



Intelligent people in this day and age almost without exception, protect themselves against small-pox, by vaccination. Consumption kills in a year more people than small-pox, cholera, yellow fever and all known plagues kill in fifty. Tens of thousands of intelligent people recognize that they are threatened by this deadly disease, but take no precautions against it.

Consumption approaches its victim step by step. First there is a little "out of sorts" feeling, the digestion isn't just right, the appetite falls off, the liver is inactive, the assimilation of the life-giving elements of the food is imperfect, the blood gets impure and the body is improperly nourished. These conditions get worse and worse. The heart through the arterial system is pumping thin, poisonous blood into every organ of the body. The organs that are inherently weakest break down first. Ordinarily the lungs. As the last straw that breaks the camel's back comes a cold, however slight. This, with the accompanying cough, completes the work and an invasion of the germs of consumption follows. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures 95 per cent. of all cases of consumption. It corrects the conditions that lead up to it. It is the greatest blood-maker and flesh-builder known.

K. C. McIn. Esq., of Kempsville, Princess Anne Co., Va., writes: "When I commenced taking your 'Discovery' I was very low with a cough, and at times spit up much blood. I was not able to do the least work, but most of the time was in bed. I was all run-down, very weak, my head was dizzy, and I was extremely despondent. The first bottle I took did not seem to do me much good, but I had faith in it and continued using it until I had taken fifteen bottles, and now I do not look nor feel like the same man I was one year ago. People are astonished, and say, 'well, last year this time I would not have thought that you would be living now.' I can emphatically say I am entirely cured of a disease which, but for your wonderful 'Discovery,' would have resulted in my death."

D & A CREST CORSETS

CANNOT BREAK AT THE WAIST LINE

Indestructible AT THE SIDE.

The D & A "CREST" Corset is just what thousands of women are looking for. The disposition of the lower steels and the hip lacing are what make this corset positively unbreakable.

It is also perfect as to fit and made in all styles.

Ask your dealer to show you the D & A "Crest."

Nature makes the cures after all. Now and then she gets into a tight place and needs helping out. Things get started in the wrong direction. Something is needed to check disease and start the system in the right direction toward health. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with hypophosphites can do just this. It strengthens the nerves, feeds famished tissues, and makes rich blood.

50c. and \$1.00; all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

EPPE'S COCOA

ENGLISH BREAKFAST COCCA

Possesses the following Distinctive Merits:

DELICACY OF FLAVOR. SUPERIORITY IN QUALITY. GRATEFUL and COMFORTING to the NERVOUS or DYSPEPTIC. NUTRITIVE QUALITIES UNRIVALLED.

In Quarter-Pound Tins only. Prepared by JAMES EPPE & CO., Ltd. Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

SUMMER COTTAGE FOR SALE.

For Sale, a comfortable cottage with plot of land, beautifully situated at Kep-... with a delightful view of the straits... bathing, convenient to town, and a pleasant holiday resort. Apply to JUDGE McLEOD, S. Side.



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SYNOPSIS.

Peter Clephane and Andrew Kilgour are cousins, students at Edinburgh University, between whom is a bitter feud. The former is the son of a rich city lawyer and his cousin is the heir of an estate in the Highlands that has almost passed into the hands of creditors. After a bitter fight with his cousin, Kilgour is on his way home when he falls in with company at the "Hound and Stag" inn at Perth. Arrived home his companion on the journey turns out to be his uncle, Peter Clephane's father. To retrieve his family's fortune Andrew is sent to India.

CHAPTER XII (Continued.)

"Come with me, my son," said the Arab, graciously. "I would fain learn who and what thou art, and how thou camest hither, where, I doubt, if any man of thy nation ever set foot before. But long tales fit not a hungry belly. When thou hast eaten and rested, peradventure thou wilt tell me thy story."

He led the way, I walking by his side in silence, for it is contrary to Arabian etiquette to make a third man answer questions. We wound for a long distance through circling streets, then turned aside under the shadow of clustering palms into a small but luxuriant garden, fraught with flowers and musical with babbling water. From the garden to the house was but a step.

A black slave met us as we entered, and at a word from his master brought a pile of cushions to the khawab, or reception room, for me, placing them near the stove, which is the place of honour. Then, bringing water, he took off my shoes and washed my feet, a piece of attention that was strange, but exceedingly refreshing.

After awhile came the food. This consisted of a large piece of boiled mutton, a kind of batter made of ground wheat and melted butter, boiled rice, fresh dates, figs, sour camel's milk and coffee—real Mocha, that never by any chance comes to Western lands. The stuff that deluded Englishmen gulp down as coffee an Arab would not put to his lips. The truth is that the untravelled Briton never sees Mocha. What passes with him as such is only the refuse of all the plantations of Arabia, and often of plantations outside of Arabia, gathered in the interest of shippers, and greatly to the prejudice of occidental palates and stomachs. The pale, flavourless berries sent to Western Europe and America are to the rich, brown, aromatic berries valued by Eastern peoples what the sour crab apple is to the luscious nectarine, yet the swells of London and Paris drink the muddy mixture served to them as coffee with symptoms of delight. Truly, ignorance has its enjoyments and consolations. As for myself, my nose never comes over a cup of the English preparation without causing me an inward shiver of disgust.

