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POOR DOCUMENT




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DIRECTLY TO THE SPOT.

INSTANTANEOUS IN ITS ACTION.

For CRAMPS, CHILLS, COLIC, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, and all BOWEL COMPLAINTS,

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THE BEST FAMILY REMEDY FOR BURNS, BRUISES, SPRAINS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA and TOOTHACHE.

Is used both internally and externally. It acts quickly, affording almost instant relief from the severest pain.

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These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others. One Pill a Dose. Children take them easily. The most delicate women use them. In fact all ladies can obtain very great benefit from the use of Parsons' Pills.

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A VALUABLE REMEDY

DOCTOR CHALYBEATE BATTER

General Weakness, Loss of Appetite, Heart Flutter, Hysterical Affections of Women and Children and Diseases arising from an Impure State of the Blood.

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BLOOD & NERVE TONIC

FOR WEAKNESS FROM WHATEVER CAUSE

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DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

ARE NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, Tonic and RECONSTRUCTOR, as they supply in a condensed form the substances actually needed to enrich the Blood, curing all diseases coming from POOR and WATERY BLOOD, or from VITIATED HUMORS in the BLOOD, and also invigorate and BUILD UP the BLOOD and SYSTEM, when broken down by overwork, mental worry, disease, excesses and indiscretions. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SEXUAL SYSTEM of both men and women, restoring LOST VIGOR and correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

EVERY MAN Who finds his mental faculties dull or failing, or his physical powers flagging, should take these PILLS. They will restore his lost energies, both physical and mental.

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YOUNG MEN should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful indiscretion, and strengthen the system.

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For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing

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$3000 A YEAR! I undertake to satisfactorily teach any thrifty intelligent person of either sex, who can read and write, and who, after instruction, will work industriously, how to make from $3000 to $5000 yearly dollars. A Year in their own localities, wherever they live. I will also furnish the situation or employment, at which you can earn this amount. No money for me unless successful as above. Easily and quickly learned. I desire but one worker from each district or county. I have already taught and provided with employment a large number, who are making over $3000 a year each. It is NEW and SOLID. Full particulars FREE. Address at once, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

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BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

Unlocks all the clogged avenues of the Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening the system, all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimness of Vision, Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness, and General Debility; all these and many other similar Complaints yield to the happy influence of BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

☞ WELBURN & CO., Proprietors, Toronto.

Young Little fortunes have been made at work for us, by Anna Page, Austin, Texas, and Jno. Bonn, Toledo, Ohio. You can. Others are doing as well. Why not you? Write at once. Address, H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine.


# 10 MINUTES TO 12

## BY. M. C. McCLELLAND,

*Author of "A SELF-MADE MAN," "OBLIVION," ETC.*

SYNOPSIS.

Dr. Royal, an invalid is in the train en route to Virginia. He has been broken up in a recent railway accident, and is going to his people, explains the conductor. At one of the stations a daring man jumps his horse from the ferry boat to the shore to catch the train. He succeeds and seats himself near Dr. Royal, who grows weak and is attended by this energetic young man and announces his name as Dr. Hart Royal. The discovery of his patient's identity in name with his own strikes him as peculiar; but he insists upon taking charge of the sick man, who he removes to a hotel at the next station. The patient says he must go on. He is to be married at 12 o'clock next day.

He tells the story of his impending marriage to his cousin Phyllis. The hour is arranged by the will. He asks his physician if he cannot help him. The physician resolves his patient shall marry the lady by proxy and he will be the proxy. The idea is approved by the patient and the proxy starts. The train goes very slowly and there is little time to spare. A buggy is waiting at the station for him, and a gentlemanly lad, the bystanders call Spotswood, starts with him for his destination and assures him "We'll make it."

They arrive at the church, in time and he thought it a dream Dr. Royal good enough, the marriage ceremony with a young lady in a lace draped dress. After the ceremony, as the friends of the bride who think he is the real Dr. Royal approach to offer congratulations he looks at his watch and finds it is just ten minutes to twelve.

On their return trip he finds that the bride is blind. She is at the instant invested with a sacredness greater than enveloped her as the possession of another confided to his honor. He kisses her hands softly, reverently, as a man might touch the sleeping form of his little child.

