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Any doctor will tell you that Professor Hare, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, is one of the highest authorities in the world on the action of drugs. In his last work, speaking of the treatment of scrofula, he says:

"It is hardly necessary to state that cod-liver oil is the best remedy of all. The oil should be given in emulsion, so prepared as to be palatable."

He also says that the hypophosphites should be combined with the oil.

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we can sell you Dodd's Kidney Pills at the following prices, viz.:—50c. per box six boxes for $2.50. To the trade—$4.00 per dozen, or three dozen at $3.75 per dozen. Sent by mail to any address post paid.

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Now if you want to present your friends with nice presents at a low price give us a call.

Also, repairing attended to with punctuality and warranted.

G. G. JURY,
dec12 North Side Queen Square.

BARKER'S LUCK.

BY BRET HARTE.

(Continued)

As he slipped away Barker felt his heart sink. Carter had not only bluntly forestalled him with the news and taken away his excuse for a confidential interview, but had put an ostentatious construction on his visit. What could she think of him now? He stood shamed

THE YOUNG MAN HAD COME INTO SOME PROPERTY.

and embarrassed before her.

But Miss Kitty, far from noticing his embarrassment in a sudden concern regarding the "horrid" untidiness of the room which had made her cheeks quite pink in one spot and obliged her to take and set down in exactly the same place several articles, was exceedingly delighted. In fact she did not remember ever having been so pleased before in her life. These things were always so unexpected. Just like the weather, for instance. It was quite cool last night—and now it was just stifling. And so dusty! Had Mr. Barker noticed the heat coming from the gulch—or, perhaps, being a rich man, he—with a dazzling smile—was above walking now? It was so kind of him to come here first and tell her father.

"I really wanted to tell only—you—Miss Carter," stammered Barker. "You see"—he hesitated. But Miss Kitty saw perfectly. He wanted to tell her, and, seeing her, he asked for her father! Not that it made the slightest difference to her, for her father would have been sure to have told her. It was also kind of her father to invite him to luncheon. Otherwise she might not have seen him before he left Boomville.

But this was more than Barker could stand. With the same desperate directness and simplicity with which he had approached her father he now blurted out his whole heart to her. He told her how he had loved her hopelessly from the first time that they had spoken together at the church picnic—did she remember it? How he had sat and worshipped her — and nothing else — at church! How her voice in the church choir had sounded like an angel's; how his poverty and his uncertain future had kept him from seeing her after, lest he should be tempted to betray his hopeless passion. How, as soon as he realized that he had a position—that his love for her need not make her ridiculous to worldly eyes—he came to tell her all. He did not even dare to hope. But she would hear him, at least—would she not?

Indeed, there was no getting away from his boyish, simple, outspoken declaration. In vain Kitty smiled, frowned, glanced at her pink cheeks in the glass and stopped to look out of the window; the room was filled with his love—it was encompassing her, and, despite his shy attitude, seemed to be almost embracing her. But she managed at last to turn upon him a face that was now as white and grave as his own was eager and glowing.

CHAPTER II.

"Sit down," she said, gently.

He did so, obediently, but wonderingly. She then opened the piano and took a seat upon the music stool before it, placed some loose sheets of music in the rack and ran her fingers lightly over the keys. Thus intrenched, she let her hands fall idly in her lap, and for the first time raised her eyes to his.

"Now, listen to me; be good and don't interrupt! There!—not so near; you can hear what I have to say well enough where you are. That will do."

Barker had halted with the chair he was dragging towards her, and sat down.

"Now," said Miss Kitty, withdrawing her eyes and looking straight before her, "I believe everything you say; perhaps I oughtn't to—or, at least, say it—but I do. There! But because I do believe you—it seems to me all wrong! For the very reason that you give for not having spoken to me before, if you really felt as you say you did, are the same reasons why you should not speak to me now. You see, all this time you let nobody but yourself know how you felt towards me. In everybody's eyes you and your partners have been only the three stuck up, exclusive, college-bred men who mined a poor claim in the gulch, and occasionally came here to this hotel as customers. In everybody's eyes I have been only the rich hotel keeper's popular daughter, who sometimes waited upon you—but nothing more. But, at least, we were then pretty much alike, and as good as each other. And now, as soon as you have become suddenly rich, and, of course, the superior, you rush down here to ask me to acknowledge it by accepting you!"

"You know I never meant that, Miss Kitty," burst out Barker, vehemently, but his protest was drowned in a rapid roulade from the young lady's fingers on the keys. He sank back in his chair.

