

## HUMAN SACRIFICES

On the Altar of Diabetes, Saved by Dodd's Kidney Pills, Only.

Hardly a family in the country is free from Diabetes. Great thirst, failing sight, numbness in the thighs, bleeding gums, swollen ankles, emaciation, nervousness, pale or turbid urine, loss of sexual power, decaying teeth, pains in the loins or small of the back, are all positive signs that Diabetes is in the system.

Do you know how it ends? IN DEATH. A premature, horrible, agonized, pitiful death. The victim has no peace, no ease in life. His days are filled with tortures. His nights are waking dreams of agony. He longs to die, yet fears the terrors of his end. He dies, a bloated, fetid, repulsive mass of corruption. That is the only end of unchecked Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure it. They drive it out of the system thoroughly, create new, clean blood, rebuild the diseased kidneys, and restore robust health.

### ANOTHER VICTORY.

Mr. R. Morrow Cured of Lumbago Dodd's Pills

TORONTO, Nov 28.—The vast majority of Torontonians know and esteem Mr. R. Morrow, the able and popular agent for the Toronto Auer Light Co.

For this reason the following statement made in writing by Mr. Morrow, possesses unusual significance.

"Two years ago I was attacked by Lumbago and Urinary trouble which caused me intense suffering. I took several different remedies without any benefit. Then I began using Dodd's Kidney Pills, and was completely cured by them."

Lumbago is unusually prevalent this fall. All sufferers should know that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only known cure for it. They never fail.

By the breaking of the ice on Leverett Pond, Brookline, Mass., Christmas day, three young girls who had been skating were drowned.

### Keep Minard's Liniment in the House

The report that Don Carlos has contracted a loan in England is denied. It is explained that he tried to do so but failed.

### Dr. Chase Cures Catarrh after Operations Fail.

Toronto, March 16th, 1897. My boy aged fifteen, has been a sufferer from Catarrh, and lately we submitted him to an operation at the Central Hospital. Since then we have resorted to Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and one box of this medicine has made a prompt and complete cure.

H. G. FORD, Foreman, Cowan Ave. Fire Hall.

The French Chamber of Deputies, has unanimously voted a credit of 66,000,000 francs (a little over \$13,000,000) to complete the new artillery.

### Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians

The Dowager Lady Carew of Woodstown House, Waterford, Ireland, has not reached her one hundredth year. She is said to be the last survivor of Lady Richmond's famous Brussels Ball on the eve of Waterloo.

To all who find themselves with health gradually slipping away, Kidneys and Liver so enfeebled that they are incapable of keeping the system free from poisonous waste (Malaria, Stomach Disorders, Bowels Constipated, Head Aching, Back Pain, etc.) Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills, the quick way they help you back to health will surprise you.

For the first time in the history of the University of Upsala, now more than 400 years old, a woman has been admitted to a lectureship. Elsa Beckstrom is the woman who has this double honor, and she is now regularly lecturing before the law students of the university.

### Guard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend

A serious wreck on the Great Northern Railway was averted near Austin, Texas, on Wednesday night last. An obstruction on the track was run into; but the train was proceeding slowly as the headlight had been extinguished by a bird flying against the glass.

I WAS CURED OF Rheumatic Gout by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Hallifax, ANDREW KING.

I WAS CURED OF acute Bronchitis by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Sussex, LT.-COL. C. CREVE READ.

I WAS CURED OF acute Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Markham, Ont., C. S. BILLING.

### Ask for Minard's and take no other

Good health is worth more than anything else to you, and every bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains good health.

### Chronic Eczema Cured.

One of the most chronic cases of Eczema ever cured is the case of Miss Gracie Ella Aiton, of Hartland, N. B. On a sworn statement Mr. Aiton says: I hereby certify that my daughter Gracie Ella was cured of Eczema of long standing by using four boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment. William Thistle, druggist, of Hartland also certifies that he sold four boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment which cured Gracie Ella.

