ations of a Bogus Claims and Railroad Promotes.

Rev. G. F. B. Howard, who was recently indicted at Jackson, Tenn., on several counts for using the mails for fraudulent purposes, achieved newspaper notoriety about four years ago through his sensational suit for libel against leading members of the First Baptist church of Jackson. His alleged defamers had made sensational charges concerning the irregularity of his former life in Georgia and had succeeded in denosing him from the pastorate of the



REV. G. F. B. HOWARD.

partisans who had seceded from the First Baptist church. About three years ago he sets Jackson, and it was understood that he as practicing law in New York. He also work to London on business. He visited access at different times, and seemed to say prosperous, it being given out that a made money out of the practice of law cases in which American clients were invested abroad.

A year ago he returned to the practice of the prac

A year ago he returned to Jackson to live, and soon afterward became interested in what he named the "Guir agri Teanessee in what he named the "Guli and Tennessee railroad," proposing to run a line south from Jackson to connect with the Gulf and Ship land road in Mississippi. He appeared before the board of trade, and being well, and the same statistics relating to the proposed line, made a most plausible argument in favor of Jackson aiding him, and stated that he could secure an English syndicate to furnish the money to build it. The scheme met with favor, and last winter Howard left Jackson with the avowed purpose of going to England to interest the English syndicate and form a compasy to build the road. After an absence of some weeks he returned with a flourish and announced that the organization had been

road and empowered to be construction.

He had a lot of stationery printed with G. F. B. Howard as president, rented a roomy office, had two or three young wom an clerks and began a very voluminous sorrespondence. He also appeared before the city council and wanted to submit a proposition for the city to vote bonds to aid the railroad enterprise. The council asked him for the names, addresses, etc., of his London associates and directory before ordering an elacitor.

G. F. B. Howard, president of the Gulf and Tennesse railroad. Some stated that he was about to collect foreign estates for them and wanted a certain amount of motey for preliminary expenditures. Some of them are made and the contract of them are more to compete with him certaints. Ross. St. Leger, Lord Moore and other names with whom they had correspond in New York and London. The appress and mails began to bring Howard money at a lively rate on his "claims agency" business. He also let the contract for the construction of his railroad to a company in St. Donis and Memphis. Another company in Iowa also appeared and claimed shey had the contract.

Finally the enterprising promoter was arrested by Postofice Inspector Little, who claimed, that he had been on Howard's track for the past two years. He traced him to Scotland Yard docks, in England, and claims he came near arresting him in New York, where he operated as E. Ross the same foreign claims business. It is said that Howard has taken in thousands of dollars since he begun the "claims" business. Witnesses from seven states appeared before the grand jury of the federal court at Jackson. One woman, who said she had paid him about \$60, says she made the money washing. Most of his victims are among the very poor widows and ignorant people, who were led on to forward money with the ignis fatuus of a fortune in Eagland almost within their grasp.

Went Shopping With Bare Feet.

Mrs. Mary Alling Aber of Coronado, Cal., lived a long time in Greece, and there became converted to the Greeian tunic costume. She goes the whole limit, wearing neither shoes nor stockings. Her idea in wearing this costume is that a person so dressed is nearer what God intended he or she should be, and that such a dress is more healthful, inexpensive and sensible.

She created a lively sensation in San Diego the other day by appearing on the streets of that town in her Grecian turfic and with bare feet. Deckhands on the ferryboat were the first to notice the strange sight as she came down the gangplank, and the beat had not left the slip before the crew was tossing up to see who should tell her that in her haste she had forgotten to complete her toilet. She walked across the lower deek and stepped on one of the inon gratings over the engine room, which is sometimes quite-warm. She immediately stepped off, and the crew concluded that she was aware of her condition and contends.

an electric car at a raised her white skirts pretty pink feet, and ne she was the center of the appeared. Having after visiting many of so on. Fifth street she and returned to Core-disconcerted because retty pink bare feet.

Topping Centest.

Top

Found With His Throat Cut.

