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DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Strengthen the Kidneys and Bladder, then all trouble

Mr. John Carson, employed at M. S. Bradt & Co.'s store, Ham-

M. S. Bradt & Co. s store, framiliton, Ont., savs:
"My little boy seven years of age has been troubled with his kidneys since birth and could not hold his water. We spent hundreds of dollars doctoring and tried many cliferent remedies, but free more store of the st

## A Woman's Crime.

5**€**03**99**6**€**93030**309**500**0** 

A THRILLING STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE. 

By LAWRENCE M. LYNCH. Author of "John Arthur's Ward," "The Diamond Coterie," "Against Odds," Etc., Etc. 

moments, and then took up the paper again.

This time he ran his eye over the column of the "wanted." Through all the long list of male wants, his eye travelled, and then he commenced a perusal of the column headed, "Wanted, Female Help." In a moment his eyes fell upon these words:

WANTED. A FEMALE DETECTIVE.

One there aghly acquainted with the city, and who is not connected with any agency. Address, V., Tribune office.

"So," laughed the detective. "Is this the long-locked-for? If Mr. Bradwardine warts a female detective he is sharper than the common run of swell foreigners. Well, of course, some one will apply." And whistling softly, he resumed the task of brushing his halr.

CHAPTER VIII.

A CLEVER REPORTER, AND A VEILED FEMALE.

Dr. Rice came forth from the questionable house in which lay the wounded woman, who had become an object of interest to Neil Bathurst. As he came briskly down the steps, a young man, faultessly atried, and wearing immaculate mutton-chop whiskers, approached him.

vearing immaculate mutton-endy visiskers, approached him.

"Good morning, sir," said this per-ionage, "I presume I am speaking to Doctor, Rice.?"

Good morning, sir," said this personage, "I presume I am speaking to Doctor Rice?"

"You are," replied the little doctor, somewhat stifily.

"Pardon my presumption," said the mutton-chop young man, as he adjusted a pair of gold-bowed spectacles. "I am a newspaper man, and as such, know, by sight at least, a great many of our prominent professional men. This is how I recognized you."

"Ah!" replied the doctor, in a mollified tone, "happy to meet you, sir. Can I serve you in any way?"

"Frankly, sir, you can," replied the young man, in a manner so charmingly respectful that it went straight to the doctor's heart. "In my capacity of reporter, I would like a statement of the case which you have just left—the woman who was stabbed last evening. I knew that from you I would hear nothing save the truth, while the inmates of the house would give a garbled account, if they did not indulge in absolute fiction. Can you spare me a few moments?"

The doctor consulted his timekeeper gravely, and then replied,

"I can give you or ten fireen minutes. Yes."

"Then may I ask you to step into the nearest restaurant? We can get a glass of wine and a cigar, and talk at

"Then may I ask you to step into the nearest restaurant? We can get a glass of wine and a cigar, and talk at ease"

"Certainly," replied the doctor, with beaming countenance; "certainly, sir."

The "nearest restaurant" was just around the corner, and in a few moments the two were seated cosliy at a little table, with a bottle of wine between them, and cigars ready to hand. After listening to a somewhat tedious statement of the events of the previous evening, the reporter asked, as he made a little entry in his notebook:—

"And—how do you find the injured wdman this morning?"

"Better? much better."

"There is no clue to her identity, you say, or to the cause of the assault?"

"Nothing definite. The woman who keeps the house says that she believes a girl, who left last night very soon after the stabbing affair took place, could have given some information, as she was in the room next to the one where the thing happened. She also says, that she believes the man who was the first on the scene, the one who rushed in and broke open the door, you remember, is at the bottom of the mystery concerning the sudden departure of the girl. For her going was a surprise to all in the house."

"Ah, indeed! then the affair remains a mystery?" said the reporter. "Doctor, let me fill your glass."

