"A Sorrow's Crown of Sorrows."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Gone to Paris!" Lola repeated blankly. "I suppose it is on that tiresome law business, about which she has had to go once or twice before since she has lived down here," she added after a pause.

"She told me so," said Aubrey, "although I have never heard of it before. I went up to town to see her off and returned by the last train."

"You will be very dull without her," said Lola.

She spoke half mechanically. She was standing near the fire, staring down into the red logs and wondering how she should get news of Bruce now that her friend and confidante was gone. Aubrey stood at a little distance from her, gazing with a wistful, worshipping longing at the silky fair hair in which the raindrops glistened and at the gracefully-curved figure in its moist, clinging garments.

"Do wait a little until it leaves off raining," he said. "Let me take your coat and have it dried while you sit here by the fire."

She gazed up at him in an absent-minded fashion.

"Yes, I think I will," she said. It occurred to her that as Bruce and Aubrey were friends, here lay her best chance of gaining news of the former. Yet, being too shy to ask point blank about him, she decided to wait her opportunity of bringing his name into the conversation. By this means Aubrey had the infinite joy of helping her off with her coat and of seeing her presently seated opposite to him by his own fireside, warmed by the same cheerful blaze that comforted him, and stroking the same collie dog that a moment before had leaned against him; and only a man in love can estimate aright the bliss of such proximity to the lady of his heart.

"Your mother might have told me she was going," said Lola in a hurt tone. "I should have liked to say goodbye to her."

"She went in such a hurry," he explained. "She had hardly time to pack. It was a telegram she received from her solicitor in Paris, I believe; though I did not see the message. She seemed a good deal worried about it, and I wanted of course to accompany her all the way. But she insisted upon leaving me in London, where she thinks I am now staying with my step-sister, Lady Mordaunt. But I preferred to come home," he added, with a glance at Lola which she failed to notice.

"I wonder you should care for Oldford in November," she began rapidly. "It must be so dull to anyone used to great cities. And then you have your friend, Mr. Laidlaw, here to remind you of London," she concluded desperately, twisting her fingers in the silky ears of the collie so suddenly and sharply that the dog howled in protest.

"But did you not know that Mr. Laidlaw is no longer here?" enquired Aubrey in surprise, not unmingled with relief. "He went back to town five days ago, and has sent me a note since his return excusing himself from dining with my mother and me this week, as we had arranged."

"Five days ago!" Lola repeated, while the blood suddenly faded from her cheeks and scarlet lips. "Then he must have gone away on Monday."

"Yes; on Monday evening by the seventy-fifty train. Are you ill, Miss Marsden? You look so white. Can I get you anything?"

"Ill! No, of course not," she said, with a little hysterical laugh, bending her head low over the collie.

Monday was the day on which they had met at Donnithorpe Castle, the day on which she had shown him that she loved him and had driven him away by her words. Grief and shame and disappointment surged up together in her heart: she bit her lip furiously in a vain attempt to keep back her tears. The collie felt one fall upon her upturned nose, and resented it by barking. Aubrey saw Lola's agitation and began to share it. The man and the woman were equally devoid of self-control, equally impulsive and emotional.

"They were lovers, then," Aubrey said to himself, while a pang of bitter jealously shot through his heart. "My mother was right in what she assured me last night. And they have quarrelled—he has left her, the cowardly, callous brute!"

He wished to give her time to recover herself, so he rose and went to a table on which lay letters and newspapers.

"Here is Mr. Laidlaw's note," he said. "I will read it to you.

"'DEAR DE VAUX,

"'Unforeseen circumstances have taken me to town. I came up by the 7.50, Monday, and had no time for leave-takings. Please make my excuses to your mother, and remember that I shall always be pleased to see you when you are in London.

"'Yours faithfully,

"'BRUCE LAIDLAW.'

But this letter did not arrive until yesterday afternoon, so my mother does not know he has left."

Lola did not speak. Her head was still bent over the dog, and her fingers were occupied in nervously stroking its ears.

"I dare say it is to see some editor that Mr. Laidlaw has gone," Aubrey went on gently. "I have his address here, and I am going to town myself very shortly. Is there any message I can take for you?"

He detested Bruce cordially, but the sight of her suffering distressed him so keenly that he forgot himself and his own disappointment in the wish to see her happy. But his words recalled Lola to herself; she felt she was making herself ridiculous in Aubrey's eyes, and she rose to her feet with a valiant effort to display unconcern.

