



If men would only realize that ill-health robs them not only of life, but of their fortune as well, there would be fewer penniless widows and orphans to drag out cheerless lives. When a man holds a dollar close up to his eyes, it shuts

out the light of good judgment, and looks bigger than life or death, or wife or child. The facts are that ill-health very soon puts a stop to a man's money-making powers and turns them into money-losing disabilities.

When a man's digestion is out of order and his liver sluggish, his brain gets dull, his muscles sluggish, his blood impure and every organ in the body—brain, lungs, heart, stomach, liver and kidneys—becomes crippled. A man with a crippled lung, liver, heart, brain or kidney, is a worse cripple ten times over, than a man who is minus a leg or an arm. The man who is crippled outside may live a long life but the man who is crippled inside is taking a short cut to the grave. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures indigestion, makes the appetite keen, the liver active, the blood pure, and every organ healthy and vigorous. It makes blood and builds flesh up to the healthy standard. Honest dealers don't recommend substitutes.

"I wish to say to those who suffer from kidney and bladder trouble—take Dr. R. V. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," writes Dr. Anderson, of Carthage, Jasper Co., Mo. "A patient of mine says it is worth \$50 per bottle to any one who is afflicted as he was. Three bottles cured him entirely. Perfectly miserable he was, before taking the 'Discovery' and now is one of the happiest men in this County. Prof. Christie would gladly sign this if he were in town. He requested me to write a testimonial and make it as strong as the English language could make it."

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Rothsay College for Boys will re-open Monday, Sept. 5th.

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Mathematics.—I. E. Moore, Esq., B. A., Honor Graduate University of Toronto, School of Science, Toronto.

Classes.—P. J. Robinson Esq., B. A., Honor Graduate, Toronto University.

Modern Language.—W. A. McClean, Esq., M. A., Graduate Toronto University; Ontario Normal College; London Military College.

Correspondents should be addressed to Rev. O. W. Howard, Rothsay.

"Kinghurst" will re-open on Wednesday Sept. 14th, 1898.

Miss H. J. Machin, formerly Lany Principal of "Edgehill" will have charge of the school and will have a thoroughly competent staff of assistants.

Correspondence should be addressed to Miss Machin, Rothsay N. B. 192 dy 121.

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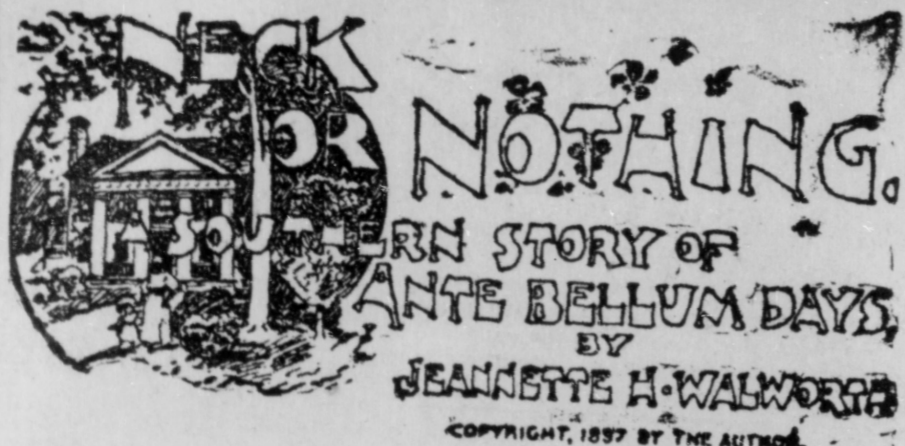
Are prepared to do all kinds of jobbing and will be pleased to furnish estimates on all branches of the trade. If you are building it would be well to get their prices. They are the practical plumbers.

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NOTHING.
 A STORY OF ANTE BELLUM DAYS.
 BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH
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CHAPTER XII.

"My dear, my dear, what should I do without you? The rest are all so confused, so helpless. Just so many dear children to be cared for."

"Listen, Liza!"
 The rapid thud of iron shod feet upon the grassy yard below, the merry, careless whistling of a rollicking rousade, the unwonted sound of men's voices in laughter. Sans Souci had almost forgotten the sound. How cruelly jarring it sounded now. The laughter of an enemy is not contagious. Its insolent security set every nerve in Liza's overwrought system a-quiver. They must know that their men were not there to strike awe into their souls. What next?

"Liza, you are not going to faint. Your lips are as white as the walls. Please don't faint, Liza."

Mamie laid violent hands upon her friend's shoulder and shook her almost angrily.

"I am not going to faint, Mamie. Let me alone. There is too much to think of. What have you done with Annabel?"

"Given her a dose of valerian. She said her head ached, and I wanted her to sleep through it. Let us go down stairs."

"Yes, let us go down stairs. Where is Adrien?"
 "Uncle Dolbear took him to the woods with him, thank goodness."

Without other preamble than a brief military salute, with two fingers upon the visor of his cap, the sergeant in command of the squad halted before the white faced group upon the gallery of Sans Souci.

"Am sorry to intrude, ladies, but we are acting under orders. This house must be searched. Men, inside!"

"Men, inside! Sir!" The sergeant's face clouded irritably at this distressed female chorus.

"Am really sorry, ladies, but our orders are to search the house."

"Search—this—house! Search—what—house? Search—it—for—what?"

Mrs. Strong, trembling with wrath at the sacrilege, but blushing with shame for the duplicity that made her plant her feet yet more firmly over the scars Dolbear's clumsy carpentry had left on the smooth planks of the gallery floor, repeated the words in a series of gasps.

"Rebs and weapons."



DR. A. W. CHASE AT WORK IN HIS LABORATORY.

