## A Spring Tonic

Is what every one needs especially those employed in stuffy offices and others of sedentary habits, in order to get the system in shape for the warm weather to come.

To be strong the blood To be strong the blood

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Bacon, lean

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Chas. Apger House-Mover



tion upon his face

Constant practice had rendered

prove, and her relatives, whatever morbid sensibility might urge, they had been kind to her, and was this

making a fit return?

How she wished she were back in the peaceful, affection of Mrs. Harold's

home; to nurse the pain of that dull grief which appeared as nothing be-side the fierce suffering she

dured. Did Mr. Steele know all that

she meditated, she would lose his re-

spect completely, and she had once as-

serted, in the proud confidence of youth, she would rather be respected

than loved. But that was before she

had known much either of love or suf-fering. Oh! on this night, when she

was forced in her misery to deceive all

her friends, when she was about to fly from the roof of her pastor, about to sin, how deeply she did not then fathom, how she longed for the foving

pity of some one. She knew that Mr. Steele had entered, that he was scated beside his mother, apparently giving her his undivided attention, for he did not seem to heed the music.

Never again might she receive his smile or a giance of approval-if she could only make him look towards her

once? The desire grew with a fasci-nation that overcame all obstacles, and the next instant she did what ten min-

ntes before she would have believed impossible; opened her song book and selected his favorite, "The Bridge." Her voice had ever moved him, she

would try its power now. The low, sad notes penetrated to the depth of her aching heart, her voice swelled and

shook with passionate fervor, as the whole bitterness of her spirit poured itself forth through the medium of song, in an impotent cry for help:

"My heart was hot and restless And my life was full of cares And the burdens laid upon me Seemed greater than I could bear."

But Steele never stirred. Courage began to forsake her. When the bur-den of existence only just entered upon

was weighing so heavily, it was hard to meet with harshness and averted looks. Her voice faltered, rising sobs

"I can't sing to-night," she exclaime petulantly, as Mabel, who was turning the leaves for her, broke forth into la

mentations that she should have thus ended the melody. (Ernest inwardly

ended the melody. (Ernest inwardly rejoiced that the painful strain upon his feelings had ceased.)
"My head aches violently," she continued, in extenuation, but she would

not listen to Mabel's solicitous entreat les that she would not tax herself fur

"No. no. I don't mind the instrumer

tal music," she said, resolutely. "I should not have attempted to sing, for

She was braving the matter out as best she might, while the bright color suffused her cheek with unnatural

brilliancy, and happily for the preser vation of her fortitude, the household retired early. Edith crossed over to

retired early. Edith crossed over to kiss Mrs. Steele, as was her habit, and

Ernest rose to his feet with his cus-tomary courtesy. Scrupulously polite, but icily cold, she felt to be the hand he extended to her.

Two hours have passed, but Edith remains seated beside the window in he

room, motionless. It is a still night, without sound, the cold stars looking

down upon her vigil, and lending their

combre light to her reflections, changed

'indeed, from the gentle moods in which sne asea to look up at their soft splen dor, and dreamed of bliss and Eger against against

ton. Now, mad, in revolt against every law of man and God, swelling

through her ears like the voice e thunders of Sinai. And while

of the thunders of Sinai. And while she sat there, clinging as if in desperation to the window sill, with bowed head and heaving breast, how she longed that the night might end the conflict. Oh! to lie down, never to wake again—the idea of Eternity was a crushing thought that her overactive brain should live forever, when what she craved was rest, exemption from

The town clock is on the stroke of 12, and a strong attraction is exerting itself over her, destroying all other impressions, all sense of shame, all force of will. All personality is slipping away into delicious captivity; her convulsive clutch relaxes, and like a guilty thing she quits her chair and glides towards the door. One frightened glance she casts back upon the empty room—she may never enter it again. How pure and white the curtains by the windows, how snowy the coverild of the bed which she has not uncovered—and her past life rushed before her inward vision with its hely raptures, its innocent aspirations, of

it makes me angry to fail."

There was a ring of distress in her tone which was unmistakable. All Steele's fears, which had lately been lulled to rest, returned, and, moved by a sudden impulse, he bent down towards her, asking, in a low, meaning tone:

"Do you know of any special temptation that may assail you? Is there any trouble about which you might tell me, or even without telling me directly, in which I might some way

rectly, in which I might some way counsel—assist you?"

"No! no!" she cried, interrupting him hastily, her vacillating mood rejecting assistance as soon as it was offered.

"I've nothing—" then, with an effort: "Don't you think every one talks that way sometimes, just—just as an abstract question?"

