



In the old frontier days hundreds of pioneers were tortured and burned at the stake by cruel Indians. The tortures endured by these martyrs must have been something horrible. There are thousands of men to-day who are being awfully tortured to death at the stake of disease. Their bodies cry out but in a language that only the sufferers themselves can hear. When a man is suffering in this way his body cries out with an aching head, a sluggish body, muscles that are lax and lazy, a brain that is dull, a stomach that disdains food and nerves that will not rest.

A wise man will heed these warnings and will resort to the right remedy before it is too late. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the appetite keen and hearty. It invigorates the liver. It promotes the natural processes of secretion and excretion. It makes the digestion and assimilation perfect. It purifies the blood and fills it with the life-giving elements of the food. It tears down old and worn-out tissues and replaces them with the firm, muscular tissues of health. It is the great blood-maker and flesh-builder. It is the best nerve tonic. It cures 95 per cent. of all cases of consumption, weak lungs, bronchitis, lingering coughs and kindred ailments. Found at all medicine stores. Accept no substitute that may be represented as "just as good." The "just as good" kind doesn't effect cures like the following:

"Twenty-five years ago eight different doctors told me that I would live but a short time, that I had consumption and must die," writes Geo. R. Coope, Esq., of Myers Valley, Pottawatomie Co., Kans. "I finally commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and am still in the land and among the living."

Don't suffer from constipation. Keep the body clean inside as well as outside. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and biliousness. They never gripe. All good dealers have them.

EPPS'S COCOA
 GRATEFUL COMFORTING
 Distinguished everywhere for Delicacy of Flavour, Superior Quality, and Nutritive Properties. Specially grateful and comforting to the nervous and dyspeptic. Sold only in 4-lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co., Ltd., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

BREAKFAST SUPPER
EPPS'S COCOA

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Spice.
 When ordering a package Pepper, Ginger, Allspice, Cinnamon or Cream of Tartar from your grocer you can always feel sure of securing the best quality by asking for ::
Mott's

We have
 a Beautiful
 line of goods to show you this season in
Diamond Rings
Gipsy Rings
Chain Bracelets
Lornette Chains
Gents Chains
Brooches
 etc. etc. etc
 We are giving special value in Watches and Clocks until Xmas. It will give us pleasure to show them to you.
W. N. TANTON
 Great George St.

See S. F. TarBush's Latest Novelty
 Your photograph copied on a button 10c, or 3 for 50c.
 Large size Button 40c or 3 for 80c.
 A nice Brooch with your photo in it \$1.00
 A Gold Plated Locket with 2 photos in \$1.75.
 Call early and leave your order.
 S. F. TarBush,
 High Grade Art Parlor
 town-183

Beaton's Bargain.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

SYNOPSIS.

Mrs Winington, Lady Mary Hay, Leslie Beaton and Jack Maxwell are members of London's smart society set. Beaton is Mrs Winington's brother, and being poor resolves to answer an advertisement that promises to get him a rich wife. Lady Mary is a widow whom Beaton admires. Mrs Winington and Maxwell were lovers before the former married. Beaton, with company with Maitland is introduced to the heiress—Edith Vivian—by the latter's guardian. In the meantime Maitland has fallen in love with Edith, which angers Mrs. Winington, who determines that Edith shall not marry him and lies to her about him. Edith has begun to like Maitland and is mortified to hear Mrs. Winington's false description of him.

CHAPTER IX. (Continued.)

After awhile he puffed himself together and went away in much agitation to see Dargan, whom he found in an undecipherable condition of rage, despair and terror—his wig awry, the tie of his high black neckcloth twisted around under his left ear, his spectacles pushed up above his eyebrows.