HALIFAX, Nov. 30.—The Canadian Pacific Railway, it is said, are negotiating with two or three lines of steamers, with

FROM THE CAPITAL.

tion of resigning.
Want Them Released,

THE PARIS OUTRAGE.

TAVELY

Christmas, 1897

THE LOST GROSCHEN.

Tatal Railway Accidents.

Tonorto, Dec. I.—A man was found on the Grant Trunk track near Mimico yesterday with both legs cut off. He was brought to Toronto and taken to St. Michael's Hospital, where he died an hour later. He had fallen from a freight train. His name was James Duffy, and recently he had been working in Indiana. Duffy said his wife's folks lived at Napanee, and he was trying to go there. He said he had a wife and four children, but he did not know where they were. He thought perhaps they might be at Napanee.

This was all the man had a chance to say before he again became unconscious. He had been exposed to the coal for two hours, and said he was conscious for an hour and suffered agony.

He was 35 years old, well dressed and had the appearance of refinement and respectability.

Coroner Johnson has been notified, and will probably hold an inquest on the body. It had been snowing all day, intense cold had succeeded the storm, and the stars, shining brightly in the clear sky, looked down on the good old town of Nuremberg in the year 1600. It was a beautiful winter night, and although the curfew hour had passed the lights still glistened through the small diamond shaped window panes in the houses, and the church bells rangout loud and clear. The necessity of the small country of their coming out of their

The people were coming out of their dwellings and walking slowly but cheer

dwellings and walking slowly but cheer-fully along the streets, not seeming to mind the crisp cold nor the deep snow under their feet.

The throng of people had passed on and the voices of the bells had become mere reverberations, when a little girl about 8 years old appeared in the principal street, which was now silent and deserted. She was alone and look-ed so small as she walked fearlessly along, taking short steps so as not to Coroner Johnson has been notified, and will probably hold an inquest on the body. Bramfrow, Dec. 1.—Thomas Carlton, a young man about 20 years of age, was almost instantly killed at a railway crossing of the C.P.R. near Inglewood yesterday. He was accompanied by a young man driving a spirited horse, which became, namanageable at the approach of a train, and plunged right in front of the engine. The conveyance was demolished, the horse killed, and young Carlton was struck. He lived for only half an hour. His companion escaped by jumping. They were both from Orangeville, and psinters.

Found With His Throat Cut. along, taking short steps so as not to alip on the hard glistening snow, and singring in a soft voice, made a little tremulous by the sharp cold, an old Christmas hymn about the angels, Beth-lehem and a child asleep in a manger. Suddenly she stopped, uttered a cry of dismay, and falling on her knees began searching for something in the snow. She was evidently unsuccessful, how-ever, for her sighs changed to tears and her grief increased until it found ventin

Found With His Throat Cut.

Sr. THOMAS, Dec. 1.—The coroner's july empanneled in the Allen case viewed the body and adjourned to the court house. The evidence of two sons and a daughterin-law of the deceased was taken, but failed to throw any more light on the tragedy. The coroner and chief of police claim that suicide was impossible under the circumstances. The inquest was adjourned for one week. Deceased leaves a wife and nine children. He was insured for \$5,000.

The body of Royer Allen was found year.

The coroner and chief of police claim that suicide was impossible under the circumstances. The inquest was adjourned for one week. Deceased leaves a wife and nime children. He was insured for \$5,000.

The body of Roger Allen was found yesterday lying near the Grand Trunk track, in the north-eastern part of the city. His throat was cut from ear to ear, and evidences of a severe struggle were found. It is supposed he was murdered by some party or parties unknown.

Wanted to Bury History

Toponymin to tears and sobs.

"My money," she eried; "my poor groschen! O dear infant Jesus, bring me back my groschen! O dear infant Jesus, bring me back my groschen! O dear infant Jesus, bring me back my groschen! O dear infant Jesus, bring me back my groschen! O dear infant Jesus, bring me back my groschen! O dear infant Jesus, bring me back my groschen! O dear infant Jesus, bring me back my groschen! O dear infant Jesus, bring me back my groschen! O dear infant Jesus, bring me back my groschen! O dear infant Jesus, bring me back my groschen! O dear infant Jesus, bring me back my groschen!

