



Washington Star.

PEACE: "YOU ARE CLOSER TO ME THAN YOU THINK."

The One Cure for Catarrh Japanese Catarrh Cure

Just reason it out for yourself. You can't cure Catarrh of the nose by taking medicine that goes into the stomach. Japanese Catarrh Cure goes up the nostrils. It is a powerful antiseptic, aromatic and pleasant. When the pus is in the nose, every breath you take carries the healing, soothing medication to every part of the diseased membrane. Now, isn't that the logical treatment? And Japanese Catarrh Cure proves the logic by never failing to cure catarrh, even in its worst form.

"I was troubled with catarrh for years. My head ached, my nose was stopped up; there was a constant dripping in my throat. I was forever sneezing and spitting. I used every thing—powders, washes, etc., but Japanese Catarrh Cure is the only remedy that ever gave me more than temporary relief, and has absolutely cured me."—R. D. ATKINSON, Advocate, Haver, N. S.

It is without an equal, and stands to-day as the only cure for Catarrh in Canada. At all drug stores.

USE **FERROVIM** TRADE MARK

A Splendid Tonic

Builds up the System

Strengthens the Muscles

Gives New Life

Sold by all medicine dealers.

Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd., Montreal.

The Apple.

From the most remote periods the apple has been the subject of praise among writers and poets. The allegorical tree of knowledge grew apples, and the fruit of the orchards of Hesperus, guarded by the sleepless dragon, which it was one of the triumphs of Hercules to slay, were also apples. Among the heathen gods of the north there were apples fabled to possess the power of conferring immortality, which were carefully watched over by the goddess Iduna, and kept for the especial dessert of the gods who felt themselves growing old.

As the mistletoe grew chiefly on the apple and the oak, the former tree was looked upon with reverence by the Druids, and even to this day in some parts of England the custom of saluting the apple tree in the hope of good crops lingers among farmers. Among the heathen gods of the north there were apples fabled to possess the power of conferring immortality, which were carefully watched over by the goddess Iduna, and kept for the especial dessert of the gods who felt themselves growing old.

No better proof of the perfect adaptation of our soil and climate to this tree can be desired than the seemingly spontaneous production of such varieties as the Baldwin, the Spitzenberg, and the Greening—all fruits of delicate flavor and great beauty of appearance. No fruit is more universally liked than the apple. It is exceedingly wholesome, and medicinal use is considered cooling and laxative, and useful in all inflammatory diseases. As the earliest sorts ripen in the month of June, and the latest can be preserved until that season, it may be considered as a fruit in perfection the whole year.

Try Gin Pills at our expense

We want every man and woman in Canada who suffers from Kidney and Bladder Troubles, to write us for a free sample of Gin Pills. We want everyone who has sick friends to send us their names and addresses, that we may mail them, free of charge, a sample box of Gin Pills.

100,000 Sample Boxes Given Away.

There are hundreds who are martyrs to Kidney Trouble, having tried everything else without relief. There are dozens in every town who may have Kidney Trouble without knowing it. If you are pale—losing flesh—can't sleep—no appetite—if you constantly desire to urinate—if the urine is scanty, burning or highly colored—if the feet and hands are swollen—if the eyesight is dimmed—if there are frequent pains in the back, through the hips and legs—then you have the most positive symptoms of Kidney Trouble.

These are the people, we hope, who will send in their names that Gin Pills may cure them.

What They Are

Each Gin Pill contains the medicinal properties of one and one-half ounces of best Holland Gin. The harmful substances and the alcohol are left out. These medicinal principles are combined with several other remedies of exceptional value—and the whole made up in the form of a small, pleasant pill. These are the famous Gin Pills, and have the largest sale—and the greatest number of cures to their credit—of any Kidney and Bladder remedy, ever introduced in Canada.

Won't you try Gin Pills at our expense? It costs nothing. Simply a post card. Ask us to send a sample box free—in what part you saw this advertisement—and sign your name and address. Do it to-day—NOW.

SOLE DRUG CO., Dept. 1

What They Do

Gin Pills cure "Cold on the Kidneys," Inflammation of the Kidneys, Uric Acid, causing Gout and Rheumatism, Ulceration and Inflammation of the Bladder, Painful and Suppressed Urine, constant desire to urinate, Gravel or Stone in the Bladder, and all ailments of the Urinary and Sick Kidneys and Bladder. They never fail to relieve the sharp, shooting pain, make urination easy, natural and regular, strengthen the organs and effect a speedy and permanent cure.

was going away again with that hurt tired look in his eyes. Could—could she not stop him?