"Oh, Mr. Tilly, it's you, is it? I little thought you would be talked over by that madman, to turn against your best friend, for that I have been to you, helping you every way I could, even to my own loss (there's half a year's interest due on the little loan I got you last autumn). And what right has he got to come here worrying over the savings of his cousin's minority? He'll turn against you next, mark my words. His friend, Mr. Wolff, was here yesterday, and says his mother was as mad as a hatter. What will he be after next? He can't even leave that stupid creature of a sister of mine alone. It's the devil's own bad luck that sent him here to upset everything, and give the lie to a better man than himself. Look here, now, I'll have nothing more to say to you, and your ward, and how will you get on by yourself, I'd like to know?"

"You have been of very great service to me, I acknowledge, Mr. Dargan, but the affairs of the minor are not so complicated as to be beyond my power to conduct. I must say, I think you made a great mistake when you overruled me in the matter of that advertisement, and—"

"Lord, what a weathercock you are!" interrupted the other, with a contemptuous upward toss of his chin. "I was the cleverest chap in the three kingdoms when we planned it. Was it my fault that this rampaging digger has turned up to set the Thames on fire?" etc., etc.

After much recrimination and squabbling, it was agreed on between the spider and the fly that everything must present a smooth surface to the new actor who had appeared so inopportunistly to interfere with Dargan's little game, even if it cost money to repair a few of the well-meaning mistakes which unavoidably occurred from overzeal in the minor's service.

David Vivian's energy was of the feverish order. No sooner had he forced the tortured Dargan to write a few words to his sister, authorizing her to return to Edith, than he rushed off to Eastern Square, and just caught a train reaching Liverpool early in the evening.

His errand explained, Mrs. Miles' heart leaped for joy. The astute reader need scarcely be informed that the suffering relative whose claims on her assistance

drew her from Edith was an apocryphal personage. She eagerly carried out his wishes for an early start, and by the afternoon of the next day they were again in town, seeking admission to the lodgings occupied at the commencement of this true tale by Mrs. Miles and her charge.

To Edith the hours which intervened between her parting with Beaton, and the moment of leaving Mrs. Winington were painful in an irritating sense. The consciousness of having been so completely deceived, lowered her in her own estimation, and though far from perceiving how completely Mrs. Winington had been her brother's accomplice, common sense suggested that she could not be completely innocent of his schemes.

Indeed, this interval was nearly as distressing and irritating to Mrs. Winington as to her guest. Even Mrs. Winington's world-hardened self-possession was ruffled by the constant presence of the guileless young creature she had assisted to blind.

Edith's composure and good temper commanded her respect. The girl seemed to have suddenly developed a quiet, unassuming womanly dignity, a degree of maturity which impressed her hostess. The only allusion she made to the sudden rupture of her engagement was when she gave Mrs. Winington the packet containing Beaton's gifts, saying:

"This is for your brother. You know what it is, I am sure. Do not let us say anything more about him. I have a note from Mr. Tilly; he promises to take me away to-morrow or next day at furthest, so I need hamper your movements no longer. You have been very, very good to me, whether you really like me or not, and I am heartily grateful."

"My dear," cried Mrs. Winington, with tears in her beautiful eyes (they always came quite readily, unless she chose to keep them back), "no words can express how grieved and ashamed I feel. It is all so painfully fresh to talk about now. Later I hope to explain away some of the blame which naturally seems to attach to me." So saying she kissed her brow, patted her shoulder, and hurried away to give orders respecting the packing up and preparing for an almost immediate journey to Scotland.

When the following day, toward evening, the automatic footman ushered "Mrs. Miles" and "Mr. Vivian" into the morning-room, where Edith was sitting with a book which she could not read, so highly strung were her nerves, it seemed as if the peace and hopefulness of her old life were restored to her in the solid, not to say stumpy, form of her good old friend. How she darted forward to throw her arms round her neck, to cover her honest, homely face with kisses, to utter confused exclamations of pleasure! David Vivian stood looking on, both touched and surprised. He did not think his little cousin had so much warmth and tenderness. The next moment she was shy and downcast again, as she turned to thank him softly, earnestly, for bringing her trusted friend back so soon.

"All right! I knew it was the best service I could do you. Now, are you ready to start? We have a place to take you to. I suppose you can come at once?"

