of the animal, her own. For their sake der toward all childhood, races the little ones who and unnumbered eridge's poems he tells a out a woman who set her daughter's suitor and a curse upon them both as things prospered with e being by misfortunes of use best so active be-

is a thing still, cast mother alive. d-ern view, however, is thing holy in maternity individual who ennoble s id the woman who shows rd of motherhood is not to utor simply because she r children. There are sers, who actually dislike srt from these unpleas- one there are who love cordingly as the latter pride and vanity. The ndsomest are the favor- y reflect glory upon the nt, and the less credita- into corners and kept such as possible. This is than a woman's way of there are families in s comes all from the d the children are actu- by the father. Then thers who in the pursu- ed idea thwart their air aspirations and pre- unfolding of their na-

est quelquechose," says "etre tres bon, c'est en- l one fancies that this mothers are concerned. ink more tenderly of his she has written a regu- lated a fine picture or ? Many a woman has s in art, spurred on by er children, and in be- she does not cease to in- after that, there are not all when we look back hat we do remember is needed the garments we nices, wiped away out of our life's pleasures at evening and soothed ke in the night crying had dreams. Perhaps dn all this for us was ut, but it is her recol- sible tenderness of her k, even in old age, for see which elsewhere we

A LIFE SAVED.

Marvellous Recovery of Little Minnie Gallagher from Malignant Diphtheria.

Statement Made by Mr. H. Gallagher, of Toronto, Regarding the Case.

He says: "Minnie Gallagher is my niece, and with four of the other children was prostrated with a malignant type of diphtheria, Minnie was much worse than any of the others, and her life was despaired of; in fact, the physician in attendance had given up all hope and before leaving for the night expected that her death would occur before morning, and had given directions for the disposal of the body. It was at this crisis I advised the family to try Dr. Arnold's Toxin Pills. I had used them before with excellent results in my own family, and owing to their germ killing properties I felt confident they would do some to effect a cure than any other methods of treatment. The most wonderful results followed. During the night we administered seven Pills in all, and by morning the girl was able to take nourishment. Within two days more she was able to be about, and at the present time in splendid health." (Signed) H. Gallagher, 78 Gerrard St. West, Toronto.

The above are the actual facts of this most wonderful cure, and besides the testimony given by Minnie's uncle, a dozen others in the neighborhood who are familiar with the circumstances can vouch for every word stated here.

Dr. Arnold's Toxin Pills are sold by all druggists, large box 75c, small 25c, or sent postpaid on receipt of price by The Arnold Chemical Co., Limited, Canada Life Bldg., 44 King St. West, Toronto. Booklet sent free.

Cadley—Jove! I should think you'd live in more comfortable and stylish quarters than this. Hadley—So I would if I had the halves and dollars I've loaned to some people that do.

How a Sprain Does Hurt!

But it isn't the pain alone that is dreaded, just think of the loss of time and wages. Sprains without number have been cured by rubbing Poison's Nerviline well into the pores of the skin surrounding the joint. No matter whether it is a sprained wrist, ankle, knee or back, just try Nerviline on it and see how quickly it will cure. There is only one liniment that can be depended upon to cure sprains, strains and swellings, and that is Poison's Nerviline. Large bottle 25 cents.

Sold by J. E. Richards.

Mr. Borem—She asked me to sing, and insisted upon enco'e after enco'e. Miss Peppery—Yes, she told me afterwards that anything was better than sitting there and talking to you all evening.

Job Couldn't Have Stood It

If he'd had itching piles. They're terribly annoying; but Bucklen's Arnica Salve will cure the worst case of piles on earth. It has cured thousands. For injuries, pains, or bodily eruptions it's the best salve in the world. Price 25c a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by J. E. Richards.

He—While I was out sailing this summer I fell overboard into the sea. She—My gracious! But they rescued you, didn't they? Oh yes! They pulled me out of course. My I'm so glad to hear you weren't drowned.

He Kept his leg.

Twelve years ago J. W. Sullivan, of Hartford, Conn., scratched his leg with a rusty set. Inflammation and blood poisoning set. For two years he suffered intensely. Then the best doctors urged amputation, "but," he writes, "I used one bottle of Electric Bitters and 1 1/2 boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve and my leg was as well and sound as ever." For eruptions, eczema, tetter, salt rheum, sores and all blood disorders Electric Bitters has no rival on earth. Try them. J. E. Richards will guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Only 50 cents.

