

The farmer is supposed to be about as healthy as it is possible for a man to be. People smile at the idea that a farmer can ever be ill. His occupation is supposed to be an assurance of good health. The contrary is frequently the case. He is the most hard worked man, and the hard-working man above all others needs to take care of his health. Frequently the farm is in a malarial district. The result is malarial troubles, liver complaint, rheumatism or neuralgia.



The best of all medicines for hard-working men and women is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It invigorates the liver and purifies the blood, driving out the poisons that are responsible for malaria, and the acids that are responsible for rheumatism. It is the greatest of all blood-makers, flesh-builders and nerve tonics. It strengthens the muscles and vitalizes every organ. It brings sweet slumber at night and mental and physical activity during the day. It gives zest to the appetite and makes the digestion perfect. The man or woman who resorts to this wonderful medicine whenever the body is out of sorts will be able to do almost any amount of work without danger to the constitution. Thousands have testified to its marvelous merits. Medicine dealers sell it.

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Administratrix Sale

BY AUCTION

I am instructed by Mrs Sara Kent, Administratrix of the Estate Late Joseph Kent, to sell by auction at the "North American Hotel", Kent Street, on Thursday, the 6th day of October, 1898, commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m., all the personal property of the said estate, comprising Piano, Parlor, Diningroom, Hall, Bedroom and Kitchen Furniture.

Terms cash. No reserve.

R. BEARISTO,
Auctioneer

PRO AND CON.

(Continued.)

"Now put on your glasses, Ethel," I said, as we reached the highest point, and I checked the horse.

Slowly she obeyed, and I watched the growing wonder in her face as she looked about her. For a time no words fell from her lips; then, "Why, the trees have leaves!" she cried, in a tone of absolute awe.

"Naturally," I said, laughing. "You did not expect to find them bare the first week in September, did you?"

"No; but—" she said, half dreamingly, and still gazing about her. "Of course I knew they had leaves, but I never thought you could see them."

"I don't think I catch your meaning," I said, politely. "Did you, perhaps, expect to smell them?"

Ethel laughed. "How stupid!" She did not specify which one of us was stupid. "I thought the whole tree was just a dull green mass to everybody, as it was to me. But it isn't. I can see each separate leaf. They are pointed; they dance and quiver, each on its own little stalk. And oh, Mark, how they shine! Each one catches its own little sparkle of light, and they toss them about till the whole tree—the whole forest glitters. Oh, Mark, how beautiful it all is! No wonder Aunt Hepzibah thought me dull and stupid, if she supposed I saw it like this and did not find it beautiful."

"Does the river look the same to you?" I asked.

"Nothing looks the same," she answered, half impatiently. "The very sky is deeper and bluer and more transparent. And the river, why, that is alive too. I can see the little waves catching the sparks of light and tossing them about like the leaves and the flying seed of the white-caps and the curl and crinkle of the water. And I always thought it was just a flat blue plain! And the hills are not a dull uniform green. I can see all shades in them, from silvery gray to black, and it takes all the colors, every one, to make the green that was all I ever saw. Oh, don't talk to me, Mark: I don't want to do anything but look. Oh, the wonderful richness and glow! I never dreamed that the world could be like this."

I obeyed her orders. It was enough for me to watch her face as she gazed about her, with little quick sight, or long slow breaths of rapture, while her whole face brightened and softened and glowed by turns. I thought that the battle was won at one blow, but I was wrong. For, as we neared the town on our return, I was surprised to see Ethel quietly take off her glasses, put them into the case, and the case into her pocket. I waited a moment, but as no explanation followed, I ventured to add,

"Will you not wear them like that you have found what the world is like?"

"Mark!" cried Ethel, in amazement. "Live all the time in a world that looks like that? Why, I couldn't. It would be like living in a picture-gallery. How could I ever go about my daily business? How could I do anything but look at the wonderful things about me?"

"You would get used to it," I hazarded, but Ethel caught me up.

"Used to it? Yes, but that is just it. I don't want to get used to it. Do you suppose that you who see the world always as it is can appreciate it as I do, to whom it is a revelation? No, no. I shall keep my spectacles in reserve as a master-key to fairyland, and go about my daily work revelling in the consciousness of my hidden powers."



