Athens Reporter

TUESDAY AFTERNOON

and lovely color.

"I have been reading Trixy's letter, and it fills me with an awful respect for you and all the Stuart family. How could I presume to address as plain Charley anyone so fortunate as to be the bosom friend of a

so fortunate as to be the bosom friend of a baronet?"

"Ah!" Mr. Stuart remarked, placidly; "yes, Miss Darrell, I know the baronet, and he's a very heavy swell and a blue diamond of the first water. Talk of pedigree, there's a pedigree, if you like. A Catheron, of Catheron, was hand and glove with Alfred the Great. He's a very lucky young fellow, and why the gods should have singled him out as the recipient of their favors, and left me in the cold, is a problem I can't solve. He's a baronet, he has more thousands a year, and more houses in more countries than you with your limited knowledge of arithmetic, could count. He's a very fine fellow, and I approve of him. Need I say more?"

More would be superfluous. And Lady Helena,"
"Lady Helena is a ponderous and venerable matron in black silks. Chantilly lace, and marabout feathers, She is the daughter able matron in black silks. Chantilly lace, and marabout feathers. She is the daughter of a marquis and a peeress in her own right. But why do I waste my breath and time in these details, when Trix has narrated them already by the cubic foot. Miss Darrell, you may be a mermaid or a kelpie, but I regret to inform you that I am mortal—very mortal—subject to melancholy colds in the head, and depressing attacks of influenza. At the present moment, my patent leather boots are leaking at every pore, the garments I wear beneath this gray overcoat are saturated, and little rills of rain water are trickling down the small of my back. You nursed me through one prolonged siege of fever and freezing—unless you are especially desirous of nursing me through another, perhaps we had better get out of this. I merely throw but the suggestion—it's a matter of indifference to me. Edith laughed and turned to go.

"As it is by no means a matter of indifference to me, I move an djournment to the house. But, Miss Darrell doesn't it strike.

"Fishing then."
"Fishing is a delightful recreation in a rippling brook, on a hot August day, but in this month and in this weather? Dithy, I must say your guessing education has been shamefully neglected. No, I have come for something better than either fishing or shooting—I have come for you."

"Charley!"
"I've got her note somewhere," said
Charley, feeling in his pockets as they
walked along, "if it hasn't melted away in
the rain. No, here it is. Did Trix, allude
to a projected tour of the governor's to

Europe? "Yes." Her eyes were fixed eagerly on his face, her lips apart and breathless. "Oh, Charley! what do you mean?" "Ah! I am Charley again. Here is the

note."
She tore it open, and ran over it with fast throbbing heart. She tore it open, and ran over it with fast throbbing heart.

"My Drar Edith, —Mr. Stuart and myself, Charles and Beatrix, propose visiting Europe in May. From my son I learn that you are proficient in the Faench and German languages, and would be invaluable to use on the Journey, besides the pleasure your services will afford us all. If you may not make the proper manufacture of the proper services and the services per annual services paid, we shall be glad to have you return (under proper female charge) with Charley. I trust this will prove acceptable to you, and that your papa will allow you to come. The advantages of foreign travel will be of inestimable benefit to a young lady so thorough; educated and as ented as yourself.

Very sincerely yours, Very sincerely yours.

She had come to a stand still in the

dress and coral ornaments, her dark nair and pink roses.

"When am I to be ready?" she asked him, softly, at the door.

"The sooner the better," he answered. Then she opened it and went in. Two weeks sufficed for Miss Darrell," he says, in his alow, pleasant, English accented voice; "our mutual friend, the prince, has told me about his reparations. At the end of that time the train from Sandypoint to Boston bears, ways Rdith Darrell and Charley Stuart. Not alone together, however—forbid it Mrs. Grandy! Mrs, Rogers, the Sandypoint.

"The works wifficed from the sone, and your pardon, heroism."

"The prince?" she repeats, interrogative ly, and Sir Victor laughs.