The doctor allowed his glass to be refilled, with the unconscious air of a Betsey Prig, as he replied:—

"Not quite. My patient was able to talk some this morning: was quite excited, in fact; I judged it better to lether talk a very little, as there was evidently something on her mind. From a few disjointed assertions, and by asking questions, which she could answer in monosyllables, or by a feeble gesture, we gathered something of her meaning. It seems there was a strife about a pocketbook containing some papers. She signified that the pocketbook was thrown down on the floor near the bed; was lying there when the man struck her, and she fell. She wanted it, but it was not to be found. She does not think the man took it; and one of the w

of a purse which contains considerable money. I think we will take her to the Sisters hospital, and the money as well as the woman will be in good bands."

bands."
"True, quite true," shutting up and pecketing the notebook as if the business portion of, the interview was at an end. "Doctor, I owe you a thousand thanks. Permit me to refill your glass."

The doctor permitted him, and short-ly the two men separated with many

expressions of politeness and a friendly

snake of the hand.

"That's a fire young fellow," mused the doctor, as he watched the spectacled young reporter pass' swiftly down the street. "But—why, bless me, if I ever thought to ask his name, or the name of his paper."

That afternoon a boy rang the bell of the house where the wounded woman lay, and asked for Mrs. O'Grady. That good woman appearing speedily, the boy put a note in her hand, and wred away. Opening the envelope,

crisp ten-dollar bill, and a scrap of paper upon which was scrawled:

"To Mrs. O'Grady, for her care of the lady who was stabbed."

"Humph," muttered the woman, 'I suppose it is from the sandy-haired man what made off with the wallet. Well, this is clever of him, anyhow."

And pocketing the money she went back to her charge.

At dusk of that same day, Rob Jocelyn, still in his disreputable disguise, was lounging within sight of the genteel private boardng-house which he had ascertained to be the temporary home of the man he had been shadowing for two days. It had not taken the jovial expert long to decide upon the room which was occupied by his quarry, and his eyes were now directed toward the window of the room.

"He is lighting up and closing up things," he muttered. "Acts as if he intended to stay indoors to-night."

As he thus mused, a female form came down the street on the opposite side, and, pausing for a moment, as if peering through the dusk to ascertain if she had found the right number, passed up the steps and rang the bell. As the door opened and the gaslight from the hall it up the form in the doorway, Jocelyn observed that the visitor was tall, and dressed entirely in black. In another moment the door had closed upon the dark-robed figure, and the detective again turned his eyes toward that upper window. Suddenly he gave a violent start, and exxelaimed, under his breath:

"Ah, ha! there she is, in the man's very room, as I live! You should look very room as I live! You should look very room as I live! You should look very room as I live!

window. Suddenly he gave a violent start, and exxclaimed, under his breath:

"Ah, ha! there she is, in the man's very room, as I live! You should look to your blfnds, good sir. Ah! he is closing them. All right; Mr. Jocelyn, here you stay until that tall lady comes out again, if you have to give Morpheus the go-by until two in the morning." And lighting a cigar he moved carelessly up the street for the space of a few yards, when he again halted.

For more than an hour he stood at his post, and then his vigilance was rewarded. The vestibule door swung open, and the dark-robed lady came forth and moved away in the direction whence she came. Swiftly and noise-lessly Rob Jocelyn crossed the street, and was soon close in the wake of the veiled woman. For some distance she held a straight course, and then she abruptly turned a corner, looking back quickly as she did so. Several blocks more were passed, and suddenly the pace of the woman became slower.

"Hang me!" muttered Jocelyn, who scmetimes indulged in slang; "I verity believe my lady is 'fiy' enough to suspect my racket. Lord! there she bobs around another corner!"

And around the corner dived Rob Jocelyn in pursuit. On and on went the veiled woman, and on Bridgeport!"

But she did not go to Bridgeport. As she neared a corner she quickened her pace almost to a run, and disappeared from view.

Strikling into a dog-trot. Rob rounded the corner in hot pursuit, when to

Striking into a dog-trot, Rob rounded the corner in hot pursuit, when to his astonishment, he ran almost into the arms of the lately flying fair one, who now stood composedly under the

the arms of the lately flying fair one, who now stood composedly under the glare of the gaslight, streaming from a huge double lamp.

