



Saving a Husband's Life.

Only the other day the newspapers told the story of a plucky woman who saved her husband from drowning on the rock bound Atlantic coast. There are other dangers beside that of drowning from which a shrewd woman may, by a little diplomacy, save her husband. Merely proverbially reckless about their wives' health, they do not think it worth while to put any but a slight indigestion, a trifling bilious attack, a little nervousness or sleeplessness, or a small loss of appetite. The first they know they have dyspepsia, liver complaint, malaria, rheumatism, nervous prostration or deadly consumption. Even then they are prone to neglect their trouble until it is too late.

A wise wife will assume guardianship of her husband's health. She will always have at hand a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. When her husband feels out of sorts she will see that he takes it. It makes the appetite keen, the digestion perfect, the liver active, the blood pure and the nerves steady. It builds firm flesh, strong muscles, and healthy nerve tissues. It cures dyspepsia, liver complaint, malaria, rheumatism and nervous prostration. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption. An honest dealer will always give you what you ask for.

"I was a sufferer from malaria," writes Mr. R. D. Hill, of Zents, Louisiana Co., Va. "Two doctors failed to cure me. I took three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in connection with his 'Pleasant Pellets,' and was cured. I can now do as good a day's work as any man."

Constipation often causes sickness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. One little "Pleasant Pellet" is a gentle laxative and acts as a mild cathartic. They never gripe. They are tiny sugar coated, anti-bilious granules, in little vials. Druggists sell them and have nothing else "just as good." They regulate the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.



CHAPTER XII.

THAT INTERIOR AND LOVER STILL carried—tossed through the signless days when hope, finding nothing to feed upon, sickened and died; tossed through the short gray days of a somber winter, when the ungathered crops of Sans Souci, missing the harvester's hand, whitened and fell earthen, as unprepared for the winter's snow; tossed through spring's resurrection days, when the birds sang Resurgens and built their nests in the apple trees that shed their blossoms over the tangled flower beds in Gabriella's neglected garden; tossed through the long, hot summer hours, when the women applied themselves to inventive work and Seth grew more stooping with each day's labor over the growing vegetables that must be served on the madam's table. He had promised to take good care of all these women, and, with the patient watchfulness of a faithful dog, he was doing it. Into the inner temple of their anxieties and their emotions he could not enter, even with the sanded feet of reverence, but that neither by day nor by night physical harm should come to them he had sworn, and he, too, was keeping the faith, carrying about with him the smoldering fires of his thwarted ambitions, chiding himself for the mean envy that would leap up fiercely in his heart whenever he thought of "the rest of the fellows."

Liza was "solid comfort" to him in those days. She would come out to him where he was hoeing the cabbages or watering the asparagus bed to "talk over things," their chief topic being Adrien's affairs.

How queerly it had all turned out! Annabel Summers, the daughter of a Shingleton milliner, reigning almost supreme at Sans Souci!

Liza accounted for it sagaciously: "After all, Seth, it was the general condition of affairs that made my task so easy. Do you suppose if I had walked up to old Mrs. Strong during peace times, with Adrien just off on one of his pleasure jaunts, and presented Annabel and that boy with the very same evidence, she would even have heard me to the end?"

"No, sir," said Seth, drawing the hoe briskly across the edge of his hoe. "Not she. But it was all so entirely different. The governor just gone. Adrien reported wounded, everything

that was startling and incredible became everyday happenings, the boy so appealingly beautiful and Annabel so conspicuously in a decline that the milliner side of the house will soon be eliminated, the madam so desolate and the old house so empty—really, the affair adjusted itself, Seth. Any goose could have done as much."

Liza was thinking about all of this herself, sitting there on the sunny side gallery of the big house, where the Lamargue roses clambered. Dren's modest assertion that his grandmother could not do without him had made her smile and—remember. She was thinking of that morning, 12 months since it had dawned, when she, trembling with nervousness, had gone boldly into the madam's presence and told her all there was to tell her about Adrien's wife and child. Ah, well, it had turned out all right for everybody but Amy Chambliss. "Poor Amy!"

"Poor who?" She had not known she had sighed the words audibly. She had forgotten all about Dren. Forgotten that he was still standing there "watching his hat grow," with his short legs planted far apart, his tumbled yellow curls, softly moved by the wind that filtered through the rose trellis, lying in shining masses on his shoulders, a beautiful specimen of the young aristocrat, whose peculiar strain was strangely and mercifully hidden so far from sight.

Adrien was not given to long silence himself, and distinctly disapproved of them in any one upon whom he was for the time being dependent for his entertainment.

"My grandmother says my father used to ride 'Stonewall Jackson,'" nodding toward the tailless, eyeless and maneless hobbyhorse, "but he wasn't called 'Stonewall Jackson' then. He was called 'Tim.' Just plain 'Tim.' My grandmother says when the men stop fighting and all of her people come back home she is going to make her carriage driver break a sure enough pony for me—not a wooden horse. Her carriage driver is Uncle Dolbear, only there ain't any horses here now."