MR. MONTAGUE, DUNNVILLE, ONT.
Has an Interesting Chat About Dr. Chase's Ointment.

HIS SUFFERING FROM ULCERATING PILES CURED.

He says:—I was troubled with itching piles for five years, and was badly ulcerated. They were very painful, so much so that I could not sleep. I tried almost every remedy heard of, and was recommended to use Dr. Chase's Ointment. I purchased a box, and from the first application got such relief that I was satisfied a cure would be made. I used in all two boxes, and am now completely cured.

Every remedy given by Dr. Chase cost years of study and research, and with an eye single to its adaptation for the ailments for which it was intended. Dr. Chase detested cure-alls, and it has been proven ten thousand times that not one of his formulas leave a bad after-effect. Dr. Chase's Ointment is based on lanoline, and the best physicians prescribe it.

Mr. M. T. Wigle, of Kingsville, Essex Co.
Cured of Itching Piles of 23 Years Standing.
Physicians Fail to Make a Cure When Dr. Chase's Ointment Gave Immediate Relief.

M. T. Wigle, better known to every one in the vicinity as "Uncle Mike," was troubled for over 23 years with itching piles. At times he was so bad he would have to quit work. The irritation became so intense with constant rubbing that they became ulcerated and would bleed. He had been treated by many physicians, but found nothing that gave him relief. Reading in the paper the cure of a friend who had suffered in a like manner, and being cured by Dr. Chase's Ointment, he procured a box. After the third application he got such relief that he had the first comfortable night's sleep he enjoyed in years. The one box made a complete cure, and he says he would not be without it for \$50 a box if it could not be replaced. Mr. Wigle is a wealthy farmer, well known in the community in which he resides. It is over two years since he was afflicted, and he has never been troubled since.

powers. Poor boy! You think the world is beautiful, but it can never, never, never be to you what it is to me. And you want me to get 'used to it'!"

And Ethel sprang from the wagon and ran into the house, still laughing at the absurdity of the notion.

IV.

The door had hardly closed behind our last guest when I turned to Ethel. She had sunk into the depths of an easy-chair with an air of abandon and perfect complacency which I must confess I found a little exasperating. It had been our first attempt at hospitality, and I had been particularly anxious that it should be a perfect success.

"I think it went off very well," said Ethel, looking up at me as I approached.

"Perhaps so," I said, dubiously; "but it was fortunate that our guests did not have to depend entirely upon you to supply their wants."

"How so, Mark?" cried Ethel, starting upright in her chair. "You don't mean—"

"No, I don't mean that they went away hungry," I said, "but I do mean that it was no thanks to you that they did not. Cups and plates might be empty, supplies exhausted, but nothing of it did you see. Poor little Lucy Conover, who is too shy to speak above her breath, might have died of starvation if I had not come to her rescue, and you sat there calmly regardless of her pangs."

"But, Mark, I could not see her," pleaded Ethel, pitifully.

"My dear child, that is the very thing I complain of. Why could you not see her? If you had fulfilled your promise of putting on your spectacles as soon as we sat down to the table—"

"But Mark, I did put them on—indeed I did!" cried Ethel.

"You did, indeed," I replied, with lofty scorn. "And how long did you keep them on? Just two minutes by the clock! I never should have suspected you of an intention to stoop to a paltry equivocation, Ethel. I never should have supposed you more regardful of your own appearance than of the comfort of your guests."

"Oh, Mark, it wasn't that; indeed, indeed it wasn't," cried Ethel, almost tearfully now. "I did mean to wear them all tea-time. I had been looking forward to it all day with pleasure—yes, with pleasure, Mark. But—ah, Mark! You don't know what I saw when I put on those glasses. Every-body seemed so near to me, their eyes so close to mine. It was as if they were looking me through and through. All of a sudden I was in the midst of a closely pressing crowd. You don't know how dreadful it was. I was afraid to speak or move. I could not stand it, Mark—really I could not."

"Yet I have never considered you shy," I said. "I have often wondered at your coolness on entering a crowded room."

