

Peaceable men don't like to carry weapons, but there are times when a weapon saves a man's life. Sensible people don't like to be always taking medicine;—it is like flourishing fire-arms on every needless occasion,—but the right medicine at the right time is often a genuine life-saver.

When your constitution is over-taxed by worry or extra work, or weakened by an attack of indigestion or biliousness; or whenever your natural energies are not quite up to the mark and fail to respond to the demands upon them, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will meet the emergency promptly, and save you from dangerous or perhaps fatal illness.

It wards off disease by acting directly upon the vital organs where disease originates. It restores the liver's capacity to filter poisonous impurities out of the blood, and empowers the digestive organs to extract from the food those nourishing vitalizing elements which drive out disease-germs, repair wasted tissues and build up healthy flesh and muscular force.

It is the most thoroughly scientific and effectual alterative remedy ever discovered in the whole history of medicine, and one of Dr. Pierce's most valuable contributions to *Medica Medica* during his thirty years service as chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute of Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. A. I. Gibbs, of Russellville, Logan Co., Ky., writes: "I can heartily recommend your 'Golden Medical Discovery' to any one who is troubled with indigestion and torpid liver. I was so bad I could not lie on my left side and could scarcely eat anything. I had a dull aching pain in my stomach all the time. Now it is all gone after taking one bottle of your 'Golden Medical Discovery.'"

Constipation is the commonest beginning and first cause of many serious diseases and it should always be treated with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets used in connection with the "Discovery." These are the most perfect natural laxatives and permanently cure.



NOTHING.

THE SOUTHERN STORY OF ANTE BELLUM DAYS, BY JEANNETTE H. WALWORTH

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CHAPTER XXII.

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The storm had spent itself. Not that fierce storm of shot and shell that had swept over the land, scorching the people with its lurid lightnings, laying low the hopes of a nation, leaving in its course wreckage and desolation; only a summer thunderstorm that bent the yellow marguerites and the purple phloxes earthward, in the small garden that begirt the "professor's cottage" and left the golden honeysuckles all bedraggled by the plashing raindrops that fell too fast for the thirsty ground to drink them up.

The professor and his daughter had taken refuge in this small mansion on the outskirts of Sessumport, for the



"Oh, yes—oh, yes, indeed, father," sole reason that it was theirs, their very own and only earthly possession. Small, paintless, dilapidated, but inexpressibly precious as a port in storm. It was Mamie's by right of inheritance from an almost forgotten grandmother.

When the professor had reached home, in company with Governor Strong, he had emphatically pronounced himself altogether superfluous in a changed world, but immediately began casting about him for fresh anchorage. It was Mamie who first remembered her despised inheritance:

"There is that hut in town, papa. We can take shelter in it. If you were still a college professor on a fair salary, dear one, and I was anything but a useless girl, we might scorn such mean quarters. But we can't stay on here



MRS. WRIGHT, OF NORVAL, ONT., EXPERIENCES INTENSE SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA IN HER FEET.

Raw From Her Toes to Her Knees

Dr. Chase Makes a Wonderful Cure.

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 Councilor, New Germany, Lunenburg Co., N. S., Oct. 28th, 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."

eating the bread of charity"—waving her hands comprehensively over the Strong mansion—"and the sooner we get to work the better."

And they had got to work—the old man, with one of his trousers legs pinned up and empty, and the girl with only her endowment of indomitable spirit, ignorance and heroism.

There were a few weeks of bewildered speculation as to what manner of work they should "get to;" a pathetic showing of their combined disabilities; a humbling of himself before the new order of things, a confession of confusion.

"I think my Hebrew and Greek have no market value at present, my dear. Shingleton college will scarcely resume operations for some years, and when it does younger and less tired brains than mine will be in demand. I am afraid no one would intrust his mercantile interests with me. I am too ignorant, and my crutches would interfere with my activity. What would you suggest, my dear?"

And Mamie, laughing and crying in one breath, had suggested the scroll saw as pleasant sedentary work, and "everybody wanted brackets and wall things these days."

And so, on this hot July forenoon, with the steam arising from the rain washed earth, with the great white winged butterflies flitting about the diamond crowned roses, with the marguerites and the phloxes righting themselves bravely under the sun's warm caressing, the professor bent patiently over his worktable, steering the jagged blade of his scroll saw laboriously through a thin slab of black walnut wood. His fine head, with its sparse fringe of waving white hair, was just visible above the window ledge, made gay with pots of brilliant fish geranium and the flame of many nasturtiums.