"Must you really go?" she asked in a low, little voice. "Can't you even wait to see the bride come down?"

"The bride!" cried Robertson, "the bride!"

Then suddenly his face changed, and a new light leaped to his eyes. "What—what do you mean?" he demanded in a choked, strangled sort of tone. "Aren't you the bride?"

"I?" ejaculated Miss Nelson. "I?"

Robertson's excitement deepened. "But—but I saw you with him," he persisted, "and people said—"

Into the girl's look flashed a quick comprehension, and she could not resist what other emotion she could feel. "You—you thought that it was I for whom Henry cared," she gasped. "Oh, oh, you are mistaken. It is Mabel; it has always been Mabel. But—but she would not listen to him, and for ages I have been his helper and confidant. And so at last he won, she was down in a moment, if you will value my life."

Robertson's breath coming unceasingly, he went forward.

"It lies with you," he said, his voice shaking a little. "I shall stay!"

For a moment her eyes met his; then from the hall came the cry, "The bride! the bride!" Virginia turned and saw the bride's face.

Robertson's heart beating high, he rushed after her.

"God bless you, Waring," he called excitedly. "Good luck to you. Oh, I say, where's the rice?"

THE HOUSE ON THE HILL.

When Roland Bancroft bought the house on the hill he had no intention of driving the two women from their old home. With him it was simply a real estate transaction. The family had a granite quarry and deposits of gravel which the new railroad would need in its extension down the valley. If the money appeared as purchased the price would have been doubled. But the agents were kinder to Bancroft, when he said indifferently that he would buy a country home if he could find one cheap enough, and thus he secured a bargain. After the option was agreed upon, Bancroft, who had June Mountain, with the idea of making headquarters at the house on the hill while he was looking around.

It was in the quiet building, filling its summit like a great king on his throne. It dominated the whole beautiful scene, and its very solitude seemed magnetic. Bancroft was a man of few words, but he could not help feeling a real thrill of admiration when he saw the house. The old-fashioned, two-story house, with its old furniture, felt into them—as he gazed around and let the curious old knock or fall.

A young woman opened the door. She was tall and blonde, blue-eyed and calm, smiling and fine. Her white dress gleamed with snow-white hair. To Bancroft, who knew little about such things, she was very beautiful. He was thinking of it as he walked in, without really knowing what he was going to say to the young woman. Then he lost himself again as he stared open-mouthed at the splendid old furniture, the charm and nobility of everything, and saw a home, he who had been wandering most of his life, and he had found it. It was beautiful; it was beautiful; it was beautiful.

Soon the mother entered, a gracious, dignified lady with snow-white hair. Bancroft never knew exactly how he stumbled through the next few minutes. He was so dazzled by the beauty of the house, the charm and nobility of everything, and saw a home, he who had been wandering most of his life, and he had found it. It was beautiful; it was beautiful; it was beautiful.

Still striving to collect his wits, Robertson made a slow way to the dining-room. It was only what he had expected, he told himself. Why should he care? Yes, there was Waring, flushed and excited, and a great white cluster of lilacs of the valley in his button-hole. The room was filled with merry young people, laughing and chatting. But Robertson had eyes only for the slender, graceful girl who stood by Waring's side in a gray dress and big gray hat with soft feathers. As she saw him enter, the words died on her lips, she hesitated, colored then came gravely to meet him. How lovely, how sweet, how altogether desirable she looked!

"Is it really you?" asked the girl, a faint tinge of awkwardness in her manner. "How nice of you to come!"

"I must go," said Robertson, a trifle bitterly. "I must go and congratulate Waring."

She smiled. "Tell me first about yourself," she said gently. "You are really back then. And are you going to stay?"

"I start for Japan tomorrow morning," returned Robertson with surprising firmness considering the fact that the idea had but that moment entered his mind. "I am not going to stay."

"Then this visit is only to say goodbye?" asked the girl, bending her head to inhale the fragrance of the flowers she carried. "You—you did not honor us that far before your last departure?"