# Beaton's Bargain.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER.

### SYNOPSIS.

Mrs. Winington, Lady Mary Hay, Leslie Beaton and Jack Maxwell are members of London's smart society set. Beaton is Mrs. Winington's brother, and being poor resolves to answer an advertisement that promises to get him a rich wife. Lady Mary is a widow whom Beaton admires. Mrs. Winington and Maxwell were lovers before the former married. Beaton, with company with Maitland is introduced to the heiress—Edith Vivian—by the latter's guardian. In the meantime Maitland has fallen in love with Edith, which angers Mrs. Winington, who determines that Edith shall not marry him and lies to her about him. Edith has begun to like Maitland and is mortified to hear Mrs. Winington's false description of him.

### CHAPTER XI. (Continued.)

"I see your mistress?" "She is out, sir. She was obliged to go before the ladies left."

"Ha! Did you happen to hear what station they were going to?" "The gentleman told cobby 'Waterloo.'"

"The gentleman?—Mr. Tilly?" "Mr. Vivian, sir."

"Well, I'll leave my card, at any rate."

"I'll give it to missus as soon as ever she comes in."

The card was inscribed "John Ogilvie Maitland."

Time had gone heavily with him since his last brief visit to London. He had been more severely hit than he at first thought, and the feeling of profound compassion for Edith, as the victim of Beaton's unprincipled schemes, helped to keep his tenderness for her constantly alive.

Then as days and weeks rolled by, and no announcement of the marriage Mrs. Winington assured him was to take place immediately appeared, he grew restlessly curious. Something must have happened to alter the condition of things, or the wedding which it was obviously Beaton's interest to hurry on, would not have been postponed. He did not like to write for an explanation to Mrs. Winington, whom he thoroughly distrusted. He would wait, and perhaps the mystery would solve itself in some delightful way that might leave a loophole available to himself. But this more cheerful view he resisted. He did not consider himself lucky, nor had he any great faith in his own powers of pleasing. So he waited and dreamed, though apparently completely occupied with the work of harvesting the fruitful fields of Craigrothie.

Early in August Mrs. Winington came to illuminate the hospitable mansion of Strathairlie with her bright presence. The day after her arrival she drove over with her hostess to visit her dear Mrs. Maitland, who, it must be confessed, did not receive her too warmly. This in no way affected Mrs. Winington, who was delightfully sympathetic, and even gushing in her memories of the dear old days when she was like one of Mrs. Maitland's own bairns. Jack was out, however, gone away too far to be recalled, while the major had ridden over to the nearest town to transact some business. There were then no members of the harder sex to be fascinated, Mrs. Winington had the tact to leave no message for Jack, but trusted to the old attraction to draw him to her side.

Nor was she mistaken. The day but one after this visit being Sunday, a fine, glowing August day, Maitland came over a little before luncheon, looking,

Mrs. Winington fancied, darker and graver than ever.

He was welcomed with quiet warmth perceptible to himself only.

He made no attempt to speak to her alone, or to allude to their last meeting, but in the middle of a pause at table he asked, "What has become of Beaton?"

"I do not exactly know at this moment," she returned, with a meaning smile. "He is somewhere in the Tyrol, I think. But I have a good deal to tell you by and by."

The weather was so tempting that, after a proper interval of general conversation, Maitland turned with an expressive smile to Mrs. Winington, and asked her if she felt equal to walk as far as the bridge.

It was a well-known spot, and Mrs. Winington, with a quick glance into his eyes, immediately assented, and went away for her hat and parasol.

Maitland thought he had seldom seen a fairer woman as they left the house together. Her dress of thin pale brown or ecru stuff, with a red sash and ribbons, her wide-brimmed straw hat turned up at one side, where a couple of creamy roses lay on her rich hair, the softened happy expression of her eyes, made up a lovely picture. How vividly the familiar scene recalled the adoration he once felt for his companion, and she was handsomer than ever.

"I suppose you are dying to know what has happened to break off Leslie's marriage?" she said, when they were well away from the house.

"I might survive a little longer without the knowledge, but I should like to know."

"Hasn't Leslie written to you since—since the bubble burst?"

"Not a line."

"What an idle fellow he is! He promised he would tell you everything, or I should have done so. Well, here is the story," she said, and she described the sudden appearance of David Vivian, the irresistible character of his claim, and the consequent breaking off of the engagement with Beaton.

