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When a woman gets sickly, nervous, fretful and despondent the average husband doesn't have the faintest conception of what is the matter. When she gets worse, and he finally realizes that ill-health of some description has something to do with it, he calls in some obscure neighborhood doctor. The chances are that the doctor says it's stomach, or liver, or heart trouble. Nine times in ten he isn't within a mile of right. He treats for these troubles and charges big bills until the husband gets disgusted and throws him out. The trouble is usually weakness or disease of the distinctly feminine organism. Many husbands, after paying big doctor-bills while their wives grew steadily worse, have at last written to a physician of national reputation and learned the truth. They have been justly indignant at the ignorant pretensions who have experimented upon their wives' health. By writing to Dr. R. V. Pierce, any ailing woman may receive the free advice of an eminent and skillful specialist, for thirty years chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a marvelous medicine for women. It cures all weakness and disease of the organs distinctly feminine. It heals all internal ulceration and inflammation and stops debilitating drains. Over 90,000 women have testified, over their own signatures, to its wonderful merits.

"For several years I suffered with proflaps of the uterus," writes Miss A. Lee Schuster, of Box 2, Rodney, Jefferson Co., Miss. "I had a fall from my horse, causing retroversion of the uterus, our family physician treated me for kidney trouble and everything else but the right thing. I grew worse and worse. My body was emaciated, hands and feet clammy and cold, stomach weak, with great palpitation of the heart. I dreaded the night to come, for I would suffer from nausea all night, and so I continued until I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, and began to improve right away. I am now well and happy."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels.

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The baths in the Association Building have been refitted, and are now in strictly first class condition. They will be open Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from 2 to 10 p. m. Members are invited to patronize them; non members will be charged a small fee for their use.

The Assembly Hall is now in good order, and will be let at reasonable rates Apply to the Secretary.

When I should have ceased from troubling, they would be found next my heart, evidence of at least one faith kept to the bitter end; and, who knew, some good angel might whisper to Isabel, in a dream, that far off and in his last dire extremity somebody's thoughts had gone forth to her. And sometimes in the pensive gloaming, when the mind roams, she might think, in spite of the grandeur and happiness that were sure to be her lot, of one whose lonely grave she could never know, and whose love was no more than a guess to her. Futile and foolish, yet strangely comforting reflections.

The Bible I opened at random and lo! there lay before me the wondrous story of Job—

And now my soul is poured out upon me; the days of affliction have taken hold upon me.

So my dim eyes read. But I knew the moving drama by heart; long ago, and happy domestic scenes, it had been learned by my mother's side. And I thrilled eerily at the thought that it was in this scorched land where I was now lying, under these very skies that were burning my life out, that Job had groaned in bitterness of spirit.

All mankind are one in distress, the Jew and the Gentile, the civilized, and the barbarian. Immediately there was established a mystic brotherhood between me and the man of Uz. Uncounted ages had rolled by since he had suffered. In the interval things of vast and vital moment had come and gone, and been forgotten, but the tragedy of the race went on. With a trifling outward difference, a mere matter of time and circumstance, Job's case was mine. Well, his afflictions were over long ago; mine also would soon end. And so, moralizing and turning the leaves, I came to the gracious promise:—

There shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the daytime from the heat and for a place of refuge and for a covert from storm and rain.

And again:—

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart and the tongue of the dumb sing, for in the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert.

And yet again:—

When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

And once more:—

The Lord will be a refuge in time of trouble.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him. I will be with him in trouble. I will deliver him and honour him. I will not leave thee nor forsake thee.

It was surely enough. A prayer, a doubting heart, and courage, even now!

The courage was urgently needed and sorely tried, not less by physical than by mental ills. Every inch of my body was a burning ache. My head throbbed like a steam boiler, and lips and tongue were as if flayed and laid on smouldering ashes. Not so much as the remnant of a spittle was left to moisten them. I opened my mouth, and a rush of blistering air went down my throat, scorching my lungs to their roots. I closed it, and the dry flesh cracked so that the blood spurted out. Let the man who would feed fat his revenge have his enemy sent out and baked alive under an Arabian sun in the full blaze. The Inquisition never invented a torture half so cruel as that slow process of broiling by the immitigable heavens.

My poor horse was likewise in a far gone condition. The foam was crustied hard about his mouth and flanks, his nostrils were wide, dry, and fiery, his head hung, and his black swollen tongue protruded. Yet he remained as steady as a rock, sheltering me in his shadow. At intervals he turned and looked at me, and once he whinnied softly as if out of pure pity and comradeship.

By and by there came a change. The flaming sky was overcast, the shimmering sand turned gray, and after awhile dark clouds began to gather in the south. Then a tepid, relaxing wind blew from the same quarter, bringing an electric sultriness in place of the white heat. After a little the wind ceased and a dead calm fell.

The atmosphere seemed to have suddenly grown solid, and to be weighing upon the world like a canopy of molten lead. Breathing had been a difficulty before—it was a positive pain now. My horse grew restive, snorting, pawing the ground, and sniffling at the far darkness, now fast spreading and deepening.

All at once out of the deathly stillness came a little blast of wind that tossed the sand spitefully in my face and passed on with a weird, uncanny wall. Another and another followed, with a low, hopeless moan as of incurable sorrow, then silence again so deep that to my beating senses it was audible. It was as if a great, invisible host were treading the loose earth and filling the air, an endless procession passing on into the insane. And let me tell you that the awesome sound of unshod silence is a thing to make the hair rise on the head and the flesh creep on the bones. I spoke to my horse for the sake of company, and my words were ghostly gibber. I was startled at the sound of my own voice.

The darkness was soon an inky blackness. The sullen heavens were descending and impenetrable clouds were marshalling in forbidding ramparts along the skyline of the south. Then a lambent fire began to flicker about the outer edges of the dense masses, and presently there was borne to my ears the long roll of incipient thunder. A few minutes later big drops of rain began to patter on the sand, sending up volumes of dusty steam.

I got to my feet with joy unspeakable. Praise be to Heaven, my cry for help had been heard and answered. I was saved, saved from the

vultures and the heaping sands. Man is an insignificant atom in the scale of the universe, yet easily believes himself the object of a special providence. Here were the streams of water in the desert sent for me and for me alone. I wept with awe and gratitude.

The rain came thicker and faster, first a shower and then a deluge. The sun was eclipsed, and the dome overhead seemed to be cracking and rending as at the blast of the last trump. And indeed to me it was little less than a resurrection. Here was water, and water was life. The thunder roared ever nearer and louder till worlds of wrecked matter seemed to be crashing over my head. My ears were stunned by the exploding bolts, and on my face I felt the hot smack of the forked lightning that made the wilderness as a sea of fire. But through it all the beneficent rain came down in sheets, drenching me not merely to the skin, but to the very marrow. With upturned face and open mouth I slaked my baking throat, and as I drank, with ten times the greediness of the fevered drunkard, I could see my horse with his nozzles turned to the pouring skies, as if he, too, were having a saving draught.

(To be Continued.)

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This property comprises 20 of acres excellent land, with large and commodious dwelling house and out buildings.

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All interested are cordially invited to call at the college and inspect our system, the building, and work in general.

TENDERS

Will be received by the undersigned, up to 12 o'clock noon, on Wednesday, 15th June, from parties willing to cater to A. O. H. sports, to be held on St. Dunstan's College grounds, on Friday, July 1st.

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