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 If you could take you into my three large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you the intricate care with which every pair of shoes is made, you would realize why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoe cost more to make, why they hold their shape fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe.
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 No doubt you'll need a
TOWER'S
FISH BRAND
SUIT or SLICKER
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 Make no mistake—it's the kind that's guaranteed to keep you dry and comfortable in the hardest storm. Made in Black or Yellow. Sold by all reliable dealers.
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CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
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 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.

CARTER'S
LITTLE
LIVER
PILLS.
 Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature
Refuse Substitutes.

Adam was also about the only man who escaped having his pockets rifled at night.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County, ss:
 Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Carter's that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
 Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 22d day of December, A. D. 1901.
A. W. GLEASON,
 Notary Public.
 Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. **F. J. CHENEY & CO.,** Toledo, O.
 Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Taste Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

An exercise which should be practiced by growing children for developing a slender waist and tall, erect figure is as follows. Let one person hold a large ring upright as high as the child can comfortably reach. In raising the arms to touch the ring deep breathing is necessitated, which will expand the chest, and the lifting attitude of the arms will exercise the muscles of the sides, shoulders and waist, besides stretching the body to its full limit. The raising of the arms should be done slowly and the ring lifted a trifle higher at intervals until it becomes necessary for the child to stand on tiptoe to reach, thus exercising the muscles of the legs, developing the knee and ankle joints.

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 Many Women Suffer Daily Miseries and Don't Know the Reason.
 Women who are languid, suffer backache and dizzy spells, should read carefully, the experience of Mrs. Laura Sullivan, Bluff and Third Sts., Marquette Mich., who says: "I had backache and bearing-down pain, and at times my limbs would swell to twice natural size. I could hardly get up or down stairs, and often could not get my shoes on, beginning to use Doan's Kidney Pills I got relief before I had used half a box, but continued taking them until cured. The bloating subsided and I was well again."
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A good cover for irons when being heated on a gas or gasoline stove is an old kettle with the bottom cut out.

MOTHER GRAY'S
SWEET POWDERS
FOR CHILDREN.
 A Certain Cure for Feverishness, Constipation, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Destructive Worms. They Break up Colic in 24 hours. All Druggists, 25c.
A. S. CLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.
 The best social refinement is to be refined of self.

MARION'S BRIGADE
 By MAJOR J. H. ROBINSON

CHAPTER VII.
 The bugles gave a merry blast, the sabers jingled, and the brigade swept forward.

"I shall have to pulverize this fellow yet," said Ben Rowan.
 "What's the trouble now?" asked Frank.
 "He's a humbug."
 "Didst thou address me, good Benjamin?" said Dawson. "Verily thou art irascible."
 "I shall want you to hold my coat, bat and other fixins," continued Rowan to Frank.
 "What for?" inquired the latter.
 "While I pulverize him."
 "I think that would be ungrateful; he saved your life," remonstrated Forstall.
 "That's the very thing," said Rowan; "he saved my life and won't own it. I don't like to be fooled and have the wool pulled over my eyes. There's nothing like pulverizing such chaps; it does 'em a monstrous sight of good; it deepens their religious convictions, and keeps 'em in their place."
 "Thou art in the gall of bitterness, friend Benjamin," observed Dawson.
 "If I was a regular saint I couldn't bear it," said Ben, in the tone of a person conscious that he was practicing the sublimest forbearance.
 "And in the strong hands of iniquity," added Job, mildly.
 "To think that such a humbug should dare to save my life! It makes me mad enough to cut my own saber," continued Ben, sentimentally.

