

Handicap your Cough!

Don't wait a few days to see if it will "wear off"; it is much more likely to become dangerous and it will undoubtedly be much more difficult to cure. The longer you permit it to prey upon the delicate membranes of your throat, bronchial tubes and chest, the more you render yourself susceptible to other attacks and to chronic pneumonia or consumption.

Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam

is an infallible remedy: for more than 30 years it has been curing the worst cases and it will surely cure you. 25 CENTS AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Wedding

Gifts

in Silver

Nothing is so truly devoted to wedding gifts as silver. It combines at once the beautiful ornamental and useful and further more, possesses always an intrinsic value of its own. It will outlast either recipient or giver, and at the last is inevitably valued for the memories it carries with it. Our stock is complete in inexpensive silver gifts.

W. W. Wellner

Nutters Ale

—AND—

Cream Porter

The product of the Silver Spring Brewery of Sherbrook, P. Q., far excel all malt preparations on the Canadian market.

Over 300 carloads were delivered at the principal trade centres of the Dominion in 1899 and to-day Nutters agencies do dot the Dominion of Canada that when it is noon at one, it is evening at another.

The Silver Spring goods are chiefly recommended for their ABSOLUTE PURITY. Connoisseurs' recommend and physicians prescribe them.

For sale by
A. MACDONALD,
Sole Agent for P. E. I.

WANT



To come in and look over our groceries. Our stock is fine and fresh and guaranteed to be satisfactory. We keep every thing in our line that is necessary.

FOR HOUSEKEEPING

The prices—well, that is what we want you to see when you are looking at our goods. Their lowness will surprise you.

DRISCOLL and HORNBY

RIGHTED AT LAST

BY MARY CECIL HAY

Author of "The Arundel Motto," "Nora's Love Test," "Back to the Old Home," Etc.

(Continued.)

"If you and I were rich," mourned Phoebe, plaintively, "and could dress and talk grandly, they would behave quite differently to us, Honor. They wouldn't invite us to Deergrove just on sufferance, one at a time, as they do now when they have a place vacant, to make us small and patronize us, and pretend they are doing a very noble and compassionate sort of thing to their poor relations."

"That will do, Phoebe. Never mind that old grudge," returned Honor, brightly. "I never let them treat me like a poor relation, and I can often glean a little amusement there."

"I cannot," sighed Phoebe; "they quench me entirely. I always come home miserable, and wishing I were rich, and beautiful, and admired, that I might pay back Theo for her scornful ways. Honor, do you ever have day-dreams about being rich?"

"Often. Such gorgeous dreams they are! and I'm so beautiful in them, and wear such matchless dresses, and have horses and carriages, and servants, and a magnificent castle of my own, and I feel all the poor, and have all the sick cured, and everybody idolizes me, and I'm presented to the Queen—so," explained Honor, sweeping her muslin skirt along the shabby rug, in the performance of a wonderful courtesy; "and all the ladies and lords in waiting whisper that there never was such a lovely person seen before, even at court."

"Perhaps they're not allowed to whisper when the Queen is by," put in Phoebe, her practical nature stumbling here.

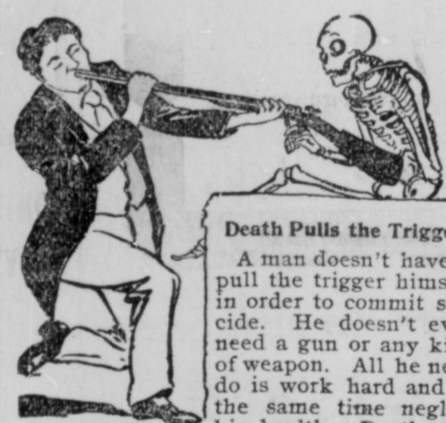
"I'm quite certain that the Earl of Essex often whispered," returned the young girl with confidence; "and Anne Boleyn was just the one to whisper a great deal when she was a maid of honor; and so they whisper in my dreams, and everything is wonderful and beautiful there, Phoebe; but I never care about crowing over Theo—she isn't in the dreams at all."

