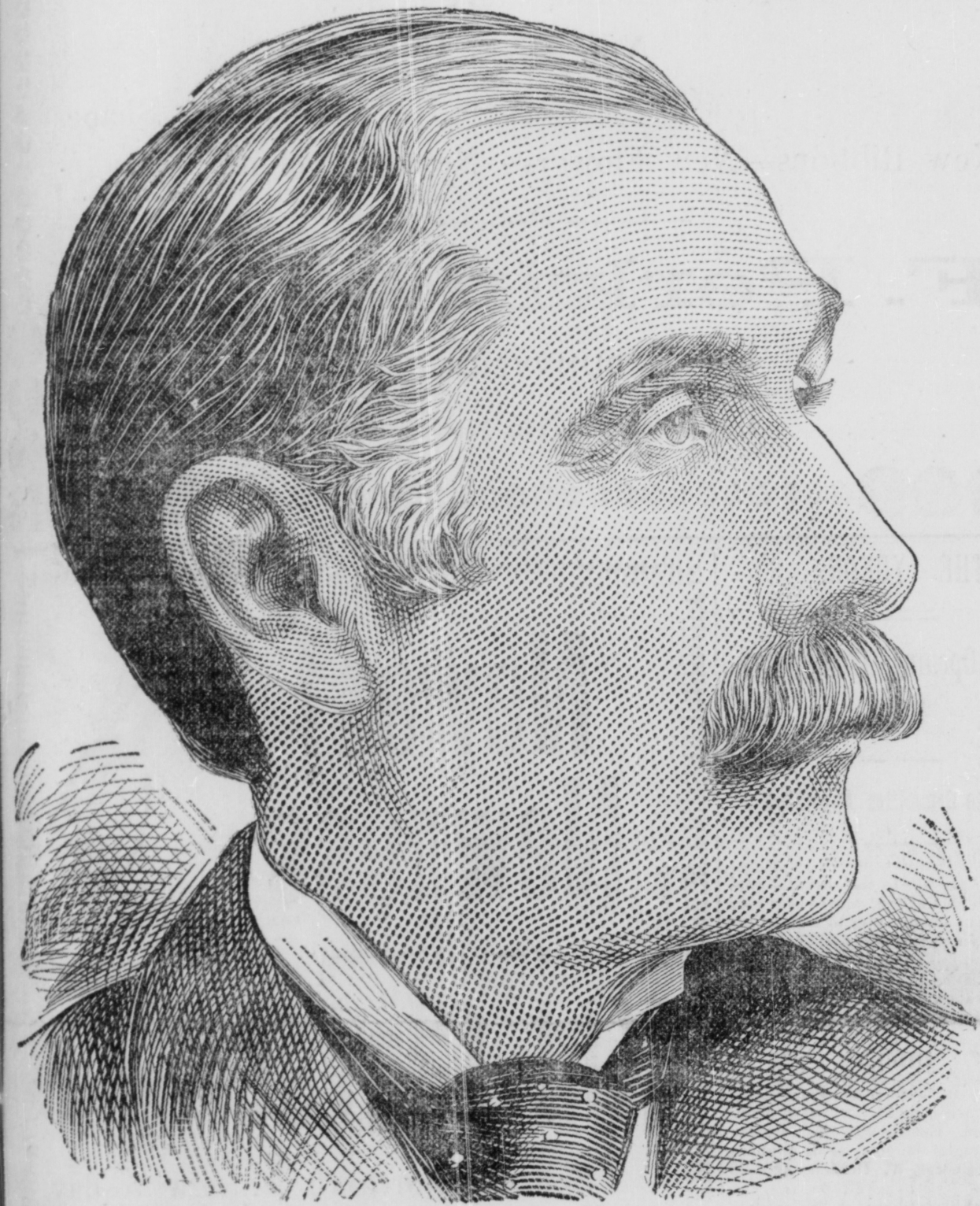


GOVERNOR OF VERMONT.

Josiah Grout sends an Open Letter to the Proprietors of

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.



The present Governor of the Green Mountain State, though born in Canada, has lived in Vermont since he was years old. His course at the St. Anthony Academy was interrupted in 1851 by his enlistment in Co. 1st Vermont Cavalry. He was mustered in as lieutenant, promoted to captain following year, and in 1864 made major of the 26th New York Cavalry. Major Grout participated in 17 engagements, and was badly wounded in skirmish with the celebrated confederate leader Mosby.

