A Surprising Subscription.

New York Times.

Christopher Dobbs, generally known as "Little Dobbs," by reason of his somewhat stubby proportions, sat in the smoking room at the club, listening to the men as they related their experiences in soliciting subscriptions for the new Charity Hospital. They were his elders, all of them, and had been placed on the committee on account of pre-eminent business sagacity and skill; and yet his seat was that of the scornful. How weak were their endeavors, how important their conclusions! Had he started to raise a definite sum he wouldn't have taken such wornout bluffs as "Out of town," "See you later," and "Hard times," that he wouldn't. Why, wooden men couldn't have been bigger stiffs or sticks! Finally his indignation, being critical, manifested itself in speech; since criticism, when self-contained, is in no wise superior to mere acquiescence.

"Say," he began, "you fellows have got the right name for your old hospital. It isn't apt to be puffed out, or to vaunt itself very soon at the rate you are going."

Various expressions of countenances followed this outburst—amused, surprised, supercilious, and horrified. There was a general turning towards Mr. Macklin, the chairman, as if with him lay the knock-out drops of official displeasure.

"Perhaps our young friend," suggested the exalted functionary, combining in his face the looks of his associates, "perhaps our young friend will give us the benefit of his financial and commercial career."

"Duns and pawnbrokers," translated Nevins, the clothier, in a stage whisper.

"Perhaps so," replied Little Dobbs, calmly. "If so, some of you will be less fast asleep when you're wide awake. I'll tell you what I'll do. Name the tightest, dryest old nut whom you've all been unable to crack, and if I don't get some meat out of him, why, I will forever after hold my peace."

"Agreed! Agreed!" "Set him on old Knowles!" "Let him tackle the firm 'Knowles & Blum,' while he's about it;" "Oh, give the boy some earthly show," were the ensuing comments.

"In view of our self-imposed penalty, and hence in the interest of concord, we accept your offer, Mr. Dobbs," said the chairman, suavely, "and beg that you will act as our representative with Jabez Knowles, whom the general concurrence seems to name as a proper test for your shrewdness. Here is the book; it will doubtless be a sufficient voucher."

Little Dobbs took the subscription list, lighted a cigarette, winked at Nevins, the clothier, and departed with all the assurance of easy victory. But when he reached the street, he proceeded reflectantly and with head bowed in bitter meditation. For Jabez Knowles, senior member of the great dry goods house of "Knowles & Blum," was considered hard-headed and practical by his friends—that is by himself and partner—and denounced as a miser, skinflint and curmudgeon by his enemies, whose common name was legion. Besides, he was trustee under the will of the late lamented Christopher Dobbs, sr., and intrusted with the duty of doling out that monthly allowance on which Little Dobbs throve without toiling or spinning. As a natural consequence of their individualities, guardian and ward had not been on friendly terms for several years, as was well known to those who had just proposed the former's name. "I got what I deserved," muttered Little Dobbs. If so, his deserts, indeed, were small!

The young man, however, kept doggedly to his mission. In the first place he had a reputation for doing things out of the ordinary, in which he took pride, probably because he did so little in that normal habit of life. And then, he could not help recalling the time when he had lived with Jabez Knowles, and had been a prime favorite. They had been pleasant, those days of youth—pleasant in their innocence. Mrs. Knowles had then been living, and her influence had kept the home free from the sordidness of her husband. And Alice Knowles, the only child, had been such a charming companion—as bright and blithe as a sunbeam. Ah, well, after the mother's death this little friend had been sent away to school, and he himself had fled from the ever-increasing gloom of avarice, and had neither seen nor heard of her more. How did she look, now that she must be full grown? Did she remember him as kindly as he did her? Perhaps he might ingratiate old Jabez by the manner of his approach; he had the winning faculty, so people thought, and, then, he might learn when Alice would return home, and even gain permission to see her. With some such vague hopes did Little Dobbs fortify his natural impudence.