Like an answer to her prayer there sounded not far off a strange, sweet melody, and she dried her eyes suddenly and looked about, half expecting to see mangel, for she thought the music yet my groschen!

State of the city of the city

pagty or parties unknown.

Wanted to Bury Himself,
TOBONTO, Dec 2.—The man, Joseph A.
Grav, who created a sensation by "trying
to bury himself," and who wrote a letter
to a frigat in Grand Rapids, Mich., stating that a man, corresponding with an
exact description of himself, had been
crushed to death in an accident some days
ago, appeared before Inspector Stark. He
admitted the authenticity of the letters
and stated that he had been living for five
years with a woman in Grand Rapids he
wanted to get rid of, and the scheme was
invented to give her the impression he was
dead. out wings, harp or halo, a lad about 15 years old, dressed unlike any one in Nuremberg, with dark blue breeches, a short cloak on his shoulders and a little red cap on his black hair. He carried a musical instrument and touched the strings as he glanced up at a house where strings as he glanced up at a house where a light was gleaming. It was the home of a rich merchant, and a lantern swung from above the doorway, and this light had attracted the young musician. When he had played a few chords on his lute, he sang, and the little girl, remembering the guide of young Tobias who had seemed but a simple traveler, began to think that the singer was indeed an angel. The child did not understand the singer's words, and feeling sure that he was using the language of heaven she threw herself at his feet, clasped her hands and raised her eyes entreatingly to his face.

with two or three lines of steamers, with the object of getting one to run between this port and Liverpool in winter. Grain, hay, flour, etc., are promised as an out-ward cargo. Immigrants and general mer-chandise will be brought on the return. hands and raised her eyes entrearney, to his face.

"Good angel, I pray thee," she cried, "help me to find my groschent I beg thee in the name of the infant Jesus!"

"What is the trouble, little one? Tell me, and if I can help you I will. There is so much sorrow in the world for every content. I always like to help other necessary. By this arrangement the company will get clear from dealing with the Intercolonial and escape, bridge tolls at St. John. The Rumor that the Hon. Frank Smith one that I always like to help other peo-ple carry theirs." He smiled cheerily as

one that I always has to always has to be spoke, and the child answered:

"I have lost my money—my groschen.
We never have anything nice for supper, but because it is Christmastime my mother gave me the money to buy a sausage and an apple pie, but I have sausage and an apple pie, but I have "God bless that sweet young creature!" "God bless that sweet young creature!" "God bless that sweet young creature!" "The torch she carried, the garden have been and golden hair were seen, and every passer looked at her with admiration; young and old greeted her smilingly, even portly burgomasters murmured as they met her, "God bless that sweet young creature!" "The proposed in the torch she carried, the garden hair but eyes, rosy cheeks and golden hair were seen, and every passer looked at her with admiration; young and old greeted her smilingly, even portly burgomasters murmured as they may be a supplied to the torch she carried, the garden hair were seen, and every passer looked at her with admiration; young and old greeted her smilingly, even portly burgomasters murmured as they met her with admiration; young and old greeted her smilingly, even portly burgomasters murmured as they met her with admiration; young and old greeted her smilingly, even portly burgomasters murmured as they met her with admiration; young and old greeted her smilingly, even portly burgomasters murmured as they met her with admiration; young and old greeted her smilingly, even portly burgomasters murmured as they met her with admiration; young and old greeted her smilingly, even portly burgomasters murmured as they met her with admiration; young and old greeted her smilingly, even portly burgomasters murmured as they met her with admiration; young and old greeted her smilingly, even portly burgomasters murmured as the torch have been a proper have been an apple of the proper have been an apple of the proper have been and golden hair burgomasters are proper have been an apple of the proper have been an apple of the proper have been an apple of the Abbott in connection with the McGreevy-Connolly case. Mr. Smith denies having any communication with the Government on the subject and says he has no inten-

Want Them Released.
It is stated here that pressure is being used to induce the Government to order the release of Messrs. Connolly and Mc-Greevy.
Justice Department to be Billed.

gers.