Clark—The boss has taken his son into the firm. Stark—Bright boy, eh? I understand he's an A. M., Clerk—No; he never shows up till P. M., and some days not even then.

The Druggists are Busy.

Druggists report great demand for the new 25 cent size of Catarhizone, and to-day's sales almost cleared out their stock. They explain this rapid run on Catarhizone by the fact that it gives better satisfaction than any other remedy on the market. Druggists say that Catarhizone is the only remedy that really does cure catarrh, bronchitis and asthma. It relieves quickly, is pleasant and convenient to use, and guaranteed to cure, or your money back. Readers suffering from irritable throat, bronchitis, catarrh, etc., are strongly advised to try Catarhizone; it never fails to cure even the worst cases.

For Sale by J. E. RICHARDS.

Gray—They are beginning to have typewriters on the stage, Black—I know; but it's a piece of affection. No typewriter that ever was invented can begin to write as rapidly as the average actor with the common everyday pen.

PAIN-KILLER is the best, safest and surest remedy for cramps, colic and diarrhoea. As a liniment for wounds and sprains it is unequalled. Avoid substitutes, there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry-Davis'. 25c and 50c.

Gold Beneath Dross . . .

BY T. C. DEAN

Author of "Cui Bono," "Love Tales of a Convent," "The Bread Winners of a City," Etc., Etc.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred, by T. C. Dean, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

And then as they drove on in their carriage, she told him the story of her life, sparing herself nothing, but if anything coloring against herself the simplest details, finishing as follows: "I have thought it right, most noble duke, that you should know all this, while there is yet time for you to retract. You see I am more or less of an adventures, the daughter of an outlaw, and everything connected with my individual environment antagonistic to your set."

Her recital surprised and deeply pained the nobleman who had blighted his vows with her. After a period of deep thought he replied:

"I am grieved, of course, at what you have told me, yet I thank you for it. Had I discovered it after our marriage, it would have humiliated me as well as pained me, now I can spare myself if I wish. But I do not wish. I love you too deeply for that. I believe in spite of the temptations which beset beautiful females, you are a pure woman and as such I take you and will do all I can to make you happy. I believe I love you better because you have told me the truth about your birth and personality!"

"Thank you, most noble duke, for your generous confidence in my chastity. I am glad that at least I shall honor you there. Still you are altogether too good for me. Perhaps I should tell you further, so there may be no secrets between us, that I do not love you as well, perhaps, as I should love a husband."

"Do you love anyone else?"

"The woman hung her head and tears blinded her eyes."

"I have my answer," the duke said, "how cruel of me to ask you that. There, dry your eyes, it shall make no difference in my love of you. Poor girl, let me dry your eyes. I have the right to do that." This is a poignant grief, but it will pass. I know that it is almost impossible to meet a woman at maturity that has not had an early romance, but my love will compensate you for all loss. I believe, Vera, we shall love each other dearly, for my love will beget yours in time."

"Then you still wish to marry me after what I have told you?" asked the woman.

"Yes! I think you will love me by and by. I think I can make you love me. And I can love you better now that there are no secrets between us. Once married to me, I think by my devotion to you I can hold your heart. But here we are, my love, now dry your tears."

Though attending a most fashionable function, neither sought pleasure or gay companionship that evening, indeed they remained much in each other's society, as if a new bond had been woven to bind them closer together.

The advance of autumn, however, brought great disturbance to Vera Clark's peace of mind. Though faithfully struggling to nerve herself to perform her duty to His Grace, there was a pleading within her that the voice of duty could not hush nor her strength of will strangle to silence.

To the conflict of her many emotions a new element had crept in. It was a sentiment that mentally questioned her if it was not her duty to the duke to refuse to marry him if she did not love him. "For a woman to marry a man without love is to curse him," the voice proclaimed, so that at last she became doubtful as to what really was her duty after all. How she temporized with her great love in these days she did not herself know. She who had written so firmly to Hestmead that he need not fear for her when the crucial test came, hardly knew herself how she was trying to escape as the time of love's crucifixion drew near. "I cannot do it," her heart would cry pitifully through the night. But another voice would rise above it, saying, "you must, you must!"