She headly know what she was say-She hardly knew what she was say

ing, in the endeavor to suppress in-ward excitement, but Steele returned answer calmly and decisively: Edith, we do not ask those questions without a special personal reason. Renember, you address one whose office it has been for many years to study the human heart, in all its various phases, but least of all could you conceal from me. Excuse the liberty,"
for he saw that the laboring grief re quired assistance to pour itself forth; and, suffering for her with all the might of devotion, he determined to give it vent even at the expense of deli-"Did you receive any letters cacy. "Did this evening?"

The question was emphasized, though tremulously pronounced, as if he were guilty in asking it, and with down-cast eyes; but she, though she turned deadly pale, did not lose her self-pos-session. To acknowledge that she had, was to betray Egerton; to remain silent did virtually the same thing. A sudden fear, unsupported by true prin-ciple, drove her to the defense of false-

"No." she said, steadfastly. He was silent, for the tone mystified him. To his own self-reproach it seemed to ring with innocent surprise. Had making an egregious fool of himself, acting upon some dilusion, creating substance out of the shadowy phantoms of jealousy? He could not raise his eyes to question hers, or he would have detected her inward tre-

No sooner did the negative leave her lips than she turned so faint she hardw dared trust herself to remain standing longer, and the tiny parcels she held quivered so violently in her hold she feared he would observe it.

Murmuring some excuse about changing her dress, an excuse as talse as the his feet, speechless, and hurried into the house to deposit her packages upon the parlor table, turning them over nervously as she did so, searching. searching for something among them, something awful, which she must hide from human sight, something which had called forth the first lie her lips had ever uttered. She had known that it was in her keeping but a moment ago, carefully concealed between those packages. How can it have disappeared? She hunts in nervous impatience, then more carefully, and her blanches pale as death. Where It is an ugly thing which makes her shudder, but no one else must sus-pect its existence. She has dropped i somewhere, how she does not, will not

know.

But she is losing time, instead of going in search of it immediately, and she darted from the room just in time to meet Mr. Steele-the missing letter in his hand. He had seen it fall and picked it up almost immediately after she had quitted him, too much shocked

to speak at the moment.

Could he believe that she had purposely told him a falsehood? Edith!

It was impossible, and he held the let. It was impossible, and he held the let-ter in his hand for some moments, re-fusing to look at it lest the date should-verify the torturing doubt. There might be the chance of equivocation in her answer, not positive untruth. Alas the stamp had done its duty only too distinctly, leaving him not even that the stamp had done its duty only too distinctly, leaving him not even that excuse for her, when he had already recognized the hated handwriting of Egerton. Wounded to the quick that she should have thus deceived him, though she might reject his kindness, there was still a duty before him, the duty of admonition, and, hard as it was he must perform it.

was, he must perform it.
Edith shrunk back from the extended

Edith shrunk back from the extended letter, for the first time in her life afraid of him; and how she ever received it from that grave judge she did not know.

"You have deceived me," he said, with severity. Then, in a voice of deep emotion: "I did not believe this of you. Edith: that you could sink so low

emotion: "I did not believe this of you, Edith; that you could sink so low as to employ deception. There must be deeper guilt concealed when a truthful soul, such as I believed yours to be, can stoop to falsehood."

He paused from the violence of his own emotion, and she turned aside, covering her face with her hands.

Oh, if it were only something she dared to tell him, was the cry of her bursting heart; and nad sweat shown how near in her humiliation she was to confession he would not have added in that authoritative tone:

"As your pastor, I cannot allow you to continue unreproved in sin. I desire an interview with you in the morning."

morning."

One soft word at that moment had done the work; but now she raised her head defiantly, the rising tears checked by his harshness. Just at that moment Mabel came down the hall.

"What are you two talking about so earnestly? Are you scolding her, brother?" she demanded, with playful insistence. "No secrets permitted here," then slipping her arm through Edith's: "Mother has been asking for you, for the past quarter of an hour. You have buite spoilt her with your muste."

## Cures **Weak Men**

A most successful remedy has been found for sexual weakness, such as impotency, varioccele, shrunken organs, nervous debility, lost manhood, night emissions, premature discharge and all other results of self-abuse or excesses. It cures any case of the difficulty, never fails to restore the organs to full natural strength and vigor. The Doctor who made this wongans to full natural strength and vig-or. The Doctor who made this won-derful discovery wants to let every man know about it. He will therefore send the receipt giving the various in-gredients to be used so that all men at a trifling expense can core them. Edith's performance upon the piano a merely mechanical operation, and as her hands moved over the keys her mind was left free to all manner of painful reflection. A woman invariably is inclined to yield to control, however, the man recent it and the cold at a trifling expense can cure themselves. He sends the receipt free, and all the reader need do is to send his name and address to L. W. Knapp, M. D. 1710, Hull Bldg., Detroit, Mich., ever she may resent it, and the cold severity of Steele had its effect in opening her eyes to the situation from the standpoint of others. After the many times she had sought his advice, had he not a right to interface and rerequesting the free receipt as reported in this paper. It is a generous offer and all men ought to be glad to have such an opportunity. had he not a right to interfere and re-

