

SELF-WILLED.

AN EDITOR'S WIFE.

A Serious Trouble of Many Years' Standing Is Banished.

ONLY ONE MEDICINE COULD DO THE WORK.

Grand Encouragement for All Who Are Similarly Affected.



MRS. A. H. WATSON.

But in his heart of hearts he recognized the hand of Providence in his fate. It was to be his punishment for the sin he had committed, and he would bear it. Yes, he would be patient, and bear it. After all, what did anything that could happen matter to him whose life was wrecked and undone—to him for whom no morning's light could bring a gleam of joy, no evening darkness an hour of peace?

He had not to wait long. Alone, and wrapped in a dark cloak, she came along the quay, not hurriedly, with nothing of humiliation in her face, but with the slow, gliding step which once had been so full of charm for him, but which he now hated.

As she saw him she put back the hood from her face, and he saw that it was white and worn, though the lips, now hard and unyielding, drew back from the white teeth with a mocking, malicious smile.

"I am late," she said, and her voice sounded harsh and strained, as if she spoke with difficulty. "I suppose you had given me up? My dear Gerald, how little you know me!"

"Yes, I had hoped that you had changed your mind, Zenobia," he said, gravely.

She laughed. "Why should I? What have you left me but this? You have ruined me utterly, and, of course, I fly, where all wives should fly for comfort, to my husband!"

Still he stood regarding her. "Is there anything I can say that would persuade you to alter your determination, Zenobia?" he said quietly, almost sadly.

"Think well before you take this desperate step, for it is desperate. What but misery of the deepest kind can spring from it! Think well! I am going to the uttermost end of the earth, far from England and civilization. I shall never return—never!"

Are you prepared to embark on such a life, life that will be a daily torture to you? Think, Zenobia! I will give you more than sufficient for your needs. I am a rich man, but I will share half of all I possess—I will give you the greater part of it—if you will leave me to go my way in peace. It is all I ask! You think to torture me, but will you not also suffer? Will not your misery be greater than mine?"

She looked at him with hard, unyielding eyes, with a mocking smile. "I know that you hate me," she said; "I know that I hate you, and it is because of that knowledge that I have resolved to accompany you, my dear Gerald. Love! she laughed, a hard, cruel laugh. "I have never believed in it; the ambition I lived for you have rendered impossible; but there is still revenge; you cannot rob me of that! My dear Gerald, I am your wife—and you would send me away from you!" and she smiled into his pale, haggard face.

He hesitated no longer; he knew that he might as well have addressed his pleading to the stones on the beach. With a gesture of solemn acquiescence he drew his whistle from his pocket and gave the signal.

The boat put off from the quay and came swiftly to the shore, and, without a word, he helped her into it. As he did so he remembered how, a few hours ago, he had gently and tenderly placed Carrie across this woman—his wife—now sat, and his face worked with anguish at the recollection.

In silence they sat side by side, in silence he assisted her to gain the deck. The skipper stared a little at the sight of a lady, but instantly turned away to his duties, and, even as Gerald Moore conducted Zenobia to her cabin, the men were taking in the anchor, and making ready for sailing.

With a gesture of weariness and contempt, Zenobia sank on to the cushioned seat, and looked round.

Gerald Moore took the key from the door and placed it on the table.

"This is your cabin," he said; here is the key. You will ring the bell," and he pointed to an electric bell, "when you require anything. At the moment I will endeavor to engage a maid for you. Is there anything you wish for now?"

"No, and you intend to treat me as a prisoner?"

He made a deprecatory gesture with his hand.

"I intend to treat you as a passenger who has paid her way on board my ship, one who I am bound to treat with consideration and courtesy. Have you anything more to say?"

"Only that I wish to be alone."

He inclined his head and went on deck and heard her turn the key in the lock.

The skipper awaited him.

"I don't like the look of the weather, sir," he said, glancing at the sky. "There will be a storm."

Gerald Moore smiled wearily.

"It will not be the first time the Falcon has lived through, Williams."

