CHAS. FELTON PIDGIN.

wrinkled, wasted hand that she held in

'What is it, Miss Pettengill?" ask-

"She's dead," said Alice, and she sunk

bring you a nice cup of ho

tea," said she; "I've just made some

Lindy came downstairs and went to

the front door. Hiram was there, smok-

ing a cigar, and beating his arms to

"Mr. Maxwell," said Lindy; and Hi-

tengill home. She will be through

him to make all th

ments for the funeral. And take this

for your trouble," said she, as she passed him a five-dollar bill.

"Oh, that's too much," cried Hiram,

"Take it," said Lindy, with a smile;

"I have plenty more—more than I need —more than I know what to do with."

As Hiram drove off he said to him-self, "Lucky girl; she's mighty putty,

As Lindy turned to go upstairs she

of this girl, with whom she knew that

So Lindy went upstairs to her room

who had been called to their long home

as to drive around to Deacon Mason's,

had avenged her fancied wrongs.

down upon the stairway.

seated her in an easy-chair.

"I'll

nearly frozen,

drawing back.

back to the funeral."

AND MASON'S CORNER FOLKS.

A PICTURE OF NEW ENGLAND HOME LIFE.

"It is locked up in my writing-desk were only here! But I no not where to find him." at home," answered Alice. What did yer promise ter do with "I promised," replied Alice, "not to et anyone see it and to destroy it would revive, hear her words, and reit?" asked Mrs. Putnam.

within twenty-four hours after your lease her from that horrid oath. "And you will keep yer promise?" asked the old woman "My word is sacred," said Alice so!-

hers, was cold—so cold—she leaned over and put her ear above the old wo-"Alice Pettengill," cried Mrs. Put-"if you break your word to me sorry that I ever loved you." And her voice rose to a sharp, shrill tone, "I'll haunt you as long as you

The girl shrank back from her. "Don't mind a poor old woman, whose hours are numbered, but you'll keep your promise, won't yer, Alice?" And she grasped both Alice's hands convul-

"Aunt Heppy," said Alice, "I've given you my promise, and I'll keep my word whatever happens. So don't worry any more about it, Auntie.

Samanthy ran quickly downstairs.
She went first to Miss Lindy's room, For a few moments Mrs. Putnam reand told her that all was over; then she mained quiet; then she spoke in clear, came back, went into Mrs. Putnam's even tones. Not a word was lost upon room, pulled down the curtains, went "This adopted daughter of mine to the bed and laid the sheet over Mrs. has been a curse to me ever since I Putnam's face. She looked at the fire knew her. She was two years older to see that it was safe, came out and than Jones. They grew up together as closed the door. Then she helped Alice to see that it was safe, came out and brother and sister, but she wasn't satdownstairs, led her into the parlor and isfied with that, she fell in love with my son, and she made him love her. She turned him agin his mother. She found out that there wuz no law agin for dinner.' a man's marryin' his adopted sister. We had to send him away from home, but she followed him. She wuz goin' to elope with him, but I got wind of it, keep warm. He had been waiting outside for a couple of hours and he was and I stopped that; then Jones died away from home and left her all his money. He wuz so bitter agin me that touch a dollar of my money, but better that than to have her marry him.

I stopped that!" and the old worm. I stopped that!" and the old woman a few moments ago, about 1 o'clock," chuckled to herself. Then her mood changed, "Such a marriage would have been a sin agin God and man," she said sternly "She robbed me of mood sternly "She said sternly. "She robbed me of my son boy-but I'll get even with Stiles to come up at once with the She asked me this mornin' if I buggy and a wagon to carry my trunks knew who her parents wuz. I told her to the station. Tell Mr. Stiles I am gono, that she was a waif picked up in ing to Boston on the next train. When a New Hampshire road, but I lied to you come back you can take Miss Pet-

lunch by the time you get back. After you've taken her home, I want you to 'But do you know who they were?" "Certainly I do," said Mrs. Putnam; go and get Mrs. Pinkham, the nurse; "that letter you've got, and that yer tell her Mrs. Putnam is dead and that promised to destroy tells all about the large transfer from the control of the cont promised to destroy, tells all about 'em.
But she'll never see it. Never! Never!!