The meal was all brought in together, heaped on one huge wooden trencher, and what had been on the fire was eaten scalding hot with the fingers, for the Arabs scorn the frivolity of knives and forks. I found no difficulty whatever in reverting to the methods of Adam. The batter I could make nothing of, since it was like putty in my hands, and the mutton seemed none too cleanly dressed, but on the rice and fruit I felt with the furious zeal of a famishing man, being indeed as empty as a dry well.

The meal finished—literally finished, for Arab hospitality enjoins that a guest shall eat while a morsel remains—we washed our hands, an operation that was highly necessary, and went into the garden to smoke the pipe of peace under the unbragous cover of date palms.

I cannot express the luxury of reclining in that verdurous scene, watching the sun descending to "his chambers" in the west. Put mind and body at rest after racking both; let fruits and blossoms and green masses of foliage take the place of a baked and blasted wilderness. After a raging fever of thirst let water splash and sparkle in fountain and stream. Instead of torrid, noxious blasts, let—

Gentle gales, Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense Native perfumes and whisper whence they stole These balmy spoils.

and, above all, let a sense of human cordiality and sympathy replace the distress of the outcast, and you may dimly conceive my feelings of quiet joy and deep content. Everything was in unison with my mood, from the mystic splendours of the encircling mountains to the soft beauty and incense of the radiant, mellow groves close at hand. We spoke not a word. In delicious silence we saw the gold waning, and the rose flushing, and mountain, plain, and tree shining with a shifting glory that was like an effluent flood of light and colour from the open doors of heaven. Then down dropped the sun, darkness rushed upon the land, and we went inside. Said Archmet lost no time in reminding me of the promise to tell my story.

He listened to it with the immovable countenance of the sphinx, sucking quietly at his pipe, his eyes fast on the ground. When the recital was over, he raised his face to mine.

"Thou hast been in great peril, my son," he said, "and such as thou never couldst have escaped except the hand of God were with thee. Of a surety thou art reserved for some great work."

I asked him if he had any idea who and what the men were who had plundered and fired the brig, and almost truculently he answered:—"Dogs and thieves and murderers, and, if it be possible, worse. I know

well, the evil offspring of Cain. They have had their polluting hands on me; they have made me suffer. Their deeds reek with iniquity. They are men, look you, whose heads should not be on their shoulders. That is it. But let us not talk of such vile dogs. It is not good. It polluteh the mouth to name them."

Finding him so strangely moved, I was at a loss how to proceed, but at a venture I inquired the name of the town.

"The city is called Marabel," he rejoined. "Thou shalt know it all. It is not so mighty a city as Bombay; neither is it so rich. Yet it is a famous place, and we have a great governor. It will please me to present thee to him. But perchance I may inquire what thou meanest to do?"

"How can the driftwood cast on the beach know what the next wave will do with it?" I answered.

He smoked a little more thoughtfully at this, as if he were pondering something.

"We are a people by ourselves," he remarked, slowly, after the space of a minute. "For ages too many to be numbered we have been what thou seest us. I have travelled—I know what changes are in other parts of the earth, but we change not, save to go from youth to age, from our mother's care to the darkness of the grave. As the son is, so was the father, and so the father's father, even to the generations afar off, when the patriarch Abraham built the only house of Mecca, and Job, after manifold sufferings, was enriched for keeping his soul's integrity, and numbered the increase of his flocks and herds and gathered the overflow—gold from that which was for wheat, and silver from that which was for barley. (The Arabs believe that Abraham built the Caaba, and that after proving the righteousness of Job God sent two clouds which rained gold and silver on his thrashing floors till they ran over). The children of Ishmael have been the same since the beginning, like the sun, and the moon, and the stars."

(To be Continued.)

Stomach Trouble

Stomach trouble is the common name applied to a derangement of the system which is keenly felt but vaguely understood. It may mean inability to retain food or to digest it. It may mean nausea, pain after eating, fullness, inordinate craving for food, or entire lack of appetite. Whatever it means, there's trouble, and it's with the stomach. If you have stomach trouble, you will be interested in this letter from a man who had it and was cured by

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For nine years I suffered from stomach trouble. I tried the aid of the best doctors of Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and spent large sums of money, all in vain. One day while waiting a train in Bellaire, O., I picked up a paper with a notice of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I got one bottle to try it. It did me so much good that I purchased five more bottles. I took four of them and gained in flesh, my appetite improved, and now I can eat anything. My stomach is all right, thanks to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—CALVIN M. STEVENS, Uniontown, Pa.

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We call the attention of passers by to the assortment and values we show in Men's Trousers. Compare these values with what you see elsewhere—we are willing to stand by a good judge's decision.

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in the head is almost invariably caused by decayed and abscessed teeth. Don't suffer needlessly when you can be relieved in a few hours and cured in a few days by the careful treatment we will give you.

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