

PRESCRIPTIONS Open Day
CAREFULLY Dispensed.
James G. Ross, Chemist.
491 RICHMOND STREET.
Flavoring
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LINE OF
PERFUMES.
Scented

THE FATAL SECRET; Or, All True Love.

When I came back, a little after dark, having finished that hopeless wandering which I went through every evening now, there was Sam Henderson, sitting on an empty flower-pot outside my door, with a cigar in his mouth. He might have gone inside, for I left the front door open all day long, and all night too unless the weather prevented it, for I had nothing to be robbed of now, at least nothing that I cared about, except Kitty's clothes, which I had locked out of sight. And it seemed to be delicate and kind of Sam to sit here in discomfort, instead of walking in. And he showed another piece of good taste and good-will, which could hardly be expected from so blunt and rough a man; he said not a word about his own bright prospects until I inquired about them.

But he shook my hand in a very friendly way, and left me to begin upon the matter which had brought me to my present state; and for some time I also avoided that. "I will tell you, old chap," he said, at last, in reply to my anxious question, "exactly what I think, though it is not good for much, being altogether out of my own line. I think you have been awfully wronged, as abominably wronged as any fellow ever was on the face of this earth, which is saying a good bit, mind you. Knowing what a lot of infernal rogues there are to be found at every corner, and much more often than decent fellows, I am never brought up standing by any black job, though the ins and outs of it may floor me. The Professor is a soft man, isn't he? He has shown it in many ways, although he is so clever. You would call him a soft man, wouldn't you?"

"Well," I said, wondering how this could bear upon it, "I suppose he is rather of the creditable order, as most good men are, who measure others by themselves. But he had left England long before, so that he has little to do with it."

"Right you are as concerns himself. But I am a believer in breed, my friend; and the longer I live the more true I find it come. A credulous father, if you prefer the word, is likely to be blessed with a credulous child, and your wife took after her father more closely in the inner, because she didn't in the outer, woman; at least, I can't say from my own eyes, knowing nothing of Blouppies, but I understand she did not favor him in the flesh."

"Not exactly," I answered, with a smile, as I thought of the loveliness of Kitty's face; "but she was like him a little, just here and there. A little won't do. My old Truncheon, who croaked of the great frost that almost settled you, my boy, has a son of his old age, Commodore, who will be heard of toward July at the market, scarcely a bit like him in the face, except in one tuck of his nostril, and a tuft of five hairs over his left eye. But do you think I could not swear to him by his ways and tricks, and his style of coming up? That's the time to know what a horse thinks of you, and I tell you that this colt thinks exactly as his father did; and all the more because he isn't like him in the face. There must be the likeness somewhere."

"Yes, I have heard you say that many times before, and I dare say you were right enough about it. But what has that to do with—what has happened to me?"

"Just everything, stupid. Your wife being soft or credulous, if you like it better—she sucks in a lot of lies against you. The dose comes from somebody she believes in, not her old enemies, of course. Her dignity will not

allow her to complain—women are always horribly dignified when jealous—and off she goes, without a word, leaving you to your own conscience, which will more than give you the tip for it. She'll come back by and by, when she has punished you enough; and then of course you'll have to swear, etc. She'll call herself all sorts of names. And there'll be nobody like you till next time. You'll see if that isn't at the bottom of all this."

"Not likely," I answered, with some wrath. "In the first place, my Kitty would never believe a word of such stuff against me, and there is no such thing as jealousy in her nature."

"You know best. But I thought I heard something from the man round the corner at Ladd's."

"That was a different thing altogether," I said quickly, although the remembrance struck me as it had not done before. "and in the next place, if she could be so jealous, she would be the last person in the world to go away without a word, without even giving me a chance of taking my own part. No, that theory will never do. My Kitty was the most just, as well as the kindest darling ever born."

"You don't know what they are sometimes. How can you expect to know more about them than they do about themselves? Yesterday, just by way of something, I asked Sally what she would do if she ever turned up jealous. 'I would grind my ring-finger off,' she said, 'with these two teeth—I would, Sam—for she has got uncommon grinders.' And I would make my rival swallow it. Now Sally has been well broken in, remember, and no vice in the family—at any rate, since her great-granddam; but her eyes show that she would do it."