"Sir," said she, putting out a hand as he paused before her, "you have been following me—why?"

"True, madame," answered the ready-witted but perfidious Rob, "I have followed you, but it was out of admiration."

"You flatter me, sir," replied the veiled damsel; "how can you admire one whose face you have never seen?"

"Ah, madame! But your step is grace itself; and now, your voice—ah, what music!"

grace itself, and how, what music!"

"Ah, sir!"—her voice broke suddenly, and her form seemed shaken with emotion. She reeled as if about to

ly, and her form seeined shaken with emotion. She recied as if about to fall.

Instantly the ready arm of the gallant Rob was extended, and the recing form was encircled.

Then his ear was smitten by a peal of laughter from an unmistakeable tenor throat, and, as the hand of the fair ignis fature tore away the filmy. fair ignis fatuus tore away the filmy veil, the voice of Neil Bathurst cried in his ear—
"Sold! old man—sold!"

CHAPTER IX. MR. AND MRS. ROBBINS.

For a moment Rob Jocelyn stood staring, transfixed with astonishment. Then, as the laugh of Neil Bathurst rang out afresh, his countenance suddenly relaxed, and his own voice was lifted in an uproarious burst of merri-

ment.
"Stop, for the Lord's sake, man,"
cried Neil, suddenly recovering his
gravity; "stop, or we will have all the
cops in the neighbourhood down on us."
"Powers allive!" panted Rob, strug-"Powers alive!" panted Rob, struggling to suidue his merriment, "how you have sold me! Where on earth did you get that trick of the voice, Nei!?"
"Let's move on, and I'll tell you," said Bathurst, taking his friend's arm, and facing him about. "There, now, we look quite proper, and I don't feel so much like a forlorn female. Where did I learn to talk like a woman? Well, Rob, I found that I could 'make myself up,' as theatrical people say, into a very respectable woman, therefore I put myself in the hands of a first-class ventriloquist, and I have found my accomplishment a most valuable one."

one." We'l, you do make a fine figure of a woman," admitted Rob, with a critical glance. "A little too tall to suit my taste, but then—How did you strike the fancy of your fellow up on the ave-

nue?"
"Pretty well, I should think," replied
Neil, carelessly. "Where do we go,
Rob? I have ied you the deuce of a

Rob? I have led you the deuce of a dance."

"I should think so," grumbled Jocelyn. "My feet are about worn out. I have been on the go almost since yesterday morning. Can't you stand that toggery until morning. Neil?"

"If necessary, yes."

"Well, it is necessary. We can't get a hack in this God-forsaken quarter, and I can't go back to town in an old car. I'm all ready to fail to pieces now. Let's finish the night together—take up our quarters in the nearest hotel, and have a chance for a long chat. You can be my wife, or my grandmother, whichever you please."

"I have nothing especial on hand, and am willing to be your grandmother or anybody for the sake of a comfortable talk with you. There is a little hotel half a block away; come along, and don't forget that I am a lady."

Wichin fifteen minutes thereafter the two detectives were comfortably established in a shabby genteel suite of rooms belonging to a third-rate hotel, and the ink was not yet dry where the dirty register bore in sprawling characters the names, "Mr. and Mrs. Robbins."

If one would have peered into the room occupied by the two "Robbinses," they might have beheld the rather unusual spectacle lady lounging in one chair, with her feet upon a second, and puffing out clouds of smoke from a strong, black cigar, while her companion, stratched full length unen a sofa near stratched full length unen a sofa near

her feet upon a second, and puffing out clouds of smoke from a strong, black eigar, while her companion, stretched full length upon a sofa near by, contemplated the performance with perfect satisfaction.

"I say, Mrs. Robbins," queried this latter individual, when, a little later, they sat at supper, which had been served in their rooms, "where did you get the sorrel wig?"