typical. To wrat was see going toren . Never again might she kneel in spot Never again might she kneel in spot-less, stainless innocence before her Maker, childhood and its purity fled irrevocably, and the dark cloud of sin which would soon envelope her, hover-ing overhead. With a smothered cry she sprung back, and sank down be-side the bed, stretching out her arms imploringly "Oh. God, have mercy. imploringly. "Oh, God, have mercy, have mercy. I cannot pray! Help me! I dare not see him feeling as I do now. Oh, I do not deserve any assistance, for I have not sought Thee. I love him, " and she shuddered violently. "He'll have no pity on me, and I've no strength left."

CHAPTER XIL. THE CRISIS.

The hour had struck for midnight but Ernest Steele still paced up and down his study, restless and unhappy.

The pathetic ring in Edith's voice
when she failed in her song haunted
him, and caused a throb of compassionate pair as ever he strove to harden his heart at memory of the duplicity of her conduct, for jealousy, wounded feelings, dissatisfaction with himself for his resentful harshness, all com-bined to pervert each incident in the past, and create a succession of dia-bolical circumstances, the distorted reflection of his own mind, through which he could see nothing correctly. Her guilty start the day he had dis-covered the name of Egerton in her book was now tortured into the clue to the whole mystery. She had carried on some clandestine communications with this man before, and he had followed her South. He knew that Eg-rton's life was regulated by a tone of reckless license, but he had persistent ly given him credit for a depth of hid-den nobility of nature which his care-less opinions could not belle, and which would restrain him from some acts as moral impossibilities. Now that belief was swept away before the circumstantial evidence of the case. A simple, unsophisticated girl apparently, fresh from school, had he trifled sinfully with her young affections and played the villian? And she, with that saint like face, could she have been accessory to evil in the past and still be prosecuting it? Her pale looks, her hesitating manner, her despondent moods from the day he had first seen her, all seemed to point to but one

onclusion, a guilty conscience.

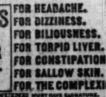
Oh, Edith! beautiful creature, how he had worshipped her- Could false-hood come from those lips? Then there was no truth in woman. And while Steele came to this desolate conclusion, his eyes were opened, never to be closed again, to the fact that his watchful care of Edith had had all along but one ultimate object; he had desired her for his wife, and the bit terness of spirit that ensued upon dis covery that she was not the embodi-ment of purity he had believed her. was the keen pang of disappointment to a love which is given in all its in-tensity but once in life. Too wretched tensity but once in life. Too wretched to keep still, he paced to and fro, tireless, for with his impulsive, demonstrative nature to repress feeling was almost impossible, and the hot tears stood in his eyes more than once as he reflected how little she had cared for the sympathy he longed to bestow upon her. The great, full heart within him yearned over her, young and suffering; and despite her errors, even fering; and despite her errors, even now, what would not he give for the right to soothe and share her pain, to fold her in his arms, and bid her sob every law of man and God, swelling indignation against Steele, defiance of his opinion, and that of the whole word—ranged with greater fierceness because repressed. Rocked by the tempest that found no exit beyond her own bosom, her gentle nature scemed for the time being transformed in the heat of one fiery emotion. Yet glimpses of purer impulses broke through rifts in the storm-cloud that enwrapped her soul, memories of days when, without the guidance of religion, her life had been lit with noble principles, and she bowed her head with shame, while one awful command rung through her ears like the voice out there her grief and shame to a heart that understood, and could

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MILLINERY

shield her ever from herself. shield her ever from herself.

Hush! Was not that a stealthy step upon the stair? His hearing renderel painfully acute by excitement, he paused and listened intently. Certainly there was a footfail in the passage, and in nervous hapatience he crossel the room and threw open the door. The full light from his lamp was thrown directly in front of the door way, against the polished hat-rack, rethrown directly in front of the door way, against the polished hat-rack, reflected from the white walls, and caught by the variegated three of the fluminated space should Edith, her hat on, a light should the war around her, revealed too suddenly and distinctly for escape to be possible, thou a should back hock into the shadow is midhave drived up m? For her created was too app rent. Summoning all als self-central, he crossed the threshold and confronted her like a r proving angel, his face, indeed, pall as her own, but with determination; his voice, though mild absolutely importative as though mild, absolutely imperative, as he inquired: "Where are you going? She looked up at him with wild, tear She looked up at him with wild, tear-less eyes, which struggled between fear and bewilderment; then the hot blood mounted to her cheeks, and she hid her face in her hands. Steele felt composure and coolness returning under the exigency of the situation. Thank God, he was in time to save

"Where are you going?" he demanded once more, in a tone of decisive

"To do what is right," she murmu ed, almost inaudibly. "To do what is right, I believe," and she shuddered. "To do what is right?" echoed Steele and his voice rang with scorn. A strange method to do right, to stari forth from my roof at this hour of the

night." "What do you care? What is it to you?" she moaned, stung by the irony of his words, and the rudeness of her tone was only pardonable by her deep

misery.