"A message from me to Mr. Laidlaw!" she repeated. "Why, no; what could I have to say to him? I have only known him a very little while. I dare say he found Oldford dull—it is dull in November, isn't it? I must go home now, as papa will be wondering what has become of me. Will you get me my coat?"

In the effort to appear indifferent on the subject of Bruce, her manner seemed hard and cold. Aubrey did not venture to detain her, but when he returned with the ulster he hesitated before offering it to her.

"It is raining still," he said, "and your coat is quite wet. Won't you wait a little and go back in the carriage?"

"I would rather go now. You must have thought me very silly a moment ago, Mr. de Vaux. I—I was so hurt and disappointed to find your mother gone like that, without a word to me."

"Is that all?" he asked, his face suddenly clearing. "I am so glad."

"Why?"

He was holding the coat up for her with hands that shook considerably. Had Lola been noticing his face, she would not have asked the question. She was slipping her arms into the sleeves, an operation which brought her very near to Aubrey; his hands rested a moment on her shoulders as she spoke, and at the touch he lost his head and forgot his diffidence.

"Because I love you so dearly. I could not bear to think that any man dared to make you unhappy—Ah! don't be angry; I did not mean to tell you, although you must have known."

His voice was very low and shaken with emotion. Lola shrank from the touch of his burning fingers on her shoulders, and turned to face him with a look, half of alarm, and half of wonder, in her eyes.

At her glance, troubled but unresponsive, Aubrey's own eyes, that shone with a fierce passion, fell. Growing deadly pale, he walked suddenly away from her and stared out of the long window on to the soaking lawn and the bare, dripping trees beyond.

When he returned to her at the end of a few moments, his manner was subdued and humble.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Marsden, if I have frightened or offended you," he said. "I would not hurt your feelings for the world."

She was silent.

"Won't you say you forgive me?" he asked sadly.

"There is nothing to forgive," she said. "Of course you did not know I should not like it. But now I tell you it makes me very uncomfortable and unhappy, I am sure you are too kind and considerate ever to talk like that to me again."

Her manner was so gentle that Aubrey gained confidence, the more so as her nervousness gave a certain emotional ring to her voice. She was moving to the door, when he followed her and spoke again.

"I know I dare not hope that you will think much about me for a long time yet," he said. "You are so wonderfully beautiful that no man can help loving you. But—but you will marry some day, will you not? And my mother loves you so well, while I—well, I would give my soul to serve you in the slightest thing. And if there is no one else you care for—"

She interrupted him with unexpected dignity.

"Please don't say any more, M. de Vaux. I told you you only distressed me, and I wish to forget all about it."

She had opened the door and was crossing the hall by this time.

"Certainly not."

"May I not see you home?" he asked.

She was very determined, yet he was hardly as discouraged as she meant him to be.

"Good-bye," he said, as he opened the hall-door for her. "Forget what you like; but remember you have just a—a sort of faithful dog you can always send for."

Then he watched her pass down the broad drive until her figure was lost in the trees, by which time, although this was her first offer, she had left off thinking of him.

She was touched by his words, and sorry for him; but Madame de Vaux had so impressed upon her the fact that Aubrey's feelings were at the service of every pretty woman of his acquaintance that Lola could hardly be flattered by his preference for her. Yet her own secret love for Bruce made her gentler in dealing with unreturned affection than she would have been five weeks ago. She was learning to offer, and with the suffering came the wish to spare others similar experience.

One sentence in Bruce's letter rang in her head: "Unforeseen circumstances have taken me to town." Were these circumstances connected with her? Could it be that, being moved to love her, he had withdrawn to London because he did not wish his career to be hampered by a woman's influence? The idea was mournful, but withal tender and pleasing, and Lola clung to it as the one tolerable solution to her anxious doubts and fears.

From this brief haven, however, she was doomed to be speedily cast adrift.

No one had called in her absence. Bennett told her on her return, but there was a letter for her from London. In the wild hope that it might be Bruce's tardy explanation, the girl seized it, only to recognise the handwriting of her adopted brother, Andrew Marsden.

With footsteps rendered slow and listless by disappointment, Lola took the letter up to her room, and began to read it with an indifference that speedily gave place to interest and excitement.

Dr. Marsden's hopeful nephew was "in a hole," as he expressed it, and he wished Lola to coax her guardian out of twenty-five pounds to help him out of it.

"Ask it for yourself to pay your dressmaking bills," he wrote, "if you haven't the sum about you.