The servant grinned both recognition and sympathy as Little Dobbs inquired at the house for Mr. Knowles. "He's just come in, sir," he said; "you may go right up to the library if you think best." Little Dobbs was far from such optimistic thinking; yet, he ascended the stairs and entered the rear room. As he did so he barely noticed that the curtains over the doorway to the parlor were swaying as if someone had just hurried through; barely noticed, for the presence of the master at once claimed his attention.

The old gentleman was sitting at his desk, tearing and scratching divers papers, which experience told Little Dobbs were household bills. At the sound of approaching steps he glanced up timorously, and then angrily.

"How do you dare! What do you mean by this intrusion, Sir?" roared Jabez Knowles. "Haven't I forbidden you the house?"

"Personally, but not officially," said Little Dobbs.

"How officially, except as a spendthrift, idiot and general disgrace?"

"My present capacity comes under the second subdivision, I should say. I am soliciting subscriptions for the Charity Hospital."

"I should say it did; but it would soon spread under the others, were anyone so rash as to intrust his offering to you. Clear out!"

"I thought you might regard it as a good investment," retorted Little Dobbs, abandoning all discretion. "You always used to say you would come to want in your old age."

"Begone!" thundered old Jabez, rising from his chair, "and tell the fools that sent you here that I would willingly subscribe to a lunatic asylum for their and your confinement."

"In that case," shouted Little Dobbs from the other side of the curtain, "I think charity should begin at home," and he rapidly descended to the main hall. There his steps were arrested by a light call of: "Oh Chris! Chris! won't you wait a moment, please?" He glanced up. Over the rail a face was peering. A white hand extended and dropped a package at his feet.

"Of course, papa was only jesting, Chris," said those soft merry tones. "There is his subscription. But hurry along, lest he begins to jest again."

The face vanished. Little Dobbs picked up the parcel and passed bewindered out of the house. Why, that was Alice! How pretty she has grown. She must have returned home from school. She must have overheard his flippant talk from the parlor. Had he not noticed the curtains swaying from her passing? If he only had known, how humble and deferential he would have been! And yet, she had not appeared displeased. Rather timorous, perhaps, but of her father—not of him. Had she not called him "Chris" as naturally as if ten years ago were yesterday? What was this highly improbable subscription which had been transmitted to him by so lovely a messenger? At the first convenient spot he would find out, and then he could consider what should be done.

Convenient spots were never very far away from Little Dobbs, and so he was soon seated in the rear of his restaurant with a long, cooling drink and a large cigar, as friends in council. The package upon examination proved to be a plethoric and weighty envelope bound around with blue floss. "Old Knowles will be wearing a white dimity apron next," muttered Little Dobbs, as he loosened the coil. The contents were money and a quantity of it—silver and copper, and a few bills interspersed, like spectators at a labor convention. "He must have been prigging the foreign missions collection," reflected Little Dobbs as he made the count. The sum was exactly $50; and, besides, at the bottom there lay a faded flower, and a clipping of newspaper poetry, marked "How true." These latter evidences verified the young man's suspicions. "These are her poor little savings," he concluded, "painfully collected from her miserable, scrimpy allowance. She has planned to thus procure some simple luxury, or more likely some absolute necessity, of which that old hunks has deprived her. And she has sacrificed them all, partially out of shame for him, but partially, I believe, out of regard for me. Now, what shall I do?"

Do? A brief consideration made the course evident enough. Of course he couldn't take her money. It was too sacred to be polluted by the pawnings of Mr. Cashier Macklin and of Nevins the clothier. And moreover, they would be sure to know that Old Knowles would never have sent his subscription in a toy-bank fashion. Equally, of course, since Alice wished for a subscription, there should be one. Little Dobbs took from a flat, almost concave pocket-book a fifty dollar bill, carefully folded. He placed it in the subscription list, and inscribed the name of Jabez Knowles in accordance with order and amount. "This is the last rose," he reflected. "But, after all, only a monthly one. I can easily go until the first on tick, and it shall go hard with me before I touch this precious hoard." With such prophetic comment, he buttoned the envelope tightly to his heart, and hastened back to the club.