Never!!"

I want her to come and lay her out.
Then drive over to Montrose and tell
Mr. Tilton, the undertaker, that I

Again she rose to a sitting posture, again that wild, mocking laugh through the house. Lindy, still lying upon her bed in her room, heard ldered, and covered her ears with her hands to shut out the terrible sound. Samanthy, in the kitchen garheard it, and saying to herself, 'Mrs. Putnam has gone crazy, and only that blind girl with her," ran up-

When Mrs. Putnam uttered that wild too. I wonder that city feller didn't augh, Alice started from her chair with shine up to her. I s'pose she's comin' beating heart and a frightened look upon her face. As the door opened and Samanthy entered, Alice stepped for-ward. She could not see who it was, sitting with her head bowed upon her but supposing it was Lindy she cried hand. Her first impulse was to go in "Oh, Lindy, I'm so glad you've and try to justify herself in the eyes

Mrs. Putnam had fallen back ex. Mr. Sawyer was in love; but no, she hausted upon her pillow; when she was but a waif, with no name, no birthheard the name Lindy she tried to rise right, no heritage; that woman had again, but could not. But her indomit- cut her off from her people. Truly, she able spirit still survived.

"So you've come back, have yer?" she "Yer couldn't let me die in and remained there until after Alice peace. Yer want to hear more, do went home. you? Well, then, I'll tell you the truth. know who your parents are, but I Eastborough, after having seen Lindy destroyed the letter, it's burned. That's Putnam and all her belongings safe on what I had the fire built for this morn- board the Boston train, he stopped at in'. You robbed me of my son and I've the Putnam house to see if he could be got even with yer." The old woman of any further service. Mrs. Pinkpointed her finger at poor Samanthy, had had arrived some time before, and who stood petrified in the doorway, and shrieked again, "Go!" and she pointed had performed for many years for both ner withered finger toward the door, the young and old of Mason's Corner, and hunt for your parents.

Samanthy finally Mr. Tilton, the undertaker from Montplucked up courage to close the door; rose, had come over immediately, and she ran to Lindy's room and pounded had given the necessary professional once. The Deacon didn't have upon the door until Lindy was forced service which such sad occasions deadmit her: then the frightened girl told Lindy what she had heard, and Tilton and he came to the door. again the worse than orphan threw "No, there is really nothing you can herself upon her bed and prayed that do, Mr. Stiles, unless you will be so kind

Alice did not swoon, but she sank upon the floor, overcome by the horror of the scene. No sound came from the bed. Was she dead? Alice groped her way back to the chair in which she had previously sat; she leaned over Undertakers are naturally polite and and listened. Mrs. Putnam was breath- courteous men. They step softly, speak ing still - faint, short breaths. Alice lew, and are even-tempered. took one of her hands in hers and patrons do not worry them with quesprayed for her. Then she prayed for tions, nor antagonize their views of the the unhappy girl. Then she thought of fitness of things. the letter and the promise she had When Abner reached his boarding-Should she keep her promises to house, after making his numerous calls, the dying woman and thus be a party it was about five o'clock; as he went up-

'Mrs, Putnam! Mrs. Putnam!! Aunt Strout's room was a jar. In response Heppy!!!" she cried. "Take back your to his knock, the Professor said, "Come fortune; I do not want it; only release in.' me from my oath. Oh, that I could send for that letter and put it back into her Abner, as he entered the room hands before she dies! If Mr. Sawyer! "By lookin' for 'em," said the Pro-

"Well, you see," continued Strout,
"Mr. Sawyer and me have been at
swords' points the las' two months over
some pussonal matters. Well, he kinder wanted to fix up things, but he knew
I wouldn't consent to let up on him less
he treated me square; so I gets a third
interest in the grocery store the firm interest in the grocery store, the firm name is to be Strout & Maxwell, and I'm to be postmaster; so, you see, I got the best end after all, jest as I meant to from the fust. But, see here, Stiles, Mr. Sawyer and I have agreed to keep our hysiness and our pussonal where to find him."