"Oh, you must be an angel!" cried the little girl joyfully. And he added with a smile:
"A Florentine angel then. My name

Justice Department to be Billed.
The County of Carleton intend billing the Justice Department with part of the fees of the jurymen at the trial of McGreovy and Connolly.
The early Italian name of the tomato was pom odi Mori, "apple of the Moors," but the French, phonetically misunderstanding it, called that vegetable pomme d'amour, or "love apple." is Maso Napone. Remember it and pray for me sometimes, little one. Now, goodby. Go buy your supper."
"Not until I have been to the mid-night mass," replied the girl. "My mother is ill, so I must go and pray for Portraits of the French Deputies Injured by Vaillant's Bomb.

"Then I will go with you," said M aso, taking her hand. "What is your nan ie?"
"Christine Dachs. My mother is the by Vallant's Bomb.

The recent bomb outrage in the French chamber is about the only topic of conversation in the public resorts in Paris. It is the general opinion that the time has arrived when the government must put aside all maudlin sentiment and treat these an-Widow Gudule." "Your mother has to work?" all maudlin sentiment and treat these an-archists would-be murderers with scant consideration, and that this will be done scarcely any one doubts. It is believed that every enarchist and all their sympa-thizers should be hunted to earth and punishment fitted to their dastardly orimes

"Yos, she does beautiful embroidery, I do a little of it, but I have not learned to work very well yet. Pretty soon I shall do it better, and then mamma can rest. She is often tired and weak, and when she cannot work we have no money."
"I am all alone in the world," said the youth when Christine stopped speaking.
"I have no parents, no money, no home.

"I have no parents, no money, no home. My father's creditors took everything except my lute, so Heft Florence, and now I earn a little money by singing in the streets, but I often have to sleep in the open air and without supper."

As they entered the church Mass doffed his hat reverentially, dipped his fingers into the holy water font and touched them to Christine's. Then the two children knelt down in the shadow of a great them to Christine's. Then the two chil-dren knelt down in the shadow of a great pillar which rose to the high arched roof. At the end of the nave stood the altar, gleaming with wax lights and flooded with the rising incense; priests, a colytes, and choristers were engaged with the Christmas service, and one could see the fluttering white surplices and the glit-ter of gold and precious stones on copes and stoles.

ter of gold and precious stones on copes and stoles.

The whole congregation joined in singing the carols, and the weak, broken voices of the agedi, the silvery ones of the children, the sweet tones of the maidens, the clear high notes of the young men and the strong, deep ones of their elders combined to produce harmonies both power ful and sweet. Maso could not keep silence. Suddemly his voice rose above the rest, and it was so full, so clear and so sweet that every voice rose above the rest, and it was so full, so clear and so sweet that every one near turned to hok at him. A tall man wrapped in a great cloak left his place, and coming nearer to the had listened attentively, with his eyes fixed upon Maso's face as long as he continued to sing. Neither of the children noticed the stranger.

the stranger.
After they left the church Maso led Christine into a pro visier, sho m, and not

"No? Well, it does not matter. I want to see the lad who was in church with sim a minute."

"No? Well, it does not matter. I want to see the lad who was in church with synn. Tell him Master Kriegwinckel wants him a minute."

"This man was one of the most celebrated hussicians of that time, not only in Munich, where he lived, but throughout the music loving world. Little Christine, however, knew nothing about him and thinking that the stranger merely wished to compliment Maso upon his singing she bade him enter. He bowed politely to the widow and in the range of the widow and then bowed politely to the widow and in the recognized the child and smile as he said:

"No? Well, it does not matter. I want to see the lad who was in church with you. Tell him Master Kriegwinckel wants him a minute."

