

Woman is as old as she Looks

It is not age but disease, weakness and ill-health that makes woman look old, careworn and wrinkled. You cannot look your best unless you feel well, strong, and vigorous, with pure rich blood and steady nerves. Dr. Cassel's Nerve Food makes good looks because it makes good health, restores the healthful glow to the complexion, rounds out the form and gives elasticity to every motion of the body.

"Say, pa, what was the Appian Way?" "Why, it was—er—just a way the Appians had, I suppose."

Children Cry for CASTORIA

Miss French left here for Jerico on Saturday to spend her holidays.

Miss Nellie McKenzis a former teacher of this place, who has made her home in Roseland, B. C., for the last four years, returned to her home in St. Thomas lately, and spent a few days this week here, visiting friends and relatives.

Mr. G. Procuier returned from Guelph on Saturday, for his Xmas holidays.

Miss Chamberlain, choir leader of Maple Grove, was presented with a purse, by the congregation, at their Xmas entertainment. Miss E. Doan organist of Richmond, was also presented with a purse.

On The Four-Square Plan.

The four-square plan means that all customers, regardless of rank or station, receive the same careful attention and treatment at our store. We are as particular with the child who is sent to purchase some small article as we are with the experienced adult.

SURE AND UNFAILING.

Under all circumstances of sickness and disease Paine's Celery Compound is safe, sure and unfailing. It cleanses and purifies the blood, braces the nerves, corrects digestion, and builds up those who are weak and run down. If you are nervous or sleepless, try one bottle; the results will surprise you. Our stock of Paine's Celery Compound is always fresh and pure. E. A. Caughell, druggist, Aylmer Ont.

MOUNT SALEM.

Mrs. J. Cohoon was at Copenhagen last Sunday reviewing the Sabbath school and Mr. R. H. Lindsay is expected to review the school in this place next Sabbath.

Mr. William Rockey is busily engaged cutting logs, which he purchased of Mr. D. Cameron. He intends putting up a new saw mill in the spring.

A lumber from here attended the Xmas tree entertainment at Fairview, on Saturday evening last.

The entertainment in this place was well attended. Proceeds \$34.40

Miss Empey is spending her holidays at her home in Culloden.

A very pretty wedding was celebrated at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. Garner on Wednesday evening Dec. 18th, when his eldest daughter, Flossie O. was united in wedlock to Eugene Bowen, a prosperous farmer of Malahide. The ceremony was performed by Rev. J. M. Millyard in the presence of about forty invited guests. The bride was becomingly attired in white organdie, and was attended by her sister, Miss Cora, who also wore white, while Mr. Widner, of Lyons, performed like services for the groom. The presents were many and costly. After partaking of a sumptuous repast, the couple left for Buffalo and Niagara to spend a couple of weeks. Mr. and Mrs. Bowen's many friends join in wishing them a happy and prosperous wedded life.

To Cure A Cold In One Day

Take Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box.

Mike—"Why do thin fall-e-yes be made of glass now?" Pat—"Shure, an' how else could they see throo 'em, ye thickhead?"

Elegant New Sleeping Cars Between Toronto and Montreal.

The Grand Trunk have recently arranged with the Pullman Co., to place in service on their express trains running between Montreal and Toronto, three elegant new sleeping cars. Each of these cars contain twelve sections and drawing room. The interior decorations are considered by experienced travellers the most artistic in use. The cars have to be seen in order to realize the high perfection the art of car building has attained.

Children Cry for CASTORIA.

Neva's Three Lovers

BY MRS. HARRIET LEWIS.

Author of "Lady Kildare," "Beryl's Husband," "The Old Life's Shadows," Etc., Etc.

A long fide followed over rough pavements, past dingy rows of shops and houses, past small villas in small gardens, looking like toy establishments, and through a more sparsely settled region. Lally overcame with fatigue, dozed most of the time, and was rudely awakened from her slumbers by the stopping of the omnibus and the rough voice of the driver bidding her alight.

She got out, feeling quite dazed, and saw that the omnibus had stopped at the end of its route, and that the horses were already unhitched and being led into the stable. She crept away, not knowing where to go, not even knowing where she was.