What the final outcome of this struggle would have been I cannot say, for fate at last mercifully removed it from the premises of her will. In the unequal conflict between the voice of honor and the voice of the heart's desires, Vera Clark discovered what we all discover sooner or later in life, namely, that though we can compel the will power to pay the former its debt, we cannot make ourselves rejoice and be glad in the work of payment—that is utterly beyond us.

Struggle as she would to hail with ecstasy the approach of this latest day set for the nuptial ceremony, the struggle resulted in a miserable failure. Her sleep became broken at night, and the burden of her dreams caused her mental distress. In them, she could see Hestmead alone, uncared for, struggling to drive back with his iron will, the torture of an unrequited longing, struggling to bear his rayless isolation as best he could. One night she dreamed she saw him in a strange wilderness and he was search-

ing for her, but wherever he looked he found her not, until at last he sank down utterly exhausted and called out, "oh! Vera, Vera!" When she awoke she could not drive that despairing cry from her ears. As time sped forward her voice had a silvery sweetness about it that merged almost to a plaintive accent in spite of all her trials to appear at ease. Her aristocratic companion of these days noticed her restless demeanor, and exerted himself in all possible ways to relieve it.

On the dawn of the morning of what was to be her marriage day, she arose early from a sleepless couch. But early as she was astir the duke had arisen before her. They met as they were passing through the banquet hall, grand and rich in its softness of crimson and olive. Upon the walls hung the polished blades of some old-fashioned fencers, whose history gave the Banquet name a lustrous enviable and emphatic.

"Good-morning, my love!" were the words of his warm greeting. "I am glad to be the first to meet you on your bridal morning."

"Good-morning!" she replied, trying to be equally warm in the return of his affection.

Arm and arm they strolled out into the first pale halo of the new day's light, and there the man noticed the woman's unnatural pallor.

"Oh, Vera! how pale you look!" he exclaimed, in much alarm. Are you quite sure you are not ill?"

"Quite, your Grace."

"Vera, I have noticed lately that you are restless even when you should feel quite at ease, and I fear that your resolve to go to the church with this morning is oppressing you. You may speak out in perfect freedom to me, my dear. I love you so much that if wedlock with me is to bring you pain I will release you from your promise this very hour!"

She endeavored to smile in reply to this. "I assure you I am perfectly well, and have no wish to be a traitress to my plighted word," she answered readily, for she was touched by the generous offer in his sentence.

And it was in such generosity that the strength of his power over this woman lay. Had he evinced the slightest disposition to recall to her that he held her in fetters, she would have rebelled against the yoke, but he was so tender and considerate with her that to even admit to herself that she desired a release from her vows was to admit that her soul was enshrined with selfish depravity, and that she had no command over her better self. To the voice within her that never censured its beseeching cry now, she had but one answer, and that answer comprised but seven words, "My redemption must come in sublimer passions!"

When they separated to be by themselves a few moments after breakfast, Vera went to her own private boudoir to examine anew her trousseau and to gaze once more on her bridal robes ere the maid came to dress her. How beautiful they were and how costly. No excess could hope for a richer nuptial toilet. The diamonds sparkled on their silken background like stars spreading a lustre on the sea. The orange blossoms were real and were intertwined with the most beautiful of white orchids. "Surely," she said to herself, "I will be happy if this is an annuity of fortune."

In a sudden epiphany she began to dress herself because it was as yet too early to ring for her maid. When adjusting her bridal veil, her hands seemed suddenly to have become paralyzed. The diamonds seemed to glare at her like the eyes of mesmerizing serpents, and the coil of her necklace seemed to be that of a hideous reptile that was strangling her. Suddenly a revulsion of feeling rose up and controlled her, gathering force at being denied so long. She felt the icy winds of the desert of her self-barter and seemed to see the light of all happiness go out even as the Indian women cast their lamps of sacrifice in the rivers at night. Her tears fell heavy and fast and would not be kept back. She shrank and trembled in her solitude from the hideous sense of her awful martyrdom. A sensation that she never dreamed she possessed seemed to burst an unknown bond, and to tear her with a strang, uncontrollable tempest as a tornado tears up all objects that defies its power. "I choke," she cried, clutching at her throat. "Oh, my God!" Then she tore the pearls from her neck and the veil and ornaments from her hair, and as they fell where they were cast from her ruined and destroyed world the surging flood of this new passion, she cried out, "Oh, God! oh, God! I cannot! I cannot!" and tottering forward, she fell prone on the heap of the ruined trinkets like the fall of a tempest-lashed billow when it reaches the shore at last.

