

DISORDERED LIVER, and MALARIA. From these sources arise three fourths From these sources arise three fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: symptoms indicate their existence: Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eat-ing, averaion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritabil-ity of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some dury, Diz-tiness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION, and demand Une use of a remedy that actailized from the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine **TUT'S PILLS** have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," Broducing appetits, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vig-orous body. TUTT'S PILLS cadadao nausea or griping nor interface with daily work and are a perfect ARTIDOTE TO MALARIA. Sold averywhere E.C. Office 44 Murray St. MY.

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EMIL

EVENING NEWS. away team there, and Ross was knocked down and killed." "Rosa!" cried Mrs. Elden, with a Saiurday, - August 11, 1968.

gasp. "Ross," groaned the farmer, drop-ping the piece of harness which he was laboriously mending. "They're bringing her up the street now," said the neighbor. "Body came down on the afternoon train. They do gay she's dreadful A faint glow of a July sunrise was reddening all the east, a delicious coolness pervaded the air, and the robins just wakening into conscious-

Almost a Separation.

bne

thought.

"Rosal Rosa, I say!"

"How am I to know?" said Mrs.

enough. I've talked to her and talk-

train. They do say she's dreadful disfigured." He burried along to meet the diarigured." His burried along to meet the Hitle coriege, now scarcely visible down the darkening road. Mrs. Elden ran up to her hunband and threw her arms around his beck. "Joahua," abe cried, "Oh, Joahua, forgive me. I never meant it. I never mernt it. I loved the poor darling all the while. Oh, Roa, my little Roes!" "Don't fret, wife,' huskly where read the farmer. "It ain't your full You this arm tenderly around the wife's waist as he spoke. "Whatewer it is, Sarab," he said bravely, "we'll bear it together." "At the same instant, as it seemed, a light foctstep floated, lites a thistle-down, on the threshold; a little own, on the threshold; a little the wind is seemed. "Roes!" they cried with a single "Wole. "Wole. "The diareshow of a man gial to a light foctstep floated, lites a thistle-down, on the threshold; a little the police station! Any you make some and called ou: "Took me for a greanhiern, did a light foctstep floated, lites a thistle-be windles. You can." All the some in the core of a man gial to a light foctstep floated. "Took me for a greanhiern, did the police station! Any you miles the windles. You can." All the same instant, as it seemed, a light foctstep floated. "Took me for a greanhiern, did the police station! Any you miles the windles. You can." and chasped the mile threshold; a little the police station! Any you miles the windles. You can." All the windles of sweet-oling around me." At the same instant, as it seemed, a light foctstep floated. "Took me for a greanhiern, did the police station! Any you miles the windles. You can." (DUR RIDDLE BOX. The department will contain once ness, sang as if they would sing their little hearts out. The mowers who slept in the barn chamber were just yawning into wakefulness. Farmer Elden was up and on his way to the milking yard, and his thrifty helpmate was already break-ing eggs into the breakfast frying-"It seems as if Rosa were later

later every morning," she And hurrying to the foot of the stairs, where an odd, corkscrew-shaped little flight of wooden steps twisted itself up to the second story, she called aloud, in no very musical

There was no answer. Mrs. Elden ran hastily up, and entered the bed-room, where the eastern flush was already irradiat-

ing the rough beams with the soft-est pink light. To her amazement, the bed was empty, a bunch of faded roses lay on the pillow, and a little cotton glove caught in the wisteriavoice. "Oh, I am so sorry—so ashamed!" sobbed Roma May, looking pretty and penitent enough to melt the hardest heart. "But Careline Duganne over-persnaded me. We were together, and I didn't enjoy a single m ment of the whole day. Mother—father— I never will disobey you agala. For wt en those terrible wild horses rushed by like a whiriwind and knocked over the poor, feeble old lady, who was standing close beside me—" vine that trailed inxuriantly up to the second story, betrayed in what manner the bird had flown. "Now I am astonished!" said Mrs. Elden. "The child has got out of the window again. Bhe is off for

the window again. She is off for the country fair, where I expressly told her, last night, she was not to go. It's the second time she has run away within the month. Wby, she couldn't behave worse if she was a gip'y, and I don't believe but what she is. I told Joshus that no was a gip'y and I don't believe but what she is. I told Joshus that no what she is. I told Johna that it is in the served he right is comes fairly under the suspicion of a child out of the Foundling Insti-tute. And I won't stand it very May from Newton. Lock! They are yound all cavil or marry the injured long-not another day!" Mr. Joshua Elden, coming in from the barn-yard with two palls of foaming milk, was met by his wife, whose lips were compressed, carrying her by now. "Oh, it is so terrible-so terrible!" And Ross hid her face in her

hands.