They are accompanied by Mrs. Hart a relative. He tells the ladies the story of the sick man. Mrs. Hart, learning he is a Royal becomes interested, as he must be a relative. She wonders if he can be the son of Phillip Royal, who went west, and of Pauline Hart, who was a relative of her husband's. These are the parents of the Dr. Royal who acted as "proxy" in the marriage. They reach the hotel and the patient has died at 10 minutes to 12.

He tries to think the matter over and confides in Mrs. Hart. They decide to keep the matter from the knowledge of Phyllis, the recognition of whom Hart expects, may be endangered by any emotion or excitement.

CHAPTER IX.

A decision once reached, Royal's mind clarified, like a pool in the quiescence which follows a violent stirring up. His difficulties were by no means dissolved or dissipated any more than is the mud at the bottom of the pool, but for the moment they sank out of sight. The day following was the one appointed for the operation, and when that should be over he would go away for a time, so as to leave Phyllis in the state of absolute calm which would be essental to complete the cure. He had already exceeded the limit he had allowed himself for holiday-making, and his affairs in the West required his presence. His practice had been entrusted to a brother physician on whose time and courtesy he felt he could no longer trespass, and, as he had assumed new responsibilites and was, moreover, a man by no means independent of his own exertions, it behooved him to return home and look after his interests.

Phyllis must remain in Alexandria, to be near the oculist, for many months to come, and during that time Royal hoped to arrange matters in such fashion as to withdraw his future, in a measure, from the shadow of the dead man's past. The feeling of possession, of being himself and yet other than himself, which had been so strong upon him during the ceremony, had modified, but enough of it remained to make him restive. To himself, he neither denied the impression nor attempted to explain it, and he spoke of the matter to no one. That the soul of a dying man, freed from the material in the intensity of a dominant and unfulfilled desire, should operating through spiritual or imaginative laws, influence the soul of another man dominated by the same desire and in an abnormally quickened condition by reason of nervous excitement, was, to him, a thinkable proposition, and one which it would require no more credulity to admit than would be demanded by nine-tenths of the theses constantly presented for the consideration of mankind.

The intellectual man was, in Royal, sufficiently developed to enable him to recognize that all thought pertaining to that Infinite which permeates and transcends material things must forever root itself in instinct and intuition, and also that his individual knowledge of the law of spirit, or imagination, gleaned from observation of their manifestation in the life of matter, was, relative to his ignorance, asa single plume from an eagle's wing to the sum of the bird's aerial journeyings.

Still, withal, Royal was a very humannatured man, and, since realization that Phyllis was his own wife had come to him, matrimonial association of her, even in idea, with another man had become offensive. It was not that he was jealous of the dead man's memory: Royal was not sufficiently in love for that, and would besides be incapable of the meanness. Phyllis, as his wife would be quite as free to expend regret upon her cousin as though she were still unwed. That which galled Royal was his inability, for the time, to escape, in her thought, from the dead man's identity,—the knowledge that he was not himself to her, but the incarnation of another soul. It gave him, when with her, a sense of duality which was maddening. The endeavor to think the things which John Royal might have thought, and to speak the words which John Royal might have spoken, made him, at times, feel almost ready to cut his own throat, if only to evict the interloping spirit which seemed to share the material tenement with his own.

"I know to the finest fibre of sensation how it feels to be haunted," he whimsically declared to Mrs. Hart. "Ever since that fellow thrust his identity upon me, my soul has had a Simese twin. He ought to be ashamed to hang on to earth so. It's stealing a march on the other ghosts who have to cut into the Infinite the instant death shuts the door on them."

"It won't be for long now," comforted the lady. "And after a while, when it shall have become past experience, you'll view it as a psychological phenomenon of great interest and importance. You'll take pride in it as an exceptional manifestation of heaven knows what, and write articles, which nobody will read, or could understand if they should, devoted entirely to its analysis; from which you will gain renown."

"That may be," grumbled Royal, "but as present experience I find duality of being disconcerting. If I don't get out of this before long I'll blurt the whole truth out to Phyllis, if only to give my incommoded soul standing-room in its own body."