She was extremely wretched, and as she was no adept at concealing her feelings, the Doctor easily read her distress in her pale face, red eyes, and want of appetite. But beyond asking where she had been for her morning walk he make no remark, and the moment luncheon was over, Lola fled to her room again, there to blush, and cry, and wonder, and despair over Andrew's news.

At just about the same time of the day when Bruce Laidlaw had presented himself in the Doctor's study five days before, Aubrey de Vaux appeared there on this Friday afternoon and waited until Lola's guardian returned from his professional round of visits.

He stayed longer than the young author had done, however, and the Doctor himself let him out of the front door when he left, and took leave of him with the kindest possible expression in his keen blue eyes.

"Leave it to me," he said, "and I will speak to her."

Lola did not come down to pour out the Doctor's tea that day. She had a bad headache, and sent to ask whether he would excuse her; she would be all right by dinner-time.

But when dinner appeared she was still pale, still red-eyed, still indifferent to food, and subdued and dispressed in manner. The Doctor inwardly anathematised young men in general and Bruce in particular, but he said nothing until she brought him his coffee, and took a footstool by his knee in the library after dinner.

"And now, my little girl," he said then, stroking her soft hair caressingly, "I have a piece of news. A certain covetous young man of our acquaintance actually wants to take you away from me, and called to-day to tell me so."

"Who was it?" she asked, instantly lifting a flushed, eager face, sad eyes shining like blue stars with anxious anticipation.

"Our old friend and neighbour's son, Aubrey de Vaux."

"Oh!"

The exclamation was one of evident disappointment, and the interest died from her face at once.

"Who did you think it might be?" he asked, placing his hand under her chin, and rising her face to his.

"No one, papa."

"Now, that is not true, Lola. There is another name you would rather have heard."

She shook her head and blushed deeper still.

"This is the first time you have ever tried to deceive me," he said. Then, in still graver tones: "Lola, I hope you were not thinking of Mr. Laidlaw?"

She grew white now and tears filled her eyes.

"Why do you say, you hope?" she she asked tremulously.

"Because I fear Mr. Laidlaw is a man of loose morals and overbearing character; and because he is cowardly enough to believe that you, my good and modest little daughter, have been so foolish as to fall in love with him."

(To be Continued.)

"Don't Care to Eat."

It is with the greatest confidence that Hood's Sarsaparilla is recommended for loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and similar troubles. This medicine gently tones the stomach, assists digestion, and makes one "real hungry." Persons in delicate health, after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla a few days, find themselves longing for and eating the plainest food with unexpected relish.

A New Danger.

A new experience of the danger of electricity has to be recorded. Dr. George S. Hull recently conducted some experiments with ice cream freezers, and he finds that galvanic action takes place which results in the introduction of poisonous salts of copper and zinc into the cream. It appears that the freezer and paddle are generally made of dissimilar metals, and the cream, especially if mixed with fruits, or other acid, or even saline substance forms an electrolyte, which naturally completes the necessary conditions for galvanic action. With galvanic action there is, of course, chemical action, resulting in the formation of salts of zinc and copper, which become mixed with the cream. Dr. Hall has probably discovered the cause of many mysterious cases of poisoning which have followed the consumption of ice cream. The remedy, however, seems very simple; if the freezer and the mixer were made of the same metal, no galvanic action could take place.

Clinton Clippings.

"I had for years been troubled with dyspepsia and sick headache and found but little relief until I got Burdock Blood Bitters which made a perfect cure. It is the best medicine I ever used in my life."—Hattie Davis, Mary St., Clinton, Ont.

Coal in Alberta.

CALGARY, Alta., September 17.—Mr. Peter McCarthy, Q.C., of this town, who has returned from a prospecting tour in the mountains, reports having discovered valuable anthracite coal deposits on the Red Deer River, forty miles north of Banff. The coal crops out in broad seams and could be easily mined. There is also a natural pass for a railway to the claim. Hitherto it has been supposed that the only deposit of anthracite in the North-West was at Anthracite Station, near Banff.

Could Scarcely See.

Mrs. John Martin, of Montague Bridge, P. E. I., writes: "I was troubled last summer with very bad headaches and constipation and sometimes could scarcely see. One bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters made a complete cure of my case, and I wish you every success.

Deporting Canadians.