It was lightly and amusingly told, with a tinge of rose-color cast on Beaton's shame in the business. Maitland listened in silence, and when Mrs. Winington raised her eyes to gather from his what he thought of her story, he had turned back to whistle for his dog.

"Really," he exclaimed, "this has been a trying affair. Beaton has gone off to the Continent, you say? What has become of his loving fiancée?"

"Oh, she went back to her friend Mrs. Miles, and that queer old guardian of hers, the antiquarian. But, do you know, I don't think she cared a straw for Leslie; she was rather obtuse in some directions."

"Then she must have imposed on you very successfully, for in the last letter you were so good as to send me, you spoke of the extremely demonstrative nature of her affection—in short, it bored you."

"Did I?" said Mrs. Winington. "I suppose something suggested the idea to me at the time; but demonstrativeness does not prove deep affection."

"Certainly not," returned Maitland carelessly. "The most ardent cares are no guarantee for fidelity; they are no doubt a matter of temperament."

Mrs. Winington colored.

"You are more philosophic than you were when we last walked here together."

"I should think so," said Maitland, laughing. "And if your ideas are not greatly changed since those primitive days, I must have bored you infinitely."

"Do you think you did?" asked Mrs. Winington, looking down at the heather through which they were walking.

"I dare not answer. Do you think you are equal to climb as far as the three pines? You remember them?"

"Remember them? yes," she replied, in a tone that said much more than the words.

Maitland struck into a sheep track that led up the side of the hill, at the foot of which braved and chafed a river, which was sometimes little more than a burn, sometimes a wide-spreading torrent; and occasionally assisting his companion, oftener walking beside her, he conducted her to their old resting-place, where three pine trees grew in a sheltered hollow open to the south, but completely fenced round at the back and sides. A wide stretch of country and all the approaches to this coign of vantage were perfectly visible, while those who stood or sat in the shadow of the rocks could hardly be perceived.

Maitland talked pleasantly and lightly of the past, of the character of the scenery, of many things, but Mrs. Winington was silent; she had intended that Maitland should, during this visit of hers to the old scenes, avow the bitter agony of feeling that she was lost to him. Then what a delightful task it would be to soothe him, to reconcile him to his life, to satisfy him with her tender friendship! Now she felt in some indescribable way that the mastery of the situation had passed out of her hands.

At last they reached the well-known spot.

Mrs. Winington seated herself on a mossy stone, and Maitland leaning against the stem of one of the trees, they both looked out over the fair scene before them for a minute or two, and then their eyes met. No need of words to tell either what the other was thinking of. A kindly, playful smile slowly lit up Maitland's somewhat rugged face, and Mrs. Winington exclaimed impulsively, "Jack, here, where we last parted, I humbly ask your forgiveness for my heartless, cruel conduct. I was so young and thoughtless. I was scarce responsible. How often since have I longed for a nature stronger, truer than my own to lean on, to—love as I knew not how to love them. I am more lonely than you think, dear Jack. Let me hear you say that you can forgive me, and restore me to something like the position I once held in your esteem."

She held out her hand, which he took and held for a moment, her beautiful lips quivering, her soft eyes all suffused.

"Ah, Jean," returned Maitland, touched for a moment, "a man might well forgive you much." Then, in his usual voice, "My dear Mrs. Winington, I by no means deserve so ample an amende. I was a headstrong, conceited young blockhead, and dared to look too far above me; do not give a thought to the past if it brings you pain. I am glad to see you surrounded by everything that can make life bright and pleasant."

"Everything!" echoed Mrs. Winington, turning her eyes full on him. "Yes, heaps of baubles, but nothing that can satisfy the heart. My husband cares more for his horse, or his dog than he does for me. I may do what I like, because he never needs my society. He—"

"Come, come!" interrupted Maitland, smiling. "No man ever adored a wife more than he does. I really must stand up for Colonel Winington; he may not be a hero of romance, but he is a very good fellow, and quite justifies the opinion you must have formed of him at one time."

"I had no opinion at all," she murmured, "I married him because I was told to marry."

### What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is the best cod-liver oil, partly digested, and combined with the hypophosphites and glycerine. What will it do? It will make the poor blood of the anemic rich and red.