For hours, it seemed ages to Alice, she remained by the bedside of the dying woman, seeing nothing, but listening intently, and hoping that she would revive, hear her words, and release her from that horrid oath.

Suddenly, Alice started; the poor, wrinkled wasted hand that she held in for as I know."

Stiles, Mr. Sawyer and I have agreed to keep our business and our pussonal matters strictly private in the futer, and you mustn't drop a word of what I've told yer to any livin' soul."

"I've carried a good many of yer secrets 'round with me," responded Abner, "and never dropped one of 'em, as I know."

far as I know." "Oh, yer all right, old man," said the Professor; "but, yer know, for the last two months our game has been to man's lips. There was no sound of

breathing. She pulled down the bed-clothes and placed her hand upon her heart. It was still. Mrs. Putnam had keep talkin'; now it will pay us bes! breathing. She pulled down the bedclothes and placed her hand upon her
heart. It was still. Mrs. Putnam had
gone to meet the boy she had loved and
lost.

Feeling her way along the wall, she
reached the door. Flinging it wideopen, she cried: "Samanthy! Lindy!"

Well, you see," said Strout, "when
I made yer that promise I expected to
own the whole store, but now, yer see,
own the whole store, but now, where the whole store, but now, yer see,
own the whole store, but now, yer see, reached the door. Flinging it wide-open, she cried: "Samanthy! Lindy!" Samanthy came to the foot of the Maxwell will want ter pick one of the

> "Yes, I see," said Abner, "but that leaves one fer you to pick, and I'm ready to be picked." "Yes, I know," answered Strout, "but

ssor with a jaunty air.

"Oh, yer know what I mean," said by the dead woman had burned the from my mind, Mr. Sawyer. How forthe time she entered the sick room until from my mind, Mr. Sawyer. How forthe time she entered the sick room until from my mind, Mr. Sawyer. How forthe time she entered the sick room until from my mind, Mr. Sawyer. How fortunate it was that you met her as a words points the las' two months over the frenzied face.

Said by the dead woman had burned the promotion of the dead woman had burned the promotion of the last room until from my mind, Mr. Sawyer. How fortunate it was that you met her as you did!"

"I am so itself deep into her memory, and from the time she entered the sick room until from my mind, Mr. Sawyer. How fortunate it was that you met her as you did!"

"I think Mr. Sawyer is about as uncluding even Quincy, listened intentional including even Quincy, listened intention."

"Well, be kind."

"Well be kind."

"I am so itself deep into her memory, and from the time she entered the sick room until from my mind, Mr. Sawyer. How fortunate it was that you met her as you did!"

"I think Mr. Sawyer is about as uncluding even Quincy, listened intention."

"Kind fortune owes me one or two favors yet before I shall be entirely."

For a few moments nothing was said, a suggestion that will free you from Finally Ezekiel broke the silence.

"Well, I guess," said he, "that wi" of her'n will stand all right. Lindy's got enough of her own; she won't be likely to interfere; and I never heerd of their havin' any other relatives."

"I don't care what is done with it," said Alice; "but no one but Lindy must read it."

"That is my idea exactly," assented Quincy. "I will go to Boston on the their havin' any other relatives."

Then Uncle Ike spoke up. "I shall go to the funeral, of course, next Friday, and I shall expect to hear the Rev. your permission I will turn that document to the New York Herald. With your permission I will turn that document to the New York Herald.

Hepsy was; she was so kind and so it up. He will write on the outside: benevolent, and so regardful of the To be delivered only to Miss Putnam a bit of difference if you went and told him what you've told us, Alice; he'd say just the same thing."