At the close of the war he entered the office of his brother, Gen. Grout, and was admitted to the bar. His service in the Vermont legislature embraced the years 1872, '83, '86 and '88. He was speaker of the House for three years and Senator in 1892.

Gen. Grout is deeply indebted to Paine's Celery Compound for the good health which he to-day enjoys. He expresses his conviction of the value of this great remedy in the following few words:

State of Vermont, Executive Department,
July 5, 1897.

WILLIAMS & RICHARDSON CO.,
BOSTON, MASS.—Having realized a benefit

from the use of Paine's Celery Compound I hereby indorse the preparation as a reliable remedy that fully meets the claims made for it.

It is a pleasure also to indorse the proprietors of it as one of Montreal's largest houses whose business reputation is above reproach.

JOSIAH GROUT.

Life is too short to waste one day of it sick, ailing, or ailing.

Indigestion, nervousness and rheumatism make one old before one's time, take the heart out of work, and make one a burden at home and a bore to one's friends. Every one owes it to his family, to his friends, to his success and happiness to get strong and stay so.

Worn-out nerves bring on more ill health and disease than all other causes put together. In their impoverished condition they cause the blood to become thin, weaken the digestion and make the heart work with difficulty. The main factor in eradicating neuralgia, rheumatism, nervousness, headaches and sleeplessness from the system consists in making the nerves stronger. Paine's Celery Compound is the nerve invigorator par excellence. Better nerve nutrition plays the principal part in the

successful treatment of the liver, kidney and heart disease, as well as nervous diseases.

Every one knows that the heart does the work of a pump. From the dawn of life till death it never ceases pumping blood into the arteries, and every heart-beat results from a nerve impulse. When the nerve centres become reduced there follows a gradual increasing feebleness, the heart beats irregularly, there is a loss of nervous and muscular force, the limbs refuse their support, appetite fails and sleep becomes unobtainable. The progress toward a heartier, sweeter, sounder sleep, firmer pulse, shows the profound invigorating effect of Paine's Celery Compound upon the nerve fibres all over the body.

Progress toward health is steady and uniform when Paine's Celery Compound is employed. It stops night sweats—that sure indication of growing feebleness and of wasting diseases—and there is a noticeable freedom from these nervous twitchings of the muscles and numbness in the limbs that are precursors of paralysis and painful chorea, so common among overworked, worried people who are about to break down with some form nervous debility.



(Continued.)

"Your words are brave to come from so white a face," he laughed. "You look as if you had just seen your grandfather's ghost."

"Get ready," I said, biting my lip in my impatience, so that I tasted the salt blood.

"Well!" he cried. "I declare I have never seen a better performance at a circus, though I must say it seems an odd taste to want two thrashings in one day."

"Get ready," I repeated, "for fear I kill you before you have a chance of defending yourself."

He stripped leisurely, taking time to fold each article daintily as he took it off, and to keep my purpose hot his tongue was busy with sarcastic compliments to my valour. At length he bowed elaborately, saying he was ready to receive any attention I cared to bestow upon him. The words had scarcely left his lips when he was reeling from the attack. But it was not a fight such as we used to have. It was a furious onset and a feeble defence. I can liken it to nothing but



The words had scarcely left his lips when he was reeling from the attack.

a car struggling impotently in the claws of an infuriated tiger. He was stupefied and windless before the smile of disdain had time to leave his face. I was not conscious of his resistance. I did not feel his blows. I thought we had not well begun when he was an inert heap on the ground, and his friends were calling for mercy. I turned from him to them, for my fury was still in raging flood.

"What any one of you or all of you together take his place?" I asked.

But the challenge was not accepted, for no man cared to fight a demon, and so crying out upon catcliffs and cowards who could fear, but had no heart for battle, I re-dressed and went back to my rooms.

With the passage indoors there came a swift and miraculous change. I had not been absent ten minutes, yet I returned to another world, a world of convulsion and frightful upheaval. My father's letter lay on the table, and beside it the unfinished reply. Glancing at them, my eye caught the words of supplication, the appeal for aid. I sank into a chair and buried my face in my hands.

"And this is how I help," I cried, with a choking sob. "This is my loyalty to them I love. God forgive me!" And my anger went out in a passion of tears, and only remorse and a sense of folly remained.