Robertson flushed again. "I am sorry," he said quietly, "but you were out. I saw you driving with Waring. Not surprising under the circumstances."

"Why—why, I fear that I come under false pretenses," he stammered. "I expected to find Mrs. Preston."

Virginia's mother smiled. "Then you are one block out of the way," she explained. "She is in Sixty-fifth street, and this is Sixty-eighth."

THE UNEXPECTED.

Robertson, absorbed in thought, forgot to tell the conductor what street he wished. It was only by chance, looking up, that the aving caught his eye and he tumbled hastily out of the car. It was showing hard, and Robertson, pulling his coat collar about his ears, mentally reviled himself for being such a fool as to be out. But on the last evening Mrs. Preston—there to meet her sister—made a point of his coming, so here he was. And perhaps he might learn something of Virginia. It was lighted. The house was brilliant with light. In all that time he had heard no word of the girl. He had little doubt of how matters stood, however. Last afternoon when he had gone to bid Virginia good-bye and had met her driving with Henry Waring; that last sight of them together had only confirmed the rumors which for some time had been flying about. They were probably married by now. This morning when he had walked past the house, which held such bitter-sweet memories, it bore a sign "to let."

Robertson sighed, then plunged up the steps. The house was brilliant with light. From the rear hall came the dreamy rhythmic strains of a Hungarian orchestra. Garlands of flowers hung over stairway and door. Robertson had not supposed it was to be a large tea.

On entering the drawing-room Robertson started violently. The room was nearly empty, the green bower in the window was deserted, but the hostess still stood by the door. It was Virginia's mother. Robertson, his head whirling in amazement, stared at her greeted him warmly.

"Why, Mr. Robertson, this is indeed a pleasure," she exclaimed. "When did you return and how did you know that we had moved?"

Robertson, too embarrassed to be truthful, stammered. "Why—why, I fear that I come under false pretenses," he stammered. "I expected to find Mrs. Preston."

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Cancer Cured

Constitutionally

In all cases of Cancer, there are certain blood conditions that must be altered to produce a cure. You can cut, burn or tear a Cancer away with plaster, but unless the blood conditions are right, the trouble will return. Our Vegetable Cancer Cure is a Constitutional Remedy, pleasant to take, but sure to correct blood conditions and effect a cure if taken in time. Send 6 cents for booklet "Cancer, its Cause and Cure." Mention this paper.

STOTT & JULY, BOWMANVILLE, ONT.

An armor-plated motor car, carrying a quick-firing field gun, is being constructed at the Daimler works in Wiener-Neustadt, Austria. It will be so arranged that it can be fired in all directions, even over the head of the driver.

whom Henry cared," she gasped. "Oh, oh, you are mistaken. It is Mabel; it has always been Mabel. But—but she would not listen to him, and for ages I have been his helper and confidant. And so at last he won, she was down in a moment, if you will value my life."

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"God bless you, Waring," he called excitedly. "Good luck to you. Oh, I say, where's the rice?"

"I thank you," he said, looking more than his words into her face. "I suppose you won't be in here any more, now that I'm getting well, but I want the pleasure of telling you how much I love you. I have loved you since your presence even in my unconsciousness."

Her lips trembled a little; she had nothing to reply.

"I tried to say," he went on, after a little pause, "that I had no idea of robbing you when I came here. I do not intend you shall be robbed. Just as soon as I am able I shall see that you get the full value of your property. Thank you."

He took her thin hand and pressed it gently. "You are very welcome," she said. "I hope you will soon be strong again."

But by bit he got the facts. The railroad could not wait on typhoid. Men were busy in the quarry and in the gravel beds. The Days had left three weeks before, and were boarding in the village. And Miss Day had come. He had been so delighted with Bancroft's plan, he had not thought of the old furniture for his own home.

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"What's all this?" he asked Bancroft. "You're going to stop the work? I can't have the quarry and gravel works stop. Not a stick of it," was the determined interruption.

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"Now," he said, "I shall get well, and after they had talked awhile he added: 'You will have to bear with me a little, but I promise you it will not be for long. He was true to his word, but he faced the parting with increasing solemnity. It had not entered his head that it would be the way he was feeling. He threatened to be impossible. Each day he would refuse to do more than to greater insistence, and so it came to pass that while he was sitting in a protected room, the big porch Mrs. Day and Miss Day stood before him.

