

The Back-Settler's Story.

Marcus Laban and I came out here together in '50. We were both young then, and neither of us afraid of work. We prospered after a spell, and married our nearest neighbors' daughters, Arian and Dorcas. Arian had the prettier face, but Dorcas was the best natured. And the latter was my own dear wife!

I think we were happier then than we have ever been since. Sorrow? We didn't know the meaning of it! And everything went well until the summer of '54. My trouble began with a quarrel; and it was with Marcus Laban, about a bit of land to which we both laid claim.

"Let him have it," said Dorcas, the family peacemaker.

"But I wouldn't, because we had a wee son and heir of our own."

"It would be robbing the boy, Dorcas," I argued; "we mustn't do that."

"But it's such a little spot of ground it isn't matter much."

"It will be valuable in time," I went on, grimly enough. "Marcus must give up all claim to it. It never belonged to him, anyhow."

"But he and Arian think differently."

"No doubt. They have everything to gain by it."

"But it is making hard feelings," sighed loving Dorcas. "Arian will hardly speak, and brother Marcus drives by now without stopping."

"Let them go!" I cried, savagely. "We must look out for our own, and we don't need their company."

And for the time being that ended the matter.

But, somehow, everything got to going wrong. I missed Marcus Laban's kindly help and counsel, but would not admit it. And Dorcas pined for the companionship of her only sister. To top all, the season's crops were small. And there we were, with a long, cold winter behind us, and but little to tide it over.

"We might all live together till spring," suggested Dorcas, eagerly. "The same fire would do for us all, and I'm almost sure Marcus and Arian would accept."

"They can't come, and that settles it!" I answered, sternly. "Laban can look out for himself!"

"But little Noel loves them so!" sighed Dorcas. "Only yesterday I saw him tossing kisses into the air, to 'send uncle and auntie. The poor baby misses them awfully."

"Fudge! He is much too young to know of care. No, no; the Labans will stay where they are."

"Oh, Stine!"

It was the first word of reproach I had ever heard from Dorcas lips, and it cut deep. But I pretended not to see the tears on her pretty long lashes, and nothing more was said.

Winter soon began in earnest. By husbanding everything in store, we found that we could hold out until spring.

But I wonder how it is with Marcus and Arian? commented Dorcas. "Stine, Stine, I can't get them out of my mind!"

"Nonsense," I cried sharply. "Stop thinking about them."

"But Arian is my own dear sister."

"Well, supposing she is. Her husband is a mean, grasping fellow, and—"

"Stine, my husband, let them come and stay with us for the balance of the winter. I have a letter from them both. They will soon be starving!"

"Stuff!" I grunted. "Let me hear no more about the Labans!"

But God, in his good providence, brought them to us yet that very month.

Dorcas and our Noel were both taken down with fever, and I watched beside them, sick at heart. I wondered if they were going to die!

"Go for Arian and Marcus," said my poor wife, before the delirium came.

But I would not, could not! Why, I had misused them for months, and all because of a strip of ground worth less than \$10.

Several days more went by, in sadness and anxiety. Dorcas and the boy were both growing worse, and at last, I fell on my knees by their bed. "O Lord," I cried, "send Marcus and Arian to help us!"

And that very morning, in answer to my pitiful prayer, they came marching into our doorway, and both his face and Arian's looked pale and pinched. I opened the door before they knocked, in a shamefaced way, but Marcus caught my hand in a warm brotherly grasp. "We didn't know till an hour ago that your wife and baby were sick," he said, simply. "We came as soon as we could, but the road was long and rough, without young Trotaway. And Arian isn't at her best."

I looked at her then, my wife's only sister. How her beauty was fading. It was almost as if she had been hand in hand with me, while I had withstood what we had to spare.

She put out her thin little hands, and I touched them reverently. "God bless you, Arian and Marcus, too," I cried, brokenly. "I don't deserve this, but I prayed that you might come to our assistance. We are in dire straits, but with God's help, and yours, we will pull through. Don't go in to Dorcas yet. She wouldn't know you if you did. We'll have breakfast first. Nursing requires strength, and—"

"We have eaten nothing since yesterday morning," interrupted Marcus. "I didn't mind for myself, but I did for Arian. Ah, Stine, I've been thinking hard things of you."

"And I of you," I confessed in turn. "But we'll bury the past together and look forward to a happier future."

"Granted," said Marcus, heartily.