"There is no ferocity in Kitty," I answered with a lofty air. "I know nothing about race-horses, and very little about women. But women are only men in a better form, more gentle, more just, and more loving. They never give way to such fury as we do—"

"The Professor's wife, for instance, Kit. She never gives way to her temper, does she? Oh dear, no! Even if she has any temper, she gives way to. A sucking dove—too—mild to suck, if her sister wants the pigeon's milk before her."

"She is the exception that proves the rule. And I don't doubt whether even she would be so if she did not suck too much of stronger liquor. And I will tell you another thing, Master Sam, as you have put me up to this; and you have a right to know everything now, that you may understand the case. It knocks your theory on the head. Only I must have your solemn promise that no one shall ever hear of it."

"Sam gave me his pledge, and I know that he would keep it, for he was well inured to control his tongue. Then I told him, although it went much against the grain, of the disappearance of our stock of money."

"That beats me—at least, for the present," he replied; "it don't seem to square with anything. Throws me out of my stride, and makes me cross my legs. But I don't believe she ever took it. How can you tell that she took it, poor chap? If she collared that tin, she will never come back. Was there nobody else could have taken it? The Peeters, for instance; you know what they are? They had the run of the house. I have known a lot of cases—"

"No, it is impossible that they can have touched it. The lock had not been tampered with; the key was in its place, and the last place they would have searched for it. And I know by the state of the drawer that no hand but my wife's had been inside it."

To be continued.

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is a process conducted by the agency of tight boots all the year round. Corn sowing is best conducted through the agency of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe and sure-pop corn cure. Putnam's Extractor is now widely imitated. Beware of all poisonous and sore-producing substitutes; they are dangerous to use and are sold simply because they afford the dealer larger profit.

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As sensible and thinking people, we are not inclined to lavish praise and honor on those who simply talk loudly and boastfully about their philanthropy and charitable dispositions. When we hear such individuals claiming special recognition and distinction, we are forced to say, "Show us your mighty works and good deeds, and your monuments of generosity amongst our own people; then, and only then, are you deserving of the standing you claim as a benefactor of your fellow citizens."

The boastful philanthropist, who has no good home work to support his assertions, has his counterpart in the ordinary patent medicine man who claims that his decoctions and pills are blessing humanity. When through the press a medicine boasts of wonderful cures, a discerning and intelligent public demand a record of home cures and testimonials. Foreign and outside testimony is thrown aside, because it is often worthless and spurious. Our Canadian people demand proof from amongst the hundreds and thousands who live around them. Testimony, even though it be sworn to, coming from obscure parishes in the United States or other foreign countries, will not sink very deeply into the hearts of intelligent and educated Canadians.

Scores of patent medicines are now brought before the notice of the public every day, all loudly proclaiming their power over disease. Amid the conflict that is being waged for popularity and supremacy in our land, there is one grand and tested medicine that stands high above all others; it stands on the impregnable rock of honesty and true worth, and never yet has it failed in its mission to suffering humanity. This medicine is the popular and tried Paine's Celery Compound, earth's best and grandest discovery in medical science.

In order to maintain its high credit and standing, Paine's Celery Compound relies entirely upon what Canadians say about it. No matter where you live in the Dominion you will find some of your friends and neighbors who gladly report that "Paine's Celery Compound made them well." No far-off, unknown or suspicious foreign testimonials are submitted to our people, neither are manufactured letters ever used to fill advertising space.

Paine's Celery Compound has been honored, at times, with testimony from American people who have a national fame, such as Doctors Newton, Hubbard and Sanford, of Boston; Hon. George F. Morse, Member of the Governor's Council, of Massachusetts; Honorable John M. Francis, United States ex-Minister to Austria; Hon. Daniel P. Toomey, of the Mass-

achusetts Legislature; Marie Tempest, one of America's Operatic Stars, and gallant Ida Lewis, America's Grace Darling.