"Sorrel!" sniffed the aggrieved one, scornfully, "It's bionde, you great llockhead, strawberry blonde. I'm shocked at your ignorance."

"Oh! is it," quoth Rob, meekly. "Looks sort of reddish to me, but I won't contradict a lady."

"Well, Rob," said the bewigged Bathurst, resuming his natural tone,—"let's send away the supper things, and get down to business; I have got some queer things for your ears."

"Clear away it is then. Just pull that cracked bell. Oh, I forgot; I'll do it my'seil."

When at last the supper was cleared

that cracked bell. Oh, I forgot; I'll do it myseif."

When at last the supper was cleared away, and the two friends had lighted fresh cigars, Jocelyn said:—

"How is it that I find you in this toggery, and running down my quarry, old fellow. Did you ever see him before I piped him yesterday?"

"Never," replied the "old fellow," composedly.

Jocelyn gave a long whistle, and then relapsed into silence and smoke.

Jocelyn gave a long whistle, and then relapsed into silence and smoke. Several moments were passed thus, and then removing the cigar from between his lips, Neil Bathurst said:—"I'll tell you how I came to call upon our swell friend to-night, Rob; buffrst, I want you to give me an account of your business with him yesterday."

count of your business with him yesterday."

"That won't take long," replied Jocelyn, drawing up his chair. "I can't make the fellow out. From State street he went directly to the Clark street gambling house."

"The gambling house! Which one?"

"Well, you know I am not quite up to the names of things here yet. It was on the corner of—"

"Oh! you mean Mike's?"

"Mike's; yes, I remember the name now. Why it must be the old Mike—"

"Mike McDonald, of course; he ran several smaller places when we were here together."

several smaller places when we were here together."

"Well, no matter,—he, my man, went there, and I was not far behind. He began to play, but was betting light. Pretty soon I worked myself into a game with him. After a little he became more interested in the play. He had been staking some loose money that he had pulled, all in a crumple, from his trousers' pockets. He seemed to have exhausted that resource, and reached for a wallet from his inner breast pocket. All at once he started and exclaimed:—

reached for a wallet from his inner breast pocket. All at once he started and exclaimed:

"'D— me—I've been robbed!'

"Lost your pocketbook, stranger,' I asked, thinking it was a dodge.

"'No, he said, looking black as a thunder-cloud, and slapping down a well-filled purse on the table beween us. 'Worse than that' Well, he ransacked his pockets, muttering curses all the while, muttering them so low, and between his teeth, I could not catch the form of the words more than to know that he was consigning some person or thing to a very warm place. He paid no attention to anything that was said by the men around him, and I knew that he was to much upset to play any more, so I thought it best to leave ahead of him. In the rummage for the lost article, whatever it was, he dropped his handkerchief on the floor. I could not pick it up without being seen by the others around the table; so as soon as the eyes of the owner were turned away I pocketed it coolly under, their very noses. Then I gave them a wink and ordered drinks for the crowd. After which I left as soon as I could."

"Well; and then?"

"Then I had to hang out about ten.

After which I left as soon as I could."
"Well; and then?"
"Then I had to hang out about ten
minutes before my man came down.
When he did come he walked straight
into the nearest saloon, ordered a
schooner of beer or ale, and sat there
for nearly an hour without so much
as changing his position. I tell you,
he looked black. Finally he gave
himself a sort of a shake, and ordered
some more ale. This he drank and
then marched straight to the Tribune
office."

office."
"Exactly."
"As he had seen me, I did not, of carrier, follow him inside the building, but I lounged near enough to see that he wrote an 'ad.' and handed it in at the clerk's window. After that he walked over to Wabash avenue, halled a car, and went south. I jorged after the clerk's window. After that he walked over to Wabash avenue, halled a car, and went south. I jogged after until the thing stopped to take up some more passengers. and then I hung on the tail end, and escorted my ran to his boarding-house. I walted about until I heard a supper bell ring, and then, as I knew he would be engaged for a few minutes at least, I made off and snatched a hasty meal at the nearest restaurant. I had not been back at my post five minutes when he sallied out and then began a chase. From seven o'clock until one we went from theatre to theatre, from restaurant to restaurant, stopping in each place just long enough to overlock the guests, and then on to the rext. I observed that he visited no places that were not patronized by ledies—and, of course, it did not take me long to figure out the fact that he was looking for some one, and that some one was a woman."