Mrs. Hart laughed: "I wonder Phyllis has never suspected anything. The idea that you may be other than you seem never appears to shadow her mind. To be sure, the time has been short and your intercourse desultory and superficial; added to which, her whole soul is absorbed in anticipations about the recovery of her sight. But you are obliged to make blunders,—multitudes of blunders,—and she ought to notice them. I'm disappointed in her penetration."

"You needn't be," Royal retorted. "My familiar stands by me better than that. When I blunder I recover myself with a nimbleness and celerity which would shame an acrobat. You underrate my ability. I'm getting in a stock of substitution and suppression which would furnish capital for the founders of many theories. Besides we've the margin of those six years, into which considerable change may be crowded.

In which last statement Royal fastened on a truth; for, with Phyllis, all discrepancies (and the time, as Mrs. Hart remarked, had been to short for many) were put down to the inevitable growth, modification, and readjustments effected by the passage of time. Phyllis was a sensible girl, wise with the wisdom of thought and nature, and she was conscious of so much change in herself that it seemed reasonable to suppose that her cousin had changed also. That he had ceased to be a demonstrative man had surprised her at first, because the lover of her memory had been addicted to endearments. Then she reflected that it was quite natural he should no longer love her in the old way, since, latterly, that long gap had not even been bridged by letters. It would take time and mutual knowledge to erect a new love,—or rather a new superstructure of love in which to dwell; for the foundation must be secure still, else he could not have done for her sake the things which she knew he had done. She did not associate the idea of the money with his conduct in any ignoble way. There was no intimate juxtaposition between love and money in her mind, for life on a lonely country farm prevents the two from seeming in any way interdependent.

She could think the matter out at leisure and demonstrate it quite to her satisfaction; for she was no more actively in love than she supposed her cousin to be,—only deeply grateful, and filled with trust in him and content that he should be her husband. No man could be more considerate, she thought, or show more solicitude in regard to obedience to instructions,—although, to be sure, he was a physician himself, which of course gave them greater value in his eyes. His self-control appeared to her noble and beautiful, and she determined that when her eyes should be opened—unconsciously she used the scriptural phrase—she would show him how sweet a thing could be a woman's gratitude.

Then her thought would hover yearningly, as it had done for years, over her chances for recovery of sight, until she would bethink her of the oculist's instructions and dismiss the matter, as much as might be from her mind.

Save in the matter of caresses (which he felt would be an unfair advantage to take of her), Royal was not remiss in love-like attentions. He intended to win the girl's love, if possible, before he should claim her as his wife, for he had wholesome notions relative to marriage. While not consciously in love, as yet, he was strongly attracted, and he healthily and manfully set himself to make of the attraction in which the stronger emotion would find it easy to follow. It was in his favor that he had no previous affaire de coeur,—that his profession had, insensibly, led him to generalize women. It was in his favor also that when he embarked upon an enterprise his nature drove him on the course without much regard for wind or tide. If a man should marry a wife it was his business to love her as his own soul, and to strain every nerve to make, her happy. Such was his simple creed,—as it is unconfessedly, the creed of more men than gain credit for it with either the world or women.

So Phyllis discovered in him no lack, being preoccupied by her great hope and not rendered exacting by any selfishness of passion. Once a thought, or rather speculation, as to the events of those six years of absence, caused her to put a question to him. They were sitting in a darkened room, the girl at the piano and Royal in a low chair not far removed from her. She had been playing for him, soft music with minor cadences. Something in it suggested the thought to which she gave utterance with the directness of a child:

"Have you ever loved a woman, John? Not me, in that old time when we were both so young and didn't understand things. I mean real love,—the kind of feeling that makes thought of one particular woman like the pulse of a man's heart to him. You needn't be afraid to tell me if you should have. I shall not be jealous,"—then, slowly, and more truthfully, "at least I don't think I shall."

The end of her sentence suggested a possibility which brought a smile to Royal's lips and set his nerves to thrilling. Had she been other than she was he might have been tempted to the experiment of quickening love by goading it with the baser passion. But in her helpless darkness he felt that a man would be a brute who should even wound her vanity.

"No," he answered, simply, "I have never loved a woman,—that is, any other woman but you."

She turned towards him with the swiftness and certainty of a woman gifted with sight, and laid her hand upon his arm. Then, before he could divine her intentions, she had slipped from her place at the instrument and was on her knees beside his chair. He trembled a little but kept still. She laid her other hand against his cheek and turned his face towards her.

