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THE WEEK'S GROCERIES...

Perhaps you would like to get a little more for what you spend.

Perhaps you would like to have everything fresh and nice.

If you will try my store I think you will find that your money will go farther.

And all the groceries you get will be good and fresh.

JOHN McKENNA.
QUEEN ST. GROCER

\$3.95 Cut this out and return to us, with name of your nearest express office and we will send this watch there for you to examine. It is an open-face, gold-plated, quartz proof case, ingeniously engraved, fitted with American model jewelled steel wheels and set movement, lady's or gent's size. It is a good time piece, equal in appearance to a \$25.00 watch, and is just the thing for trading purposes. If, on careful examination you are convinced this watch is worth far more than we ask, pay the express agent \$3.95 and express charges and it is yours. **Terry Watch Co.,** Box C E Toronto, Can.

Unreserved AUCTION!

Monday, September 18, at 11 O'clock

Mr. Frank Hayden, of Vancouver, instructs me to sell without reserve on that date everything in his house.

This includes Kitchen Range and Cooking Utensils, Dining Room Furniture and Dishes, Drawing Room Furniture and Carpets, Bedroom Sets and Bedding. Everything nearly new and in perfect order.

House on Prince Street, once the residence of Ernest Dawson, and now occupied by Drs. Kennedy and Maloney.

Reserve your purchases for this sale, as there will be no value limit.

EH NORTON, Auctioneer
113—mon wed sat

EDGEHILL, Church Schools

Windsor N. S.

The Bishop of Nova Scotia, Chairman Board of Trustees

Miss Lafroy of Cheltenham Ladies' College England, Principal with

Nine Resident Experienced Governesses.

Housekeeper Matron a trained Nurse.

Preparation for the Universities.

Michaelmas Term begins Sept 13th 1899

For Calendar and Blank form of Application or admission apply to DR HIND Secy, 217 M W S U

Tea Talk

(At the tea tables) Oh! Mrs. Oldham this is lovely tea, where did you get it? At Sanderson & Co's. Of course you always get my good there.

Prices Moderate Economical housewives consult their best interests by buying tea at

Sanderson & Co

BENTLEY'S SYSTEM.

BY VIOLA ROSEBORO. COPYRIGHT, 1899. BY THE CENTURY CO.

"Mr. Maloney says that Mr. Bentley is—that he cares about her," she said tentatively, sitting uncomfortably on the edge of her chair.

I conquered the inevitable throb of resentment that I felt at the discovery, faintly expected though it was, that Maloney was just as confidential with the typewriter as with me. As I had felt myself rarely gracious in appreciating Maloney's out at elbows charm and had credited him with a becoming sense of my kindness, this required an instant's communion with my higher self, and then I was rewarded by a delighted perception of how utterly like Maloney it was to lapse into intimate conversation with any petticoated object within his orbit. The appeal that these storied garments would always make to him was now re-enforced, too, by that false sense of masculine dignity which makes men slow to gossip of familiar personalities with one another. Even Maloney felt constrained for a time to give his really interesting and curious news only to the patronized sex, though, to do the staff of The Appeal justice, the time soon came when the artificial ice was broken and Bentley's hopes, fears and prospects seemed to



"Spare me a minute from the tariff?" he questioned.

occupy them night and day, to the manifest gain in color, vivacity and value of their conversation.

Bentley had not been to see me since my accident, though he had sent me a bottle of champagne. I am sure I don't know how Bentley's sympathy ever found vent on occasions when a gift of champagne could not express it. Perhaps such occasions never arose. Soon after the typewriter's call I got a letter from him. He said:

Have thought about elevating up to your maiden bower to see how you are, but I hear, anyhow, every day, and, judging by the way old Maloney blows about cheering your fevered brow, I conclude you get about as much Appeal office as you can stand. Then I've got that girl on the brain so bad that I'm no good. If I saw you, I'd talk about nothing



All the poetry, all the romance, all that is ideal in the wide, wide world, is bound up in that one word: "Motherhood." A woman's greatest happiness, her greatest duty and her greatest privilege is to become the mother of a healthy, happy child. Untold thousands of women fall short of this because of weakness and disease of their womanly-selves. Either they live childless lives, or for a brief spell are the mothers of puny, sickly children that bring them only pain, and leave them only sorrow.