"No, sir; but I was thinking of the lady."

"She is a good sailor," said Gerald Moore.

The skipper touched his hat.

"Of course there is no danger—that is if we get out into the open and keep in the wind," he said, and walked off.

Gerald Moore paced the deck, lost in gloomy thought. The sky darkened; a sullen, heavy mass of clouds rose as it seemed all round them: every now and then a flash of lightning lit up the sky, and made the darkness momentarily dispelled all the darker for its visit.

Against such a storm he did not seem to notice it. Against such a storm he seemed to notice it. Against such a storm he seemed to notice it.

The wind grew wilder, the skipper took in some canvas, and the men were all on the alert, warily watching the progress of the vessel, but still her owner paced the deck, wrapt in thought and lost to all around him.

Suddenly the sharp tinkle of the electric-bell was heard. With a start and as if from heaven he went down below and opened the cabin door. Zenobia lay crouched on the settee, her hands clasped on her lap, her eyes gleaming from her white face, her whole attitude like that of a panther at bay. She had lit a lamp, and by its light he saw that she was trembling and quivering from head to foot. With a spring she rose to her feet, her hands clutching spasmodically at her cloak.

"I have changed my mind," she said, and her voice seemed hoarse and harsh. "I will go back. Do you hear? I will go back! Why do you stare at me? Do you not understand? You are anxious enough to get rid of me an hour ago; you shall have your wish! I will go back!"

He saw what had happened. The intense quietude of the cabin, the solitude, had told upon her. She had had time to think and brood; the rage, and regret, if not remorse, had maddened her.

"You cannot go back," he said, coldly, but not unkindly. He could almost find it in his heart to pity her in her present condition.

"Cannot! Why not? I will! You shall not keep me here! You dare not!" and she she dashed her teeth.

"Zenobia, be calm," he said quietly. "I have no wish to keep you here, Heaven

Creemore, Ont., Jan. 13.—The good people of this thriving village now freely and heartily discuss a subject that has interested thousands in other parts of the Dominion.

The popular subject in the quiet and well-ordered homes of this place has nothing to do with politics, religion or foreign matters; even local subjects pertaining to improvements are lost sight of while the more weighty one—that of relieving pain, curing disease and bringing back lost health, by the use of Paine's celery compound, is spoken of by young and old.

The record of wonderful cures effected in large centers of population has reached this town, situated on the Mad River, and has developed an interest, especially amongst the sick and their friends, that cannot easily die out or fade from memory.

Residents here have heard how their relatives and friends in other places were cured by Paine's celery compound, and have used the great life-giver themselves; no instance of failure or disappointment has been reported; all rejoice because of the banishment of old and dangerous maladies.

For these reasons the people of this village and surrounding country are ready to testify regarding the merits of Paine's celery compound, its worth to the afflicted and its superiority over all other preparations.

At the present time it will suffice to mention the name of one prominent family here who have truly tested and tried the efficacy of Paine's celery compound and derived results that are wonderful.

Mr. A. H. Watson is the publisher and proprietor of Creemore's popular weekly, the Mad River Star. Every resident of

knows! But I cannot turn the vessel in the face of the storm that is coming on."

"I do not believe it! It is false! You say to—punish me! I will go back! Do you hear—that once—this moment!"

"It is impossible," he says with knit brows. "It would be madness. The storm will not last long. By morning we shall make some port and I will land you there."

"Morning!" she cried, hoarsely. "I shall be dead or mad before then! Take me back, Gerald; for the love of Heaven, take me back!"

"It is impossible," he said, gravely. "Be calm, Zenobia. It is only a few hours."

She looked round and shuddered.

"I care nothing for the storm—nothing—nothing! But I cannot stay here alone to think—think! I should go mad."

"You shall not stay alone. I will remain with you," he said, coldly.

She put up both her hands.

"No! The sight of you is worse than being alone!"

With a movement of desperation she threw the cloak from her and stood with clasped hands.