"There is something I want you to do for me, John," she said in a low voice,—"just a little thing, but it will make a difference to us later on. If you had ever loved another woman, I should not ask it,—should not want it; but now——"

"Yes?" he murmured, for she had paused.

Her head dropped towards him until her forehead touched his shoulder. "Let my husband's face be the first that my eyes shall see when the light of day is given back to them," she whispered.

Royal's pulses throbbed madly, and his effort to restrain his longing to clasp her to his breast and seek her lips with his own amounted well-nigh to physical pain. The anomaly of the situation mocked him. He dared not take advantage, knowing as he did that the husband whose image was in her heart was not the husband against whose breast she leaned. He could not answer her, because of the struggle of his soul; nor could he let her go unanswered. He lifted her face between his hands and touched with his lips once—twice—the silken bandage which covered those sealed eyes.

CHAPTER X.

It has been said that "to know a woman a man must love her." The phrase should be amended to this, "to know himself a man should love a woman," and so it would contain more verity. For a man's love is like quicksilver, and collects all the true metal of his nature and runs away with it into the receiving-pan of the woman's nature whom he loves, so that, all his gold being withdrawn, he can obtain an undazzled view of the grit, dirt, and rubbish of which he may be composed; which inspection may result in the removal of some portion of the unsightly mass.

With the touch of his wife's face for the first time against his breast Royal's emotions developed like a plant when light falls on it. Pity smiled, and moved aside her wings and discovered a beautiful new-born love cradled in his heart. And at sight of it the man, in spirit, bowed himself, even as the wise men of long ago had bowed themselves at the birth of Love more perfect.

Her request had touched and stirred him, and he alternated between longing to let her have her way and dread of what might be the consequences. He had gone over the situation so often that his perspective had become confused and his mind sometimes failed to grasp the true relation of values. In that matter of recognition, for instance, it did not occur to him that Recollections of John Royal's face must necessarily have faded with the passage of years, particularly as the nature of things made it impossible that it should have been, during the latter portion, at least, of his absence, quickened by the inspection of photographs. The dead man's features were so vividly present in his own memory that he failed to realize that they could not be equally stamped on Phyllis's.

The knowledge that they were not was brought home to him, not by the rational exercise of the powers with which he had been gifted, but by a totally outside happening.

The all-important day dawned, waxed, and waned, as other days. The oculist, a tiny man with a reputation which it took two continents to hold, came and did his work and went his way, leaving behind him success, joy, and the certainty, humanly speaking, of permanent cure. For months to come the utmost care, quiet, and caution were enjoined, and then, if all things should go well, the night of years would give place to the blessedness of sunshine.

During the operation the patient had been held under an anodyne, and when she came again to herself it was to find the bandage still over her eyes and all external circumstances much as they had been. Her disappointment was intense.

"You did not let me see," she said, reproachfully. "And I wanted to see,—just one little blessed glimpse of light after all this long darkness."

They comforted her with reports of the success of the operation and the oculist's cheering forecast, and preached patience to her, as though she needed it and also as though the fag-end of a siege of patience were not just the hardest part of all.

TO BE CONTINUED.


**Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.**

Is it not worth the small price of 75c. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer, every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

**A new Regulation.**

Sleeping Car Porter—"Under dah new reg'lations, sah, valybles must be put in dah safe, er dah comp'ny won't be sponsible foh dem, sah"

Passenger—"My valise is rather large"

"Safe is awful big, sah."

"Well, in case of an accident everything in the safe would be crushed, wouldn't it?"

"No, sah. Dah safe am so strong no accident could hurt it."

"Ha! I'll get in myself."

We have a speedy cure for catarrh, diphtheria, canker mouth and headache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A nasal injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

**No Progress.**

Prof. Von Tone—"You haf made no progress in musick. Your leetle neighbor she play from Liszt at zee concert last evening. You can play nodding from Lizst."

Miss Flighty—"She had a different teacher, you know."