There was a general shout as Little Dobbs entered the smoking-room. "He walks all right," "How is your neck, my boy?" and "He doesn't seem to mind the marble face," were some of the remarks. Unmoved, he delivered the subscription book to the chairman and resumed his seat with the single inquiry: "I don't need to hold it, do I?"

"Set a weasel to catch a weasel," sneered Nevins, the clothier, when the amazing disclosure had been made. But Mr. Cashier Macklin showed the aptitude in affairs for which he was distinguished. He touched the button, and when the waiter appeared said: "Just see what the gentleman will have?"

In due course the subscriptions to the Charity Hospital Fund were published in the daily newspapers, and provoked the usual comments of "Extravagant," and "Mean," with one notable exception. Jabez Knowles' wealth and niggardiness were too axiomatic for either term to be applicable to his gift. In the popular judgment the old man had gone daft! Little Dobbs shortly received a disagreeable proof of this belief in a letter from Messrs. Sharp & Bland, the eminent attorneys, which read as follows:

"Dear Sir: Our client, Mr. Jabez Knowles, has placed in our hands for collection a claim against you for damages in tort to the amount of $25,000, arising from the following injurious circumstances:

"He claims that you falsely and wantonly made a certain subscription to the Charity Hospital Fund in this city of $50, whereby his business reputation has been put in jeopardy, his sanity has been questioned, his house has been run down by solicitors for various eleemosynary institutions to such an extent that he has suffered physicial impairment, and his mind has been distracted and tortured.

"By reason of which facts aforesaid, he instructs us to bring suit against you forthwith, unless you proffer a satisfactory settlement.

"And in view of such step on our part, we beg to call your attention that your only visible means of support are derived from certain trust funds in our client's charge. Hence, our first legal step would be to attach the same, pending the suit. Trusting that you will call on us at your earliest convenience, we remain, etc.,"

"Won't you walk into my parlor?" mused Little Dobbs, sarcastically, as he tore the missive into bits. "No, I'm rather too fly for that," and he went about his relaxation in that happy spirit to which out of sight means out of mind.

A few days later, however, Little Dobbs sat in his diminutive sitting room, dumpish of posture and dumpish of heart. That morning, as he strolled down toward the club, a rude boy with a whistle, a wink and a cigarette, exemplifying the three degrees of anxiousness had thrust into his hand several papers, and then he vanished in a cloud of wind and smoke. A cursory examination had caused Little Dobbs to retrace his steps. The impossible had happened. He was sued, he was enjoined from the use of a cent of his income! The club was no place for him, with his long account just on the eve of being posted. Alas, his room would be no place for him, when the janitor had made his smiling but insistent visit. Meanwhile he would enjoy his domestic privileges while he could, and think it all over!

Men of Little Dobbs' ephemeral nature are plucky only within the airy environments to which they are accustomed. Practical troubles to them are like bugaboos which children avoid by covering their head. No adroit and brillian schemes came to the young man in his gloomy and solitary meditation. Litigation simply meant deprivation to him. He knew Messrs. Sharp & Bland by reputation—or, rather, by their lack of it. Since they had actually executed a threat, which he had deemed idle, he could see no hope for himself. In the spirit if not in the letter of ancient resignation he was prone to murmur: "The law gave and the law taketh away."

Little Dobbs took from his pocket the fatal yet precious subscription package which he had received from Alice, and counted over its contents. After all it would be right for him to keep himself looking like a gentleman, while he sought employment! A man must be shaved and have his boots polished, even if about to make a hole in the river; and surely there was no sentiment about mere chicken feed! As for the bills, they should be sacred. When cold death touched him, they should be lying close to his heart! He had scarcely transferred the bulkier portion of the treasure to his trousers pocket, though already his spirits had responded in exultation to possession, when directly following a rap the door opened, and Mr. Louis Blum, junior member of the great firm of Knowles & Blum, entered.