"Ah! you don't know. They call him the sandypoint to Boston bears, and considering the work and considering the work while she laughs. If it is in the shallow heat of this prettily-pointed woman, to care for any human being, she has cared for Charley Stuart. With the sale in the shallow heat of this prettily-pointed woman, to care for any human being, she has cared for Charley Stuart. With the sale in the shallow heat of this prettily-pointed woman, to care for any human being, she has cared for Charley Stuart. With the sale in the shallow heat of this prettily-powdered woman, to care for any human being, she has cared for Charley Stuart. With the sale in his alow, prettily-powdered woman, to care for any human being, she has cared for Charley Stuart. With the sale in his alow, prettily-powdered woman, to care for any human being, she has cared for Charley Stuart. With the sale in his alow, prettily-powdered woman, to care for any human being, she has cared for Charley Stuart. With the sale in his alow, prettily-powdered woman, to care for any human being, she has cared for Charley Stuart. With the sale withing, I suppose a few more dances than and went withing, I suppose a few more dances than then shallow heat of this prettily-powdered woman, to care for any human being, she has cared for Charley Stuart. With the sale withing, I suppose a few more danc

TUESDAY APTERNON

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then Beatrix conducts her over the house—a wonder of splendor, of velvet carpets, manificent upholstering, lace drapings, gilded and ormolu. But her face keeps a pale, grave look. Trixy wonders if she is not a stupid little body after all. Last of all they reach the sacred privacy of Trixy's own room, and there she displays her bail the stair in professional language, and with a volubility that makes Edith's head awim.

The day wears on. Edith drives down bown, shopping with Madame and dines in state with the family. The big, brown house is lit up from basement to attic, and presently they all adjourn to the trooms to dress.

"Don't ask me to appear while you are receiving your guests," Edith's says. "I'll stap in unobserved, when everybody has some."

She declines all offers of assistance, and dresse herself. It is a simple toilet surely—the crisp white muslin, out of which the polished shoulders rise; a little gold chain and cross, once her mother's; carrings and bracelet of gold and coral, also once her mother's; and he rich, abundant, blackishing heads and pearls, the "court train" trailing two pretty, and she knows it. Presently sails in Miss Stuart, resplendent in the pink silk and pearls, the "court train" trailing two, or there yards behind her, her light hair. "done up" in a pyramid wonderful to behold, and loaded with camelias. Then three is a tap at the door, and Lucy, the maid, comes smilingly in, holding an exquisite bouquet, all pink and white roses, in her hand.

"Mr. Charles' compliments, please, mas, and he's waiting for you at the foot of the stairs when you're ready, miss, for the ball; room."

"Thank you, Lucy!" she says, "Tell Mr. Stuart I will be down in a moment."

stairs when you're ready, miss, for the ballroom."

"Thank you, Lucy!" she says, "Tell Mr.
Stuart I will be down in a moment."

In elegant evening costume, Mr. Charles
Stuart stands at the foot of the grand stairway, waiting. He looks at her as she
stands in the full glare of the gasaliers.

"White muslin, gold and coral, pink
roses, and no chignon. My dear Miss
Darrell, taking you as a whole, I think I
have seen worse-looking young women in
my life."

He draws her hand through his arm, with
this enthusiastic remark, and Edith finds
herself in a blaze of light and a crowd of
brilliantly dressed people. Three long drawing-rooms are thrown open, en suite.
Flowers, gaslight, jewels, handsome women.
and gallant men are everywhere; the .band
is crashing out a pulse-tingling waitz, and
stil Edith hears and sees, and moves in a is crashing out a pulse-tingling waltz, and stil, Edith hears and sees, and moves in a

sicrashing out a pulse-tingling waltz, and stil, Edith hears and sees, and moves in a draam.

"Come," Charley says. His arm is around her waist, and they whirl away among the waltzers. Edith waltzes well, so does Charley. She feels as though she were floating on air, not on earth. Then it is over, and she is being introduced to people, to resplendent young gentlemen. Charley resigns her to one of these latter, and she glides through a mazurka. That, too, ends, and as it grows rather warm, her partner leads her away to a cool musicrom, whence proceed melodious sounds. It is Trixy at the piano, informing a select audience in shrill soprano, and in the character of the "Queen of the May," that "She had been wild and wayward, but she was not wayward now." Edith's partner finds her a seat and volunteers to go for an ice. As she sits fanning herself, she sees Charley approaching with a young man of about his own age, taller than he is—fairer, with a look somehow of a different nationality. He has large blue eyes, very fair hair, and the blondest of complexions. In stinctively she knows who it is.