"Oh, hush, Uncle Ike," cried Alice. with animation. "What magicians you with animation. "What magicians you

excepting on that one point, and you every difficulty." must own that she had some provocathe dead be kept?" "Just so far," replied Uncle Ike, "as they do not interfere with the just have my morning smoke. rights of the living. Where is that letter that she wanted you to destroy?

he asked. "Here it is," said Alice, and she took



A QUESTION OF SEX.

Renevolent Old Gent (a bit puzzled)-And are you Tommy (in trousers)-No, sir. Johnny's going to be one next week!

the work is goin' to be very hard, lift-in' barrels and big boxes, and I'm afraid you couldn't staid it very long." A disappointed look came over Abner's face; he mused for a moment,

then he broke out: "Yes, I see; I'm all right for light work, sech as tellin' lies 'bout people and spyin' out their ac-tions, and makin' believe I've heard things that were never said; but when it comes to good, clean, honest work like liftin' barrels and rollin' heads, the other feller gets the job. All right, Professor!" said he, getting up to see Lindy this morning, and let her and walking towards the door; "when read it; but now she has gone away, you want anythin' in my line let me know." And he went out and slammed

the door behind him. As he went upstairs to his room, he said to himself, "I have sorter got the opinion that the Professor took what wuz given him, instid of gittin' what he asked fer. I kinder guess that it'll pay me to be much more partickler about

CHAPTER XXXII.

Aunt Ella. Deacon Mason had an early called Wednesday morning. He was out in the barn polishing up his silver-plated harness, for he was going to the funeral on Friday with his family. ram had given him notice that he would have to go up to the store at body in mind to take Hiram's place, and thought he might as well get used mand. Mrs. Pinkham called to Mr. his own work until he came to doing cross the right party.

He heard a voice. It said, "Good-mornin', Deacon"; and, looking up, he saw Abner Stiles standing before him. Detroit Specialist Discovers Something En-"Good-mornin', Abner," answered the Deacon, pleasantly, 'What does Professor want?"

"I don't know," said Abner; "I heerd that Hiram was goin' to leave yer, so I came 'round to see if yer wanted ter hire a man." "Do yer know of one?" asked the

Deacon with a smile. "That's all right, Deacon," said Abner. "I don't blame yer fer havin' yer little joke. I've worked so long fer the Professor that I expect to have it flung up at me. But I've renounced the stairs he noticed that the door of Evil One and all his wicked ways, and I want to be taken into a good Christian home, and eventooally jine the church.'

> "While the lamp holds out to burn. The vilest sinner may return,"

nuoted the Deacon as he hung up one piece of harness and took down an-

"That's true as Gospel," said Abner; "and I hope you'll see it's your duty, as I've heerd Parson Howe say, to save the brand from the burnin'."
"Well, you go in and talk to Mrs.
Mason," said the Deacon; "she's the one that wants the work done, and if she's satisfied to give yer a trial, it's all the

"Thank yer, Deacon," answered Abner. "There's one p'int in my favor, Deacon: I hain't got no girl, and I sha'n't take any of your time to go courtin'," and with this sly dig at Hiram he went into settle his fate with the Deacon's wife.
On that same Wednesday morning all

of the Pettengill family were together at the breakfast table. The conversa-tion naturally turned to Mrs. Putnam's

"Well," said Uncle Ike, "if I were in your place I'd open that letter, read it, and if it was likely to be of any value to Miss Putnam in finding her parents or relatives, I'd hunt her up and give it to her. Mrs. Putnam owned up that she lied about it, and the whole thing,

thinking about my promise, and I finally made up my mind that I would go and we do not know where to find her. What shall I do with this dreadful thing?" she cried as she held the letter up in her hand.