The woman who suffers from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organs is certain to become an invalid. No woman can suffer in this way and be a healthy, happy, amiable wife and a competent mother. Troubles of this nature sap the strength, rack the nerves, paint lines of suffering upon the face, destroy the temper, make the once bright eyes dull and the once active brain sluggish, and transform a vivacious woman into a weak, sickly, invalid. This is all wrong. It is all unnecessary.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a marvelous medicine for ailing women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity and makes them strong and healthy. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones and builds up the nerves. It banishes the discomforts of the expectant months and makes baby's coming easy and almost painless. It guarantees the little new-comer's health and an ample supply of nourishment. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits. An honest dealer will not endeavor to substitute some inferior preparation for the sake of an extra little selfish profit.

"I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription previous to confinement," writes Mrs. Corda Culpepper, of Tanks, Cottle Co., Texas, "and never did so well in my life. It is only two weeks and I am able to do my work."

In most healthy families you will find Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. For a paper-covered copy send 5 cent stamps, to cover customs and mailing only. Cloth bound 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

also. I'm working the system for all it's worth. There's nothing else for me to do. I'll send you a bulletin semi-occasionally. I lose so much sleep about the thing myself I feel as if the suspense were holding you back too.

I gave her my buttonhole boutonnet day before yesterday. I've come down to dressing like a regular cane anchor. She put it in a glass of water. Then I never let on I know she was alive for 33 1/2 hours. Today I broke out in a fresh place and asked her to have a glass of beer when the men got some at noon. That was coming things too close together, but I was nearly laid up with the strain of not looking at her for so long, and that typewriting girl—the old one—was here, and I gave her a drink too. You see, this is all according to the system intellectually interpreted, the principle of the core of the system being to keep yourself before the public and not show your hand. That white rabbit did the unconscious act as if she'd been born before the footlights. She's a tough one. It must be put on; she must have her little attention turned my way some, don't you think? I've been keeping this thing up steady, but I'm afraid I'm losing my fine touch, and she not breathed yet. It makes my head swim, Miss Addington.

I guess you're putting up a thanksgiving prayer by this time because I have been keeping away from you. All right, put up another while you're about it on account of the fact that I'm going to stay away. And I'll make my other bulletins shorter. So there's another item.

If you'd think something I could do for you, it would be the best assignment I'll get this month. I'm in just as bad a fix as to obligations as if you were being bored by Calvert every day. You'll have it all the worse in the end. By the time you get back he'll believe he owns that room, and he'll only let you in as a thundering favor.

Bentley's next bulletin was made out in orthodox form:

SLIGHT VICTORY.
The Besieged weakens so far as to snub Besieger. After the beer Besieger went into his shell. Forgot to say good morning. Opened the window without asking permission. Besieged in subsequent conversations was sternly businesslike in a mousy manner.

N. B.—After all, that's about her usual act, so probably there's nothing in it after all. I wish a sprained ankle was all there was the matter with me. Yours truly, B. BENTLEY.

The next voiced a surprising proposition:

I am thinking (it read) of doing the ancient honorable and saying something to old Martin. I don't know anything more about the little clockworks that run that tame lamb of his than I did at first. You might as well try to agitate a Waterbury. But the office seems to be getting on to me, cur-res-on on, and I'm afraid Martin may get fidgety. I bet it's that galby old Irish woman of yours that's been giving me away. I'd thrash him for the cash he's got in his clothes just on the chance if any one would guarantee that it would pay for a drink. Then if I blow off to him (Martin), ten to one he'll develop a colossal genius for making an ass of himself in different ways.

This was the last I heard directly from Bentley for several weeks. In the meantime I occasionally had news of him from other people. An office boy came up for copy one day, and after he had gotten it continued to hang around in an engaging manner. He was a nice boyish boy and spent his spare time writing to some one whom he addressed as "Miss Tooty Fareman, Dear Miss."

He was unnaturally careless of these letters (as of all other matters personal and professional), and once, before realizing what it was, I read the opening sentence of one. It ran, "The Hours I spend away from Thee, Tooty, are no good whatever, but I know you don't feel truly as I do." So you see he was prepared by experience to take an interest in the game of love wherever he saw it.

"Well, Jimmy, how are things going at the office?" I asked, by way of being friendly, while he stood irresolutely by the door.