CHAPTER I.

Charley, looking calm and languid even in the dance, filts past, clasping gay little Mrs. Featherbrain, and gives her a patronizing nod. And Edith's thought is—"If this gould only go in forever!" But the golden moments of life fly—the leaden ones only lag—we all know that to our cost. The wait, ends. The wait is could only go in forever!" But the golden moments of life fly—the leaden ones only lag—we all know that to our cost. The wait on the dance ones only lag—we all know that to our cost. The wait is could only go in forever!" But the golden moments of life fly—the leaden ones only lag—we all know that to our cost. The wait is could only go in forever!" But the golden moments of life fly—the leaden ones only lag—we all know that to our cost. The wait is could only go in forever!" and she glides through a discount of the indicate of the fly—the lag and not supper on the baronet's arm. She dances with him of th

The kindly eyes of the English lady turn upon the dark, handsome face of the American girl; the pleasant voice says a few pleasant words. Miss Darrell bows gracefully, lingers a few moments, is presented to the ribbon-and-starred foreigner, and learns he is Russian Ambassador at Washington. Then the music of their dance strikes up, both smilingly make their adicux, and hasten to the ball-room.

Up and down the long waxed room, in and out with gorgeous young New York, in all the hues of the rainbow, the air heavy with perfume, the matchless Gounod waltz music crashing over all, the arm of a baronet—worth, how much did Trixy say? thirty or forty thousand a year?—around her slim white muslin waist, Edith is in her dream still—she does not want to wake—Trixy whirls by, flushed and breathless, and nods laughingly as she disappears. Charley, looking calm and languid even in the dance, flits past, clasping gay little Mrs. Featherbrain, and gives her a patronizing nod. And Edith's thought is—"If this could only go on forever!" But the golden moments of life fly—the leaden ones only lag—we all know that to our cost. The waitz ends.
"A most delicious waltz," says Sir Victor

say. 1 suggested it, because it is the usual ending of such things in novels, and on the starge—that is all."

"And as if I could fall in love with any one now," Mr. Stuart murmurs, plaintively.

It is the precise and observed seat any set the room. I don't appreciate them!"

Is it jealousy? Charley wonders, complacently. He sits down beside her, and tries to coax her into good humor, but she is not to be coaxed. In ten minutes another partner comes up and claims her, and she goes. The pretty, dark girl in white, is greatly admired, and has no lack of partners. For Mr. Stuart he dances no more—he leans against a piller, pulls his mustache, and looks placed and handsome. He isn't devoted to dancing, as a rule he objects to it on principle, as so much physical exertion for very little result; he has only fatigued himself tonight as a matter of abstract duty. He stands and watches Edith dance—this country girl has the lithe, willowy grace of a

stands and watches Edith dance—this country girl has the lithe, willowy grace of a Bayadere, and she is laughing now, and looking very bright and animated. It dawns upon him, that she is by all odds the prettiest girl in the house, and that slowly but surely, for the hundred-and-fit tieth time in his life. he is falling in love.

"But I might have known it," Mr Stuart thinks, gravely; "Frown beautie "But I might have known it," Mr. Stuart thinks, gravely; "brown beauties always did play the dickens with me. I thought that at five-and-twenty I had outgrown all that sort of youthful rubbish, and here I am on the brink of the pit again. Falling in love in the present, involves matrimony in the future, and matrimony has been the horror of my life since I was four years old. And then the governor wouldn't hear of it. I'm to be handed over to the first 'daughter of a hundred earls' across in England, who is willing to exchange a tarnished British coronet for a Yankee million or two of dollars."

ifinds her a seat and volunteers to go to date ice. A she sits fanning herself, she sees Charley approaching with a young man of about his own age, taller than he is—fairer, with a look somehow of a different nationality. He has large blue eyes, very fair hair, and the blondest of complexions. Instinctively she knows who it is.