"Miss Pettengill," said he, "I think could find Miss Putnam for you." A slight flush arose to Alice's cheek which did not escape Quincy's notice. When Abner Stiles returned from Number One in the futer than I have He continued: "When I went to Boston of her story, and said she was going to leave the house forever, as soon as Mrs. Putnam died. She also told me that if ents I could reach her by advertising York Herald, addressing, 'Linda,' and signing it 'Eastborough.'

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ly to the dramatically told story, and they could almost see the frenzied face, the pointed finger, and hear the wild, mocking laugh.

"Kind fortune owes me one or two favors yet before I shall be entirely satisfied," said Quincy. "Now, Miss Pettengill, will you allow me to make

Mr. Howe stand up in his pulpit and tell us what a good Christian woman He will put it in an envelope and seal eelin's of others, and it wouldn't make on the written order of Miss Alice Petpleadingly; "she was a good woman, lawyers are! You discover a way out

"Wait until you get one of those tion. Let me ask you a question, Uncle lawyers working against you," re-Ike. How far should promises made to the dead be kept?" lawyers working against you," re-marked Uncle Ike, "then you'll change your mind. Well, I suppose now this matter's settled I can go upstairs and

"And I've got to go to the store," said Ezekiel to Uncle Ike, "and get some corn, or those chickens of your'n will swaller the hen coop." And both men left the room together. "If you can give me a little of your time, Miss Pettengill," said Quincy, "I have some news for you that I think

will please you very much."
"About my stories?" cried Alice. "Yes," replied Quincy, "Just before went to Boston last Saturday I got a letter from Leopold, asking me call on him as soon as convenient. I found him at home Sunday evening and this is what he said. The New York house has accepted your series o eight detective stories, and will pay you twenty-five dollars for each them. The house will send you a check from time to time, as they publish them. Leopold has accepted your long story for the magazine published by house for which he is reader. He says Jameson will get your other story into one of the Sunday papers, and he will have his dramatic for production next fall. He can't tell much you will make out of these just yet; the magazine pays by the page and the newspaper by the col-umn, and, of course, Jameson will give you part of his royalty if he gets the

"Why, Mr. Sawyer, you are showering wealth upon me like another Count of Monte Cristo!" "But you have not heard all," continued Quincy. "Leopold has placed your two songs with a music publishing house, and you will get a royalty on them in time. He says they don't pay any royalty on the first three hundred copies, and perhaps they won't sell; the public taste on sheet music is very fickle. Then, that composer, I can never remember his name, is at work on your poem, "The Lord of Sea.' He told Leopold he was going to make it his opus vitae, the work of his life, you know, and he is taking it up to the director of the Handel and Haydn Society." "that

"How true it is," said Alice, "the gladness quickly follows sadness. was so unhappy this morning, now the world never looked so bright to me. You have brushed away all my sorrows, Mr. Sawyer, and I am really very happy to hear the good news that you have told me."

"There is one sorrow that I have not yet relieved you of," continued Quin

And that?" asked Alice, brushing back the wavy golden hair from her forehead, and looking up at him with her bright blue eyes, which bore no outward sign of the dark cloud that dimmed their vision-"and that is?"she repeated.

"That letter," taking the hand that held it in both of his own. "If I am to get that noon train I have no time "Before you take it," said Alice, "you must promise me that it shall not be opened, and no eye but Lindy's must ever rest upon it.'

"You have my word," he replied. "Then take it," said she, and she released her hold upon it. "He took the letter with one hand. his other hand still retaining its grasp upon hers. "I go," said Quincy, assuming a bantone, "upon your quest, fair

lady. If I return victorious, what shall be my reward?" "Gallant knights," said Alice as she withdrew her hand from his, "do not bargain for their reward until they have fulfilled their trust."
"I accept the reproof," said Quincy