"Did he find her?"

"Not he. He went home at one o'clock, and walked the floor for a full hour, without taking the trouble to close the blinds."

"And to-day?"

"And to-day?"

"And to-day?"

"And to-day?"

"To-day he kept tolerably cool. He went to the Tribune office and got a letter or two, which he answered then and there, and mailed at the post-office. After this he wandered about Icoking in at shop windows and eyeing all the women. After dinner, he stalked about the streets in much the seme way, and then went home, took bis supper—I suppose—and waited for you. That's all; now give us your stry?"

"Held on a bit, let's look at that hendlearchief" said held; you have it

stry."
"Hold on a bit, let's look at that handkerchief," said Neil; "you have it with you, of course;"
"Of course," producing it from an on course," producing it from an ener pocket, and putting it into Neil's and.

He unfolded it slowly. It was of silk oft and white; instantly the quick eye He unfolded it slowly. It was of silk, soft and white; instantly the quick eye of the young detective discovered a bit of fine embroidery in one corner. It was a name embroidered with woman's hair; a name, and after it an initial. Looking close at it Neil Bathurst rend "Jason B." Then he bent toward his companion BUSINESS WAS BUSINESS.

How a Paymester In Our Navy Took Fall Out of the Bank of England.

The late Paymaster Clark of the United States navy, of Delaware, was attached to one of the ships on the European station during the period of the sivil war. It may have been the Kearsarge, but it is not important. She was an armed vessel and had been long at sea and came in for coal, provisions and to give the men a liberty day on shore. To meet these and other extended. day on shore. To meet these and other ex penses it was necessary to have some £8,000 (men are paid in the currency of the country they may be in when on foreign stations) and Paymaster Clark drew sight drafts on the subtreasury of New York through the government agents, J. S. Morgan & Co., bankers, in old Broad street, London. Accompanied by the vice consul, he went to the Plymouth branch of the Bank of England and presenting of the Bank of England, and, presenting his drafts, asked to have them changed for notes and gold. The bank manager, not content with exercising proper commer-cial scrutiny, was very nasty and finally

I do not know the paper nor you, and I have never had business with the gentle-man who is United States vice consul han who is United States vice consultance, so I won't cash your drafts. You say J. S. Morgan will indorse them. You had better go up to London and let him cash them."

Mr. Clark went out to the telegraph.

Mr. Clark went out to the telegraph office, put himself in communication with Mr. Morgan, and Mr. Morgan went te the Bank of England in London, the manager sent word to the Plymouth branch manager and that gentleman came personthe Bank of England in London, the manager sent word to the Plymouth branch manager and that gentleman came personally to the Royal hotel and with his hat in hand begged to be of service to Paymaster Clark in any way that gentleman would suggest. The apparently placated paymaster, accompanied by his clerk, accompanied the bank officer to the bank. The drafts were duly passed over and a large bundle of Bank of England notes placed before the paymaster.

"What are these?" said Clark.

"Those are Bank of England notes."

"Yes, I see they are notes signed by Frederick May that the bank will pay bearer, etc. Well, I do not know Mr. May, and of course I do not know you. This paper may be good, but I have no assurance of that. I'll trouble you for the gold."

The humilisted bank manager had to

The humiliated bank manager had to The numiliated bank manager had to hunt it up, and Paymaster Clark carried it down to the boat in triumph. "I would have preferred part of the money in notes," he said, "but I couldn't refuse the chance of getting even."—Philadelphia Times.

English Farmers Fifty Years Ago.