Having shattered my prospects and disregarded my father's advice as far as it was possible, I felt there was nothing to be done but to go to him as quickly as might be and seek his pardon. It was not an agreeable nor indeed a promising mission, for, though my father was one of the most affectionate of men, he was hasty tempered and at times narrow and arbitrary. I was thwarting him in his dearest wish, and he would not easily forgive me, but go to him I must, were it only to hear his sentence of banishment. So I set about packing at once, resolved to start by the first coach on the morrow.

CHAPTER II A PERSONAGE OF VAST IMPORTANCE.

I slept ill that night. The demons that attend the pillow of the wretched were hard at their work of torture, and on the morrow I rose with a mingled feeling of soreness and bewilderment. My bodily injuries indeed now caused little inconvenience, but such was the dire confusion of my mind that I could not at once recall the precise causes of the turmoil—the thunderbolt of the letter, the provocation, the folly, the impending ruin. The effort, when successful, did not tend to raise the spirits.

A clear perception of the situation was simply a passing from the vague horrors of a nightmare to the certainties of an obituary notice. But necessity has always a stimulant effect on certain stubborn natures calamity is its tonic. I was braced for what was in front, if not with Christian fortitude to bear my wrongs and hardships, at least with a desperate defiance, a determination, deep as the wounds in my soul, to retaliate with all my might upon my enemies. There might be no hope of victory, but there was a wicked satisfaction in prolonging the conflict and rendering evil for evil even to the bitter end! In the raw atmosphere of the dawn, however, my resolution could not keep me from slivering.

My impetuosity to be off brought me to the point at which I was to take the coach a good hour too early. That time, for the want of better employment, I spent pacing to and fro on the pavement of Princes street, chewing the cud of very sour reflections.

About me stablemen shouted and swore, horses clattered into place, and fussy passengers made a commotion for no reason whatever, as fussy passengers have a way of doing. At another time I should have been amused, but just then babel and the tongues ten times confounded could not have diverted my dismal and rankling thoughts.

The morning broke brilliant and keen—caller, as they say in Scotland—with the wind coming briskly off the firth and the level sun striking with a dazzling radiance on dewy roof and tower and spire. At that hour the scene was one of transcendent beauty. Misery itself, which is egotistical and jaundiced, could not look without a thrill of exaltation on the romantic city flashing in liquid brightness, as if she had just arisen, dripping from a bath in the sea, and glowing, nay, blazing with a thousand colours that made her pinnacles points of fire and turned her ramparts and buttresses to oral and amethyst.

Every moment there were fresh enchantments, magical effects of gold and rose and gauzy silver, so that Edinburgh, clustering about her hills and precipices, and broken into iridescent peaks and fantastic pictured masses, seemed a poet's dream, a city of fairyland. Yet already, in obedience to the condition of her existence, she was bending her neck to the prosaic yoke of a sordid routine. Her citizens were coming forth to their daily toil with the marks of struggle on their brows. A little while longer and the sun would look down on men and women striving with each other for a pittance to keep life in. By an easy process I made their case my own.

The castle alone seemed independent and unsubduable, lifted completely above the trivial and vexatious affairs of life. The sentinel's steel gleamed on the battlements with stirring and quickening suggestions of its own. I thought of the glory of carrying arms, experiencing in imagination something of the shock of battle and the rapture of victory. Why should I not join the ranks of those who gallantly fought renown with banner and music? What more natural to the hand of a Highlander than the hilt of a sword? But as I asked myself the question the trumpet blared out its summons to mount, and so instead of getting into warlike accoutrements and putting my fortune to the arbitration of bloody strokes, as my Lord Stanley has it, I took my seat on the coach as meek as any Quaker.

We rolled off with regal pomp, our flourish of trumpets and the festive style of our equipage collecting a group of gazers at even the early hour of 6. But they did not long feast their eyes on our splendour, for our steeds being fresh, and the charioteer fond of displaying we were soon out of the echoing streets and bowling merrily along the highway. The exhilaration was immediate and exquisite. There is something in freedom and rapid motion and vivid sunshine and the jovial companionship of irreverent coachmen and trumpeters and the admiration of blushing rustic maidens and mettlesome horses, gay with polished trappings and flying ribbons, that even the unfortunate and hypochondriac cannot resist. My spirits, chill and leaden as they were at starting, were soon in a glow, which they retained more or less until we drew up amid shouts of welcome at the Hound and Stag in Perth, where we were to pass the night.