Flooding on wearily, now and then clinging to some way-side fence or wall for a moment's rest, she came out upon a wide, deserted heath, open to whoever might choose to come upon it. This was Hampstead Heath. She walked out upon the turf for some distance, and lay down in the centre of a furze patch, thinking she was going to die. The skies were dark above her, and all around her the black gloom brooded, covering her from the sight of any tramp who might be taking their sleep that summer night on that same broad common.

And here Lally slept the sleep of utter weariness. She awakened at the dawn of the new day, and started up, with a wild look around her.

There were donkeys of diminutive breed grazing around her, a few straggle-legged industrious people, men, women, boys and girls, digging up groundsel, chickweed and other green weeds, to sell in the great city for the sustenance of birds.

Lally wonderingly surveyed this species of industry of which she had not previously suspected the existence, and then hastily took her departure, not even tempted to prolong her stay by the offer of some bread and cheese from an old, black-eyed chimney-sweep, who had evidently also slept upon the heath.

All thoughts of self-destruction had gone from her mind, and the question as to her future course now presented itself. The school with which she had formerly been connected as music teacher was broken up, and among the few people she had known there was one only to whom she was tempted to go in her distress. That one was an old, consumptive woman, who had been "wardrobe mistress" at the seminary during Lally's stay there—that is, the old woman had mended and darned the garments of the pupils, and had supported herself on her meagre pay. She lived at Notting Hill, the neighborhood, and Lally knew her address. The old woman had been kind to her, and Lally resolved to seek her.

She walked a portion of the distance, and availed herself of the aid of omnibuses when she could. Yet the morning was well on when she girl climbed the rickety stairs to the garret of her old friend, and timidly knocked for admittance.

The old woman was at home, busy with her needle, and gave Lally admittance. More—when she heard her pitiful story—she gave the girl sympathy and the tenderest kindness. She was very near her grave, and very poor, but she offered Lally a share of her home, and the girl gratefully accepted it. Here she ate breakfast. During the day her old friend borrowed a copy of the morning paper, as was her daily habit, and Lally read in it the account of the suicide on Waterloo Bridge, her name being given—to her utter amazement—as that of the self-murderer.

Having a conviction that Rufus would see the same notice, as indeed he had done, she visited the coroner's office with a yearning to see her young husband as he should bend over the poor mutilated body believing it to be her own, and to relieve his anguish and remorse. But Rufus came not, and the suicide was buried in a pauper's grave.

Lally went back to the garret at Notting Hill, with a strange gloom on her face, and shared the labors of the old seamstress, gradually assuming the entire support of her friend, as the old woman's strength failed. She did all the sewing her friend—who was now wardrobe mistress at a boys' school—had engaged to do, and nursed her with a daughter's tenderness, actually starving herself to nurse her only friend, watching by day and night at her side, denying herself food, clothes, and needed rest, to take care of the one who had befriended her; but with all her care and kindness the old woman faded day by day, and early in September died, invoking with her last breath blessings on Lally's name.

The few sticks of furniture were sold to give the old woman a decent burial. Lally was out of money—out of everything. The superintendent of the boys' school refused to allow her to continue the duties she had performed in the old woman's name, alleging that she was too young. And as a last blow she was turned out of her lodgings because of her inability to pay the rent.

At this crisis of her history, when as it seemed only death presented an open door to her, she resolved to go to Wyndham and look once

more on her newborn son. To think, with our desperate Lally, was to act. She set out to walk to Wyndham, working in the hope-fields for sustenance as she went. Thus she did three full days of work before she arrived near her destination, and she had crept into the way-side thicket to rest before continuing her journey to Wyndham, when she chanced to overhear the conversation between Neva Wynde and Rufus Black.

Her despair, as she listened to the words of her young husband in declaring his love for Neva, she dared not say, while I am only the poor outcast Rufus made of me! Oh, Rufus, Rufus!

She waited aloud, but she had learned to bear her griefs in silence, and presently she struggled to her feet and walked in the direction in which his marriage and her lover had gone—the same way by which Lally had recently come.

There was no need for her to go to Wyndham now. Her presence there, or her appearance to Rufus, might embarrass his relations to his new love, and possibly interfere with his marriage. He thought her dead, and had not even come forward to claim the body he supposed to be hers. Ah, yes, she had never been his wife, and she was forgotten. She would never cross his path again.