guide your conduct accordingly." And not another word was said abent the packing of trunks. It possi le, Joshua Elde s'n anner was more affectionate than usual toward his wife; Sarah more tender and de-ferential toward her husband. And

It was through her that they had had their first quarrel; it was her unlooked for appearance that healed the deadly rift in their hearts.

And when Mr. Elden said: "Didn't I tell you, Sarah, that little Ross would benefit by the lessor?" his wife answered cordially: "You are always right, Joahua."-[Bell Blossom.]

A Woman of the Day.

foiks. The answers will be given the following week. Our juvenile friends are invited to send the solutions. All who forward correct answere will receive due credit and their names will be printed in the Nearly every old family has a skeleton of some sort in the closet, but the virtue of our women has for generations been to us dearer NEWS.

No. 110 -NUMERICAL. During the wlater I think you will find

This department will contain once

a week original puzzles for the young

than life. The man who violates this sacred social, instinct, then, takes his life in his hand and should articles made of 1, 3, 8, 9, 10 and 6, 9, 7, 9 very useful and 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, for the weather is cold enough to nip your 6, 5, 1, 10 off, Old winter bas of late comes fairly under the suspicion of wrong must justify his conduct be-yond all cavil or marry the injured take advantage of it at his 10, 3, 1, 2, for The record stands thus: We sold

woman. He stould not leave her -he should not be permitted to leave her to carry alone a poliated name among honorable men and women. If he has been the means

women. If he has been the means of bringing repreach upon her good name he should not be allowed to sneak from her side like a coward and leave her to take the bisses of 1, 4 are not yet in, you can 4, 9, 10 old Tim out-thresh them all and clean and yonder with his 8, 8, 9, 2 of fluny prey on save every kernel. his 3, 1, 4 going to market, while his 4, 5 THE JOHN W. LOWELL WAGON Co.

6, who is as 9, 9, 8, 6 as himself, stays at home with the little 9, 8, 4, 1. AUNT CLABA.

No. 111.-CHARADE. FIRST. Rolling swiftly e'er the plain, Of all the queer and sensational approximation and the salva-tion Army, those recently i-suad in Port Adelside, Australia, take the lead. The hall occupied by the Australian staff of the army is spo-Freighted full of golden grain; Sometimes meeting fate most dire, Now and then destroyed by fire,

SECOND. Scatte: ed over all the earth, Of me sure there is no dearth: Each one thinks his own the best, And cares but little for the rest.

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rather than pay six per cent. insur-ance. We are determined to convert part of our stock into cash. BARRATT BROS.

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Elden, sharply. "To the fair I sup-pose. There never was such a willful child." "That wasn't right," said Mr. Elden, mildly. "Rosa knows—" "Rosa knows quite enough to out wit two old folks like us," said Mrs. Elden. "We were fool for taking her, Joshus, and we're fools for keeping her. It's the last night she shall sleep under this roof." "My dear." remonstrated the far-Ross was the darling of both of

shall sleep under this roof." "My dear," remonstrated the far-mer, "she's only a girl of 17." "She's old enough to know bet-ter," said Mrs. Eluen, who had by this time placed a pan of friszling bacon upon the fire. "I've put up with her freaks and follies long

Mrs. Elden took the girl tenderly and whose brow had grown emin-onaly dark. "Rosa has gone again!" said the. "Gone?" repeated Mr. Elden, set-ting down his pails and starting. "Into her motherly arms. "Rosa, "said she," you are forgiven; but after this, dear' always remem-ber how dearly we love you, and guide your conduct accordingly."

A Glory Shop.