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him, and timing that the stranger merely wished to compliment Masoupon his singing she bade him enter. He bowed politely to the widow and then addressed Maso, saying: "You have a beautiful voice, my lad—

"You have a beautiful voice, my lad—an unusually fine one. I am an old man, but I have seldom heard such a voice as yours. You understand what you sing, too, and you love music. You have all the makings of a great artist. But—you do not know how to sing!"

"That is because I have never been taught," said Maso sadly and humbly.

"I observed that. It is not your fault, and it can be remedied. How old are you?"

you?"
"Fifteen on Candlemas day."

"Fifteen on Candlemas day."

"Very good. I have a proposition to make you. Have you relatives?"

"None. I am all alone."

"Better still. I will take charge of you. I will take you back to Munich with me; I will teach you music and singing, and in three or four years—you will seel Kings and prinese will invite you to come to court and sing for them, and I shall have the honor of giving the world another great musician. Perhaps you have heard of me. I am Kriegwinckel, leader of the choir in Munich."

I would be only too happy, master,"

Maso stammered, "but I am obliged to earn my living. I have nothing"—

"You will not need money. I will treat you as my own son, and you will earn a

"You will not need money. I will treat you as my own son, and you will earn a great deal more than your living when I have taught you music. It is agreed, is it not? Ah, it was not for nothing that I watched you in the church, followed you out and after losing sight of you in the crowd searched for you until I heard your voice through that window. But I must leave Nuremberg tonight. Come." The boy took up his cloak and lute, saying: "Goodby, Christine, I will come back some day. Do not forget me."
The girl clung to his arm and whispered: "I shall never forget you. I thought at first that you were an angel because you sang like one and were as

because you sang like one and were as good as one. I will love you all my life." "Then ask your mother to kiss me good night. It will bring me luck." he said, and the Widow Gudule, clasping him in her arms, prayed that heaven's blessings might always follow him. As he turned away he handed his purse to

money, so here are my day's earnings. I have had a very good day, and they will help you until your mother can work again."

Eight years passed.

The Christmas bells were ringing merrily, and the people, coming out of their houses to attend midnight mass, greeted each other with Christmas wishes. each other with Christmas wishes. Among the throng there was none who received more salutes and friendly smiles than an elderly woman who leaned on the arm of a beautiful young girl, tall and slender as a reed. By the light of the torch she carried, the girl's bright blue eyes, rosy cheeks and golden hair were seen, and every passer looked at

my mother gave me the money to buy a sausage and an apple pie, but I have dropped my groschen in the snow. We have no more, and now we can have no Christmas supper."

"Where did you drop it?" asked her listener, and when she pointed to the spot he knelt down and began turning over the snow. His back was turned toward the child, when he gave a cry of triumph and held up a coin in his fingers.

"Oh, you must be an angel!" cried the little cirl joyfully. And he added with most successful embroiderer in the town her daughter had soon grown celebrate ner daugner has soon grown cetebrated for her taste in designing new patterns, and now the widow owed nothing and could hardly fill all the orders she re-ceived from the richest ladies in the

coived from the richest ladies in the land.

As the people entered the church the organ's peal rose to the vaulted roof, and Widow Gudule, kneeling at Christine's side, heard her murmured prayer: "Sweet Saviour Jesus, protect him! Bring him back to us that I may tell him I have not forgotten him!"

The mother smiled sadly, for she had had experience of the world, and she knew that with young people remembrance often fades. Every Christmas eve Christine had said, "Suppose he should come tonight!" and when her mother tried to explain how unlikely it was that the youth who for a single hour had been their guest should ever think of them again the girl only shook her head and answered, "He will come."

The widow was growing uneasy, for her daughter was 16 years old.

Suddenly, just as the priest turned round to administer communion to the faithful, a voice in the choir rose above

round to administer communion to the faithful, a voice in the choir rose above the organ's strains, and Christine's face was transfigured as she whispered, "It is he!"

Oh, that beautiful voice—powerful, interested yet as sweet as if it came

Oh, that beautiful voice—powerful, impassioned, yet as sweet as if it came straight from heaven!

"Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth" it sang, and Christine, carried out of herself as she listened, wept softly and wondered whether it were not indeed an angel's voice. With a saddened look in her soft blue eyes, she followed her mother out of the church, casting a wistful, timid glance up the dark winding staircase which

church, casting a wistful, timid glance up the dark winding staircase which led to the choir, and the widow, who also had recognized the voice, hurried also had recognized the voice, hurried her daughter away.

When they reached the street, the girl looked about her in vain, for there was no sign of the red cap and dark curls of the young lute player, no strange figure was to be seen except a tall man wrapped in a handsome cloak and wearing a gold embroidered cap which glistened in the moonlight. When the two women arrived at their home, this person stepped quickly up, and with a bow said:

"Merry Christmas to you, Dame Gudule! Merry Christmas, Miss Christine! Will you let the Florentine singer share your supper once again?"

"I knew he would come, mother!" cried Christine, and the widow, in suite

expressed the greatest willingness to make public the particulars of his cure in the belief that it might be of benefit to some other sufferer.
"You are of course aware," said Mr

ring set with precious stones, and said gayly, as he kissed her lips:

"A queen gave me this ring, and I kept it for you, my darling, that are more precious than all the queens on earth!"—J. Colomb in Short Stories. A GOSPEL CANALBOAT.

ovel Mission Work on the Eric Canal.
The Gospel Fishpole.

The Gospel Fishpole.

A few months ago a Salvation Army post at San Francisco announced its purpose to a dadance on satar's host by land and water, to mobilize the army and add a navy."



THE MISSION BOAT.

THE MISSION BOAT.
canal, which was so long a stronghold of
the devil, has been seized upon by Christian workers. Mr. H. B. Andrews, an officer of the International Evangelical alliance, bought an old canalboat which had
been used by a circus, repaired and refitted
it and placed on board a crew of five earnest souls who are making the vale of the
Mohawk ring with the songs of Zion.
The plan of the mission is to carry the
message into all the cities, towns, villages
and hamlets along the waterway from Buffalo to Albany. The boat, drawn by one
horse, attracts great attention, with its
Scripture texts from stem to stern, and
these are read from daylight to dark. At
night a large transparency flashes out the
joyful message on the dark waters.

When the boat draws near a town the
workers hang out on the upper deck large

When the boat draws near a town the workers hang out on the upper deck large signs announcing the meeting, such as the following:

Meeting Tonight—Man or woman, boy or girl, rich or poor, black or white, large or small, short or tall, come one, come all.

Meeting Tonight—Don't fix up. Come in your working tothes.

Meeting Tonight—Drunken men especially invited. Welcome, drunk or sober.

Meeting Tonight—Mother, bring the baby. It won't disturb saff it does cry.

Meeting Tonight—Come and bring your faher, mother, sister, brother and all the rest of the family.

A bugle is blown, attracting the atten-

ther, mother, sister, brother and all the rest of the family.

A bugle is blown, attracting the attention of the people to the boat, and as they pass along they are invited to the meeting. A central place is selected, and the workers, with tracts and invitations to the meeting, visit all the saloons, and a general house to house visitation is carried on. Special efforts are made to reach drinking men and nonchurchgoers. At evening an open air service lasting an hour or so is held from the deck, the people gathering on the bridge and banks of the canal.

A short sermon is preached and testimonies are given, followed by an invitation to accept Christ, after which an inquiry meeting is held, to which the unsaved are invited. The names of those professing conversion are sent to some of the pastors of the place where the gospel canalboat

The work is carried on with canalmen by The work is carried on with canaimen oy means of a gospel fishpole with packages of tracts on the end, which are handed over to passing boats. Little floats with cardboard sails, on which are painted Scripture texts, are dropped at intervals and float away with their message, to be read by many passing and to be fished out by the small boy and taken home as a curiosity.