"You are a fortunate boy, Dren. What would you do without your grandmother?" said Liza, placing the hat crown softly on top of the shining yellow curls.

"What would my grandmother do without me?"

"You insufferable little egotist!"

"What is an e—a—what?" Then, oblivious of all etymological interests, "I see your mother coming up the walk. What makes her puff so? My grandmother don't puff and get red in the face when she walks fast."

Mrs. Martin was in truth waddling toward them at a pace fuller of vigor than grace. She sent her errand a few feet in advance of herself.

"Mamie says, for pity's sake, come up to the loomroom, Liza. She's got that lease in a perfect muss, and I'm that green I can't help straighten it out. Seth wants to put that warp in the loom when he comes in for his dinner. I'll swap work with you."

"I am stitching on Dren's everlasting hat. This rough palmetto hurts your rheumatic fingers. Perhaps you can help Mrs. Strong better."

"What is she driving at today? I must blow a little before I help anybody."

She had seated herself and was loosening the strings to her calico sunbonnet. Adrien watched her gravely and answered her question promptly:

"She is cutting up the parlor curtains, my grandmother is."

"Cutting up the parlor curtains?"

"To make shirts for the soldiers."

Liza supplied this supplemental information, while rolling the loose plait into a coil.

"Not them yellow satin damask curtains, Liza."

"Yes."

"That stuff cost \$15 a yard. It's satin brocade. It would a-lasted a lifetime. And them big, bare windows!"

"Your sympathies seem to be with the denuded windows, mother. Mine go out to the men who will have to wear the scratchy stiff things, with flowers on them as big as washbowls."

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Raw From Her Toes to Her Knees

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Mrs. Knight, 17 Hanover place, Toronto, makes the following statement:—

My mother, Mrs. Wright, who lives at Norval, near Doncaster, suffered a summer and winter with Eczema in her feet. She could not walk, and very seldom got any sleep. It became so bad that she was perfectly raw from the toes to the knees. After trying every available remedy without receiving any benefit, and almost hopeless of relief, she was advised to try Dr. Chase's Ointment. She has altogether used 8 boxes since commencing, but with the happiest results, for she is now completely cured. There is but one scar on one of her feet, a memento of her fearful suffering condition. Any person desiring further testimony in this case is at liberty to communicate with Mrs. Wright at her address, Norval P. O.

Mrs. Knight says after such a grand success, is it any wonder we recommend Dr. Chase's Ointment?

W. H. De Long, Civil Engineer, ex-Warden, and County Councillor, New Germany, Lunenburg Co., N. S., Oct. 25th, 1897, says:—"I had itching piles for thirty years, and have tried various kinds of pile cures, but none gave me permanent relief until I used Dr. Chase's Ointment. I have recommended it to others with the same result."

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.

- three d gloves 12c, for 5c
- Better glove 25c, for 12c
- Sunshades, former price 90c, now 25c
- Silk cord for fancy work worth 10c, now 2c
- Fancy black braid for dress trimming 1c, 3c, 5c per yard, worth from 10 to 25c
- Ladies undervests, 10, 18, 22, good value
- Hooks and eyes 1c card
- Silk dress laces worth 10c, now 2c
- Table doyles worth 10c, now 5c
- Colored Trimming silk from 10c to 25c yard worth double what we ask for them,
- Black sewing silk 1c skein
- Colored twist worth from 4c to 6 per yard, now 2c.
- Hemstitched hdkfs 4, worth 10c
- Lace trimmed 10c, worth 20c
- Prints 5c per yard.
- Black and colored sateens, former price 725c now 12 to 15c per yard
- Colored and black vsilk elvet 1/2 price
- 50c for 25c yard
- 75c for 50c yard
- 1.00 for 25c yard
- 1.65 for 80c yard
- Aberdeen skirt closer
- Dress Goods—see our prices on a few lines
- 33c for 15c yard
- 36c for 19c yard
- 55c for 29c yard
- 55c for 30c
- 63c for 32c yard
- for 40c yad
- 1.45c for 75c yard

W. D. MACKAY

She pinched at the ruffled rim of her big sunbonnet, bringing it farther forward over her distressed face. A choking sob and audible sniffing came from its deep calico recesses:

"Mother! This comes of your going up to the old house. It just makes you miserable. As long as we have torn it all to pieces and consented to stay here with Mrs. Strong until the men come back you had best not go there at all."

"I expect you are right, honey. You most generally are. But Eben and me were very happy yonder in the quarters, in the old overseer's house, where every blessed child I've got was born."

With gusty sobs and gasping that shook her ample form tempestuously Mrs. Martin gave vent to her feelings.

"If I only could have nursed 'em, my dear, and asked Eben to forgive every cross word I ever spoke or ugly look I give him, I could stand it better. But to go that way—oh, my God, that way."

"The way that thousands are going every day in these blood soaked times."

"Well, that ever I should live to see the day! Is the world turned clean inside out, Liza, or is it only me—poor old Beek Martin—that's lost her senses?"

(To be Continued.)

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