"It was not so intended, Sir Knight, responded Alice brightly; "so I w make amends by answering query. If you return successful, tell me what, you would prize the most, and even if it be half naif my kingdom, it shall be yours.' "I am content, but modern locomo-

tives do not wait even for gallant knights of old. so adieu." He quited the room, and Alice stood where he had left her until she heard the rumble of wheels as he drove off for the station; then she found her way to her chair before the fire, and her mind wove the outline of a romantic story, in which there was a gallant knight and a lovely maiden. But in her story the prize that the knight asked her when he returned successiui from his quest was the heart and hand

of the lovely maiden. Jimm Cobb went over to Eastborugh, so as to drive the team back. Before going to the station Quincy stepped into the postoffice and found a let-ter addressed to him in a peculiar, but familiar handwriting.

read it after I get on the train.' Quincy's Aunt Ela was Mrs. Robert Thessman, his mother's widowed six-As soon as the train started Quincy opened his letter. It was short and to

"My Dear Quincy,—Maude gave me your adress. What are you doing in a miserable little country town in the winter? They are bad enough in the summer, but in March!—Bah! Come

and se me at once, you naughty boy AUNT ELLA." "Dated yesterday," said Quincy; how fortunate. I will go up to Mount Vernon street tomorrow noon and take lunch with her.'

[To be Continued.] Lifebuoy Soap disinfectant is strongly



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When he has subsided to some extent the "sheers" proceed to drive a couple of stakes, notched at the top, at either end of the prostrate animal. Previously they have selected as the proper spot to throw him a convenient stump with exposed roots. Under one of these roots is thrust a rail or pole, and a couple of mountain men sit on the pole, resting it across the neck of the animal. Others elevate the loops, binding his hoofs to the notches of the stakes, and with feet in the air-the order of things reversed, as ded by the medical profession as it were, the brute is shod, very much as s safeguard against infectious diseases. 22 a horse might be. One of the plates is Commander F. A. Miller, U.S.N. has purchased pew No. 118 in the historic St. John's Church, Washington, from a Philadelphian, paying him \$1,000 for it. KNOWN TO THOUSANDS.—Parme-lee's Vegetable Pills regulate the action of the secretions, purify the blood and keep the stomach and bowels free from his weight upon one who seeks to shoe hach according to a strong to perfunctions. Their merits are a tr thousands, who know by how benedicial they are in ances and to all effects as drunk as if he

****************** had been persuaded to imbibe a gallon of moonshine whisky. He is a shamed and stricken ox, and the glory of his strength has passed from him, as did that of Samson of old when the clippers of Delilah comparatively soft there is no necessity rendered his head as a billiard ball. This of having them shod. Possibly some sickness lasts for some days, but it is never fatal. It is simply another little penalty the patient ox endures for being what he is .- Chicago Tribune.

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Has Heard

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death, and Ezekiel remarked "that she was a nice old lady, and that she and was a nice old lady, and that she and his mother were great friends. It beats all," he continued, "the way Lindy has acted. Abner Stiles told me that she took the half-past three train to Boston, and he said Bob Wood took over an express wagon full of trunks. Samanthy Green told Stiles that Lindy hadn't left a single thing in the house that belonged to her, and it don't look as though she was comin' back to the funeral."

During this recital Alice listened intently. She flushed, then grew pal's, and finally burst into tears. All present, of course, attributed her agitation to her well-known love for Mrs. Putnam.

"Shall I go upstairs with you, Sis."

asked Ezeklel.

"Shall I go upstairs with you, Sis."

asked Ezeklel.

"Stiles told me that she and hot beats and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method and the ability to do as he says. Dr. Goldberg, the discoverer, will send the method and

any way, may be a bluff. Perhaps it's only blank paper, after all." "No," said Alice, "I could never open it or read it. I laid awake all night

Quincy felt called upon to speak.

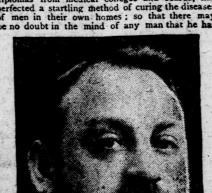
last Saturday I happened to meet her on to lose.' the train. She told me then something I ever learned anything about her parin the Personal Column of the New

AND STRONG.

"And will you do this at once for

Diseases in Their Own Homes.

Expects No Money Unless He Cures You-



Not Earn