Dr. William's Pink Pills bring joy and health to all who use them. For all the ills that afflict the female system they are a specific, enriching the blood, building up the nerves, and converting pale and sallow complexions into the rosy glow of health. Try them. Sold by all dealers, or sent on receipt of price—50c. per box, or 5 boxes for $2—by addressing Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

HON. EDWARD ATKINSON addressed the Typographical Union in Boston Friday. He declared that no man should be deprived of the liberty to work as long as he pleased and at whatever wages he pleased, without regard to organization. This was greeted with hisses and cries of "rats" by the delegates. Nevertheless, when this plain truth can be successfully controverted and overthrown the country will cease to be free and become one of the most intolerable of despotisms.

"My father, at about the age of fifty, lost all the hair from the top of his head. After one month's trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the hair began coming, and, in three months, he had a fine growth of hair of the natural color."—P. J. Cullen, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.

Always in hot water—Heat.

"It is a fact," that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood, overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. Try it.

An unfortunate man has obtained access to rich Baron Rapineau. He depicts his misfortunes, his misery in so moving a manner, that the baron with tears in his eyes and his voice choked with sobs, calls to his servant, "Jean, put this poor fellow out into the street. He is breaking my heart."

An Ohio lady was so frightened by a snake that her glossy black hair turned white as snow. It was soon returned to its original color by Hall's Hair Renewer.

**The Problem Unsolved.**

Frank D. Stockton was invited to dinner in Washington some days ago by an artful hostess, who had the ices served in the form of a lady and a tiger.

"Now which?" she coolly asked, when they came on.

"Both, if you please," he replied, and the problem is still unsolved.

**For Over Fifty Years**

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

**Accounted for.**

"Must you go back to town to-morrow?"

"Yes. On the early train."

"But why?"

"Duty calls."

"But you told me you had no business; that you were a gentleman of leisure."

"H'm! Well, yes, that's true. You know I'm a young lawyer."

It is conjectured that a specific may yet be found for every ill that flesh is heir to. However this may be, certainly the best specific yet found for diseases of the blood is Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and most diseases originate from impure blood.


## A BLOODY DAY'S WORK.

**Fifteen Prisoners Beheaded—There Were Several Pirates Among the Prisoners and one of Them Was the First to Lose His Head—Fine Photographs, Before and After, Taken of the Scene.**

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., June 14.—The China steamer which arrived last night brought the details of the beheading of 15 Chinese at Kowoloon City, opposite Hong Kong, among whom were three leaders of the pirates who looted the steamer Namoa five months ago, killed the captain and mate, and secured over $30,000 in coin and goods.

There were also three others of the pirate band executed. A great crowd witnessed the barbaric spectacle, which was made more repulsive by the cynical jesting of the chief pirate. All the prisoners had their hands tied behind them. The chief executioner and his two assistants thrust their keen swords into the sand and amused themselves by chaffing the police.

The pirates were among the first lot of prisoners who arrived, and a howl of execration from the crowd greeted their appearance.

The chief executioner, laying his hand on the shoulder of Lai Atsat, a tall, thin man with keen, piercing eyes said: "We'll begin with you."

"All right," responded the pirate leader, "I'm number one." He had been swearing in English and Chinese, one of the Chinese officers said, all the way to the execution place. He was placed at one end of the square, and all the others knelt in line with him.

A few seconds sufficed to put them in order and then the slaughter began. Lai Atsat kept looking around at the executioner while that worthy examined his sword and while he held his long, thin neck outstretched, he continued to speak, as if he wished the spectators to know he was not afraid.

"You may kill me now," he said, "but I'll revive again."

"Now, don't move," said the executioner as he pulled the pirate's pigtail out of the way of the sword. The kneeling man said something about each having his own luck, and as he said it the sword came down, and he was no more.

The others, most miserable looking wretches, shuddered and gave what seemed an unwilling look around. They had not long to wait, for the brawny butcher was getting through his work with great celerity prefacing each with the warning "Don't move," and accompanying each blow with a vigorous utterance in Chinese of an expression which might be rendered into as "Done for."

When he came to the pirate who had planned the expedition to seize the steamer, he saw that this fellow had lost his head. He swore roughly at him, but the victim was so nervous his head moved. The heavy sword fell on his shoulders, and the head did not roll off. His legs moved convulsively till the executioner, after chopping off the heads of others, returned and despatched him.

The whole bloody work only occupied a few minutes.

Fine photographs taken of the scene shows the poor devils just before the execution and then afterward.