THE CATARRH CLUTCH!

This Disgusting Malady is at the Throat of Nine Hundred in Every Thousand of Our Country's Population.

This is Not Hearsay, It is Borne Out by Carefully Compiled Statistics of Diseases Most Prevalent—Its Development is Watched Carefully, Because it is so sure a Forerunner of that Aethi Voloeh of Disease—Consumption—if Neglected.

WILL I SUICIDE?

While There's Life and Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure There's Hope.

I had suffered so many years from catarrh that I don't know that I will ever get it out of my remembrance. One day, when I took one of the endless prescriptions given me by the medical man to a druggist, I asked him bluntly, "Will this cure me, or will it not? Or will it be like the rest?" I was nearly desperate, I can tell you. The druggist said:—"No, nothing can cure catarrh. I have it myself until I often think of suicide. I take opium usually to sleep it off." I took the prescription away unfiled and went home, thinking of what the druggist had said about suicide, and I was utterly disheartened. I have that prescription yet. One day my deliverance came. A lady told me she had suffered just as I had, and was nearly insane, and that a remedy known as Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure had actually cured her. I had read a lot about Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, but I felt toward it as I did toward other medicines; had no faith. I tried it as a last resort. I used two boxes of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and found it a complete cure.

MRS. M. V. ROSE, Holloway, Ont. Price 25 cents, blower included.

"We are all rebels here," she waved her white hand comprehensively, "but as for weapons, I suppose that means"—
 The lie would not come at her bidding. A flush of shame mounted slowly to the very roots of her soot, waving, white hair. Had she not punished Adrien severely in his childhood for the slightest deviation from truthfulness?

"Anything, everything, from a popgun up to a gatlin. I guess, now, you don't happen to be carryin a 32 pounder round in your pocket."

The facetia of their leader produced spasms of mirth in the squad. Mrs. Strong's pallid face grew yet a shade whiter.

Liza, glancing in hot wrath from the pain in that patrician face to the coolly insolent ones of the men on the sward beneath them, stepped to the front at this juncture, and with flashing eyes took the lead.

"If you are looking for rebel soldiers, you will not find one nearer than the family graveyard. He has received his discharge from the great commander," reverently lifting her small right hand heavenward. "If you are looking for guns and—and things, you are wasting your time. We certainly have not left them where you could find them. If you are here for purposes of plunder, we have nothing to say. You are our superiors."

With infinite scorn in her clear, young voice she went on:

"If you will walk up stairs, you will find a sick woman asleep in her room. She is a very careless young person. Doubtless you will find several pieces of loose jewelry on her dressing table. If you will walk out of that back door,



Withdraw with his squad behind a clump of crape myrtle to parley.

you will find a determined old woman, standing guard over a smokehouse that contains nearly two whole hogs. She is my mother. If you go into the kitchen, you will find a faithful, loyal old slave, trying to extract acceptable coffee out of unacceptable okra pods. If you"—
 "Gheewillikins, how she does clip it! Hold up on a fellow, can't you, young woman? You wouldn't mind giving me your name, would you, now?"

The sergeant had taken a pad of paper from one pocket and was fumbling in another for a pencil. The silence was ominous. Mamie Colyer's tears were flowing freely, but with her arms clasped about Liza's waist she stood ready to share any sentence that might be passed upon her friend.

"Liza, Liza, you will be put in jail for contempt of court. Isn't that what they call it, or something. Please say something polite to him. Something conciliatory, dear, for all our sakes."

But Liza's face was absolutely uncompromising. The sergeant had found what he was looking for at last. "Your name, please?"

The sergeant moistened the blunt, black point of his lead pencil with the blunt, red point of his tongue and held it over the paper pad in readiness. Liza's pretty head was flung backward in graceful defiance.

"My name is Martin. Eliza Jane Martin."

"Martin? Not the daughter of Eben Martin, now, I guess?"

"Yes."

"And you live here?"

"Yes."

"Phew!"

Then something incomprehensible happened. The sergeant executed a prolonged whistle, a surprised sort of whistle, and withdrew with his squad behind a clump of crape myrtles to parley. The women on the gallery, motionless as graven images, watched them in breathless suspense.

"If they take you prisoner, Liza, they will have to take me, too," said Mamie in a throttled whisper.

"Take her prisoner! I'd like to see the best man among 'em as much as lay the weight of his little finger on her," said Becky in battle voice.

She had found her office as guard of the smokehouse a sinecure. Evidently the "locusts of Egypt" were not as hungry. Things were decidedly more interesting in the front, tantalizing glimpses of which she could catch through the vista of the long hall, in consequence of which the group on the gallery had long since been increased

MACKAY'S Mid Summer Sale.

No exaggeration, we both talk and give bargains; with this special list of goods and prices we have no occasion to exaggerate, as a call will convince the most fastidious.

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- Better glove 25c, for 12c
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- Dress Goods—see our prices on a few lines 33c for 15c yard 36c for 19c yard 55c for 29c for 30c yard for 32c yard 63c for 40c yard 1.45c for 75c yard

W. D. MACKAY

by her generous bulk. She turned wistfully upon Liza.
 "Honey, maybe he might have told us something about your pa and the boys. Would you mind my askin 'em, sorter polite, you know, when they step back?"
 "I shouldn't mind it in the least, mimmie. But see, they are not going to give you the chance."
 The men were mounting their horses. A short, sharp word of command from the sergeant and the great white wings of the front gate swung open to give passage to the squad, which galloped away from Sans Souci in the same clattering haste it had come.

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.

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At 98 cents
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is as bad as a tired head or tired limbs. There comes a time when you really don't know what you want, and that is the time when you really do want a cup of

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