"They say—they say Mr. Bentley's in love with that Martin girl," said Jimmy, his tone even more than his phrasing showing that his callow contentment for feminine kind still included all of the sex but Miss Fareman or her successor.

"Do you think he is?" I asked.
"When I look at her I don't," he asserted. "She don't amount to nothin, but Mr. Bentley acts kind of queer. He keeps lookin at her when he thinks nobody don't see him—he don't notice me. He stops still sometimes and stares right before him till somethin makes him jump. I think the's a bad sign, don't you, Miss Addington?"

At last the time came when I was able to make a little trip down town. I went to the office, but not to the editorial rooms, because they could be reached only by means of a short flight of steps after leaving the elevator, and I did not want to attempt the climb. My errand was with that great person known here as "the boss."

The boss's name was J. B. Higgins. He was a big brained, big bodied, coarse fibered, powerful old fellow, with a good deal of human nature in him. And though all the other women and most of the men in his employ stood in terror of him, I did not, and so I did not, like them, altogether hate him. He was highly skeptical of good always and anywhere, but yet he had too much sense not to know that distrust can overleap the mark, can be tripped in its own net, and it always pleased me to see his suspicions both sustained and held in check by his sagacity.

He met me with his gray eyes peering alertly out from under his shaggy

eyebrows and over his puffy purple cheeks, to see whether, after all, I had really been having such a bad time with that ankle. I had come down to fight out a little question of salary, and Mr. Higgins met me as both counsel and plaintiff on the other side. The contest and its results are matters aside from this history, but we are concerned with the touch of humanness that now and again, against his will and his theories, diversified his simple brutality, and to which we owe another glimpse of Bentley.

"The boss" always began an interview with me by a distinct declaration, in manner, that I was an employee, and only an employee, and that he utterly refused to take the slightest notice of the fact that I was also a woman. A helpless sense of his own small, much degraded, much outraged, but still not quite eradicated masculine instinct of chivalry toward women underlay and mainly produced this bluster and a little tact could usually be counted upon to still it and even to play upon his weakness so far as to insure the poor woman before him something like fair treatment—a thing he was by no means in the habit of according except on the self respectful and unquestionably justifiable ground of immediate self interest.

The queer thing was that this novel experience of disloyalty to his principles nearly always pleased him for a few minutes. He found it pleasant until the predatory habits of a lifetime devoted to "business" closed in upon him again, perhaps bringing about a reactionary irritation. Today, when the question of salary was settled, he dropped back in his leather chair and began a little conversation. He was always above the familiar, cheap affectation of being impossibly busy.

(To be Continued)

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One of the most distressing symptoms imaginable is the almost unbearable itching which is an accompaniment of Leucorrhoea or whites. The nerves are irritated by the poisonous discharge, and the result is an itching which is only rendered more excruciating by rubbing or scratching.

Especially at night, when the body is warm, the patient is tormented beyond the powers of human endurance. Sleep or rest is out of the question. Nervousness, irritability and despondency are a natural result.

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The first application of this great discovery of Dr. A. W. Chase will afford prompt relief. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

McGILL UNIVERSITY, Montreal
SESSION 1899-1900.

Matriculation Examinations, preliminary to the various Courses of Study will be held as under:

- Faculty of Arts (Men and Women) Thurs. 15th Sept
- Faculty of Applied Science Thurs. 15th Sept
- Faculty of Medicine Tues. 5th Sept
- Faculty of Law Tues. 5th Sept
- Faculty of Comparative Medicine and Veterinary Science, Sat. 16th Sept

In the Faculty of Arts (Revised Curriculum) the courses are open also to PARTIAL STUDENTS without Matriculation.

In the Faculty of Applied Science the courses in Civil, Mechanical, Electrical, and Mining Engineering, Chemistry and Architecture are also open to PARTIAL STUDENTS without Matriculation.

EXAMINATION OF FIRST YEAR ENTRANCE EXHIBITIONS in the Faculty of Arts, ranging from \$90 to \$125, will be held on the 14th September at Montreal, Charlottetown, St. John N. B., Halifax, St. John's, and other centres.

The ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE, the new residential college for women, will be ready for occupation in September.

The MCGILL NORMAL SCHOOL will re-open on 1st September.

Particulars of Examinations and copies of Calendar, containing full information as to Conditions of Entrance, Courses of Study, Regulations of Degrees, Exhibitions and Scholarship Fees, etc. may be obtained on application to
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