

THE 'FOURTH CHAPERON.' (By ELLA W. BEATTIE.)

"But what a queer little thing she is—that fourth chaperon. I can't think how she came to be asked. In the company of Mrs. Pierpont Clayton and Mrs. Kilpatrick and that stunning Mrs. Beach, with the English accent and the red hair and the wonderful frocks, she's quite too girlish."

After Edith had gone on the little chaperon rested against the cushions and listened. From the different rooms came the sound of girlish voices—the voices that belong to that expectant and enchanting hour before the party. After a time the doors began to open and the occupants to exchange visits, consulting together about the last touches to their costumes. They had that frank vanity which belongs to youth and happiness, and they stoned for it with their even more ardent admiration of each other.

house where her girlhood was spent—that house with its imposing exterior, its lack of fires, of service, of conveniences within. She remembered the bare bedroom, deprived of all girlish luxuries. Here, when school had been denied her, and heavy burdens of housekeeping and child-tending and sewing had been put upon her, she used to come in the chill evenings, and cowering down under the old army blankets, study and read. There was no one to guide her. She took what came to her hand. She made the most of everything. And, study over, her girlishness reasserted itself, and curling down between the cold sheets, she indulged in certain favorite trivial fancies.



SURPRISE is pure hard soap made of the finest grade material by the best available skill with the latest and most approved type of machinery, and is sold at the same price as ordinary soap.

and the mandolins made a sweet accompaniment. Helen Walden sat among them conscious of a growing sense of fellowship. The dreams were coming nearer, changing, and taking to themselves a more substantial character. Edith Hawtry, more lovely now than at the beginning of the evening, sat close beside her. Alice Castleberry regarded her with a friendly curiosity. Florence Evelyn openly sought her. The young men turned their glances toward her, too, as she sat there in the frelight, radiant with an almost mystical look of youth, her soft contralto mingling with the other voices.

Ashamed of her Skin. Now proud of the complexion "Fruit-a-tives" gave her. Bad complexions are all too common among women. The skin becomes sallow—pimples and blotches break out. Then women try lotions and creams and "beautifiers" which really injure the skin. They never think of constipation and bad digestion—sick kidneys or torpid liver—as the CAUSE.

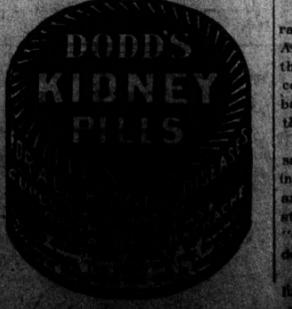
Branch 26 November, 1883. St. Patrick's street, on a month. The transaction in the 2nd and 3rd month at St. Patrick's. Spiritual Killoran; Chan- President, J. de-President, J. Secretary, R. Ardale Ave.; As- V. J. Macdon- R. J. J. Cos- in street; Treas- Marshal, J. J. O'Regan; W. A. Hodg- R. Gahan, T. Advisers, Dr. E. J. O'Con- ll.

Fruit-a-tives or Fruit Liver Tablets. strike right at the root of the trouble. The skin helps to dispose of the waste of the body. When the bowels don't move regularly—when the kidneys are clogged—the blood carries the poisons, which the bowels and kidneys won't pass off, to the skin. The pores of the skin become clogged with this poison and the complexion becomes grey or sallow or irritated and inflamed—and pimples and blotches are the natural result of the poisoned blood.

THE IRIISH PRIEST WHO SAVED NAPOLEON. A writer in a Dublin newspaper has disinterred a long forgotten book, published in London in 1820, which consists of a series of letters describing a tour in Ireland in 1812 by I. P. Trotter, who was a friend of Charles James Fox. Mr. Trotter relates that the Rev. Father Redmond, who was parish priest of the little town of Ferns on the occasion of his visit, had actually saved Napoleon's life.

Sister Agatha, for four years stationed at the Maryland General Hospital at Baltimore, has been transferred to St. Mary's Hospital at Evansville, Ind. Sister Agatha had acted as pharmacist, and filled all of the prescriptions used in the Maryland General Hospital, amounting to a large number daily. So proficient had she become that she recently successfully passed the examination of the State Board of Pharmacy and was duly licensed to practice pharmacy.

Suffered Terrible Agony FROM PAIN ACROSS HIS KIDNEYS. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HIM. Read the words of praise, Mr. M. A. McManis, Marion Bridge, N.S., has for Doan's Kidney Pills. (He writes us): "For the past three years I have suffered terrible agony from pain across my kidneys. I was so bad I could not stoop or bend. I consulted and had several doctors treat me, but could get no relief. On the advice of a friend, I procured a box of your valuable, life-giving remedy (Doan's Kidney Pills), and to my surprise and delight, I immediately got better. In my opinion Doan's Kidney Pills have no equal for any form of kidney trouble."



Thus the boys made their way reluctantly into the shaly front of the