"Yes, I can; but I am ashamed to say I have too much luggage for a cab." "We'll call another, then. Now go on your bonnet, and say good-bye if it's necessary. I don't want to see Madam Doubleface again."

"Mrs. Winington is out. I hardly like to leave without seeing her."

"Nonsense," growled Vivian, in his harshest tone. "Picking oakum is about what she and her brother deserve. I shall not leave you in this house, nor stay any longer in it myself. Hurry up, my little kinswoman."

Edith was somewhat afraid of David—his great height, his deep voice, his rugged manner, made her shrink into herself. Moreover, she knew that any one looking at the bare facts of the case would not think her charming hostess deserving of much consideration, though she could not rid herself of a strong liking for her. She compromised matters, however, by writing a few lines of adieu which she left in the hands of her maid, and hastily donned her outdoor attire.

As soon as Edith had left the room Vivian applied himself vigorously to the bell, which immediately evoked the apparition of Thomas.

"I say, get down Miss Vivian's boxes, and call another cab; look alive, will you, and there's for your trouble."

The tip was handsome enough to temper the supercilious expression of the functionary, who responded with a gracious "Thank'ee, sir," and retired to execute the "tipper's" commands.

It was with a new sense of safety and exhilaration that Edith found herself sitting down to a late tea. To be sitting opposite Mrs. Miles in the old familiar fashion, as if the last couple of months had been an unsubstantial dream, was something so amazing and delightful that she could hardly per-

BARGAIN CORNER.

Thousands of bargains in clothing at the Bargain Corner. This is the only place for you to trade. Just think of it—Pants for \$1.00 per pair, extra heavy pants for \$1.70, not the price of the cloth; better pants for \$2.00 nothing equal in this city for \$2.50. Just see this line you have got to buy them at our price.

Winter suits for \$5.00 and 8.00, knocks anything out at \$2.00 more in any other store. All wool Ulster for \$4.75; you want one now, Shoney's Ulster at \$6.25, can't be bought in this or any other city of Canada less than 6.75. Buy from us the price cutters of the Dominion. A nice assortment of boys' clothing from 1.00 per suit up. All who want clothing, call and see our stock. You can buy from us 25 per cent cheaper than others. Then why not save your money, what you save on a suit would buy your child a dress. Trade at

THE BARGAIN CORNER

W. D. MCKAY

suaude herself that her ardent desire was really fulfilled. She was tempted every now and then to catch her arm, or seize her hand, to assure herself that it was really her good friend in the flesh.

By degrees she mastered her excitement, and they fell into their old confidential tone. Edith before she slept had told the whole story of her engagement, and its mortifying conclusion. Over this recital she shed no tears, and the mental exercises seemed to clear her own impressions, and reveal to her the systematic deception practiced on her in its fullness. The strongest feeling left in her mind was a conviction that there was something in herself not lovable, as the man she liked had avoided her because she showed her liking, and the man who seemed to like her forsook her with unflattering readiness directly she proved deficient in those solid attractions which real and personal estates possess.

(To be Continued)

DYING BY INCHES!

But Dodd's Kidney Pills will Yet Renew Life.

Thousands of persons die in the prime of life because doctors think Bright's Disease and Diabetes incurable. But Dodd's Kidney Pills cure them both. They have cured thousands of cases.

These diseases and other Kidney complaints are as common as ordinary colds. But people don't realize that they are afflicted till the disease has eaten deep into the system. Even then, Dodd's Kidney Pills will positively cure.

Thousands of people are dying on their feet, but do not realize it. They notice one or more of these symptoms: shortness of breath, loss of memory, failing sight, ravenous appetite, pale or reddish urine, with brick-colored deposit, scalding when urinating, constipation, nervousness, pains in the loins. Their only hope is Dodd's Kidney Pills. They won't fail. They never do.



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 Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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 from whatever cause cured in half an hour by HOFFMANN'S HEADACHE POWDERS
 10 cents and 25 cents each at all drug stores.