The new comer was excessive in dress and assurance. His bright, sharp, eyes oddly contrasted with his thick, smiling lips like veterans employing, yet disdainful of, ambushes. He drew a chair close to Little Dobbs' side, and pressed his reluctant hand.

"My good friend," he began, "I am deeply distressed over the difficulty between you and my worthy partner. I have never seen him so incensed. I fear that he will spare no money or pains in pushing the suit to the bitter end."

Little Dobbs liked Louis Blum as indifferently as he knew him. He had always regarded him as a discount to the goods in which he dealt—a sort of living certificate of deception, in a word. Now his condolence was even more bitter than its provoking cause.

"My case must indeed be a hopeless one to enlist your sympathy," Little Dobbs replied, stiffly; "but I can't say that I value it in proportion to its rarity."

"Of course, and perhaps not. You never did like me, and yet I am well disposed to you. Consider for a moment just how you stand, and then I'll prove that I am. No matter what the merits of the issues may be, they involve a tedious fight. There is little prospect of the courts setting aside that preliminary injunction; you are a single man, notorious for your extravagance and idleness. Your credit even now is well-nigh exhausted; who will trust you to the extent of a sou, under such circumstances? You never have done any work; your habits are bad; a schoolboy knows more about business—"

"I think that moment has elapsed," suggested Little Dobbs.

"Well, then, now to my proof of kindly feeling. I will be banker for you to the extent of your usual allowance each month. I will intercede with my partner and induce him to call off those legal bloodhounds; I—"

"You will? you will?" cried Little Dobbs. "Then you are the only white——"

"Of course," interrupted Blum, with a deprecatory shrug. "Of course I shall expect some return. You can't expect me to risk my money and waste my influence free, gratis, now, can you? I ask you as a man."

"I'll pay you the usual rates 3 per cent. a month."

"No, no," protested the other. 'You'll do nothing of the sort. Listen, and I will tell you something of my life, my hopes. I was a ragged street urchin when Mr. Knowles took me into his employ; but even then I said to myself: 'Louis, some day you will be walking up and down these aisles, scolding the girls. Some day you will be sitting behind that desk drawing checks and making deposits! And I worked, ah, how I did work. I made myself useful and then indispensable. When I became a partner I conferred a favor, instead of accepting one. All that vast business was due to my enterprise, my genius, and Mr. Knowles knew it. But do you suppose that I am satisfied with my share, when I am rightfuly entitled to all? My partner is an old man; he must soon die; do you think I relish the idea of being forced either to buy or sell? What should I naturally expect?

"The earth," suggested Little Dobbs, softly.

"I expect that this is a proper case for a matrimonial alliance; for the combining of two branches into one mighty trunk——"

"What, you don't want old Knowles to marry your mother, do you?"

"I want to marry his daughter, Alice. What arrangement could be more satisfactory?"

"For her? None, perhaps, except death."

"Oh, Mr. Dobbs, you are jesting. Her father consents."

"Then why don't you go ahead with the funeral?"

"That's what I'm coming to," continued Blum, nervously. "Miss Alice, it seems, has some childish liking for you. She blames herself for this trouble and has so told her father, with the effect, of course, of making him far more determined against you. Now, I thought, in return for my accommodations, you would be so kind as to write her a little note, in my behalf, say, or telling her that you love some one else, or that you think she hasn't improved, or something of that sort. Anything, you know, that would make a young girl so mad that she would do exactly what she din't want to; biting off her nose to spite the face! I won't mind a noseless wife, not when she's the only child of Jabez Knowles. If you would, why, I wouldn't mind making an advance now. I have some fresh, crisp bills."