"Gerald, I was mad to anger you! I am sorry. There, I have said it! Let me go! If you will turn back and put me ashore, let me escape this dreadful place—and she looked round the beautiful cabin with its tasteful decorations and ingeniously contrived luxuries with a wild glance—"I will never cross your path again."

"What you ask is impossible. I will not risk the lives of my men—I cannot. Be patient for a few hours. Lie down and sleep."

(To be Continued.)

SHILOH'S VITALIZER.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Shilo's Vitalizer SAVED MY LIFE. I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble in excess. Price 75 cents. Sold by W. T. STROUD.

Don't tell the world your troubles. You can't borrow \$10 on them.

Creemore, and the people of adjacent villages and towns, know the enterprising proprietor of the Star, and many are acquainted with his accomplished and amiable wife.

Mrs. Watson is one of many in this village who has tested the curing powers of Paine's celery compound. For many years she suffered severely from violent headaches and prostration, and only got rid of her terrible suffering after a course of treatment with nature's health restorer.

For the benefit of other sufferers Mrs. Watson has kindly consented to have her testimony made public. She says:

"For many years I was sorely troubled with violent headaches, so that at times I was completely prostrated and unable to attend to household duties. I started to use Paine's celery compound and experienced immediate relief, and since using it I have not had a recurrence of the trouble. I consider Paine's celery compound an invaluable remedy, and will always be pleased to say a word for it."

This testimony of Mrs. Watson is surely full of encouragement to others in Canada to take the same course and use the same means. Had she been interested in big profits and worthless medicines) to use some other preparation a cure could not have resulted. No medicine but Paine's celery compound can honestly and surely meet such cases as violent headaches, prostration, nervousness, sleeplessness, rheumatism, dyspepsia and run-down constitution. Avoid all medicines that are recommended as just as good as Paine's celery compound; they are snares and delusions, and cannot cure disease.

Prevention is Better

Than cure and those who are subject to rheumatism can prevent the attacks by keeping the blood pure and free from the acid which causes the disease. You can rely on Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for rheumatism and catarrh; also for every form of scrofula, salt rheum, boils and other venereal diseases, caused by impure blood. It tones and vitalizes the whole system.

Hood's Pills are easy and gentle in effect.

Don't say the world is growing worse when you are doing nothing to make it better.

Files Files! Itching Files.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

Don't grieve over split milk while there's one cow left in the pasture.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

Don't wait for the wagon while the walking is good.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickie's Anti-Consumptive syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided? This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

A 17-year-old giant in Australia measures 8 feet 3 inches and weighs 300 pounds.

During the Past Fifty Years.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEething with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for ALL INFANTS. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

Look! Canned tomatoes, tomato catsup corn, peas, beans, three cans for 25 cents. Cakes, 8 cents a dozen; jelly rolls, 8 cents.

D. J. LANGDON, baker and grocer, corner York and Thames streets.

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Lameness,

Influenza,

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Eczema,

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Sore Eyes,

Inflammations,

HOARSENESS,

Frost Bites,

Soreness,

Catarrh,

Burns,

Bruises,

Sore Feet,

Face Ache,

Hemorrhages.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Avenue, New York.

WILL CURE

HOARSENESS,

Frost Bites,

Soreness,

Catarrh,

Burns,

Bruises,

Sore Feet,

Face Ache,

Hemorrhages.

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Roll Top Office Desks, best in the market.

\$50 Wilton Rug Parlor Suites, very handsome.

Night Commodes, new style, most complete.

Oak, Cane Seat, high-back Dinners, \$1 25; Rockers to match, \$1 75.

Folding Beds, \$12.

Solid Oak Sideboards, \$16.

Severe Pain in Shoulder 2 Years Cured by The D. & L. Menthol Plaster.

My wife was afflicted for two years with a severe pain under the left shoulder and through the arm; after using many remedies without relief, she tried a "D. & L." Menthol Plaster, it did its work, and owing to this cure hundreds of these plasters have been sold by me here, giving equal satisfaction.

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