It will give nervous energy to the overworked brain and nerves. It will add flesh to the thin form of a child, wasted from fat-starvation.

It is everywhere acknowledged as The Standard of the World.

5s. and 3s. 6d. all druggists. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

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(To be Continued)

When a baby smiles in its sleep it is the mother's fond belief that an angel is kissing it. No woman attains the supreme joy of womanhood until she knows the caressing touch of a first-born's fingers. No woman knows the supreme sorrow of womanhood until she sees her baby in the cold embrace of death.

Thousands of women daily achieve womanhood's supremest joy, only to meet, a few days or weeks or months later, its supremest sorrow. This is because so many babies are born into the world with the seeds of death already sown in their little bodies. If a woman would have healthy, robust children, strong and able to withstand the usual illnesses of childhood, she must "look before she leaps."

If a woman will take the proper care of her health in a womanly way, during the period of prospective maternity, she may protect herself against much pain and suffering and possible death, and insure the health of her child. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest of all medicines for prospective mothers. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs that bear the burdens of maternity and makes them strong, healthy, vigorous and elastic. It allays inflammation, heals ulceration, soothes pain and tones the tortured nerves. It banishes the usual discomforts of the expectant period and makes baby's advent to this world easy and almost painless. It insures an ample supply of nourishment. It is the greatest known nerve tonic and invigorator for women. All good dealers sell it. Say "No" and stick to it when urged to accept a substitute said to be "just as good as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

"I had miscarried twice and was so weak I could not stand on my feet," writes Mrs. Minnie Smith, P. M., of Lowell, Laue Co., Oregon. "I took two bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and now have a healthy baby and am stronger than for twelve years."

The quick constipation-cure—Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Never grip. Accept no substitutes or imitations.

Gold, Crown and Bridge Work. (Teeth without Plates)

Reliable work, Moderate Prices

Dr. J. P. Murray,

..... QUEEN STREET

### Great Watch, Great Cow.

Seven years ago a farmer living west of Webster City, Ia., hung his vest on the fence in the barnyard, and as a result of it a wonderful story is told.

A calf chewed up a pocket in the garment in which was a standard gold watch. Last week the animal, a staid old milk cow, was butchered for beef, and the timepiece was found in such a position between the lungs of the cow that the process of respiration, the closing in and filling the lungs, kept the stem winder wound up, and the watch had lost but four minutes in the seven years.—Chicago Times-Herald.

### Family Resemblances.

Aunt—Whom does your new little sister most look like, your father or your mother?

Little Emma—Both. She has no teeth. That's like mommer. And she's hairless, like popper.—Toronto World.

### The Papuans of the Malay coast of New Guinea are still in the most primitive state. They are wholly unacquainted with metals and make their weapons of stones, bones and wood.

It is only imperfection that complains of what is imperfect. The more perfect we are the more gentle and quiet we become toward the defects of others.—Fenelon.

### A Guaranteed Catarrh Cure.

Japanese Catarrh Cure—use six boxes—buy them at one time—apply exactly according to the directions—and if you are not cured see your druggist; he will arrange to pay you your money back. There's a positive guarantee with every box that Japanese Catarrh Cure will cure. No cure, you get your money back. Guarantee in every package. 50 cents at all druggists. 115

### English Suburban Homes.

In the United States you are far ahead of England in respect to new suburban homes. Whatever may be the faults of the imitations of Richardson—America's greatest architect—or even of the queer gabled and verandahed villas which for some inscrutable reason are named after the good Queen Anne, there is something picturesque about most of these buildings—if it is only the usually good sky line. But the modern suburban homes in England are monotonously ugly. As a rule they are run up in rows by some speculative builder who is his own architect.—Montague Marks in Art Amateur.

### Where the Money Came From to Pay the Attorney's Bill.

"Most peculiar case I ever had," mused the attorney who is still a favorite with those requiring a strong defense in the criminal courts. "You never saw a finer looking young fellow. He had a good face and a well shaped head. He was clean and neatly dressed. He talked well and looked you squarely in the eyes. When I went to the jail at his request, I took an immediate liking to him. It had been my business to study human nature and I was satisfied from the first that he had never committed the \$10,000 robbery of which he stood accused."