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This is indeed the medicine—the life-giver—for every suffering man, woman and child. The proof of its great virtues as a healer come from the best people; surely it will meet your case as it did theirs. The proprietors of Paine's Celery Compound employ a skilled physician—a graduate of one of our most noted Canadian medical colleges—to prescribe for and advise all sufferers. No charge is made for this medical advice and prescribing, and our consulting physician is perfectly free to act in his professional capacity. The grand object is to relieve human suffering and save life. All correspondence is strictly confidential. Letters should be addressed to "Consulting Physicians Department," Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal, P. Q.

Chinese Registering Fast.

Washington, D. C., April 30.—Internal Revenue Commissioner Miller said to-day:—So far \$4,000 out of 105,000 in the United States had registered. In the San Francisco district alone 49,000 had registered and applications had been received from 3,000 more. The time in which Chinese can comply with the extended Geary law and register expires on Thursday, May 5.

MIDNIGHT DOCTORS are the most unwelcome visitors—even the Doctor himself curses the luck that compelled him to leave his comfortable bed. Suppose you try our method, and keep a big 5c bottle of Perry Davis' PAIN-KILLER in the house, and let Doctor Squills stay in his bed and enjoy himself.

Election Protests in Newfoundland.

St. John's, N. F., April 30.—The trial of Mr. Whiteway and his colleagues for Trinity opened to-day. The public attention is centered in Bay de Verde, which will be the first battle-ground. A brother of the Hon. J. J. Woods is one of the Whiteway candidates and the other is not yet named. The Goodridge candidates are not yet named either.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhoea, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results. If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle. It sells for 25c.

Don't Like Their Assessment.

New York, April 30.—This is the last day allowed by law for swearing off of personal taxes. Russell Sage, who was assessed for \$1,000,000 personal property, swore that he was liable for \$500,000 only. Cornelius Vanderbilt swore that his personal property is worth only \$2,500,000, on grounds that he is a resident of Florida.

No article takes hold of Blood Diseases like Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. It works like magic. Miss C—, Toronto, writes:—"I have to thank you for what Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery has done for me. I had a sore on my knee as large as the palm of my hand, and could get nothing to do any good until I used this Discovery. Four bottles completely cured it."

Herr Ruchaupt, Conservative leader, ex-member of the Reichstag, died at Halle, Saxony, to-day.

Persons suffering from sick headache, dizziness, nausea, constipation, pain in the side, are asked to try one vial of CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

SITTING ON A TACK



is no worse than having them in your shoes to hurt your feet and wear out the stockings. No such trouble with "GOODYEAR WELTS"—the best shoe in the world. Ask your retailer for "GOODYEAR WELTS" EVERY TIME.



DR. LAROE'S COTTON ROOT PILLS.

Safe and absolutely pure, the most powerful Female Rectalator known. The only safe sure and reliable pill for sale. Ladies ask your druggist for LaRoe's Star and Crescent Brand. Take no other kind. Guaranteed to relieve suppressed menstruations. Sold by all reliable Druggists, or Postpaid on receipt of price, American Pill Company, Detroit, Michigan.

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A WORD TO THE WISE IS SUFFICIENT.

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London, April 27th, 1 94,
MESSRS. KINGSMILL, City.

DEAR SIRS,—In reply to your enquiry we beg to say that you purchased the whole of our stock of goods, amounting to \$68,028.27, at 59 cents on the dollar. A number of packages consigned to us from England were all returned to the shippers except nine of them; seven of which, amounting to £803 7s 8d—\$1,476 84—were subsequently purchased by you. Only one small package consisting of gloves and ties from Messrs. Dent, Allcroft & Co., amounting to \$90.36, was, we understand, purchased by Messrs. Mara & Co. at 90 cents on the dollar, and the other one, amounting to £29 7s 11d, was purchased by another firm in London at 75 cents on the dollar.

Yours truly,
D. BURN
Spittal, Burn & Gentleman.

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BE
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