Little Dobbs made no verbal reply. He sprung from his chair, grasped the visitor by the throat, forced him through the doorway, and dismised him down the stairs with the encouragement of a hearty kick. Then he returned to his chair, A very different man from the depressed and morose individual of a half hour ago. So Alice loved him! A fig, then, for suits and injunctions, and their consequent penury! A fig especially, for the rascally schemes of Knowles and Blum! He would confound their politics, that he would! But how? Why, by eloping with Alice and marrying her himself. He had $50 to the good at all events; her own dear money, too. How better could it be consecrated? He had hosts of friends, too, who thought him clever. There was Cashier Macklin, and—and—no, not Nevins, the tailor. He would only sneer; but there was Cashier Macklin. He would go at once and consult with him. Besides old Knowles would hardly care to continue an injunction against a son-in-law, and thus interfere with the support of his daughter. So, musing and resolving, Little Dobbs made his toilet and then wended his way to the bank.

There was a throng of loungers, excited and curious, about the doors of that institution, and within the clerks were peering over their books with scared faces. Even as Little Dobbs entered, the directors filed out of their meeting room, in the rear, like bearers about to lift a coffin. Little Dobbs recognized but one of them—Nevins the clotheir, and he accosted him.

"You want to see Cashier Macklin, do you?" retorted that worthy; "well, if you can see him it will be worth $5,000 to you; and I hear you are in need of funds." And he thrust a handbill into the young man's grasp.

Little Dobbs was somewhat surprised to read that the one on whom he had relied for recommendation was an embezzler and fugitive, for whom a large reward was offered; but he proceeded undaunted to the execution of his purpose. He went to Jabez Knowles' house, and this time good luck attended him. Its master was out; its mistress was home, and would see him. Even the servant smiled success as he passed into the drawing room.

"Oh, Chris!" sighed Alice a moment later, "when I think that I have brought all this trouble and privation on you, I could die for you!"

"Live for me rather," whispered Little Dobbs, "as my own dear wife."

"I don't wish to die," murmured the girl.

But there is as great a difference between engagement and elopement as there is between the bank and the middle of the river. At first Alice wouldn't hear of such an idea; then she would listen only that she might irrevocably refuse; and then at length, she agreed to deliberate. Would she not be adding to her poor Christopher's burdens; should she not rather inculcate the maxim that when one had nothing, two would surely have less? But here Little Dobbs recapitulated the arguments which had led to his own determination with crushing force. For no advocate ever does so admirably as one of one's own choice. Her father would no more let his daughter starve than his daughter would let her husband starve; and so there they were, unanswerably by the theorem of love! Besides, Blum was now alarmed; from being persistent he would become relentless in his persecution! Then it was that Alive ventured the suggestion that she would just have about time to pack her satchel and all was speedily settled.

It was agreed between them that they should journey together to the town not far distant where Alice had lived for many years at school, and that she should confide in her old preceptress, and put herself under her charge for the night. On the morrow, with that spinster's consent and assistance, they would be married by the clergyman who was her spiritual coadjutor. So much decorum exacted; so much passion yielded! In an incredibly short time for feminine preparation, the pair burried away, the smiling servant showing her enthusiastic comprehension by casting after them an old shoe.

That evening Little Dobbs sat in the reading room of the hotel without one perplexity to mar the enjoyment of his cigar. Alice was safe with the preceptress, and the preceptress was safe with them. The girl had rightly judged that good woman's remembrance of long-continued parental neglect would override her aversion to short-lived filial disobedience. The old clergyman had proved equally complaisant, and everything was going as merrily as the wedding bells of the following morning. There was a jar of pleasant reveries, as if those wedding bells were clanging cracked and discordant, when Louis Blum suddenly entered and sat with close-drawn chair and intrusive hand.

"Was it well, my good friend," began the junior partner, in tones of mournful pitch, "was it well for you to have betrayed my confidence in such an ungentlemanly way? Did you think I was such a fool as not to watch you after you refused my offer? Think it over once more, I beg of you. I know all; where Miss Alice is concealed and when and by whom you plan to get married. Now, what are you going to do, my dear Mr. Dobbs?"

"Do?" repeated Dobbs, hotly; "I'm going to do thoroughly what I didn't half do this morning."