"You always go into impossibilities, Honor. I think only of what may be."

Impossibilities! While the white-cloth figure, in spite of its dingy background, and the scant light thrown upon it, was so purely beautiful. Impossibilities! While the eyes were so full of truth, and trust, and courage, for the time to come, and that time to come was so safely hidden beyond a golden mist made up of possibilities!

"You know Lady Lawrence may leave us a share of her wealth," added Phoebe, apparently aggrieved. "She ought not entirely to forget us girls, and leave it all to Lawrence, or Harvey or even both."

Honor's laugh rang out merrily. "I am afraid we are all alike," she said; "all building our futures on old Myddelton's money. Oh, what tottering fabrics! But your mentioning Lady Lawrence reminds me of something else, Phoebe. The Abbotsmoor picnic is fixed for Thursday, and the photograph, with Abbotsmoor itself as a background, is to be sent to Lady Lawrence in India."



Death Pulls the Trigger.

A man doesn't have to pull the trigger himself in order to commit suicide. He doesn't even need a gun or any kind of weapon. All he need do is work hard and at the same time neglect his health. Death will do the rest. Men nowadays are all in a hurry. They bolt their food, and get indigestion and torpid liver. The blood gets impure. When the blood is impure, sooner or later something will "smash." The smash will be at the weakest and most overworked point. In a marshy country it will probably be malaria and chills. A working man will probably have a bilious attack. A clerk or bookkeeper will have deadly consumption. A business, or professional man, nervous prostration or exhaustion.

It isn't hard to prevent or cure these diseases if the right remedy is taken at the right time. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the appetite keen, digestion and assimilation perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and the nerves steady and strong. It drives out all disease germs. It makes rich, red blood, firm flesh, solid muscle and healthy nerve-fiber. It cures malaria and bilious attacks. It cures nervous prostration and exhaustion. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchial, throat and kindred affections. Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser contains the letters of thousands who have been cured.

"I have been one of your many patients, by taking Dr. Pierce's medicines," writes Mrs. Perina Cook, of 140 W. 3d St., Covington, Ky. "Your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' have saved my life when it was despaired of."

Send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of customs and mailing only, to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for a paper-covered copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser;—cloth binding 50 stamps. A whole medical library in one 1000-page volume.

"Oh, how nice!" cried Phoebe, ecstatically. "May we all choose our own postures, and by whom we will stand or sit? What shall I wear? Oh, Honor, I have not any nice dress to go in."

"Have you not?" asked Honor, always such a gentle, helpful receiver of these lugubrious and spasmodic expressions respecting her wardrobe, and the deficiencies therein. "How is that? I thought we should wear the dresses we had for the bazaar at Somers Park."

"You can; yours looks all right," smiled Phoebe; "and of course you will because everybody said that it suited you; but I cannot. Mine is as torn and as soiled and as shabby as ever it can be, and I'm sure I would not disgrace myself by putting it on."

Phoebe had risen in her excitement, and taken the dress from its drawer, and now she threw it contemptuously on the bed before Honor.

"It was very pretty at first, I know," she said, "and no one would believe you had done all the planning and trimming, for they looked like French dresses. But you must own, Honor, that I could not wear it now."

"If you like," said Honor, slowly, not questioning Phoebe's right to have spoiled the dress, while her own—bought and made and worn at the same time—was fresh and unsoiled, "if you like, Phoebe, we will wear our black silks."

"Black silks at a picnic!" exclaimed Phoebe. "No, indeed. But it was a kind offer of yours, Honor," she added, remorsefully, "for your dress is almost as good as new, and you look so lovely in it. But I'll tell you what you might do"—this in a tone of anxious coaxing—"you might get Lawrence to give us money for a new one each. Tell him how we have not five shillings left of this quarter's allowance. He will not refuse you, Honor."

"I would go in my very oldest dress sooner than ask for a new one from him," returned the younger girl; "I always keep within my allowance for that very reason."