BUFFALO, N.Y., September 17.—The deportation of Canadian workmen continues. Saturday Cyrenus Lamburton, a bus driver for the Carette Company, was ordered back to his home in Dunnville, and the inspector saw that he went. To-day George Runhardt, a carpenter, belonging to the township of Willoughby, in Welland County, was arrested and deported to his home.

Regina Ripples.

"I took six bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters for liver complaint, headache and dull stupid feeling, but now I am entirely well and healthy, having also a good appetite which I did not have previously."—Mrs. T. Davis, Regina, N.W.T.

The Chinese Difficulty.

LONDON, September 17.—The Berlin correspondent of the Standard telegraphs that the German Foreign office has been receiving despatches containing not very quieting news from China within the last few days. China, according to these advices, is unable to fulfil her promises, made to the representatives of the powers, that she would punish those who were implicated in the recent outrages upon foreigners and their property and that she would in future protect foreign residents from injury. The rumors circulated that France and Russia would not take part in any joint action on the part of the combined fleets should it be decided that such a step is necessary, is pronounced untrue. It is also asserted that there is no doubt Germany will increase the number of her warships in Chinese waters and that she will be prepared to take strong measures should they be needed to protect German subjects or their property or should she be called upon to take an active part in the naval demonstration against China. The Ichang riot was planned at Kanlashui and executed by disguised Hunan soldiers. Catholic and Protestant missions and the residences and property of members of the foreign settlement have been looted and burned. The British consulate, the Custom houses and Chinese property inside the city were protected by the populace. The civil and military authorities are helplessly inactive. They fear to seize the leader of the outbreak. A detachment of British sailors has gone to Ichang on a chartered steamer. A rebellion in the valley of the Yang-Tse-Kiang is imminent. Further seizures of arms and dynamite, consigned to secret societies, have been made here. Much excitement and alarm prevails.

THE FIELD OF GLORY.

Some Curious Discoveries at the Scene of the Battle of Lundy's Lane.

The recent discovery of a burial trench at Lundy's Lane has awakened french interest in the scene and history of that famous fight, which added another and worthy name to the glorious record emblazoned on the colors of the regiments that had the fortune to take part in the victory. The newly-found trench is 150 yards north of the Presbyterian church and so far 11 skeletons have been exhumed, nine on Thursday and two on Friday last, which have been taken charge of by the Historical Society for reinterment in the cemetery. The remains are those of men of the 89th and 103rd regiments, the buttons still retaining the numerals very distinctly. Mr. John Orchard, magistrate of Drummondville and secretary of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, has the custody of the relics found with the bones, the most interesting being a portion of an officer's tunic, consisting of the lower portion of the back and the "swallow-tail" which was the regulation pattern in the British army at that period. The cloth is wonderfully well preserved, considering the time, 77 years, that it has been in the earth without so much as the protection of a pine box. The scarlet has become a tan color, and the bullion lace, while discolored, is but little corroded, and here and there the gold threads glisten in the new light, as they did on that fiery July day and lurid summer night. Now the losses of the 89th, to which regiment this tunic belonged and which suffered the most severely of all the troops engaged that day, were: Two officers, 27 N. C. O. and men killed; 11 officers, 177 N. C. O. and men wounded, and 37 N. C. O. and men missing; and as the two officers killed were Capt. Spooner and Lieut. Latham, one of the skeletons found must be that of one of them. The 89th, under Col. Morrison, were the heroes of Chrysler's farm, which put an end, the year before, to the formidable invasion of Lower Canada; they had arrived at York on the 21st of July, with Sir Gordon Drummond, from Kingston and immediately embarked in schooners for Niagara. The 103rd were, like the 89th, a "boy regiment," and on this account were not permitted during the previous year to serve in the field, but kept on garrision duty. They were part of Scott's brigade that made that famous march of more than 20 miles (part of the distance having been doubled on account of countermanding orders) from St. Catharines, then known as "The Twelve," on the afternoon of the 25th, and cheerfully engaged the stubborn enemy at 9 o'clock. It was at such an "evening service" held, not in the church, though in its very yard, and to which they were summoned, not by the Vesper bell, but by the booming of cannon and the murderous

RATTLE OF MUSKETRY,

that the lads of the 103rd received their "baptism of fire." From the elevation of the country the stately shaft of Brock's monument is plainly discernible, towering above the woods that fringe the northern horizon, while close at hand, on the crest of the classic slope, are the less pretentious, but no less sacred, memorials of as faithful soldiers and the graves of as noble dust.