"Oh, you are going to kick me once more? Well, let it be: I am kicked; but what then? The pain soon goes; the mortification, I know it not! But do you suppose, my good friend, that the respectable school madam wil give her approval, do you suppose that the reverend doctor will officiate when I make the announcement that I am the young lady's intended, by her father's authority and choice? Do you think that they will ruin the reputation of their institution simply to oblige you? Don't be precipitate"—in the fervor of his pleading Mr. Blum forgot his careful public-school training and said "brecipitate,—"Take the night to consider! On one hand you have disgrace and revenge, on the other my friendship and competency for life. For I will do more; I will double your income the very minute that Alice becomes mine. I don't want any scandal. Take the night to consider, do.'

Little Dobbs looked curiously and critically at the junior partner. The man's narrow and bulging brow was all a-glitter with perspiration; his thick, flabby lips were colorless. He was terribly in earnest, and the fire of his eye showed undoubted and ample motive for such stress.

"All right," replied the young man indifferently; "I'll take the night to consider, since you wish; but also I'll consider in my own room and by myself."

"One moment, please," peristed Louis Blum. "Also consider what it would be worth your while to cause Miss Alice to take me to-morrow in your stead. A sharp word from you you know, and she might choose me out of pique. I have read of such things. If so, you may have your own terms, I assure you. Well, then, good night. You will find me in the room next to yours should you care to agree to any reasonable compromise."

When Little Dobbs was up stairs he paced the floor in deep and anxious thought. What did Blum's conduct mean, at once determined and cringing? The man had him at a terrible disadvantage, and knew it, and yet he seemed willing not to press it. Could it be love that made him so unnaturally liberal in his proffers? "Love?" soliloquized Little Dobbs. "I should say that careworn, strained expression meant fear. Why, Cashier Macklin himself can't look more like a fugitive."

Even as he spoke, Little Dobbs thrust his hands into his coat pockets and involuntarily brought out from one of them the bill of reward which Nevins, the clothier, had given him. Five thousand dollars! Why, the police of the country must be half crazy over the possibility of making such an amount. They would take any chance, they would believe any tale that seemed to furnish a clue. Blum must be got rid of, that was certain; he was a "very good friend" that would surely stick closer than a brother. Supposing then, he should go to police headquarters and denounce the junior partner, claiming that his actions and words had alike raised the suspicion that he might be the missing Macklin? Would not the authorities take Blum into custody and force him to prove his identity? It seemed probable; it was his only chance for Alice and happiness.

At the first break of the cold, misty morn Little Dobbs looked out of his window. There was a light still burning in the adjoining room, and on the opposing wall a shadow was restlessly increasing and diminishing. 'He couldn't be doing better if he had the swag in his clothes," murmured Little Dobbs, as he noiselessly crept down the stairs and out of the house. With an ingenuity which would have delighted the men at the club and have caused Nevins, the clothier, to sneer less contemptuously, he detailed to the police suspicious circumstances against the man in the hotel room next to his until, even before he had particularized, they exclaimed, "Macklin for a certainty!" He accompanied the officers and pointed out the window, betraying the anxiety of the man within. But as they dashed up the stairs he turned and fled, and paced obscure streets until the hour had arrived which had been set for his nuptials.

There was no interruption; the preceptress wept in peace; the aged clergyman fumbled and started the burial service, and hemmed and hawed, but at length he arrived, and the magic addition of two into one was adequately performed. But even while Little Dobbs was considering whether he ought to spend those sacred bills as a fee the bell rang, there were hasty, irregular steps, and Jabez Knowles rushed into the room

"God bless you, my children," he panted.

"Why 'bless'?" asked Little Dobbs in amazement.

"Why, you have saved me from the machinations of a scoundrel who would have beggared me. From information which you gave the police arrested Louis Blum. Scarcely had they entered his room than he confesed he had been robbing me for years. They telegraphed for me and I have recovered a large amount. That's why I'm glad to have a man of your judgment in my family."

