

LOVE LEVELS ALL.

'Is this the ferry?' The speaker was a tall, fair girl, whose pale statuesque beauty was accentuated by her mourning dress and black hat, and her inquiry was addressed to a handsome broad-shouldered young fellow in flannels who was fastening a boat up to the steps. As the young man did not reply, the girl repeated her question. 'Can you tell me, please, if this is the ferry?' Then he looked hastily around, and as there was nobody else in sight, he seemed to come to the conclusion that he was the one to whom the lady was speaking. 'I beg your pardon,' he said, 'I did not know that you were addressing me. This is Twickenham ferry.'

half seriously. 'Remember that Homer was a slave, Burns a plowman, and your favorite Pope, only the son of a linen draper.' 'Ah! but genius levels all things,' replied Geraldine with a smile. 'There is something else which levels all things,' observed the young boatman. 'What is that?' 'Love,' answered Jack. 'That glorious feeling which is the true philosopher's stone, which glids the road of life, no matter how rough it may be; makes a dry crust with the object of one's affection more acceptable than a feast without her; and which sweeps away all distinctions of rank, as the running water washes away the dull earth and leaves the grains of gold exposed.'

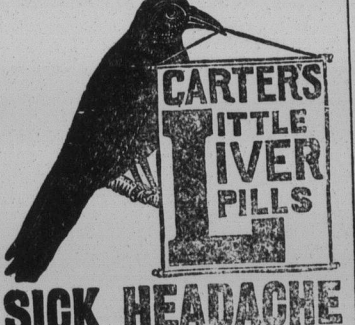
'I have come to ask you to finish what you were saying to me when your aunt interrupted our conversation,' replied Jack. 'Oh! but isn't it rash of you?' said the poor girl, half inclined to cry. 'Suppose anyone should recognize you? I should never forgive myself if you get into trouble through me. Do go away, Jack.'

That Hour of Dread. A woman, whose letter I am about to lay before you, says that in an illness some years ago she would occasionally wake in the night with a feeling of suffocation. The writer has, in his life, had perhaps five experiences of that most alarming and appalling thing, a nightmare. The time is apt to be in the dark hours of the morning, and the gasp for breath, often springing from bed in excitement and fear. He seems to himself to be sinking into an invisible pit, and fancies his last moments are come. There is generally no pain, the horror of the situation being wholly mental. The sensation is that of a person who feels the water cover his face for the last time as (the struggle over) he sinks beneath the surface of the sea.

One day a book was left at my house in which I read of a case like mine having been cured by Mother Seigel's Syrup. My nerves were steadier and the pain at my heart less severe. I continued to take it and gained strength every day. For I could eat well and was free from pain. Soon I was able to go about as usual. 'Since that time if anything ails me a few doses sets me right. In February, 1891, my little girl, Eva, had an attack of measles, followed by inflammation of the lungs and we feared we should lose her. She was at death's door. Two doctors attended her, but she got no better. I then gave her Mother Seigel's Syrup, and she was soon as strong and well as ever. I firmly believe that but for this remedy she would now be in her grave. You can publish this statement as you like, and refer anyone to me. (Signed) (Mrs.) Jane Davis, 23, Keene Street, High Street, Lewes, January 21st, 1897.'

Now let us try to get to the bottom of those mysterious and frightful sinking spells. Bad and dangerous as they are, the explanation is simple. Her blood was full of poison from the rotting food in her stomach, for her real and only disease was dyspepsia. Some of these paralyzing and deadly things have weakened the nerves which move the lungs and heart, thus causing those spells in which life's brief candle flickered to extinction. The reason why they came on near morning was that the body is always weakest and lowest at that hour. And they are—remember now!—only one of the many forms wherein dyspepsia produces local ailments and threatens life. It is ever a thief, a deceiver, a poisoner, a murderer.

Be on the look out against it as against an enemy who has sworn to slay you on sight, and use Mother Seigel's Syrup the day you notice anything wrong with the digestion. BAFLED THE DOCTORS. But a Power to Resist the Healing Tide—South American Kidney Cure Never Fails. 'For over fifty years I was racked by severe kidney troubles. For weeks at a time I was unable to go about, so severe were the pains in my side. All remedies failed me, and my care bled the physicians. I was induced to try South American Kidney Cure. It worked like magic, and in a very short while the pains left me, my strength returned, and I am well.' Mrs. V. Matthews, Greywood, N. S.

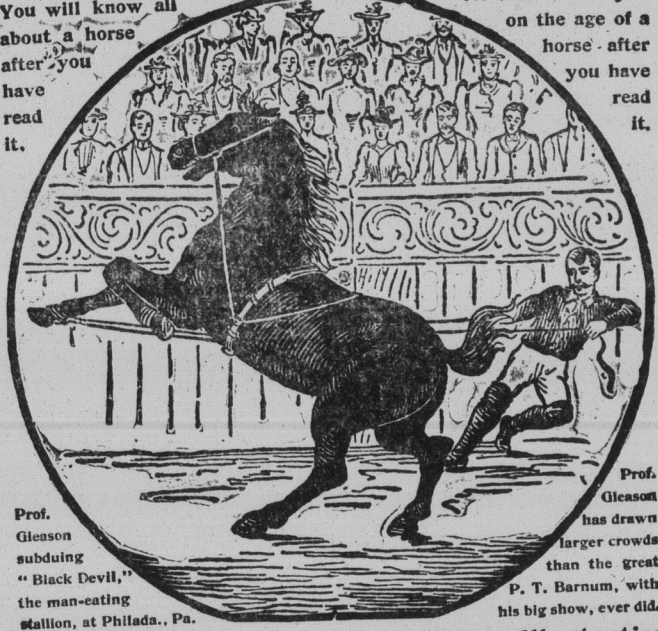


CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. SICK HEADACHE. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Small Pills. Small Dose. Small Price. Substitution the fraud of the day. See you get Carter's, Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

MONSIEUR. PURITY, FLAVOR, CONVENIENCE AND ECONOMY ARE COMBINED IN MONSIEUR Indo-Ceylon Tea. Selected from the best gardens in the World, packed in lead and the weight is guaranteed, 25, 30, 40, 50, and 60 cts. per lb. Black and mixed. Try it.

FREE GLEASON'S HORSE BOOK FREE

The Only Complete Authorized Work By America's KING OF HORSE TRAINERS, PROFESSOR OSCAR R. GLEASON. Renowned throughout America and recognized by the United States Government as the most expert and successful horseman of the age, The Whole Work, comprising History, Breeding, Training, Breaking, Buying, Feeding, Grooming, Shoeing, Doctoring, Telling Age, and General Care of the Horse.



173 Striking Illustrations! Produced under the direction of the U. S. Government Veterinary Surgeon. In this book Prof. Gleason has given to the world for the first time his most wonderful methods of training and treating horses. 10,000 SOLD AT \$3.00 EACH. But we have arranged to supply a limited number of copies to our subscribers ABSOLUTELY FREE. First come, First served.

OUR Offer. Regardless of the fact that thousands upon thousands of these books have been sold at \$3.00 each, we have by a lucky hit arranged to send you a limited period a copy free, post paid, together with The Progress for one year, on receipt of \$2.00 the regular price, subscription rate. Old subscribers can also receive a copy of the book by sending \$2.00 and have their subscription advanced one year.

DR. HARVEY'S Southern RED PINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS. PRICE 25c. per Bottle. THE HARVEY MEDICINE CO., MONTREAL. Dr. Harvey's Southern RED PINE THE COUGH CURE Good for Children and Adults.