Then, after breakfast, we went into Dorcas and little Noel. The boy knew Arian at once. "Three me, auntie," he cried. "Noel is no tired. Let me no sleep in your lap. Papa wouldn't let Noel go to Auntie. Now Auntie's come to Noel. Good auntie."

Tenderly she caught my boy to her loving breast, while she rained kisses upon his fever-burnt cheeks. And for days and days the good little woman faithfully nursed both him and me.

But our little Noel was destined to leave us. He was out of his mind the most of the time, with only a few moments of consciousness at the end.

"Papa," he asked, "are auntie and uncle here to stay?"

"Yes, child," I answered, with a lump in my throat.

"And you won't send them away?"

"No, my boy."

He laid his cheek to mine confidingly, and papa will be good to everybody. Noel is tied, papa. Now sing 'Happy Land.'"

My heart was breaking, and I could not. But Arian did, and little Noel died in her arms.

Then did I learn the full meaning of that awful word, sorrow!

Dorcas recovered soon after, and together we went to Noel's grave. It was made in the very strip of land I had coveted for aim, and which rightfully belonged to Marcus Laban.

"The boy's death was one of God's judgments," I acknowledged, humbly. "I was growing hard and unfeeling—"

"Nay, nay," interrupted Dorcas. "Remember the sweet Bible words, 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.'"

"But I was cruel to Marcus and Arian," I went on, unheeding. "They might have stayed if the fever had not visited us."

And Dorcas' tears were streaming upon the little now-made grave. "We can never repay them, Stine. I owe my life to Arian's sisterly care. And Noel loved them both."

"They shall stay with us till better times," I promised her then and there.

And stay they did, till the blue birds came again.

Dorcas and I are now old and lonely, for so other child came in Noel's place. Marcus Laban has become a rich man. He has one son, also named Noel, who is just what our own boy would have been. But the latter did not live his short life in vain.

SOCIAL PROGRESS.

HOW LONG?

So long as the members of churches leave their property for saloon purposes, so long as the names of Christians are attached to saloon licenses, so long as men vote to protect the business by law, so long will there be found men who will sell it.—[Zion's Watchman.]

THE TAX ON WHISKY.

The bigger the tax, the bigger the bribe to the Government. The bigger the tax, the bigger the profit to "the trade." The bigger the tax, the poorer the stuff that the drinker consumes. But what does it all matter? It is the drunkard's poor wife and children who suffer, and who, added to the moral portion of the community, pay the bills.—[Western Tribune.]

UNION FOR ONE OBJECT.

A joint committee consisting of representatives of several ministerial bodies have held several meetings at the Methodist Church Extension rooms in Philadelphia. Dr. H. L. Weyland was president, and W. Swindells, D.D., secretary. The object of the committee is to secure a closer alliance of all good citizens, without respect to parties or sects, for the overthrow of the saloon on a basis of union as follows: Object, the expiration of the saloon. 1. The strict enforcement of the prohibitory measures of existing laws. 2. The early enactment of more stringent suppressive laws. 3. Final adoption of constitutional prohibition for State and nation.

STARTLING STATISTICS.

The 35th report of the Reformatory and Refuge Union states that in Great Britain and Ireland 145,000 persons are every year committed to prison as drunkards, of whom 112,000 are men and the rest women.

An English paper, from statistics taken from the press of the United Kingdom, reports the records of murders of women by inebriated husbands since Jan. 1, 1889, to Jan. 1, 1891, to be 3,004.

In a late debate in the German Reichstag it was stated that there are at present 11,000 persons in hospitals and insane asylums who are suffering from delirium tremens.

The police report states that the licensed houses in London, Eng., number 14,085, giving out to every 413 of the population. Of the 30,000 criminals in German prisons 14,000 were arrested for crimes committed under the influence of intoxicating drinks.—[New York Medical Times, January.]

"CURSES, CORRUPTS AND KILLS."

The saloon does not give its patrons any equivalent for the money it receives. It thrives, therefore, by fraud. It takes the hard earnings of the day laborers and gives them in return, to the corrupt and the kills. Its business is fraud and robbery with an element of murder in it. The liquor traffic is a system of counterfeiting, giving poison for food. Every seller of strong drink obtains money under false pretenses, gets something for worse than nothing.