Blotches, pimples, liver patches, Q. M. D. right quick dispatches. Drives away incipient tumors, Cleans the blood from poisonous humors; Aiding one, when eyes be set, Try the worth of G. M. D.—

which is the great Golden Medical Discovery of Dr. Pierce—a wonderful tonic and blood-purifier. The "Discovery" is a standard remedy for consumption, bronchitis, colds and lung troubles; guaranteed to benefit or cure, if taken in time, or money refunded.

During hot days all draughts will be duly honored at this office.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

For several years I suffered so severely from Neuralgia that my hair came out and left me entirely bald. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on my head, which entirely cured my neuralgia, and to my astonishment I found my hair growing rapidly and now I have as good a head of hair as I ever had.

Springhill. WM. DANIEL.

**The Open Season.**

"You think you are getting a little fly, don't you?" said the man to the fisherman as he leisurely puffed away. "I do seem to be catching on," replied the trout.

**Oh, What a Cough.**

Will you heed the warning. The signal percussion of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c., to run the risk of your lives, when a 50c. bottle of a guaranteed cure that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough in one night. Mothers, do not be without it. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

A boy whose leg was repaired in New York by grafting some skin from a dog, complains now that his skin barks easily.

A GREAT SPELLING MATCH—The greatest spelling match on record is that offered by Our Homes Publishing Co., in which they will award the following magnificent CASH PRIZES:—One prise of $250; one prise of $200; two prises of $100; four prises of $50; eight prises of $25; twenty prises of $10; forty prises of $5; one hundred prises of $1, and two hundred of $1. These prises will be awarded to the persons sending in the largest number of correctly spelled words found in the advertising pages of the February number of Our Homes, in which no letters occur that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. Try it.

**The Editor Engaged.**

Office Boy—"Man down stairs wid a bill, sir."

Country Editor—"Tell him I'm out."

"Dat's wot I told 'im, sir, an' he said he seen you at th' window wid a big pair o' shears in your hands"

"Um—Tell him I'm busy clipping coupons."

**Why Struggle.**

Why struggle with exhausting diseases when you may be speedily cured by the use of nature's remedy—Burdock Blood Bitters—the perfect cure for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, sick headache and all forms of bad blood, from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore.

**Like Paralysis.**

"For years I suffered with my back which sometimes became as if paralyzed. I suffered awful agony for months and could not sleep. Now, thanks to your Burdock Blood Bitters, I am strong again, have no pain and can work well, eat well, and sleep well."—Mrs Hammerton, 23 Charlotte St., Toronto.

**Dyspepsia.**

This disease may be traced to a variety of causes such as constipation, liver troubles, improper food, etc. There is one cure—Burdock Blood Bitters—which may be thoroughly relied on to effect a permanent cure. It has cured obstinate cases of 25 years standing.

**A Canadian Favorite.**

The season of green fruits and summer drinks is the time when the worst forms of cholera morbus, diarrhœa, and bowel complaints prevail. As a safeguard Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be kept in the house. For 35 years it has been the most reliable remedy.

**Distrustful People.**

Make an exception in favor of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Its known virtues as a cure for diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera morbus and all bowel complaints cause all who use it to regard it as the most reliable and effectual remedy obtainable.

**Vigilant Care.**

Vigilance is necessary against unexpected attacks of summer complaints. No remedy is so well-known or so successful in this class of diseases as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Keep it in the house as a safe guard.

To Cure DYSPEPSIA And INDIGESTION or Money Refunded.

K. C. D. is Guaranteed

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CHRISTIE'S BISCUIT.

Sodas in bbls and 3lb boxes;
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2 " Gingernut,
2 " Gingersnap,
2 " Zepher Pilot,
Sultana Wine Graham Wafers
Graham &c.

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NEW TOMATOES,
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STRAWBERRIES,
and CREAM.

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OUR faith in high prices led us to purchase very largely in the early part of the season. Our stock is now coming forward rapidly and can offer dealers at

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We predict sixty cents per bushel later, and would advise our friends to put away all they require for winter and spring.

Standard Trading and Mfg Co., Ltd.

J. D. SHATFORD,

GENERAL MANAGER.

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CURES CHOLERA Cholera Morbus COLIC and CRAMPS DIARRHŒA DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

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