English Farmers Fifty Years Ago.
Gigs would be got ready soon after the early dinner, arrival being timed for 3 or 4 o'clock. The gentlemen would take a farming survey, the ladies chat over needlework, at 5 o'clock tea, if tea it could be called, awaiting hosts and guests. The first course of this elaborate regale consisted of home cured ham, that incomparable Suffolk ham pickled in spice, and harvest beer—harvest beer, itself clear as sherry and twice as strong—was drunk with this dish. Next came the strongest of tea and the richest of cream with rusks, also a Suffolk specialty, and cakes equally of tea and the richest of cream with rusks, also a Suffolk specialty, and cakes equally unrivaled. The tea things removed, how water and spirit decanter would be brought out, pipes smoked, thereby apparently digestion being restored. Seldom did any one seem the worse for such prolonged eating and drinking.—''Reminiscences of Bentham Edwards.''

TWO SHARK STORIES.

With Man Eating Monsters.

"One of the most horrible predicaments a diver was ever placed in," said Mr. Sully, the famous Newport diver, "must have been that of one of whom I once heard who had to investigate a wreck that had carried to the bottom with her a number of cattle. When he blew off the hatches, the bodies floated up, and with a rush a school of hungry sharks attacked them. They were all around the diver, fighting and struggling, and he was in mortal terror lest his air pipe should be bitten in two in the midst of the fearful struggle that was going on. At length, unable to bear the suspense any longer, he signaled to be drawn up, notwithstanding that he would have to pass through the thick of the fierce monsters: In his passage to the have to pass through the thick of the fierce monsters: In his passage to the surface he brushed close past the sharks, and one of them made a vicious grab at him. It missed his arm, but caught his fingers, and his hand was badly mangled. Perhaps, however, he was glad to get off as cheaply as he did.

"An American diver once told me a blood curding story of a fight with a

"An American diver once told me a blood curdling story of a fight with a shark waged by a man named Hallett. The latter, it is said, was working in one of the old fashioned bells, and while he was being lowered one day he saw below him a black object. In a second or two he rec-ognized that it was a shark, and, to his horror, the bell trapped the monster, so that man and shark were rubbing against

each other in the closest possible proximity. The shark grew alarmed, and in swinging victously around knocked Hallett from his seat. The diver had in his hand a small sharp saw, and, fearing that the shark would make short work of him, he seized one of its fins and plunged his saw deep into its holy. leep into its body.

"Then a terrible struggle began. In the

Then a terrible struggle began. In the confined space the shark could not get at the diver without shaking off the hold that the latter had got, and the latter, seeing that his only hope was to retain his hold, clung on desperately, all the time driving his saw time after time into the body of the maddened sea tiger. Hallett had contrived to make a signal, and just had contrived to make a signal, and just had contrived to make a signal, and just as his senses were leaving him he felt himself rising. When the bell was dragged out of the water, man and shark rolled out in a blood stained heap, but the man had conquered. When he came to his senses, he found that a torn and wounded hand was all the injury he had received in the awful encounter, but the shark was dead."—Chums -Chums.

A Startling Signal.

When Bismarck was Prussian delegate to the federal diet at Frankfort, he took apartments in the house of a patrician who held the Prussians in great repugnance, and when Bismarck applied to him to have a bell fixed up in his servant's room, he answered that if Bismarck wanted a hell he must get it fixed himself. room, he answered that if Bismarck wanted a bell he must get it fixed himself. A few days later a loud report of firearms was heard to proceed from the delegate's room. The landlord rushed up to his lodger's apartments, and, bursting into Bismarck's study, found him seated at his desk before a great pile of documents calmly smoking his pipe. There was a pistol lying on the table, still smoking at the harrel "For the love of heaven, what has hap-

"For the love of heaven, what has hap-pened?" asked the faightened landlord.
"Nothing, nothing," answered Bis-marck quietly. "Don't disturb yourself. I was only alling my servant. It is a very harmless signal, to which you will have to accustom yourself, for no doubt I shall want oftentimes to use it again."
The ball was fixed up next day.