"Of course, you never meant it," she said, with an odd laugh, "but everybody will take it that way, and you cannot go round to everybody in Boomville and make the pretty declaration you have just made to me. Everybody will say I accepted you for your money; everybody will say it was a put-up job of my father's. Everybody will say that you threw yourself away on me. And I don't know but what they would be right. Sit down, please! or I shall play again."

"You see," she went on, without looking at him, "just now you like to remember that you fell in love with me first as a pretty waiter girl, but if I became your wife it's just what you would like to forget. And I shouldn't. For I should always like to think of the time when you came here, whenever you could afford it, and sometimes when you couldn't, just to see me, and how we used to make excuses to speak with each other over the dishes. You don't know what these things mean to a woman who—" She hesitated a moment, and then added, abruptly: "But what does that matter! you would not care to be reminded of it. So," she said, rising up with a grave smile and grasping her hands tightly behind her, "it's a good deal better that you should begin to forget it now. Be a good boy, and take my advice: Go to San Francisco. You will meet some girl there in a way you will not afterwards regret. You are young and your riches—to say nothing," she added in a faltering voice somewhat incoherent with the mischievous smile that played upon her lips, "of your kind and simple heart—will secure that which the world would call unselfish affection from one more equal to you, but would always believe was only bought if it came from me."

"I suppose you are right," he said, simply.

She glanced quickly at him and her eyebrows straightened. He had risen; his face white and his blue eyes widely opened. "I suppose you are right," he went on, "because you are saying to me what my partners said to me this morning, when I offered to share my wealth with them—God knows as honestly—as I offered to share my heart with you. I suppose that you are both right; that there must be some curse of pride or selfishness upon the money that I have got—but I have not felt it yet—and the fault does not lie with me."

She gave her shoulders a slight shrug and turned impatiently towards the window. When she turned back again he was gone. The room around her was empty—this room which a moment before had seemed to be pulsating with his boyish passion—was empty. She bit her lips, rose, and ran again eagerly to the window. She saw his straw hat and brown curls as he crossed the road. She drew her handkerchief sharply away from the withered shrub over which she had thrown it and cast the once treasured remains in the hearth. Then—possibly because she had it ready in her hand—she clapped the handkerchief to her eyes, and, sinking upon the chair he had risen from, put her elbows on its back and buried her face in her hands.

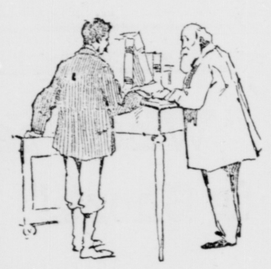
It is the characteristic and, perhaps, cruelty, of a simple nature to make no allowance for complex motives or to even understand them. So it seemed to Barker that his simplicity had been met with equal directness. It was the possession of this wealth that had in some way hopelessly changed his relations with the world. He did not love Miss Kitty any the less; he did not even think she had wronged him; they, his partners and his sweetheart, were cleverer than he; there must be some occult quality in this wealth that he would understand when he possessed it, and perhaps it might make him ashamed of his generosity—not in the way they had said—but in his tempting them so audaciously to assume a wrong position. It behooved him to take possession of it at once and so take also upon himself the knowledge, the trials and responsibilities it would incur. His cheeks flushed again as he thought he had tried to tempt an innocent girl with it, and he was keenly hurt that he had not seen in Kitty's eyes the tenderness that had softened his partners' refusal. He resolved to wait no longer, but sell his dreadful stock at once. He walked directly to the bank.

The manager, a shrewd but kindly man, to whom Barker was known already, received him graciously in recognition of his well-known simple honesty, and respectfully as a representative of the equally well-known poor but "superior" partnership of the gulch. He listened with marked attention to Barker's hesitating but brief story, only remarking at its close:

"You mean, of course, the 'Second Extension when you say 'First?'"

"No," said Barker, "I mean 'First'—and it said the 'First' in the Boomville paper."

"Yes! yes! I saw it—it was a printer's



DID ANYBODY PUT THIS UP ON YOU?"

error. The stock of the 'First' was called in two years ago. No! You mean the 'Second,' for, of course, you've followed the quotations and are likely to know what stock you're holding shares of. When you go back take a look at them, and you'll see I am right."

"But I brought them with me," said Barker, with a slight flushing as he felt in his pocket, "and I am quite sure they are the 'First.'" He brought them out and laid them on the desk before the manager.

The words "First Extension" were plainly visible. The manager glanced curiously at Barker and his brow darkened.

"Did anybody put this up on you," he said, sternly; "did your partners send you here with this stuff?"

"No! No!" said Barker, eagerly. "No one! It's all my mistake. I see it now, I trusted to the newspaper."

"And you mean to say you never examined the stock nor the quotations, nor followed it in any way, since you had it?"