"How can I be shy when I can't see people?" cried Ethel. "Their faces are just a gray blur to me. I don't realize that there is any one there. But if I put on my glasses and saw them all clearly—crowds of human faces, myriads of human eyes, and all staring straight at me—why, Mark, I never could endure it. I should just cover my face with my hands and turn and run away."

"They were not exactly myriads here to-night," I said. "I should think you might manage to face a few friends."

"It was not so much that," said Ethel, hesitating. "I hope you won't be hurt. They are all your friends, but, Mark, they are so ugly!"

"Ugly!" I repeated, in amazement. "Why I have heard you speak quite enthusiastically of the looks of several of them."

"Without my glasses," said Ethel, impressively. "That is just it. I remembered how beautiful the trees and the river looked to me, and I thought it would be the same with faces. But, Mark, it wasn't. There is Lucy Conover. I thought she was about sixteen, and so very, very pretty; and then my glasses told me that she is at least twenty-six. There are tiny wrinkles on her forehead and little creases in the corners of her eyes, and her nose is crooked. I found that one has freckles and another a muddy complexion. Bertie Jones has bad teeth, and Ella Sayre a cast in her eye. There was not one—not one who stood the test except you, Mark. I was afraid to look at you, but, oh, how glad I was when I did!"

Of course I had laughed at Ethel's account, but I had tried not to let her see me. I was afraid she did, though, for the little witch had a pretty air of expectant triumph until I spoke.

"Decidedly not," I said. "You saw them under the worst possible aspect. If you had watched their faces as they talked, and had seen the play of expression over the very plainest of them, you would have realized that there is a higher beauty than that of mere form and color. In keeping your pretty illusions, you are losing beautiful realities, and going through the world in a dream."

Ethel meditated before she spoke. "Perhaps you are right," she said at last. "I see that I must try it again, or I cannot disprove your words."

V.

It was shortly after this episode that Ethel and I took that long-to-be-remembered trip which stood to us in the place of our omitted wedding journey. One thing which Ethel positively refused to do during our stay in the city was to wear her spectacles.

"I cannot do it, Mark; indeed I cannot," she pleaded, pathetically. "I never could go out at all if I realized how near people are and how they stare. Oh, Mark, please let me wear my comfortable veil of near-sightedness! At theatres and operas I can use an opera-glass; but I can't—really, I can't go about in spectacles!"

There was some reason in what she said, and opera-glasses were all very well in their place, but the day she bought that lorgnette marked an era in our career. When she sailed into the room, holding it up to her eye with that supercilious poise of the head and curve of the elbow which its use necessitates, I stared at her in incredulous horror.

"See, Mark, what a delightful contrivance!" she cried, with infantile glee.

"And what do you propose to do with it?" I asked, sardonically. For if there is one thing that I loathe even more than a monocle it is a supercilious, sneering, affected lorgnette.

"Do with it?" repeated Ethel, in surprise. "Why, it is just as good as glasses, and—"

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W. D. MCKAY

BARGAIN CORNER.

"And an insult to every one at whom you level it," I said, hotly.

I have sometimes thought that it is enviling to have a standing subject of dispute in a family. Certainly we had plenty of entertainment after that, for the lorgnette was a never fading bone of dissension. Neither side had gained any decisive advantage when the time came for our return home. I think that neither of us was particularly sorry when we were safely settled in the cars and speeding on our way, for we were dazed and tired of sight-seeing. We had several changes to make, for our town was a rather inaccessible one. It was when we had settled in the cars after one of these that Ethel started up, crying, "My lorgnette! I have left it in the station."

The loss was by no means a heart-breaking one to me, and I strove to convince her that she would not have time to go back for it, but she was gone before I had fairly begun my argument, and I was forced to follow. To the loss of the lorgnette I could resign myself, but I was not yet prepared to risk the loss of Ethel. The lorgnette was found upon the seat we had occupied, and I hurried her back to the cars. It was our last change, for which we were both thankful, as twilight was coming on, and the journey had been long and tedious. But alas! more lay before us than we knew. When the conductor came for our tickets, he looked dubiously at those which I offered him.

"You've taken a queer road to Rosemary," he said, dryly. "This train is going just the other way."

(To be Continued)

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