"He told me his story, frankly and without reservation. I was convinced more firmly than ever of his innocence. He outlined his own defense by accounting for every minute of his time on the night of the robbery and informing me just where the witnesses to substantiate his statements could be seen. I found them, and they affirmed everything he had told me. It was as clear a case as I ever saw, and I went into court with the utmost confidence. The prosecution did the best it could under the circumstances, but we swept the board and the young man was acquitted by the jury's first ballot. He was very grateful, shaking hands with the judge, the jurymen and even the prosecuting attorney."

"Now, sir," he began, when we had reached the office, "what do I owe you?"

"Only what you can afford to pay me. The saving of an innocent man is something of a reward in itself."

"Well, I would like to pay you more, but at present I can only afford to give you half of the \$10,000. Is that fair?"

### As a Brother.

A certain curate was of a painfully nervous temperament, and in consequence was constantly making awkward remarks—intended as compliments—to the bishop and others. Having distinguished himself in an unusual degree during a gathering of clergy to an afternoon tea at the bishop's palace, he was taken to task for his failings by a senior curate, who was one of his companions on the way home.

"Look here, Bruce," said the senior decidedly, "you are a donkey. Why cannot you keep quiet instead of making your asinine remarks? I am speaking to you now as a brother."

Loud laughter interrupted him at this point, and for the moment he wondered why.

**Nature's Own Dyspepsia Cure**

Nature's remedies are not like man's—they never fail. Of the many remedies intended to cure dyspepsia, sour stomach, distress after eating, weight in the stomach, wind on the stomach, loss of appetite, dizziness, nausea, impoverished blood, catarrh of the stomach, sick headache, and similar results of indigestion, only one is uniformly and unfailingly successful—that is nature's own remedy, found only in

**DR. VON STAN'S PINEAPPLE TABLETS.**

The pineapple contains a large amount of Vegetable Pepsin—nature's most potent aid in digesting food. Mix meat and pineapple and agitate the mixture at a temperature of 103°, and the pineapple will completely digest the meat.

Take two of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets after your meals and they will digest your food without aid from the stomach. This course rests, strengthens and heals the stomach. The tablets will cure the most chronic case of dyspepsia. They give immediate relief. Take them for a short time and your stomach will be as strong and hearty as that of a farmer's boy.

They are as pleasant to the palate as candy.

At all druggists.—35c. a box—or direct from

**THE VON STAN MEDICINE CO.,**  
Toronto, Can., and Buffalo, N.Y. 1

Sold by D. S. W. Dodd and Geo. E. Hughes, Druggists.

# PROCLAMATION.

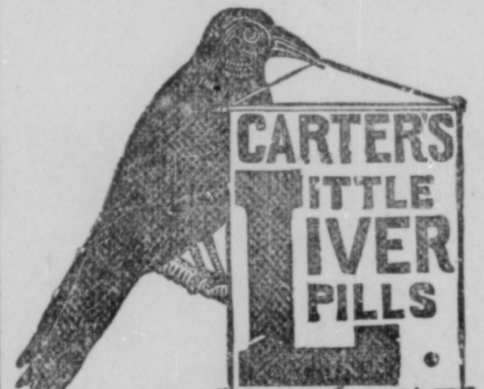
We are now ready and willing to place any number of Hotels, Stores or private dwellings in a correct sanitary, and consequently healthy condition; and this at short notice.

We will furnish all who desire it with Baths, Closets, and lavatories of the latest and most approved patterns at prices consistent with first-class quality of goods and workmanship.

The latest and most beautiful New York designs in electroliers. A large stock of soil pipe and all plumber's, steamfitters and engineers supplies now on hand.

Call on us at the Masonic Temple Building. You will receive courteous treatment whether we sell you or not.

**T. A. MacLEAN,**  
MANUFACTURERS AGENT.



## SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They Regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Substitution the fraud of the day.

See you get Carter's,

Ask for Carter's,

Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills

**ALL HEADACHES** from whatever cause cured in half an hour by **HOFFMAN'S HEADACHE POWDERS** 10 cents and 25 cents at all druggists.