Here are a few of the inscriptions:—

Sacred to the Memory of
Lieut.-Col. the Hon Cecil Bishop
1st Foot Guards, and Inspecting Field Officer in Upper Canada,
Eldest and only surviving son of
Sir Cecil Bishop, Bart., Baron de la Zouche in England.

After having served with distinction in the British Army in Holland, Spain and Portugal, he died on the 16th July, 1814, aged 36, in consequence of wounds received in action with the enemy at Black Rock the 15th of the same month, to the great grief of his family and friends, and is buried here.

This tomb, erected at the time by his brother officers, becoming much dilapidated, is now, 1846, renewed by his affectionate sisters, the Baroness de la Zouche and the Hon. Mrs. Pechell, in memorial of an excellent man and beloved brother.

To the Memory of
Lieut.-Col. Gordon and Capt. Torrens,
of the Royals,
Killed at Fort Erie during the campaign of 1814
Erected by Major Barr Foy, [illegible] Regiment, their Friend and Companion.
June 20 1852.

Sacred to the Memory of
Robert Dossie Patterson,
Captain in the 8th Regiment of Infantry, Royal 1st Warwickshire,
Who, after Serving under Sir John Moore and the Duke of Wellington Throughout the Peninsular War, fell before Fort Erie at the age of 26.
September 17, 1814.

Sacred to the Memory of
Lieut. William Hemphill,
of the Royals,
Who fell at the battle of Lundy's Lane on the 25th July, 1814.
This stone was Placed by his Son, Lieut.-Col. Hemphill, of the 56th Connaught Rangers,
July 17, 1850

Hope [illegible]
Laura
Beloved Wife of James Secord, died October 17, 1865, aged 95 years.

There is another grave that may with propriety be mentioned here. It is marked:

Here Lies the Body of
Abraham F. Hull,
Captain in the 9th Regiment U. S. Infantry,
Who Fell Near This Spot in the
Battle of Bridgewater July 25th, 1814.
Aged 28 years.

This young officer was a son of General Hull, who, on the 16th of August, 1812, surrendered Detroit with a garrison of 2,500 men and 33 pieces of artillery, to Gen. Brock without firing a single gun.

This country churchyard is indeed holy ground, and—

Those fields are sacred, and that sward shall be
Canadians' boast
The spot where valor's few buried back the
dark invader's host
The tale shall live while grow the trees, while
rippling water runs,
Of Fame's bright birth to Canada from the life-
blood of her sons.

WILLIAM H. HOLMES.
Toronto, 7th September.

Dr. T. A. Slocum's

OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have a Cold—Use it. For sale by all druggists.

Balmaceda Reaches Argentine.

PARIS, September 17.—A despatch from Buenos Ayres announces that ex-President Balmaceda of Chili has arrived at Mendoza, near the Argentine frontier. The same despatch says only fifty persons remain in custody throughout Chili charged by the Congressional party with crimes against the state.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE.

DRAWINGS IN OCTOBER:—October 7 and 21.

3134 PRIZES
WORTH $52,740.00.

CAPITAL PRIZE
WORTH $15,000.00.

Ticket, - - - $1.00
11 Tickets for - - $10.00

☞ Ask for Circulars.

LIST OF PRIZES:

1 Prize	worth		$15,000—$15,000.00
1	"	"	5,000— 5,000.00
1	"	"	2,500— 2,500.00
2	"	"	1,250— 1,250.00
5	"	"	500— 1,000.00
25	"	"	50— 1,250.00
100	"	"	25— 2,500.00
200	"	"	10— 2,000.00
500	"	"	1— 500.00
Approximation Prizes.			
100	"	"	25— 2,500.00
100	"	"	15— 1,500.00
100	"	"	10— 1,000.00
999	"	"	5— 4,995.00
999	"	"	5— 4,995.00
3134 Prizes worth			$52,740.00

S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager, 81 St. James Street, Montreal, Canada.

STRENGTH

—IS WHAT—

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF

IMPARTS.

Forms Sinew and Muscle and gives

Soundness to the Constitution.

PERHAPS A RUSE.

Impression That England Purposely Made a Pretence of Seizing Mitylene.

NEW YORK, September 17.—A cable to the Herald says: "While it is now admitted that a British force has not seized the island of Mityline, news to the effect that the island had been occupied was received from Mitylene and elsewhere by the various embassies at Constantinople, and in this and other capitals. The French, Russian, Italian and Turkish governments and the Sultan personally received information of the alleged landing of a British force.