"Never," said Barker, "never thought about it at all, till I saw the newspaper.

So it is not worth anything?" And to the infinite surprise of the manager there was a slight smile on his boyish face.

"I am afraid it is not worth the paper it is written on," said the manager, gently.

The smile on Barker's face increased to a little laugh which his wondering companion could not help joining.

"Thank you," said Barker, suddenly, and rushed away.

"He beats everything!" said the manager, gazing after him. "D—d if he didn't seem even pleased!"

He was pleased! The burden of wealth had fallen from his shoulders; the dreadful incubus that had weighed him down and parted his friends from him was gone! And he had not got rid of it by spending it foolishly! It had not ruined anybody yet; it had not altered anybody in his eyes. It was gone, and he was a free and happy man once more. He would go directly back to his partners; they would laugh at him, of course—but they could not look at him now with the same sad commiserating eyes. Perhaps even Kitty—But here a sudden chill struck him. He had forgotten the bill of sale! He had forgotten the dreadful promissory note given to her father in the rash presumption of his wealth! How could it ever be paid!

And more than that, it had been given in a fraud! He had no money when he gave it—and no prospect of any but what he was to get from those worthless shares. Would anybody believe him that it was only a stupid blunder of his own? Yes! his partners might believe him, but—horrible thought—he had already implicated them in his fraud! Even now, while he was standing there hesitatingly in the road, they were entering upon the new claim he had not paid for—could not pay for—and in the guise of a benefactor he was dishonoring them! Yet it was Carter he must meet first—he must confess all to him. He must go back to the hotel—that hotel where he had indignantly left her—and tell the father he was a fraud! It was terrible to think of—perhaps it was part of that money curse that he could not get rid of and was now realizing—but it must be done! He was simple, but his very simplicity had that unhesitating directness of conclusion that is the main factor of what men call "pluck."

(To be Continued.

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The above Companies are possessed of immense resources, and have a world-wide reputation for strict integrity and liberality in the settlement of claims.

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oct23—3 Agent.

A MONKEY'S LOVE.

Nothing Could Make Him Happy Again When She Was Taken Away.

There was, until very recently, in one of the many city establishments in which small animals and birds are sold, a pair of monkeys of remarkable intelligence, says the N. Y. World. From their prison stage and cage they entertained large audiences of spectators as acrobats. The endearing affection which they cherished for each other was an example for some domestic circles of to-day. Their consideration one for the other was most pronounced, while a tender care, regard and constancy was strikingly shown.

A short time since I paid another visit to the place. A customer entered. His object was the purchase of one only of the pair whose winning ways had endeared them to the hearts of the many who knew and loved them. The desired one of the two was chosen, chained and paid for by the purchaser. I would have eagerly given ten times the price paid could I have arrested that sale and separation. Language could but feebly express the scene which followed. I watched the features which were but a moment before radiant with joyous contentmenty electrically changing to despair, more and more pronounced as the barter and sale was being consummated which would forever separate them. I could not at the last observe the conduct of the one purchased, it having been removed under cover, but the emotional demonstrations by the remaining one were touching to a painful degree. Even the strong iron bars which framed the cage were taxed by the animal's furious efforts.

Three days subsequent to this my interest in behalf of the deserted one prompted me to again visit the place. The swinging "trapeze," which had contributed so abundantly to the enjoyment of the little couple, remained motionless. Food and fruits of delicate and tempting flavor were untouched but crouched in a corner of the cage was the emaciated form of the little mourner almost lifeless crushed by the burden of despair.

A Turfman's Tale.

A New Jersey man told me a good story the other day on one of our foremost turfmen, a man whose name is perhaps printed oftener than that of any other connected with the racing in America, says a writer in the New York Press. A good many years ago this turfman, who was not then deep in the racing business, arrived in Jersey City with a trainload of mustangs from the plains of Texas. He knew nothing of the laws of the state, nor of the ordinances of the city. He knew that he wanted to sell his mustangs, and thought the best way to do it was to sell them at auction. Being somewhat gifted in speech, he determined that he would be his own auctioneer. The sale started out well. Fair prices were realized. Suddenly it was interrupted by policemen, who demanded a view of our friend's license.

"License?" he said, amazed. "What license? I haven't any license of any kind."

"Well, you can't sell horses in this city without a license. You'll have to come along. No monkey business with us."

Of course, he went along, but was lucky enough to find a friend at court (a lawyer who went bail for him in the sum of $50. Then the lawyer said:

"A license costs $250. You are under bonds. Go ahead and finish your sale, collect your money, and skip out. Give me $50 to settle the forfeited bond, and you are $200 ahead of the game."