The State ought to prohibit this criminal traffic for the same reason that it prohibits fraud and murder. It is not a valid argument against such prohibitory laws to say that men will evade them, that "prohibition will not prohibit." Gamblers and counterfeiters did murderers evade the law. "Thou shalt not kill" is a prohibition that has never perfectly prohibited. Therefore, according to the saloon logic, the Ten Commandments ought to be abolished.—[Cumberland Presbyterian.]

RESULTS OF NO-LICENSE.

The Congregationalist publishes an interesting article by Rev. D. N. Beach on the recent victory for temperance in Cambridge, Mass., from which we copy as follows: "Let me say that the law is not perfectly enforced, but that it is enforced to a very large extent. The last two classes which have graduated at Harvard have not seen a liquor saloon in the city since university city. Some laxness of law enforcement which has latterly crept in is almost certain to disappear now. These certain results, speaking briefly and summarily of no-license in Cambridge may be enumerated: 1. Considerable decrease of arrests and very much better public order. 2. A greatly improved condition of the poorer classes and much greater thrift. 3. Far better work on an average in all our industries by reason of much less drinking by workmen. 4. Much more respect for the city, one desirable inhabitant coming in, buildings going up much more rapidly. 5. Phenomenal increase in savings banks deposits, particularly from small depositors, and phenomenal increase in the number of them. 6. Increase in the rate of increase, enough by this time to yield the city in taxes more than it would receive from all the liquor licenses it could grant at \$1,000 each. 7. A striking growth of public spirit, and the unity of purpose amongst its people, irrespective of class, creed or politics."

NOTES.

For never a truth has been destroyed: They may curse it and call it crime, Pervert and betray or slander and slay Its teachers for a time;

But the sunshine age shall light the sky As round and round we run, And the truth shall ever come uppermost And justice shall be done.

No one who is not a total abstainer can become a local preacher or class leader in the Kaffir churches.

A woman exclaimed, when her husband had signed the pledge, "God bless thee, Sam, and now let the devil drink his own broth."

Judging from the fact that Iceland, with 70,000 population, has but two policemen and two lawyers, it must be a sober country.

"Whisky is your greatest enemy," said a pastor to an intemperate man. "Well, doesn't the Bible tell us to love our enemies?" "Yes," said the pastor, gravely, "but it doesn't tell us to swallow them."

Among the pains and aches cured with marvelous rapidity with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, is ear ache. The young are especially subject to it, and the desirability of this Oil as a family remedy is enhanced by the fact that it is admirably adapted not only to the above ailment, but also to the hurts, disorders of the bowels, and affections of the throat, in which the young are especially subject.

Travers (sighing)—"I must get me a new overcoat." Miss Summit—"Why, that one looks as good as new. Have you had it long?" Travers—"Well, I should say so. Why, I just paid for it."

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A LINCOLN COUNTY MIRACLE.

The Terrible Experience of a Well-to-Do Farmer.

Mr. Ezra Merritt Suffers Untold Agony—Told by a Physician that Only Death Could End His Sufferings—How He Secured His Release From Pain—Anxious that Others Should Benefit by His Experience.

(Grimby Independent.)

How often we hear the expression "Hills are green far as the eye can see," as a term of disparagement. But it is with many of our readers when they hear of anything occurring at a distance from home bordering on the wonderful. They may place little confidence in it, and even if they do believe it, allow the matter to pass from their minds without leaving any permanent impression. Not so with local affairs. When anything startling occurs in our midst, affecting people whom we all know well, everyone is interested, and all are anxious and even eager for the most minute details. For some months past there have been published in the columns of the Independent from time to time, accounts of remarkable cures made by that now justly famous medicine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Possibly some of our readers have looked upon some of these accounts as describing cures highly improbable, if not impossible. And yet this should not be, for the cures were all wrought out by respectable newspapers, who could have no object in stating other than the facts, and who would be discredited by their own readers were they to do so. However, seeing I believe, and Mr. Ezra Merritt, of South Grimsby, stands forth to day as living testimony to the wonderful curative powers of this not at all over-estimated medicine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Having heard that a most remarkable cure had been effected in the case of Mr. Merritt, the editor of the Independent, with that desire possessed by most newspaper men for verifying things coming under their notice, resolved to investigate the case and satisfy himself as to the truth of the story. Some days ago he drove over to Smithville, and on one called upon Mr. D. W. Eastman, druggist, a straightforward business man whose word is as good as his bond, with all who know him. Mr. Eastman stated that he knew of the case of Mr. Merritt, and considered it a most remarkable one. Mr. Palmer Merritt had come to him one day and asked him if he could give him anything that would help his brother, Ezra Merritt, who was suffering untold agony with pains in all his joints, his back and his head. Mr. Merritt stated that his brother had tried everything, and could find nothing to help him and that the doctors could give him no ease. One doctor positively told him that there was no help for him, and that death only could set him free from his agony. Mr. Merritt further told Mr. Eastman that his brother wished to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and asked him if he thought it would be any use. Mr. Eastman advised him to try them, as wonderful cures had been worked by their use. Mr. Merritt acted on his advice and continued the use of Pink Pills until he is now a well man and sound as ever.