CHAPTER I.

"UNDER THE OASLIGHT."

"Ah, Edith," Charley says, "here you are. I have been searching for you. Miss Darrell, allow me to present to you Sir Victor Catheron."

Two darkly solemn eyes look up into Sr Victor Catheron."

Two darkly solemn eyes look up into Sr Victor Catherons' face. Both how. Both murmur the pianissimo imbecility requisite on such occasions, and Edith Darrell is acquainted with a baronet! Only vesterday, as it With a baronet! Only vesterday, as it Winds and the pianism of the pianism

The defaulty and was all, if could be anything of the could be considered by the country of the

detest very fair men. What a pits, be sheeld be engaged in happen to know, said Charley; "so our seems of marying in haste, Mrs. Featherbrain, it might have been for a baronet—for of cours there is it. The hards of marying in haste, Mrs. Featherbrain, it might have been for a baronet—for of cours there is it. The hards of marying in which began is second state of the matconly dignity with which Mrs. Featherbrain resourch the hards of the matconly dignity with which Mrs. Featherbrain resourch the hards of the matconly dignity with which Mrs. Featherbrain resourch the says, her scornful lip curling; "one hardly knows which to admire most—the refined tat of Mr. Stuart's flatteries, or the matconly dignity with which Mrs. Featherbrain repels them!"

She turns her white shoulders deliberately upon them both and welcomes Sirvictor with her brightest smile.

"And I hope, despite Sir Victor's aristocratic teatnions, Miss Darrell, you'll not forget you're engaged to me for the redowe," Charley finds a chance to murmur, sotto you, in her ear, as he and his flirtee move on:

"You see the poor child's jealous, "You see the poor child's jealous," the men was a not the stay there were now in the ear, as he and his flirtee move on:

"You see the poor child's jealous, "Yo Charley finds a chance to murmur, sotto coe, in her ear, as he and his flirtee move on:

"You see the poor child's jealous, the seed of the charms a beneficient form. You really should be careful, my dear boy, how you use the charms a beneficient Providence has showered upon you. As you are strong, be merciful, and all that sort of thing."

The hours go on. Edith eats her waterice, and talks very animatedly to her barries, and talks very animatedly to her barries is really interested. The Americans are an interesting people, he thinks that must be in the factors. He amendated by the size really interested. The Americans are an interesting people, he thinks that must be why. Then the redowa begins, and Charley returns and carries her off. With him she is cally silent, her eyes are averted, her words are few. He smiles to himself, and asks her this pleasant question:

"If she doesn't think Laura Featherbrain the prettiest and best-dressed lady in the room?"

"If think Mrs. Featherbrain is wellnamed," Miss Darrell answers, her dark eyes flashing. "I understand Mr. Featherbrain is liver side at home.

The province of the poor child's jealous, Ark. I was not much benefited by some months stay there, when I returned home. In 1891, I went to the solution that the solution is stayed there some time, but without a the solution of the province has showered the charms a beneficient by without a vail and the return the name that the pretizes to expect the home. In 1891, I went to the solution of the things of recovery. The muscles of my limbs were now reduced by strophy to mere strings. Scinking pans to recissors, and "a shoe-buttour. I call it imposing on the lotter. She should have left the rhome with paper and ead pencil with which to write the return some thread, a paper of pins, a needle, paper of

tained almost entirely by stimulants until April, 1893. One day I saw an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This was some-"I think Mrs. Featherbrain is wellnamed," Miss Darrell answers, her
dark eyes flashing. "I understand Mr.
Featherbrain is lying sick at home. You
introduced me to her—while I live in this
house, Mr. Stuart, you will be kind
enough to introduce me to no more—Mrs.
Featherbrains!"