"And the suit and the injunction?" queried Little Dobbs.

"Discontinued without further notice, my boy. I'll give you a quarter's allowance directly. But you shouldn't have taken that subscription from Alice, really you shouldn't; she's a minor, and, as her father, I was entitled to her savings."

"You shall have them and welcome," retorted Little Dobbs, joyously, "minus the chicken food disbursed in current expenses."

"Oh, I can deduct for that," said Jabez Knowles, and so the complications arising from his surprising gift to the Charity Hospital were all harmoniously arranged.

A Minister of the Gospel is Pleased to Tell of the Wonderful Curative Powers of the South American Kidney Cure.

Rev. James Murdoch, of St. John, N. B.—"I have used South American Kidney Cure with marked success. It will do all the manufacturers claim for it. I felt much benefitted after taking the remedy for a couple of days. I have taken in all four bottles, and consider that I have received $100 worth of good from each bottle." Sold by Dean & Hiscocks and Hall & Co.

THE CUSTOMARY SENTENCE.

Inflamed White People Precipitately Hang an Unfortunate Negro.

Blue Fields, West Va., Jan. 29—Alex. Jones, a negro, while drunk on a train last night discharged two revolvers until all the chambers were emptied. W. H. Strother, postmaster at Elkhorn, was killed, and Conductor McCullough shot in the side. Jones was arrested today and an attempt was made to take him to Huntington for safe keeping. The train was flagged by a danger signal and a mob numbering 100 men, boarded the train, and, at the point of Winchesters, forced the officers to release the prisoner. They dragged Jones a short distance to a tree, swung him up to a limb and his body was riddled with bullets. Some of the most prominent and influential citizens of this section were in the mob.

ROYAL Baking Powder.
Highest of all in leavening strength.—U. S. Government Report.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Old Dr. Gordon's Remedy for Men

CURES POSITIVELY

Lost Power, Nervous Debility, Failing Manhood, Secret Diseases, caused by the errors and excesses of youth.

Young, middle-aged or old men, suffering from the effects of follies and excesses, restored to health, manhood and vigor.

Price $1.00, 6 boxes for $5.00. Sent by mail securely sealed. Write for our book, "*Startling Facts,*" for Men only, tells you how to get well and stay well.

Address, QUEEN MEDICINE CO., Box 947 MONTREAL.

Land Registry Act.

The South half of Section Ten (10) and Sections Eleven (11) and Twelve (12) Comox District, excepting that portion of Section Twelve conveyed to Alexander Urquhart by indenture dated the 30th day of December, 1878.

Whereas the Certificate of Title of George McFarlane to the above hereditaments, bearing date the 30th day of May, 1873, and numbered 817A, has been lost, and application has been made for a duplicate thereof;

Notice is hereby given that such duplicate will be issued unless cause be shown to the contrary in writing within one month from the date hereof.

S. Y. WOOTTON,
Deputy Registrar General.

Land Registry Office, Victoria, 31st December, 1895.

WHITE STAR BAKING POWDER HAS THE LARGEST DEMAND IN CANADA

Why Waste Time and Money

making experiments with other baking powders, when

WHITE STAR

has become a DEMONSTRATED SUCCESS.

Medal Awarded, 1895.

WHITE STAR BAKING POWDER PURE & WHOLESOME

SOUTHERN PACIFIC CHARTER.

It May Be Repealed By the United States Senate.

San Francisco, Jan. 29.—Senator William Goebel, of Covington, Ky., who, as chairman of the judiciary committee of the senate of the Kentuckey legislature, introduced a bill a few days ago to repeal the charter of the Southern Pacific company, has telegraphed to Mayor Sutro asking him to immediately send him pertinent documents bearing upon the history and actions of the S. P. company in California and other states and territories on this coast in which it operates. Mayor Sutro began the agitation in this city which resulted in the introduction of Senator Goebel's bill in the Kentuckey legislature, and he will at once forward such documents as bear on the subject at issue.

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