county, and for twenty-two years has been a travelling agent and an and tioneer, and it is safe to say that he is just as popular as he is well known. In a business of his kind Mr. Furlong is naturally exposed to all kinds of weather, and the result has been that for some years past he has been that for some years past he has been badly crippled with rheumatism and has suffered great pain and inconvenience. Happily, however, Mr. Furlong has found a release from this suffering, and his recovery has excited so mech interest in and about Stayner that "The Sun" determined to secure that particulars of his cure and give them for the benefit of others. When seen with regard to the matter, Mr. Furlong expressed the greatest willingness to

Furlong, "that my calling subjects me to more or less inclement weather, and this was the main cause of my sufferthis was the main cause of my suner-ing. Some nine years ago I first felt the symptoms of rhenmatism. I did not pay much attention to it at first, but gradually it became so severe that it was with difficulty that I could habble strend and harden bases calls. hobble around, and my business really became a burden to me. I consulted several physicians who did all they several physicians who did all they could for me, but without giving me any relief. During a part of the year I was bed-fast for weeks at a time and as the remedies I tried did me no good I began to believe there was no cure for me, and you will readily understand how despondent I was. To add to my distress I became afflicted with salt-rheum of the hands, and had to keep my hands covered with cloths to keep my hands covered with cloths

from one year's end to the other. I had read of some remarkable cures of heumatism by the use of Dr. Williams ink Pills for Pale People, and at last Pink Pills for Pale People, and at last I made up my mind to try them, though I must admit that it was with a doubting heart, for I had spent a great deal of money for other medicines without obtaining any benefit. However, they say that a drowning However, they say that a drowning man will clutch at a straw, and it was with much of this feeling that I pur-chased the first box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before that box was all gone I experienced some relief warranted me in continuing the treat-ment, and from that out I steadily progressed toward complete recovery.

I have used in all eight boxes with
the result that I am to day free from
pain and ache, and not only did Pink
Pills relieve me of the rheumatism,
but they also drove out the salt-

rheum, and as you see to-day the hands which had been covered with cracks, fissures and scabs are now completely well. This splendid result is due entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and you may be pleasure to warmly recommend Dr. William's Pink Pills are a per fect blood builder and nerve restorer,

curing such diseases as rheumatism neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomoto ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous prostration and the tired feeling there-from, the after effects of la grippe, blood, such as scrofula, chronic ery sipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any

nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Out., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Com-

Send your name and address on a costal card to the Weekly News,

Curbs, Splints, Ring Bone. Sweeney, Stifles, Sprains. Sore and Swollen Throat, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by bottle. Warranted by

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.— South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 to 3 days. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterous. It removes at once the cause and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 The first dose greatly benefits. cents. Warranted by J. P. Lamb.

Rebecca Wilkinson, of Brownsvalley, Ind., says: "I had been in a distressed condition for three years from Ner-vousness, Weakness of the Stomach, vousness, Weakness of the Stomach, Dyspepsia and Indigestion until my health was gone. I bought one bottle of South Amerian Nervine, which done more good than any \$50 worth of doctoring I ever did in my life. I would advise every weakly person to use this valuable and lovely remedy." A trial bottle will convince remedy." A trial bottle win convocation. Warranted by J. P. Lamb. ' A trial bottle will convince

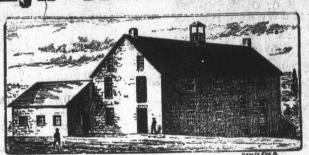
How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture. Send 25 "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrappers bearing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sooner Than a Man") to Lever Bros., Ltd., 43

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During our time in business we have sold tao great many who have never paid their accounts, and our loss in that way has been considerable. We have also met very many with whom it was a pleasure to do a credit business, who paid their accounts promptly, and always endeavored to carry out the Golden Rule. To such of you, we are thankful, and trust you will appreciate and approve our forward step, and that we may have the pleasure of counting you among our Cash Customers, when we will endeavor to make it clear that it is to your ad-Our present stock. vantage to buy For Cash. wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and refuse all imitations and sold for cash or produce only. We shall keep no books, open sold for cash or produce only. sold for cash or produce only. We shall keep no books, open no accounts, but will sell so low that you will see it is to your mail advantage to buy from us for cash.

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