It was done accordingly. The turfman and his friend met in the St. James hotel lately and laughed ove the joke.

Photographing the Borrom of the Sea.

A Western sportsman has been for years making a collection of photographs of all kinds of wild animals in their native haunts, and many of these pictures, especially of animals about to spring at their intended prey, have been taken under conditions that made the skilful handling of the rifle highly necessary the instant after the camera was snapped. Another enthusiast has devoted himself to photographing the animals of the forest in their nightly wanderings. He would set a wire in the path of the animal he wished to photograph, and adjust the camera so that as the animal came along and made contact with the wire, magnesium powder was ignited, and in the flash the picture was taken. In this way some beautiful specimens of deer in all sorts of attitudes, of mountain lions, badgers, opossums, etc., have been secured, and many new features have been developed of great interest to the naturalist. M. Bontan, the European naturalist, who studies the wild life of the Mediterranean in the garb of a diver, has succeeded in taking some photographs of the sea bottom. He uses a flash light obtained from a spirit lamp and magnesium powder, which is covered by a water-tight bell jar. The lamp stands on a barrel containing oxygen gas, which he employs to work the lamp and the pneumatic shutter of the camera. He breathes through the supply pipe of the diving dress. The camera is water-tight, and stands on a tripod near the barrel, so that the shutter and the flash-light can be worked together.

Progress of the Flying Machine.

Great strides have been taken within the last two years in the development of the powers of the flying machine. Hiram Maxim maintains that he can now lift 28 pounds per horse-power; but that with improvements soon to be matured he looks to raise this figure to 50 or 60 pounds. This would enable a machine to take a flight of 500 or 600 miles. In using his perfected machine, Mr. Maxim will dispense with the railway track at present used, and a short run over a moderately level field will give enough velocity to give the machine its start. As far as landing is concerned, very little shock will be felt, as the aerial navigator will touch the ground while moving forward, and the machine will be brought to rest by sliding on the ground for a short distance. Mr. Maxim regards this as the only way to make a successful descent. If the machine were stopped in the air and allowed to fall directly to the earth without advancing, the shock, as he quaintly says, "though not strong enough to be dangerous to life or limb, might be sufficient to disarrange or injure the machinery."

Could not get Insured.

Rejected by Straight Line and Mutual Companies.

But now Insured in both.

"Should I die while I am in a position to pay my insurance premiums, my family will owe their support to Scott's Sarsaparilla. Two years ago I applied to two companies for insurance, $1000 in each. My face was a mass of pimply blotches and my urine did not stand the test. One doctor in examining me said I could not pass, but that my trouble was curable. He advised an alterative medicine, and I commenced taking Scott's Sarsaparilla. Both companies rejected me, but four months later, after I had taken five bottles of your remedy I am thankful to say both accepted me as a risk—one being a stock company, the other a mutual. The examiner who previously examined me, remarked "I never saw such a change in any man." This is indorsed by Mr. J. Todd, the popular druggist, corner Queen and Crawford Streets, Toronto.

Scott's Sarsaparilla builds up debilitated constitutions, imparts strength, vigor and vitality, clears and purifies the blood. It cures skin diseases, rheumatism, gout, indigestion and all complaints arising from poor or poisoned blood. Of all druggists, $1 per bottle.

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Railroad employes, bicyclists, teamsters and other men who are subjected to much jolting, are often troubled with pain across the small of the back. This indicates the "railroad kidney," an insidious precursor of serious illness. On the slightest symptom of backache take one of Chase's Kidney Liver Pill—one is a dose—and thus obtain instant relief. For all kidney troubles they have no equal. 25c. per box.

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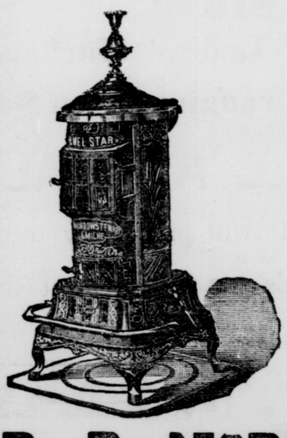

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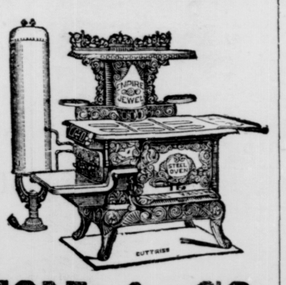

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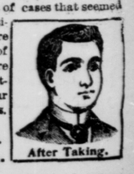
One will please, six guaranteed to cure. Pamphlet free to any address.

The Wood Company, Windsor, Ont., Canada.



After Taking.

Wood's Phosphodine is sold by responsible wholesale and retail druggists in the Dominion.