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"Yes, I know," she replied. "But I told him you had changed your mind. It's not the way he was feeling. He threatened to be impossible. Each day he would refuse to do more than to greater insistence, and so it came to pass that while he was sitting in a protected room, the big porch Mrs. Day and Miss Day stood before him.

"Yes, I know," she replied. "But I told him you had changed your mind. It's not the way he was feeling. He threatened to be impossible. Each day he would refuse to do more than to greater insistence, and so it came to pass that while he was sitting in a protected room, the big porch Mrs. Day and Miss Day stood before him.

WHERE CAN I GET some of Hollaway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy, and wish some more of it for my friends. So writes Mr. W. M. Brown, Chicago.

The amount of money advanced to the House of Commons for the purchase of their lands under the various acts of Parliament passed since 1886 is, according to a parliamentary paper, \$128,866,015.

Charmed With It

A New Scale Williams Piano produces the usual result.

We hear constantly from pleased purchasers of the New Scale Williams Piano, enthusiastic in their praise of the instrument. The following letter from J. E. Aston, Manager of the Union Bank, Crysler, Ont., tells its own story.

"I have been charmed with the New Scale Williams Piano which arrived a short time ago. It is a most beautiful instrument and I have no hesitation in recommending the Piano to anyone."

Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year, I am, (signed)

J. E. J. ASTON.

The Williams Piano Company, Limited, agents, 171 Dundas street.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

The House You Live In

will want renovating as usual this season. CHURCH'S COLD WATER

ALABASTINE

on the walls will produce finer effects, and make you feel better satisfied with the work and with yourself than anything else that can be used.

ALABASTINE is a cement coating that hardens with age. Kalsomine preparations, under whatever name or claims, are only temporary, always rubbing and scaling off. Wallpaper, with its mouldy paste on the back, and arsenical poisonous coloring and finish on the face, impregnate the air of a room with disease germs. The walls of hospitals are never papered—the reason is obvious. Sanitariums endorse ALABASTINE. Hardware and Paint Dealers everywhere sell it.

Packages only. Our "Alabastine Decorators' Aid" sent free. The Alabastine Co. Limited, Paris, Ont.

Sunlight Soap

reduces wash day drudgery and increases your leisure time. It is an easy, quick-cleansing soap that makes your clothes pure and white without the least injury. Hard or soft water will do and you don't have to boil the clothes.

Buy Sunlight.

Your grocer is instructed to refund your money if you are not satisfied.

Lever Brothers Limited Toronto



TOMORROW'S SHADOW.

"You're going to let me write aren't you, Jocelyn?"

She wound the strings of her pink sunbonnet more tightly around her head and walked on some moments in silence before vouchsafing a reply.

"There's nothing to hinder you, I suppose?"

"But you'll answer, won't you, and tell me all about yourself? Cousins have rights, you know."

And take full advantage of them, too," she murmured, laughing.

"Come now, that's not fair; I have only two hours left and we must at least keep the peace."

They sat themselves at the foot of a giant oak, whose gnarled branches spread over the sparkling waters of a little brook as if protecting the tiny waves from the fierce heat of the summer sun. Kenneth thought of the dingy law office in the heated, toiling city and then of the little yellow figure in white muslin, beside him, and blessed the kind fates that had brought him to his quiet New England village to arrange business matters for his cousin, Jocelyn's invalid mother. This girl at his side was so different from the women he met at teas and receptions; she was so strong, so full of energy and yet so innocent and free from the deadening conventionalities of city life. He realized in a half-conscious way that she was entering the very heart of his thoughts, and when he left that afternoon deep down in his heart he registered a silent vow that he would come back to her.

And come again he did. At first he took refuge behind a flimsy excuse of business, until he joyfully whispered to himself that no excuse was needed. This weekly trip, the old station, the walk up the quiet village street with the cozy white house at the end and Jocelyn, his Jocelyn, waiting for him in the deep recess of the old window—all had become a part of his very existence.

As for Jocelyn, life was a deep joy to her just now. With the coming of the first summer flowers she had left behind her the crysis of childhood, and with the advent of her cousin had given into his keeping her newly-awakened heart and soul.