## SKIN-DEEP BEAUTY!



some does," is the old theoretical adage, but after all it's the skin-deep beauty that's attractive. It would take a big lot of handsome doing to compensate for a skin that is diseased and whose appearance is distasteful to all who see it, and the torment of the patient whose daily burden it is to bear it about. Dr. AGNEW'S OINTMENT is a wonderful cure for all sorts of Skin Diseases-itching, burning, stinging sensations which are accompaniments-tetter, worm, eczema, itch, ulcers, erysipelas, liver spots, and all eruptions of the skin-one application allays the irritation. sults in a speedy cure. For blind, bleeding, itching, and ulcerating piles it's a magical

" Handsome is that hand-

balm; one application gives comfort and relief in an instant, and in from three to five nights the trouble disappears. Price, 35 cts.

A London lady had eczema for years so badly, her face and neck were so disfigured she badly, her face and neck were so disfigured she went into a life of seclusion, and the stinging pain of it was so intense that, to use her own words, she "went next thing to mad." She tried many ointements, salves and washes—was treated by specialists on skin diseases without getting any lasting benefit. She bought a box of Dr. Ackew's Ointment—one application gave her comfort, and to-day, after using three boxes her skin is as clear and pink as a baby's.

A Toronto gentleman, living on Dovercourt Road, spent a small fortune in treatments and remedies for piles in their very worst form, was treated by electricity with temporary relief only, and had decided to go on the operating table and have a surgical operation performed, but was recommended to try Dr. Aonew's Olsymens—he did so. The first application of it relieved the intense distress—he persisted in its use and suffering.

Relieves emotions of the surgice of the

skin is as clear and pink as a baby's.

DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART—Relieves smothering, palpitation and fluttering. A regular life saver in cases of organic heart troubles.

DR. AGNEW'S CATARRHAL POWDER—Relieves cold in the head in 10 minutes. Cures hay fever and catarth.

DR. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS—Regulate the bowels. Tone the system. Never gripe. Pleasant little doses. 40 in a vial; 20 cts.

SOLD IN AYLMER BY J. E. RICHARDS AND E. A. CAUGUELL.



The B

It was the fi had ever won, good deal of was to be spe consolation

tournament, a two new brig "Ted," she dropping off would be best Best for w "Best way o

of mauvy pink "Mauvy pin mauvy pink." silence of the disturbed by wife's knitting a great fancy stockings; she ones are much those bought the ones she ! seem to affect in her mind. thoughts the I had made at her knitting

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new sunshade wear at May's which yet. dine dish isn't it was valued i guineas. Neit you see." I had laid as my mind as m ent. so this wa 'It was the fi

worth May mee "I know, darl of it, a feather pink, if it is on is much more do with a silve have a feather You can ma icalous on Sun wife fell to kr

with which she my stockings; t on which she d a border of n bloom, but one is that she seen the things that and she does h ring my disples things I dislike at nights, but off and was de shot, I had got had cost my pa exclaimed, sudasleep ?"

asleep?"
I grunted "No "The worst feather boas diver puff-box we could leave it to fine mother's "Of her moth tation prize." I steep I had pronext morning choose a mauvy was raining net to take a cab. shillings. My exquisite boa, couldn't help no was to her. It home I also not still on it; it v half guineas. I awfully cheap could not expect for a whole fea for a whole fee remarked, it we and a half guir she hadn't won i so becoming to ter drop, but the continued in s box arrived toras a prize to be cottage flower: ample of cottag "How proud i said my wife, sardine box!"

"Yes," I repli like sardines?"

We had some next evening, an

next evening, an much by admiri she had put on won at the auto won at the autuanswered as panswered as panswered proud those with the booby golf tour. I looked up in "O, Ted, dear, I didn't spend t and these two sten shillings." lious duck, and her how clever the shades for eto spend, but with she said it for nicer to buy so

Some nights I my second pip-peace of mind by That's up now 'O, Ted, doar,

other prize." astonished

"You want to dear." I said.
"O. fed. I onl duckle chiffon s so much on Sund avest it for me,