"Of the greatest importance," he answered quietly, though wounded by the question. "The interest every human soul takes in the preservation of another, that a true minister must feel to each member of the flock comin each member of the flock com-mitted to his care, the interest which is mine as a friend of your aunt," (if you permit me no more personal interest, though after all that has passed between us I had deemed that impossible,") he paused abruptly, then continued: "However, no matter how you may regard it, as your pastor, as guardian in Mrs. Harold's place, it is my duty to see that no harm befalls you while under my protection, to re-store you in safety and honor to your family, whom you have deceived. And
—I must act with blind authority, since you will not trust me, but, Oh, Edith I am disappointed, bitterly disappoint

His voice faltered from its severity and relapsed into reproachful tenderness, but she did not seem to heed him. Her wistful eves were fixed upon the door, before which he stood, an immovable obstacle between her and her wishes. She moved a step nearer, as though she would evade him, but he laid a detaining hand upon her arm.
"You cannot go out alone at this hour,"

"Let me go," she implored, looking up in his face with sad, beseeching eyes. "I tell you I must go—I will do what is right, indeed I will; that is all I am going for."

"How can I believe you?" he said, in perplexity, for the strange look on her face made him think with dread of insanity. "Though it grieves me deeply to say it, I cannot trust you as I once did, Edith. At all events, you cannot be out afone at this hour. I am here to accompany you if your errand be indeed a good one."

She felt it useless to attempt to strugshe felt it useless to attempt to struggle beneath that gentle yet determined hold; and like a child who discovers its own powerlessness, she suddenly burst into hysterical weeping. Steele had been no man could be have withstood that sight unmoved, or rewithstood that sight unmoved, or retained the position of severity, or acted otherwise than he did. With all his usual gentieness he drew her within his study, and closing the door lest her sobs should be overheard, led her to a seat and remained standing beside her. "Speak to me now, my child," he said, softly, all memory of her rudeness entirely obliterated. "It is not too late; trust me, and let me help you, for you know you cannot go on alone

for you know you cannot go on alone this way. Will you give me your con-fidence?' He waited a moment, then seeing that the convulsive lips were past the power of utterance, he cast all restraints of false delicacy aside, and bending his head asked almost in a whisper:

"You were going to meet Dr. Eger-ton?" Had he but come directly to the point a few hours before he would have spared himself much suffering,

llowed he was forced to put his own terpretation upon her reticence. interpretation upon her reticence.

She was struggling for articulation, though sha did not raise her head from where it was buried in the cushions of the chair. "Oh, I can't talk," she exclaimed, at last, hysterically. "I only know that he is waiting for me, and I must meet him. It grows late, and what can he think of me? Let me go. I intend, I promise you, I have vowed to God I shall break off all intercourse with him to-night. I've all intercourse with him to-night. I've sinned enough already."

Her voice was drowned in a long sob, but the last words struck cold as ice upon Steele's heart.

To be Continued.

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## shark back into the shadow i endstey. Steele stood as if petrified his worst fears fulfilled. While his had pastponed his pri-stly office till the THAT CURE

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What is the treatment that cures these conditions, once regarded incurable? By what process does it restore diseased membrane, remove the poison and relieve the soreness of diseasef Let the experience of persons cured and being cured, tell.

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"I became so weak," says Mr. Loss, "that the least excitement would throw me into a cold perspiration, and I would take additional cold. and I would take additional cold.
While sitting at my desk one afteroon something seemed to give way,
and I felt my lungs fill up. I gave
a little cough, and threw out GREAT
MOUTHFULS OF BLOOD." Mr. Loss
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Mich., got little sleep, because of catarrh of the head. Doctors Shultz and Camelon removed 12 polipii from his nose without pain to him, and he has been relieved of all the miseries of catarrh.

ENGINEER C. B. MAXSON. of 163, St. Antoine street, thought he heard whistles and bells when he didn't. Since treating with Doctors Shultz and Camelon he can hear as

AUGUST SCHULTZ, of Wyandotte, was choking and gasping with asth-ma, when he went to Doctors Shuitz and Camelon. He hadn't had a good night's sleep for 10 years. Now he is as well as ever.

MRS. ALEX. RIVARD.

New Baltimore: "I had been a long and great sufferer from Chronic Dys-pepsia. Bread soaked in milk was about all that I could eat. I frequently had fainting spells and convulsions. I have been entirely cured and I have gained 33 pounds in weight,"

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