Oh, the joy of these days that followed. The days when together they wandered through the woods until each tree and shrub had become a familiar friend and each rock and corner was alive with the memories of happy days spent there. At last (and how well she remembered the day!) he came to her radiant with the news of a week's holiday. Hand in hand they strolled to the brook and under the same friendly oak trees they had dreamed of all that precious week held in store for them. Their hearts were light when he said goodbye. How he laughed as the gate clicked behind him and he tossed her a bunch of pansies with a merry, "For thought, Jocelyn, until tomorrow!"

"Until tomorrow!" Tomorrow is here, and before long he will be here," Jocelyn hummed to herself as she fastened the door. The nurse bent down and laid the pillars of the porch. "He said he would be late, and the moon is not yet risen," she murmured, as if apologizing to the trouble she had taken. Hannah, the cook, had been home, looking and bolting windows and doors. Her eyes were cast up at the darkness, and she made the rounds of the house, looking and bolting windows and doors. Her eyes were cast up at the darkness, and she made the rounds of the house, looking and bolting windows and doors. Her eyes were cast up at the darkness, and she made the rounds of the house, looking and bolting windows and doors.

"Clang! Clang! The policeman tore down the street, and left as the ambulance tore down the street."

"Case for the accident ward," said the driver, as a stretcher bearing its motionless, white burden was carried through the hospital doors.

A few minutes later the surgeon was bending over one of the many narrow cots in the ward and murmured, "A run-over, they tell me—the horses stopped on him. Poor fellow, end me come this way, and I'll look him through the night."

The nurse nodded sympathetically. "So—mother heart will be sore to-morrow," she whispered, tenderly brushing back the white locks of the still white brow. "He is not suffering now, doctor," she added, pointing to the calm, face-laced fellow. As the ambulance door was raised as if in greeting: "Jocelyn, my Jocelyn, I'm coming," he murmured, his eyes closed, and the white hand dropped, the eyelids closed, and Kenneth went to rest.

PAINFUL RHEUMATISM

This Trouble Is Caused by an Acid in the Blood, and Can Only Be Cured Through the Blood.

Rheumatism is caused by an acid in the blood. That is a medical truth every sufferer from this trouble should bear in mind. Liniments and outward applications cannot cure what is rooted in the blood—the disease must be cured through the blood. That is the reason rheumatism yields almost like magic to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This new blood purifier, one of the best of its kind, attacks the acid, soothes the nerves, loosens the muscles and banishes rheumatism. Dr. Robert Ross, one of the most eminent of medical men, and most esteemed residents of Guelph, Ont., gives striking testimony to the truth of the statements made above. He says: "My trouble came gradually and was pronounced muscular rheumatism, and was located chiefly in my neck and shoulders. I can hardly tell you how much I suffered. I was confined to my bed for fifteen months. A great many friends came to see me during that time, and I think I am safe in saying that most of them had very few hopes that I would get better. I tried a great many remedies without any lasting benefit. Then I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I am thankful to say that through the use of these pills and the indefatigable nursing of my wife I am again on my feet. My neck is still somewhat stiff, but the pain is gone. I am now in my 75th year, and I feel that I owe much to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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STRONG WORDS BY A NEW YORK SPECIALIST. "After years of testing and comparison I have no hesitation in saying that Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart is the quickest, safest and surest known to medical science. I use it in my own practice. It relieves the most acute forms of heart ailment inside of thirty minutes, and never fails."—35

A correspondent of the London Times calls attention to the fact that William Pitt said: "America, Canada and Louisiana are the three countries on the Continent of North America."

DO NOT DELAY!—When, through debilitated digestive organs, poison finds its way into the blood, the prime necessity is to get the poison out as rapidly and as thoroughly as possible. Delay may mean disaster. Parke's Vegetable Pills will be found a most valuable and effective medicine to assail the intruder. They never fail. They go at once to the seat of the trouble and work a permanent cure.

Old Calabar, the headquarters of the Southern Nigeria Government, has just been enacted by telegraph with England.

THE GREATER Irritation in the throat the most distressing the cough becomes. Coughing is the effort of Nature to expel this irritating substance from the air passages. Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup will heal the inflamed parts, which exude mucus, and restore them to a healthy state, the cough disappearing under the curative effects of the medicine. It is pleasant to the taste, and the price, 25 cents, is within the reach of all.