She staggered wearily along the path, with the twilight deepening around her, and with a deeper twilight settling down upon her heart and brain. She passed the Hawkhurst park, the picturesque stone lodge guarding the great bronze gates, and here she paused. The lodge was closed, and a faint light streamed out through the dotted white curtains. Lally crept close to the great gates formed of bronze spears tipped with gilt, like the gates of the Tuileries gardens at Paris, and pressing her face against the cool rods, looked up the avenue.

At the distance of half a mile or more, the great gray stone mansion sat throned upon a broad ledge of land, and lights flared from wide uncurtained windows far upon the terrace, and the glass dome of flowers was an alight, and the stately old house looked to the homeless wanderer down by the gates like Paradise.

Her eager eyes searched the terrace, and then, inch by inch, the great tree-arched avenue.

Midway up the avenue, walking slowly, as lovers walk, she saw her young husband and Neva Wynde. With great jealous eyes she watched their progress through the shadows, and when they paused in the stream of light upon the terrace, and Rufus Black bent low toward the heiress, a great flame leaped into poor Lally's sombre eyes, and she caught her breath sharply.

The heiress and her suitor stood for some moments upon the terrace, unconscious of the eyes upon them. Rufus declined to go into the house that evening, alleging his agitation as an excuse. Neva took her small parcel which he had carried, and he seized her hand, uttering passionate words of love and begging her to look favorably upon his suit. Then not waiting for an answer, he pressed her hand to his lips, and dashed down the avenue toward the gates, while Neva entered the house.

And all this the jealous, disowned wife saw, with her face growing death-like, and the flame burning yet more brightly in her sombre eyes.

"She has accepted him," she muttered. "She will not take the week to consider his suit. They are betrothed. I was sure she lived here. Perhaps she owns the place, and he will be its master. They will both be rich and happy and beloved, while I—Ah, how swiftly he comes! He walked like that the night I accepted him. But I am not his wife; I never was, even when I thought myself so. He must not see me. No word shall flow from the past must darken his happy life—his and hers. It is all over—all over—and I shall never see his face again!"

With one last, long lingering look, and a sob that came from her very soul, she turned and sped down the road like a mad creature—away from Wyndham, and Rufus and all her hopes—going, ah, where?

And Rufus, with his new love-dream glowing in his soul, came out from the Hawkhurst grounds, and hurried toward his inn, never dreaming how near he had been to his lost wife, nor how surely he had lost her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Upon his return to the Wyndham inn, Rufus Black found his father

Dyspepsia

From foreign journals I am learning that the most common cause of the disease is a dyspeptic state of mind, and that it is not an organ.

No disease makes life more miserable. Its sufferers certainly do not live to eat; they sometimes wonder if they should eat at all.

W. A. Wood, Belleville, Ont., was greatly troubled with it for years; and Peter E. Gaure, Eau Claire, Wis., who was so afflicted with it that he was nervous, sleepless, and actually sick most of the time, obtained no relief from medicines as others have been, by

Hood's Sarsaparilla according to their own statement voluntarily made. This great medicine strengthens the stomach, and the whole digestive system. Be sure to get Hood's.

awaiting him in their private parlor. The elder Black arched his brows inquiringly as his son came in, and Rufus bowed to him gravely, as he said:

"Well, father, you ought to be pleased with me now. I have offered myself to Miss Wynde."

"Craven Black started. "She has accepted you?" he demanded. "Not yet. She wants to think the matter over, and I have consented to let the thing rest where it is for a week. I take it as a good sign that it did not refuse me at once. Her hesitation implies a regard for me."

"Or a sense of duty toward some one else," muttered Craven Black. "Curse that letter! If I had seen the girl, I would never have written it."

"What is it you say, father? I did not catch your words?" "They were not meant for your ears. So, Miss Wynde demands a week in which to consider your offer. It would be proper for you to refrain from going to Hawkhurst to-morrow. I'll explain to her that you remained away from motives of delicacy."