She brings out the obnoxious name with
stinging scorn, and a look toward the lady
bearing it sharper than daggers. There is
a curious smile in Charley's eyes—his lips
are grave. so many others could do no harm, I was prevailed upon to try the Pink Pils. The effect of the pills was marvelous, and I could soon eat heartily, a thing I be a local transfer of the pills was marvelous, and I could soon eat heartily, a

South American Rheumatic Cure, for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon

The first dose greatly benefits. cents. Sold by Lamb, druggist. A Boon to Horsemen.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I pleasure in recommending the promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweny. stifles and sprains. George Robb, Farmer. Markham, Ont. Sold by J. P. Lamb.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases re-lieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy i a great surprise and delight to physicians on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy.

Sold by J. P. Lamb, druggist. Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart intention of getting better stock, and gives perfect relief in all cases of rganic or Sympathetic Heart disease he wants to improve them m cure. It is a peerless remedy for Pal-pitation, shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptons of a Distressed Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by J. P. Lamb.

"A great many people are under the "A great many people are under the impression that the substance of which a meerschaun, is made is washed up by the sea," said C. E. Carter, of Terre Haute. "I suppose they got that idea from the word, which signifies sea froth, but really the name originated from the fact that the clay, when dry, will float on the surface of the water, and then appears like white, foamy bubbles. This clay is taken from beds in the solid earth. In its primitive state it. the solid earth. In its primitive state it the solid earth. In its primitive state it is white and soft, and you can cut it like cheese. It is found chiefly in Turkey and Hungary. When the bowls of these pipes are new they look very much like ivory, but in using they gradually change into a mellow brown color, on account of the oil of tobacco being absorbed by them in the process of

absorbed by them in the process of barning."—Kanss Caity Journal. familiar friend are attributed by a French physiologist to the excessive use of tobacco. This gentleman has observ-ed that aphasia and amnesia are at pre-sent almost unknown among the gentler sex. On the other hand, has nearly invariably found these afflictions common Westminster Gazette.

If only the fertile brain of the Scotchman who has recently brought out a bullet that phetographs its quarry, were directed aright, the world might be startled by a really useful invention. The bullet photographer is a highly magnetized piece of steel containing a piece of sensitized paper and pierced in the front with four minute holes. When within a few yards of its victim the film is removed from the perforation, and an exact reproduction of the object impressed on the sensitized paper.

Winter Peerless

Winter Peerless

Winter Peerless

AND

Zero Amber

MACHINE OILS

The Best in the World for Fall and Winter use. is removed from the perforation, and an exact reproduction of the object impress-ed on the sensitized paper.

Live-Stock Notes.
Plenty of eggs are better than running a grocery bill.

A splendid pad for a galled shoulder on a horse is an old sleeve stuffed with hay. The hay does not become hard and lumpy like cotton, wool or rags,

The Guest Chamber.

i a... g just been reading an article in or Jo' my papers on the above subject, as to how the guest chamber should be provided for.

The writer of the article says: "Hair the writer of the article says:

longings and fancy work.
Said a husband to his wife who was
going away for a visit, "Here are five
dollars; in case you should have an ac-

bearing it sharper than daggers. There is a curious smile in Charley's eyes—his lips are grave.

"Are you angry, Edith? Do you know—of course you do, though—that it becomes you be angry? My charming cousin, never knew until to-night how really handsome you were."

She disengages herself with sudden the properties of the system is remarkable and mys, terious. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. higher prices because they can be made, acause the reach the market when the demand is greatest. Procure the small-size incubator, experiment and learn before beginning for the season. Beginners should invest but little the first

ed by practice and experience. What we know the least about in this What we know the least about it the
country is the Chinese baby.

Here are facts about him: Nearly all
Chinese babies are blondes. All grownup Chinamen and Chinese women are
acided brunettes. It is a freak for

ich nobody can account The average Chinese baby has a transparent rose and white skin, large eyes, varying from gray and light hazel to brown, and soft, silky hair that is usually auburn in color.