The Hound and Stag was a cozy old inn, with low black ceilings, yellow sanded floors, a cheerful display of kegs, copper kettles, crystals and other utensils of good cheer, and an appetizing fragrance diffused by savory pans and bubbling, hissing ovens. It was a place which the hungry guest entered with expectations and left with regret and pleasant recollections. The traveller can find no such hospitable refuges now. We have palace hotels and great gilded dining-rooms and formality and grandeur and invisible landlords and supercilious waiters who criticize your manners and expect exorbitant tips for doing it, but no comfort like that of the Hound and Stag. That evening the entertainment was so princely that long ere the supper was over half my fellow travellers were uproariously hilarious, and the host took no offence.

Being in no mood for revelry, I stole out through the town and down by the green, leafy banks of the Tay. When I returned, some of the company had prudently gone to bed, others, less mindful of appearances, were snoring serenely in their chairs in every variety of posture that the incontinent human frame can assume, and one or two, whom I took to be kirk elders on furlough, were discussing the doctrine of predestination and eternal punishment in a perfectly amiable and unobtrusive manner over well-plenished tumblers of toddy.

But the chief thing to be noted is that during my absence another guest had arrived. That he was a man of consequence was evident, no less from his own lofty and imperious mien than from the servile attentions of mine host. He was booted and spurred, as though he had just alighted from the saddle. A silver-mounted riding-whip and a pair of riding gloves lay beside him on a table, and he wore the loose brown velvet coat affected by the better class of horsemen. High about his neck was a huge stiff collar that held his head defiantly in the air and kept his ears rigorously at attention. An imposing bunch of seals dangled from his fob, and his rosy gills and portly waist proclaimed that when he was at home he knew how to dine. His head was bald on the crown, and a ragged wart marred the symmetry of his nose, which, however, was flung in the air with a semptern-

al snort of contempt. His air told me he was perfectly well aware that when he stood his two legs supported the very pink of creation.

When I entered, he did me the honour of staring hard at me, but almost immediately he brought the tips of his fingers superciliously together and turned his eyes to the ceiling in a manner which said plainly he regretted demeaning himself with an utterly insignificant and casual stranger, and that he would certainly not do it again. As he was delivering himself silently but impressively of these sentiments and resolutions the landlord bustled into the room with a bowl of steaming, fragrant toddy, a glass and a ladle, all of which he set down with becoming ceremony on a small table specially placed at the right hand of the great man. The great man thereupon took his eyes from the ceiling and his eloquent finger-tips apart and condescended to give a grunt of approval. Thus encouraged the landlord became adventurous.

(To be Continued.)

FRIENDS PREVAILED

A Nervous Toronto Woman Walked the Floor During the Night for Hours at a Time—She Makes a Statement.

TORONTO, ONT.—"I was troubled with nervousness. It was impossible for me to keep still and if the spells came over me during the night I had to get up and walk the floor for hours at a time. My blood was very poor and I was subject to bilious attacks. My feet would swell and I was not able to do my own housework. I treated with two of the best physicians here but only received relief for a time. I became discouraged. One day a friend called and advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I laughed at the advice but I was prevailed upon and procured one bottle. Before I used it all I began to feel better. I took several bottles and also several boxes of Hood's Pills. Now I can eat and drink heartily and sleep soundly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me and also strengthened me so that I now do all my own work. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all sufferers from nervousness, weakness or general debility." Mrs. H. F. PARR, Degross Street.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Pills: easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

Italian Ware House

Beal's Corner
Cor. Grafton and Ct. Geo. Sts
North side Queen Square
Jules Robin
Medicinal Brandy
JOY & DAVIES,
Wholesale Wine Merchants.

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\$1.00

Yes we consider those Chocolate and Dongola patent tip shoes, extra good value at \$1.00 a pair.

WE KNOW
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All sizes—2½ to 7.

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Stamper's Corner.

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Special discounts on all Crockery China and Glass now in stock, to make-room for spring importations.
Also—First class Photographs made in all the leading styles, at the old stand,

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Consulting Engineer for General Work, Mechanical, Hydraulic, Sanitary Engineering and Survey Designing.
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For addresses, send address to Charlottetown.

SHERWOOD CEMETERY CO
The annual meeting of the Sherwood Cemetery Company will be held in the office of the Y.M.C.A. Building, on Wednesday next, the 6th day of April, at 4 o'clock, p. m., for the election of directors and such other business as may come before the meeting.
HENRY SMITH, Secretary.

Wouldn't sell it for \$40 if he couldn't get another one.

This is what a well known gentleman in the city says about his Highland Range that has been in use for about 20 years.
We sell them.
FENNEL & CHANDLER