"Which I shall not do," said Rufus doggedly. "I shall go to Hawkhurst to-morrow evening. I will not leave the field clear to Lord Towyn. He's an earl, rich, handsome, and intellectual, the very man to capture a girl's heart, and if I know myself, I am not going to give him a clear field. Why, he loves her better than I do even, and I can only come out ahead of him by dint of sheer persistence. It's a mystery without question."

Rufus was not satisfied, but concluded to act upon his advice.

Last of a Noted Brotherhood.

Concord, Mass., Dec. 24.—William Elliot, the last of the noted brotherhood, including also Thoreau, Hawthorne and Emerson, which made Concord famous, died yesterday. He was born in Boston Nov. 29, 1818.

Compulsory Vaccination.

Montreal, Dec. 24.—A by-law was introduced into the Council yesterday making vaccination compulsory. Of course it will have to be ratified by the Legislature.

Gov. \$4,000 Bail.

London, Dec. 24.—Miss Kilbourne has been released from jail on \$4,000 bail. She will be tried in the spring.

Sir Joseph Gilbert Dean.

London, Dec. 24.—Sir Joseph Henry Gilbert is dead. He was well-known as a chemist and former professor of Rural Economy in the University of Oxford, and he made a lengthy visit to Canada and the United States in 1882 and 1884, to study the conditions of agriculture. He was born in 1817.

Aged Official Dead.

Ottawa, Dec. 24.—Capt. Jovite de Boucherville, aged 76, died here yesterday morning. He was a cousin of Senator de Boucherville, and a son of Lieut.-Col. Thomas Vercheres de Boucherville. For many years he was employed in the public service.

No Gas Is Exported.

Toronto, Dec. 24.—In a report to the Attorney-General's Department, Police Magistrate Bartlett of Windsor, says he has inspected the pipes and finds that no natural gas is being exported to the United States.

For Mayor of Brockville.

Brockville, Dec. 24.—John H. Fulford has announced himself in the field as a candidate for Mayor of this town.

Young Men Should Not Shun Politics.

We shall have reason to hail it as a wholesome sign of the times when American youth cease to be indifferent to politics. A country in which any man, however obscure his origin, may, through determination to overcome obstacles and the strength of character, arrive at the highest distinctions in the gift of the republic, ought to stimulate young men to splendid endeavor and rich achievement. One regrets to observe an aversion on the part of many men to study political economy and a singular lack of responsibility in wielding that power of the public, which is so tremendous a force in our national life.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Wishes to See an American Representative at the Vatican.

London, Dec. 24.—The Pall Mall Gazette yesterday published the following despatch from Rome: "The Vatican is becoming decidedly more hopeful that the United States will yield to the Pope's great desire and appoint a diplomatic representative to the Vatican. So anxious is the Pope for the success of his project that he would be satisfied at present with a semi-official representative, in the hope that he would eventually be turned into a minister or ambassador."

The Pontiff's Rebuke. Rome, Dec. 24.—The Pope this morning received the Cardinals, who offered him their Christmas greetings. The Pontiff made a lengthy address, during which he condemned the excessive liberty of thought indulged in at the present time. He sharply criticized Socialist agitation for divorce and the hostility between different sections of the church, and urged a union of the Christian churches.

The Church, said the Pope during the course of his remarks, is now confronted by difficulties similar to those of earlier times. There were attempts everywhere to make the masses enemies of the church. The religious orders were subjected to all kinds of vexations, proscriptions and laws were being passed in open defiance of God's eternal laws.

In his reference to Socialism, the Pontiff said the only means of successfully combatting it was for Catholics to hearken to and obey the instructions of the church.

"All well—all happy—lots of fun". That is the regular report from the monkey cage of Barnum's Circus ever since the keepers began dosing the monkeys with Scott's Emulsion. Consumption was carrying off two thirds of them every year and the circus had to buy new ones.

One day a keeper accidentally broke a bottle of Scott's Emulsion near the monkey cage and the monkeys eagerly lapped it up from the floor. This suggested the idea that it might do them good. Since then the monkeys have received regular doses and the keepers report very few deaths from consumption. Of course it's cheaper to buy Scott's Emulsion than new monkeys—and that suits the circus men.

Consumption in monkeys and in man is the same disease. If you have it or are threatened with it can you take the hint?