In North China babies are often born with blue or green eyes and light red

During the infancy of her child, the too much and disturbes the baby, woo to his pig-tail if his wife can get her

The man who begins to breed with the ful from not knowing which road he

EARLY CIRCULATING LIBRARIES. The Popular Institution Has Been in Existence for Hundreds of Years. From time immemorial, says All the Year Round, booksellers shops have been the favorite resort of all touched with the love of letters, and in the days absorbed by them in the process of burning."—Kanss Caity Journal,

Memory Weakened by Tobacco.
Those annoying and unaccountable lapses of memory experienced when one is unable to recollect some well-known word or the name of some perfectly familiar friend are attributed by a French physiologist to the excessive use of tobacco. This gentleman has observed that partial processing the latest literary gossip. These early book lovers one unable to rearn what was going on in the publishing world, to know what new books were in course of publication and to hear and exchange the latest literary gossip. These early book lovers one unable to rearn what was going on in the days were sold that partial processing the latest literary gossip. These early book lovers one while away many a leisure hour by while away many a leisure hour by "sampling" the wares on their hosts counters, and would read, or at least dip into, many volumes besides those they actually purchased for more leisure actually purchased for more leisure actually purchased. variably found these afflictions common in men who are habitually heavy smokers, while in cases where they are only of rare occurrence he has frequently known the extraordinary lapse to have been preceded by an extra dose of the fragrant weed. It is comforting, however, to be assured by the sume authority that a moderate use of please or cigar is in no way harmful to the memory.—
Westminster Gazette. "If any gentleman please to repair to my house aforesaid they may be furn-ished with all manner of English or French histories, romances or poetry, If only the fertile brain of the Scotch- which are to be sold or read for reason

lately publish't for a week. Their price is twelve pound. When you have got them to your study, invite your father to your chamber, show him your library and tell him you are twelve pounds out of purse for those large volumes." This was an ingenious way of getting around the "relieving officer".

the "relieving officer,"



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22 No names used without written consent. \$1,000 paid for any case we take and cannot cure.

SNATCHED FROM THE CRAVE-A Warning From the Living. Emissions "At 15 Learned a last habit. Had losses for soren years. Tried four doctors and nerve to noise by the score, without benefit; I became a nervous wrock a treat who had been cured by Drs. Kennedy & Kergan of a similar disease, advised m to try them. I did so, and in two months was positively cured. This was eight year. C. W. LEWIS, Saginaw, Mich.

ago. I am now married and have two heatily children.

C. W. LEWIS, Saginaw, Mich.

Varicoccle "Varicoccle, the result of early vice, made life miserable. I was week and nec
Gured. "Outs, eyes sunken, bashful in society, hair thin, dreams and Josees at night, no

ambition. The "Golden Monitor" opened my eyes. The New Method. Treatment of Drs.

Kennedy & Kergan curved me in a few weeks.

1. L. PETERISON, louis, Mich.

Syphilis "This terrible blood disease was in my system for eight years. Had taken mer
Gured. curv for two years, but the disease returned. Eyes red, pimples and blotches on

the skin, alcers in the mouth and on tongue, bone pains, falling out of all, we may be a few weeks, and I thank God I consulted them. No

mended them. Less in six years." W. P. M., Jackson, Mich.

A Minister. The Rev. W. E. Sparks, of Detroit, anys. "I know of no disease so injurious to

Speaks. I the mind, body and soul of young men as that of Self Abuse. I have sent many

very their New Method Treatment which cured them when all else failed."

Peters "Livony nothing in medical sciences of efficient for the cure of Swabilia and dorse their New Method Treatment which cured them when all else failed."

A Doctor "I know nothing in medical science so efficient for the cure of Syphilic and Recommends Sexual Disease as the New Method Treatment of Drs. Rennedy & Kergan. Many escent his with my own eyes and know it to be a fact."

have seen this with my own eyes and know it to be a fact. The ALLISON, M. D. PREADER Have you been smilt? Hay your Bood been diseased? Are you weak? Do you have will nositively cure you. Cures Guaranteed or Me Tourisment will positively cure you. Cures Guaranteed or Me Tourisment will nositively cure you. Cures Guaranteed or Me Tourisment will nositively cure you. Cures Guaranteed or Me Tourisment will nositively cure you. Cures Guaranteed or Me Tourisment will nositively cure you. Cures Guaranteed or Me Tourisment will nosit really you write for the Succession of the Comment of the

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