The brigade crumpled at its former position on the Santee. At that place Gen. Marion spent several days drilling the men, while many hastened to join his ranks. One morning the general was informed that a man from Rocky Creek wished to see him; and in a few moments after Capt. Noddenus Hawes was ushered into his presence.
 "I'm captain of the Independent Fire-Eaters," said Hawes. "I've been of your gallant exploits, and have come down to line you with my fellows; and they're 'tarnal critters for a hassle as any you can find anywhere in these diggins."
 "Just such fellows as I want!" exclaimed the general, with a smile. "You think they're made of the right kind of material?"
 "Warrant 'em to whip in all cases," rejoined Hawes, laconically. "I've got 'em straightened up in line just out yonder, and if you'll step out I'll put 'em through the gamut a few times to show you what they can do."
 The Independent Fire-Eaters were paraded, and Hawes proceeded to exercise them in his own peculiar manner.
 "Attention the hull! Straighten up, you 'tarnal critters. Dress to the front, and no squintin'. If any on ye haint been to breakfast, say so. This man that you see here is Gen. Marion, and, as you all know, he's arter the Britishers with a sharp stick, and he means to follow 'em like the ceaseless footsteps of everlastin' death. Toe out, you 'tarnal critters. Endeavor to rise with the subject and feel that each on ye has enough of the real grit to make a dozen heroes and a good dog, besides leavin' a small remnant at that. Stand firm—hold up—throw out your chests! Corporal Higgins, there's a kink in your section. John Smith, try to look an inch and a half taller. Shoulder—firelocks. Very well; dew it agin. Work a little faster, boys. Perkins, you ain't quite orthodox enough yet—your toad-sticker is on hind-side afore. All eyes to the front. Present—arms. Let the muzzles fall a little more; that'll do. Charge—baganets. Be brisk, my lads, and imagine the enemy is right afore you. Very well done—perwidin' you all had baganets. Shoulder 'em up again. Lieut. Anderson will now shove you through the firm's, marchin's and wheelin's."

The captain ceased and Gen. Marion expressed himself pleased with the performance.
 "To-night," he added, "I intend to surprise a company of Tories under Capt. Barfield, who are posted not far from here, between us and the Pedes. If I am successful, I shall have horses enough to mount you all to-morrow. You have heard of Cunningham's escape, I suppose?"
 "Yes, and he's collectin' men in the neighborhood of Rocky Creek. You may depend on't, he means to do mischief," replied Hawes.
 "He cannot do more than equal the enormities of Tarleton and Wemyss," said the general.
 "I should like to have a hand in this Barfield affair," added Capt. Nick.
 "I shall be glad to have your company, captain, with what men you can amount," answered Marion.

The contemplated movement was carried out to effect successfully. Frank Forstall took an active part in the engagement and attracted the particular attention of Gen. Marion. He was promised a lieutenantcy as soon as a vacancy should occur. This was very gratifying to Frank's laudable ambition, and he wondered whether Miss Ruth Strickland would feel any pleasure when she heard that he had conducted himself in a soldier-like and becoming manner.
 No one watched the progress of events with deeper interest than Forstall. Gen. Marion's high qualities as a leader had inspired him with confidence, and he looked forward with hope to new and more brilliant achievements. During the engagement with Barfield's band of Tories Job Dawson had again been seen to ride furiously into the ranks of the

foe, but he affirmed that his horse was unruly, and he had been carried into danger against his will.
 This version of the affair Ben Rowan would by no means accept, for he stoutly and perseveringly asserted that he had seen him spur his horse into the teeth of the enemy, overturn two Tory horsemen and cleave a third with his huge saber. When honest Job assured his somewhat choleric friend Ben that there must be some illusion about what he professed to have witnessed he flew into a violent passion, and if Forstall had not interfered he would doubtless have proceeded to extremities, as he was greatly in favor of the pulverizing system in all cases of "humbug" and obstinacy, or what he chose to consider as such.
 There was evidently some mystery about the character of Job Dawson which neither Frank Forstall nor any of his acquaintances could solve. The peculiarities of the Quaker had attracted the attention of not only the men, but of the officers, and even Marion himself regarded him with much curiosity.
 It seemed singular to Frank and others that Dawson should linger after he had concluded the ostensible object of his appearance among them. If he really "hated bloodshed" why did he not leave the brigade as soon as he was at liberty to do so? Did he stay with the dragoons because he believed he should be safer with them than anywhere else? Had his horse borne him into the conflict against his wishes? Had he wielded his saber deliberately, or in a moment of excitement, when half-demented by an excessive fear? These were questions which very few felt competent to answer. But Rowan was the most confident of any in the premises, and was apparently fully resolved that Job should prove a humbug in one way or another. Nor was this quite all. He resolved, furthermore, to flagellate him soundly whenever a favorable opportunity should offer. This determination was not a passing whim, but a fixed and deliberately formed purpose, for he had conceived the extraordinary idea that his honor required it. But Job Dawson kept on in the even tenor of his way, without appearing in any manner disturbed by what others thought or said of him. The Quaker moved among them a continual wonder, and a continual subject of remark.