This picture represents the Trade Mark of Scott's Emulsion and is on the wrapper of every bottle. Send for free sample. SCOTT & BOWNE, TORONTO & CANADA 50c and \$1. all druggists.

"The D.D.F. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil" (Trade Mark) For Lung Troubles, Severe Coughs, Colds, Emaciation, &c., &c.

Few systems can assimilate pure Oil, but as combined in "The D.D.F." it is pleasant and digestible. Will build you up! Will add solid pounds of flesh! Will bring you back to health. 50c. and \$1.00 bottles. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited.

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UK. A. W. CHASES 25c. GAYLARD'S GUMS 25c.

"Judge of nothing at first sight." A shoe may look well, and fit badly—may fit well and wear badly. The shoe with a five year record, and the Makers' price stamped on sole is a sure thing, even if bought in the dark. "The Slater Shoe" "Goodyear Welled"

Charlotte & Caron, sole local agents.

The Student

At this Business College is surrounded by every incentive and assistance to good work. That is the reason our students learn so rapidly and also the reason our students are in constant demand. Book-keeping, Stenography, Typewriting, Penmanship, and Business Practice.

Forest City Business College, Y. M. C. A. Building, London, Ont. J. W. WESTERVELT, Principal.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—50 acres of good sandy land, being a part of lot 28 in the first concession of the Township of Yorkville, with a three mile of spurs, good school on the farm, is offered cheap or will take a small property in the Town of Aylmer at part payment. Apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

OFFICE OF A. A. Leslie Treasurer of the Township of Malahide. Notary Public, Conveyancer, Assignee, Etc.

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES. General Fire Insurance Agent. PRIVATE FUNDS TO LOAN.

FOR SALE—100 acres of choice land, being the N. H. of lot 35, in the 4th con. of Malahide, two good sets of iron buildings, soil, clay loam and sandy loam, well tilled and fairly well fenced on a good gravel road, convenient to church, school and Post Office, will divide the farm in three parts if desired, and sell either fifty acres or one hundred acres; or the whole lot. Here is a snap for someone. For further particulars, apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

FOR SALE—Mr. W. Cunn has decided to sell his beautiful home on Ryndham Street, also the good modern cottage on the north side of South Street. He has placed the two properties in G. O. LEARN'S hands to sell. Any person wanting a nice home with every convenience had better see the Real Estate Broker with G. O. LEARN, as there is a bargain for someone.

We Are After Business So don't lose your eyesight looking for anything better than you can get from us in fine tailoring. Our stock is large and strictly up-to-date. We have the very latest fashions, and can satisfy the most fastidious dresser in

Style, Fit and Price Our cutter is an honor graduate of the John J. Mitchell School, of New York City, and we employ none but experienced hands. If you are not one of our regular customers, give us a trial order and be convinced.

S. T. LOGAN, Merchant Tailor T. BURWELL, ONT.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—50 acres of land, being parts of lots 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. The land is well tilled and fairly well fenced on a good gravel road, convenient to church, school and Post Office, will divide the farm in three parts if desired, and sell either fifty acres or one hundred acres; or the whole lot. Here is a snap for someone. For further particulars, apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

FOR SALE—A fruit farm of 10 acres with a brick cottage nearly new, good cellar, small bank barn situated three quarters of a mile south of Orwell, there is about two acres of small fruit now in full bearing, and a very patch put out last year, this property is offered cheap. Apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

Winter Term Opens Monday, January 6th. Central Business College STRATFORD, ONT.

We have recently received eight applications from other business colleges who wish to get our graduates as teachers, but we have not one to send. Our graduates are chosen by business firms and business colleges as fast as we can turn them out. Write for catalogue.

W. J. ELLIOTT, Principal.

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FOR SALE—50 acres of good sandy land, with comfortable farm buildings, near a Village of Copenhagen, being part of lot 9, the 2nd Concession of Malahide. For further particulars apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—One of the best farms in South Dorchester, being the south half of lot 15, in the 4th con. of Malahide. It is offered very cheap and on easy terms. C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

FOR SALE—140 acres of good land, Fair farm buildings, about 30 acres of timber, mostly pine, located near an incorporated village. It is offered very cheap and on easy terms. C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

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