These reports concurred in stating that a division of the British Mediterranean fleet had landed at Sigri a force of sailors and marines, this force being augmented by several field pieces and gatling guns; that Sigri had been occupied and fortified, and that British warships had surrounded the island with submarine mines and torpedoes.

The new Turkish Minister of the Interior telegraphed to the British Ambassador at Constantinople. Sir William White, asking the latter to explain the reports as to the landing of a British force on Turkish territory.

Sir William in reply said that he was entirely ignorant of the whole affair, but, he added, it was probable that the crews of some British warships may have landed on the island of Mytylene in the course of the regular boat drills and landing exercises. The British Ambassador assured the Turkish Minister that no fortifications had been constructed on the island by British troops.

This view of the case was confirmed by despatches received here during the night, which stated that the force which had landed from the British warships had resembarked, and that the men-of-war had left the island of Mitylene for Marmorita.

Sir William White made the same explanations to the other embassies.

The affair has caused great excitement in diplomatic circles for a short time, and it is still asserted that these same "manœuvres" had at least the purpose of showing the Sultan and his advisers how easily England could change her boat drills and landing exercises off the Island of Mitylene into a dangerous reality.

Must not be confounded with common cathartic or purgative pills. Carter's Little Liver Pills are entirely unlike them in every respect. One trial will prove their superiority.

Germany and the Dardanelles

BERLIN, September 18.—The Deutsche Revue publishes an article signed "Ambassador" which contends that the Dardanelles question is not so remote from German interests as is inculcated by Bismarckian tradition. "Russian strategists," the writer says; "admit that the road to Constantinople lies through Vienna, and therefore Germany is bound to maintain Austrian integrity. Russia aims at becoming the ruler of Europe and Asia. Bismarck's hope that she will bleed to death is too forlorn to depend upon.

A Quebec Failure.

QUEBEC, September 18.—Messrs. Canton & Robitaille, merchants of this city, assigned to-day on demand of Henri Duverger & Co., of Montreal. The principal creditors are; B. Levin & Co., $947; Ontario Bank, $460; H. Duverger & Co., $260.

A Sad Story.

The Quebec Telegraph tells a sad story of the results of the late fire at Cap Blanc. It seems that many old and respective citizens of Champlain street, who lived in the locality for many years and built for themselves a homestead, have lost their all. The Telegraph says:—The Caulfields had the most substantial brick residence in the locality, and though not living in affluence, had every comfort. The house was provisioned for the winter and every member of the family had a plentiful supply of clothing and happiness reigned supreme, but unfortunately in a few moments all was swept away by the angry flames. The loss to this family alone amounts to $3,000, with not one cent of insurance and now they are almost destitute. The other families who are heavy losers are Mr. J. Elliot and Mr. R. Elliot, whose families did not even save a garment to put on their bodies. Their combined loss is over $5,000. Mr. John O'Malley, a well-known and respected citizens, whose face is familiar to the Peter street merchants, lost the savings of a lifetime and still the foregoing parties, like Caulfields, had not one cent of insurance. Mr. Peter Brennan, master-carter, was also a heavy loser, and yet, according to what we learn, not one word of sympathy, let alone substantial aid, has been accorded these families. The losses on the whole at the recent fire have been under estimated, more particularly as the inhabitants did not on an average earn more than $30 each male member this summer, and in justice to humanity a public subscription should be at once taken up for the sufferers in their dire distress.

Have no equal as a prompt and positive cure for sick headache, billiousness, constipation, pain in the side, and all liver troubles. Carter's Little Liver Pills. Try them.

A miser has been sleeping for years with $40 00 under his mattress. Most men are satisfied if they can retire once on a fortune.

Its Action is Like Magic.

ONE TEASPOONFUL

PERRY DAVIS'

Pain-Killer

In a little sweetened water, HOT WATER PREFERRED, taken every half hour, will cure any case of DYSENTERY, CHOLERA INFANTUM, COLIC, CRAMPS, DIARRHŒA, if the treatment is commenced in time.

ALL MEDICINE DEALERS
SELL PAIN-KILLER
At 25 cents a Bottle.

Accidents Happen

—AND—

SICKNESS

COMES TO ALL.

How much suffering could be prevented by a little foresight!

Always keep in the house this inexpensive and thoroughly reliable safeguard, which for over HALF A CENTURY has stood unequalled as a household remedy and travelling companion.

ALL MEDICINE DEALERS
SELL PAIN-KILLER
At 25 cents a Bottle