Mr. Henderson had accompanied Capt. Hawes to Marion's camp, and he was often observed in conversation with Dawson. The nature of those conversations no one knew, but they seemed to be confidential in character. When together in the presence of others it was seldom that a word passed between them, and they might have been supposed utter strangers to each other.
 Young Adair, who had been released from his dangerous position at Britton's Neck, had joined the brigade, and as Dawson had been the most active in setting him at liberty, the query naturally arose whether any previous acquaintance had existed between the parties. If the affirmative of this was true, how long had such an acquaintance existed, and under what circumstances had it commenced? But these inquiries were as unanswerable as the others. Frank Forstall, though well acquainted with the inhabitants of Britton's Neck, did not remember of ever hearing the name of Job Dawson.

The one engrossing idea that now occupied and agitated the mind of Forstall was the captivity of Mr. Strickland. There were several good reasons why he wished to achieve his liberation. He was an old man and respected neighbor, and Frank loved his handsome daughter. But our hero was not an especial favorite with Mr. Strickland, who was somewhat prejudiced against him. The very idea that Mr. Strickland did not feel friendly toward him made our hero still more anxious to serve him; for he very naturally wished to prove that Mr. Strickland's antipathy (if it really amounted to antipathy) was entirely unfounded.
 Forstall cogitated deeply on the subject of Strickland's captivity, and many were the plans he formed to effect his release; many of his schemes were wholly impracticable, and all of them full of danger.

CHAPTER VIII.
 The news that Col. Ferguson was approaching Rocky Creek with a large body of dragoons, marking his footsteps with blood and fire, produced general consternation among the inhabitants who remained at home.
 There were quite a number at Rocky Creek favorable to the royal cause; and they resolved to organize and choose a leader. The tidings of Ferguson's proximity served to quicken their zeal and hasten their movements.
 A young man by the name of Dix was very active in the contemplated organization. Having provided himself with a list of those who were friendly to the cause, he rode up and down the country, inviting them to assemble at a designated place in the vicinity of Rocky Creek. Cyrus Dix lived not far from Rev. William Martin's, and knew well that he was a staunch patriot. The former felt an earnest desire to change the latter's mode of thinking. Dix was well acquainted with Kate Martin, knew her worth, and had felt the power of her dazzling beauty. He had ardently sought her company for many months.
 Dix was at heart a bad man, but he

took the best care to disguise his true character, and to appear to Martin's eyes like one who honestly and conscientiously differed with him in opinion. The day before the royalists of that and the adjoining districts were to assemble, with a view to an armed and permanent organization, Dix walked over to Mr. Martin's, in order to make a final effort to shake his patriotism to its foundation.

Nor was this the sole object of his visit. After doing all that he could in that particular direction he had determined to make a full declaration of his sentiments to the peerless Kate.
 "I have come to converse with you once more on the subject of our honest difference of opinion. I wish you could see as I do in this matter," said Dix, with much emphasis.
 "I respect your friendly earnestness, young man," replied the pastor; "but pardon me when I say that I thoroughly detest your cause. I have not only wished that you might discover the error into which you have unwittingly fallen, but I have prayed that our common Father would mercifully open your eyes and quicken your understanding."
 "I must regret your infatuation," returned Dix, earnestly; "and perhaps I might say hallucination. Your sacred profession prevents you from fighting with the ordinary weapons of human warfare. You are well known among the Royalists as having incited the hitherto peaceful inhabitants to arms, and they feel justly indignant against you. Who, then, will protect yourself, your wife and fair daughter from the vengeance of those marauding parties who are sweeping like lightning through the country?"
 "I have served the God of heaven many years, and I have never yet been forsaken," replied Martin, devoutly.
 "Once more I appeal to you, sir. Will you not, at least in appearance, favor the Royal cause? Your own safety and that of your family require this much of you."
 "Go, young man!" exclaimed Martin, sternly. "You forget the respect which is due one so much your senior. I never was a hypocrite and I never will be. To persist in such language would soon rob you of the respect which I have hitherto entertained for you. Go, and never let this subject be renewed between us, unless you are led to see the fatal error into which you have been led."
 "I am sorry for this," resumed Dix, artfully affecting some emotion. "I have esteemed you highly, and earnestly wish to see you shielded from the evil which is surely determined against you."
 "Blessed are they who suffer for righteousness sake," responded Mr. Martin, fervently.