Phoebe's eyes filled; they were gentle, rather prominent, light gray eyes, with a fountain very near them; but still these ready tears had always the same effect upon Honor; and when Phoebe said, ruefully, "He would not give it to me, or I would ask for myself; but he never refused you," she kissed her quietly, and said she would ask her guardian for the dress, and did not blame her, by one word, for the selfish use she made of her guardian's favorite.

"I shall sleep comfortably now," observed Phoebe, shaking up her pillow. "Good-night, Honor, dear; though you have not told me much about Deergrove. Was there no guest but yourself?"

"Only one," said Honor, from the open doorway; "but go to sleep, Phoebe."

"For," added the girl to herself, as she closed the bedroom door behind her, "if I speak or think again of that other guest, my thoughts will go off once more to Gabriel Myddelton and that often-told story which I have heard again to-night. How plain it was that Mr. Keith saw no way of accounting for the murder but by Gabriel's having committed it! How curiously he asked if a doubt had ever been entertained as to Gabriel's guilt, and no could say 'Yes!'"

Next morning, from a feverish dream, in which old Myddelton was murdering Mr. Keith, and she and Gabriel—just as he might have walked out of the picture at Abbotsmoor—stood looking on, Honor was roused by the clanging of the shrill bell, which was wont, at eight o'clock a.m., to summon the occupants of the Larches to break their fast upon the sternly simple viands which Miss Haughton's ingenuity and economy had suggested.

"Late again," remarked that lady, as Honor entered the breakfast-room half an hour afterward, sweet and fresh as a summer rose on which the dew-drops sparkle, and with that clear light within her eyes which could not have shone there if the soul behind had not been free from taint of vanity or selfishness.

Mr. Haughton half rose from his seat as Honor came up to the table, but, with a sudden change of purpose, he drew his chair closer, and began to carve the cold meat-plate before him.

His sister passed by the girl's bright "good-morning," and poured out her tea with a rigid displeasure stamping every feature. Jane Haughton was certainly not one of those whose presence at any time makes sunshine in a house. Hers had, on the contrary, rather the effect of February sleet, or a November fog; in the early morning she was peculiarly noticeable.

"A real wet blanket," Honor thought, as she took her cup from Jane's hand, "would have a far more soothing effect."

Conversation at the Larches was never very warm and general, especially at breakfast, but certainly this morning, as on many another morning, Honor tried her best to make it so. She chatted of her visit last night, and de-

scribed the dinner to Jane, undeterred by that lady's stoniness of aspect. She gave Phoebe an account of the dresses, the new books she had seen, and the new duet she had heard, undisturbed by Phoebe's distracted attention and surreptitious signs to her not to forget her promise; and she retailed to Lawrence the chief points of the conversation.

"That other guest," remarked Mr. Haughton, "must have been vastly edified by so much talk of old Myddelton and his connections, especially after the speech I heard old Mrs. Payte make to him a day or two ago."

"What was that?"

"She said old Myddelton's relations could be nothing but money-loving and cowardly."

"Oh, what a falsehood and a shame!" cried Phoebe, always ready to reply to him. "Suppose she knew you had overheard that, Lawrence?"

"I believe she did know," he answered, carelessly; "she does not care who overhears her sour speeches."

"What did Mr. Keith say?" inquired Jane.

"Do you suppose I cared to listen?" "It must be satisfactory to him," said Honor, quietly, "to feel that he has not been deceived in his estimate of us. There is plenty of cowardice and love of money among us."

(To be continued.)

Suffering caused by Piles

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Mr. Isaac Foster, Erieview, Ont., says: "I was troubled with itching piles for two years and could not sleep at night. I was half-crazed and tried everything. Finally seeing Dr. Chase's Ointment advertised I tried it and found it good. After a second application I found relief, and one large box cured me. Have never been bothered since, and I can recommend it to all suffering from the same trouble."

Dr. Chase's Ointment is for sale by all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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