When he drove over to see Mr. Merritt, and found that gentleman sound and hearty, looking over his cattle in his farmyard. Mr. Ezra Merritt is a well-to-do farmer owning two fine farms about three and one-half miles west of Smithville, in the township of South Grimsby. When the newspaper man told the object of his visit Mr. Merritt expressed his willingness to give him the fullest particulars of his case, and we cannot do better than give it in his own words: "The first time I was troubled," said Mr. Merritt, "was on July 1, 1890. We commenced having on that day and I felt sore and stiff in all my joints. I now believe the trouble originated through my washing some sheep in cold water the preceding April, when I went into the water and stayed so long that when I came out my body was numb, but I did not feel any bad results until July, as I have said. I gradually grew worse until I could scarcely do anything. I kept on trying to work but it was a terrible struggle, and the way I suffered was something I can never describe. Every joint in my body ached and intensely painful. As time passed on I gradually grew worse, the pains went into my back, and at times my agony was almost unbearable. I had tried all home-made remedies, but without avail. I then consulted a doctor, but his medicine had no effect. At the time of the Smithville Fair a doctor was over here from the States and I consulted him. He said my case was hopeless, and I need not expect anything but death to release me from my pain. Every joint in my body ached and my body never left me, and at last I grew so bad that when I would lie on my back I could not get up to save my life without assistance. Although I had not lost my appetite I became weak, so bad that though I could walk around I could not stoop to lift a pound. I became so weak in this way that I got discouraged and lost all hope of ever getting better. It was about this time that I heard of the wonderful cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and Mr. Eastman, of Smithville, advised that they be given a trial. My brother got me a box and I took them, but felt no good results. I took still another box and still no perceptible benefit, and I felt so weak and discouraged that I decided not to take any more. At this time a lady from Hamilton came to visit at our place and she strongly advised me to continue using the Pink Pills. She had known Mr. Marshall at that city and knew that his case was bona fide. I thought it useless to continue my suffering back to reality, and strength and gladness." Mr. Merritt further said that he had no fear of a hard day's work, and has not had the slightest return of the pains or the stiffness in the joints.

Returning to Smithville the editor again called upon Mr. Eastman and was informed by that gentleman that his sales of Pink Pills were something enormous. Mr. Merritt's cure having something to do with the increase in sales lately. There are other cases also in this vicinity little less than marvelous, of which we may speak later on. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood purifier and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous

prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, influenza and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as eczema, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give the system glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry and over-work or excess of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, nor in any form except in packages bearing the company's trade mark, and any dealer who offers substitutes in any other form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these Pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

He Did Not Call.

The man who tried Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and was sure of the \$500 reward offered by the proprietors for an incurable case, never called for his money. Why not? O, because he got cured! He was sure of two things: (1) That his catarrh could not be cured. (2) That he would have that \$500. He is now sure of one thing, and that is, that his catarrh is gone completely. So he is out \$500, of course. The makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy have faith in their ability to cure the worst cases of nasal catarrh, no matter of how long standing, and attest their faith by their standing reward of \$500, offered for many years past, for an incurable case of this loathsome and dangerous disease. The remedy is sold by druggists, at only 50 cents. Mild, soothing, cleansing, deodorizing, antiseptic and healing.

Clemency.

"Didn't Mooney serve two terms in Congress?" "No, my recollection is that he served one, and was just about to serve another when his constituents pardoned him out."

"August Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been afflicted with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure." G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N. J.

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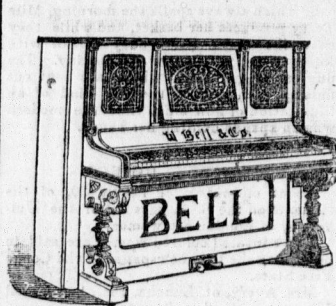
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