It was a long time before she came

to herself and when she did so the time for her wedding had passed. She was in bed in her own bedroom, and doctors were treading softly over the floor. "What has happened?" she asked, putting up her hand to her head, "and how long have I been here?"

"You must not talk," she was enjoined by the nurse who fanned her fevered face. "You have been here a week, but you are better now and now you must keep the strictest silence."

"Oh, I remember!" she said, suddenly, and then she closed her eyes in intense relief.

It was some weeks further before she was permitted to see the duke and then she held out her hand to him in silence. No words passed between them only the silent hand clasp.

The doctor was much puzzled to account for her stage illness. He could not discover any ailment except nervous irritation, yet she made no progress towards recovery, in answer to his most skilful treatment.

Vera Clark was much annoyed herself at her strange sickness, and now that the time for the marriage had passed, she felt that she ought to recover, but she did not. The duke advised the physician as to the causes which led up to his fiancée's prostration, and in reply the man of medicine said the only chance for the stricken woman was for her to be released at once from any tie. But Vera was as stout hearted as ever against this, stating that such an acceptance by her would be a trespass against her bona fides. "Then," the physician declared to her, "it would be better for you to be married at once in your invalid state, for as soon as the first shock would be over I think you would rapidly improve."

Vera consented to this at once, and so preparations were made for a private ceremony at her bedside in which she could redeem her vows to the duke and become his bride without arising from her invalid couch.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HE OBJECTED.

But There Were Others Who Had the Same Trouble and Didn't Worry.

The smooth faced man with the light hat who was traveling homeward the other evening on the "Alley L" turned to the somewhat smaller man sitting next to him and said:

"I wish you would take your arm off the back of my seat. I don't like it."

"So?" responded the other.

But he let it stay.

"The train reeled off two or three blocks."

"Why, you take that arm away?"

"Oh, yes."

But he did not take it away.

And the train reeled off two or three more blocks.

"I have asked you to take your arm away. Are you going to do it?"

"Why, certainly."

Yet he let it remain.

Then that man with the smooth face and light hat rose to his feet and smote that other man grievously on the left cheek, inasmuch that it began to swell.

Whereupon that arm was removed expeditiously.

There was some excitement in the car, but the passenger who had done the smiting was calm.

This may have been because the passenger he had struck was somewhat smaller.

But let that pass.

As he left the car at Forty-third street he remarked:

"I don't think you will do that again."

"If you'll give me your name and address," answered he of the swelling cheek, calling after him—he was fighting mad now—"I'll show you! I dare you to give me your name and address!"

In the excitement of the occasion a young man on the other side of the aisle had thrown his protecting arm around a blond maiden and was still zealously shielding her from all possible danger.

"What did he hit him for?" she asked.

"Because," replied the young man, "he follow had his arm around him and wouldn't remove it."

"Wasn't that a little thing," she whispered, "for him to get angry about?"

And the train proceeded to reel off a few more blocks.—Chicago Tribune.

The Superstitions. Hoax—Wirkaw always called his first wife "dear," but he calls his second wife "dearest."

Joax—Well, I guess she is.

Good Things Bunched. Send the bees will be humming. The flowers will unfold. And we'll hail the coming of the shirt waist girl. —Chicago Tribune.

Protruding, Itching Piles

Rev. S. A. Duprau, Methodist Minister, Conserve, Prince Edward County, Ont., states:—"I was troubled with itching and bleeding piles for years, and they ultimately attained to a very violent form. Large lumps or abscesses formed, so that it was with great difficulty and considerable pain that I was able to stool. At this severe crisis I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but I had little or no faith in it, as I had tried various remedies before and to no purpose. "Now, imagine how great and joyous was my surprise to find that just the one box cured me, so that the lumps disappeared and also the external swelling. I feel like a different man to-day, and have not the least doubt that Dr. Chase's Ointment saved me from a very dangerous and painful operation and many years of suffering. You are at perfect liberty to use this testimonial as you see fit for the benefit of others similarly afflicted." 60c at all dealers.

Dr. Chase's Ointment.

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Castoria. "Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children." Dr. G. C. Osceola, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria. "Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D. Brooklyn, N. Y.

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