Dix despaired of shaking the constancy of such a man as the worthy pastor. He accordingly sought Kate, to learn how matters stood in that direction. As it happened, a very favorable opportunity presented itself.
 "I have been conversing with your father this morning in regard to his unfortunate political sentiments," said Dix.
 "Have you succeeded in convincing him of his heresy?" asked Kate, calmly.
 "I am sorry to say I have not," was the reply.

"Will you be kind enough to inform me why you regret the circumstances?" added Miss Martin.
 "For several reasons, my fair neighbor," rejoined Dix, blandly. "First, because such a worthy man should be blinded in his judgment; second, because such sentiments endanger his personal safety; third, on your own account, for it naturally follows if your father suffers for the active part he has taken in the rebellion you will also suffer by the punishment."
 While he was speaking Kate was quietly studying his character, and arriving at a very accurate conclusion in regard to the object of his apparently disinterested efforts.
 "Perhaps, Mr. Dix," she said, with much seeming simplicity of manner, "it is in your power to aid us in this unhappy dilemma into which we have fallen."
 "You speak to the point, my dear Kate," added the Loyalist, in tones still more confidential and patronizing. "Rocky Creek, at the present time, is left entirely to the mercy of the Royalists."
 "But are they not too noble to make war upon defenseless females and old men?" inquired Kate, in the same confiding and apparently artless manner.
 "Our troops," added Dix, coloring slightly, "cannot always be restrained on account of the cruelties practiced by the Whigs. It is my solemn conviction that the first party of British dragoons that sweeps through the settlement will make a terrific example of William Martin."
 "Unless," added Kate, "you should possess sufficient influence to stay their sanguinary proceedings."
 "Just so, Miss Martin. I trust, dear young lady, that I have ever been a friend to you and the family!" returned Dix, sentimentally.
 "And I embrace this opportunity to express my thanks," said Miss Martin.
 "I think I am not mistaken in you," resumed the Loyalist, in a more tender and confiding tone, encouraged by the kindness of the maiden. "I feel assured that we understand each other."
 "Yes," added Kate, averting her eyes timidly.
 "There are moments when soul speaks to soul, and all the heart's precious secrets are suddenly and intuitively revealed."
 Kate looked at the floor, and made no answer.
 "Your condescension makes me extremely happy. Your heightened color assures me that I need not be more explicit on this particular theme. I will lay to my soul the flattering unctious that I have awakened a gentle interest in your bosom."
 (To be continued.)

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 Tablets and powders advertised as cures for sick-headache are generally harmful and they do not cure but only deaden the pain by putting the nerves to sleep for a short time through the use of morphia or cocaine.
Lane's Family Medicine
 the tonic-laxative, cures sick-headache, not merely stops it for an hour or two. It removes the cause of headache and keeps it away.
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Ely's Cream Balm
 is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once.
 It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts. at Druggists or by mail; Trial size 10 cts. by mail.
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 Lands adjoining can be purchased at from \$5 to \$10 per acre from railroad and other corporations. Already 175,000 FARMERS from the United States have made their homes in Canada. For pamphlet "Iscariot Century Canada" and all information Apply for information to Superintendent of Immigration, 1100, Ottawa, Canada, or to W. V. Bennett, 601 New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb. Auth. raised Government Agents.
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Toilet Antiseptic
 Whitens the teeth—rifies mouth and breath—cures nasal catarrh, sore throat, sore eyes, and by direct application cures all inflamed, ulcerated and catarrhal conditions caused by feminine ills.
 Paxtine possesses extraordinary cleansing, healing and germicidal qualities unlike anything else. At all druggists, 50 cents
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