By the rear window, where was the flowerless ledge and the plainer outlook over the chicken coops and the lye hopper planted against the kitchen chimney, Mamie turned the wheel of her noisy sewing machine swiftly. Piled on one side of her chair was a lot of unmade lowell sacks, on the other the finished ones. The soft drone of bees was in the air; the scent of the honeysuckle mingled with the perfume of a thousand roses. A mocking bird perched boldly on the hand rail of the front portico and whistled a taunting refrain at the bent gray head behind the flaming nasturtiums. The mocking bird clearly had the best of the professor and was so expressing himself. The professor straightened his back by a physical effort, and leaning his head against the silken pillow Mamie had tied to the tall back of his chair folded his worn hands wearily across his breast. Work was an especial burden when the warm, sweet earth was enticing him through all his senses, and he was not aware that the world was quivering with impatience for the clumsy products of his unskilled hands. He quite agreed with the mocking bird. Just beyond the garden fence was the principal street of Sessumport. At its terminus the small wooden church stood, which, twice in every month, was opened and dusted for use by a borrowed clergyman, who came across the river in a skiff, rowing himself for economy's sake from Adasland, to remind the Sessumport people that they were all poor miserable sinners and that there was no health in them.

"I should say that something unusual was happening in town this morning," said the professor, turning his eyes from the street toward Mamie without lifting his head.

"Why, papa?"

"Quite a concourse of people has passed by the house, all going in direction of the church."

"Concourse! The large words that my Hebrew scholar will use for small things!" Mamie lifted the needle arm of her machine and silenced its noisy whir. There were dark rings around the dear old eyes she was looking into and a pathetic air of languor about the folded hands.

"You are tired, father."

"A trifle. I am afraid I am rather an unserviceable member of society, daughter. I seem never to have recovered from that attack of camp fever."

Mamie was sitting on the arm of his chair in another second, carelessly smoothing the thin white hair away from his forehead.

"There! It shan't work another minute today. It is the heat, dear one, and this stuffy little room together. But how about that great concourse of passing people?"

"Perhaps concourse was too extravagant a word, but a good many people have gone by. The Strongs—that is, Mrs. Strong and Mrs. Martin, in that smart new barouche Judge Martin gave his mother. And the Chamblisses, all of them, and—"

"I know—I know. It is at the church. Liza's boy is to be christened there today. And afterward they are to

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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		50c for 25c yard	
Ladies undervests, 10, 18, 22, good value		75c for 25c yard	
Hooks and eyes	1c card	1.00 for 50c yard	
Silk dress laces worth 10c, now 2c		1.65 for 80c yard	
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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.			
Handstitched hdk's	4, worth 10c		
Lace trimmed	10c, worth 20c		

W. D. MACKAY

have a grand dinner at Sans Souci, a family reunion."

"And Mrs. Randal Chambliss never thought of inviting you?"

"Oh, yes—oh, yes, indeed, father. Liza never forgets me. But I could not go, you know."

"Why not?"

"They are all to be there—all of the Martins, father. I could not be there."

She got up and went back to her machine and set it in motion once more with a violent jerk. The professor turned his head away from her. It was pleasanter looking out on the passersby than in on the lye hopper and the chicken coops.

"Then the governor will not be likely to remember that this is chess day." Presently he said plaintively, "I am afraid my affliction makes me very dependent upon others."

"Can't you teach me to play chess, father, so that you shan't be dependent upon outsiders for your entertainment? I think I am not too stupid to learn."

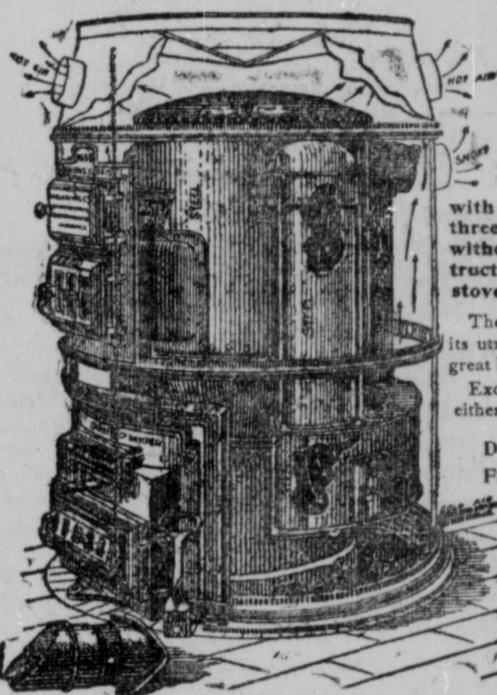
Her voice was pitched in a querulous tone, an unusual thing for her under the most exasperating circumstances.

(To be Continued.)

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