

NIGHT COUGH

You know it! It begins with a tickling, irritating sensation in your throat. You cough to clear the throat. In a moment—there it is again!

A minute's peace, then again you cough, and so on until you cough your throat sore, and by the time the cough is sufficiently allayed to permit you to sleep, you are thoroughly worn out. This kind of experience is particularly trying to old people.

Peps make this sort of thing quite unnecessary.

Put a Peps pastille on your tongue and allow it to slowly dissolve. Healing fumes are then liberated, which mingle with the breath and are carried to the remotest parts of the air passages and lungs, allaying the irritation and soothing the inflamed membranes, thus ending the cough and making sleep possible.

Peps are also best for bronchitis, laryngitis, asthma, sore throat and colds. Try Peps at our expense. Send this advertisement and 1c stamp (for return postage), to Peps Co., Toronto, and receive FREE TRIAL PACKAGE. All dealers, 50c. box.

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A Short-Lived Romance

By DWIGHT TINGLE SCOTT

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Take as dramatic personae: a man who indulges in a cold bath every morning and who has to shave close every day and who falls hard for that well-known-it-you-don't-look-a-day-over-forty-stuff; a wife who is matronly and jolly, plump and growing frankly gray; and a stenographer with a very tall blonde pomp, very high heels and a passion for Robert W. Chambers' novels and ten dollars an ounce perfume.

Put the man and the stenographer into a small office with the scent of the perfume; and have the day's work consist of writing about a half-dozen business letters, answering a few 'phone calls and going down to the bank frequently to deposit a fat commission check upon a cargo of crude rubber; and you have a situation where the devil is to pay—usually.

—and he had the nicest eyes and hair, and when he smiled it just made you sort of like him, y'know."

"Where did you get to know him, Kitty?"

"Well," said Kitty Tulane, taking off her hat and putting her hair as she left the elevator, "I hardly got to know him at all. Yesterday Mr. Sterling sent me over with some papers to his father-in-law's office in the Imperial building. When I got back down that shower came up, and I had to wait in the lobby. He came along and took me out under his umbrella and helped me on to the Brightonville car. We had to run to catch it. I wouldn't even have known his name but it was written in white ink inside his umbrella. It was a pretty name, too, Thomas C. Slater, but pshaw, I suppose he is just a little nobody."

"Kitty Tulane, you make me tired. A little nobody! You think you can get 'em with nice eyes and hair and at the same time have limousines and country homes like your boss? I'll say you can't. I believe you're in love with your boss anyhow, the way you go on about him."

"Why, Gertrude, aren't you ashamed to say that to me?" And Kitty Tulane's pretty face went red with a mixture of confusion and anger.

In the hall of the great building, the two girls parted, and went to their respective offices.

Kitty Tulane put up her hat, raised the windows, opened the typewriter desk and then sat in her chair quite still, her hands resting in her lap.

It would be a half hour before he got in. She yet colored as she thought of Gertrude's remark. Never had she consciously thought of Mr. Sterling except as a thoughtful employer and a good friend. Besides, he worshiped his wife—everybody loved Mrs. Sterling—she was that kind. Still, wives did die, sometimes, and men married again, very young women too. Kitty wondered vaguely if such girls were really ever happy. At this point her dreams became strangely confused, for she began to picture a young man with nice hair and eyes and a wonderful smile, riding in Mr. Sterling's limousine and talking over the phone in Mr. Sterling's clear, confident manner. Dreamily, she took up her note book and began to write: "Katherine Tulane Slater," then "Katherine Tulane Sterling."

With her head set prettily to one side, she studied these two lines critically. Finally, she erased the first line.

It was this occupation which Mr. Sterling's arrival interrupted.

His brisk, cheery "Good morning, Miss Katherine," startled her. She stammered and blushed guiltily and hurriedly hid the note book in her drawer.

"That will be all this morning, Miss Tulane. Just read that last letter back to me."

"I have your favor of the sixteenth. The cargo referred to should be at the dock in Baltimore." She had ever so slight a lip; he noticed it quite suddenly. She had made that chiffon waist herself. Her teeth were very white. And those high-heeled shoes—they were just a bit shabby, for all their neat bright polish. She was going to get another pair, but she must wait until pay day after next because—this much he had overheard in an exchange of girl confidences in the hall outside his door. Her hands were very shapely—how shiny pink she always kept her nails. Poor little thing, pretty hard lines, having to struggle along on \$18 a week. Not much in life for her perhaps. He put his hand over the one that rested on the note book. For just a moment she seemed confused, then she continued reading. He

allowed it to rest there for just a moment, and gave a fatherly little pat as he removed it.

In a flash, Kitty knew. She had written those telltale names on the reverse of her note book. And as she read back the last letter he had seen it—"Katherine Tulane Sterling."

"During the day he glanced over at her. Once he caught her studying him and she blushed and went to typing furiously.

"A couple of tickets for 'The Girl and the Prince,' Miss Tulane. Take your mother or some girl friend. And we are not using our car Friday night; I'll have it come around for you."

Of course the chauffeur knew. Freely the cook knew. Then the upstairs maid knew and said it was a shame. Mrs. Sterling bit her lips and blinked hard over an anonymous note—no, she would not let herself cry.

"Green corn and new potatoes, my, my!"

"Now, Chester, you know the last time—they always make you bilious." But perhaps there was a little twinkle in Mrs. Sterling's jolly gray eyes as she liberally helped her husband for the third time.

"No, I don't need the doctor. I should have listened to you last night—same old trouble. A day in bed will make me all right."

"Here, dear, put on these lavender silk pajamas. You know this was the day I was to motor down to Mrs. Clem's. Of course now—"

"Go right ahead—it'll be all right."

"Well, Ches, I hate to leave you with just the servants and it wouldn't seem right to get a trained nurse as scarce as they are. So I just phoned Miss Tulane to come out and bring the mail and asked her to stay all day. She'll make you company and it will be a little change for her from that stuffy office."

"Sally, you are so thoughtful."

His wife patted his shoulder. Could it be that Sallie Sterling foresaw this slight illness when she trailed around in the heat the day before, trying to locate the first—the very first green corn in market? Could it be that those twinkling eyes knew how pathetically funny he looked with that little wisp of gray hair standing straight up, or was it possible that she had, with malice aforethought, got out those silk pajamas knowing how old and sallow he looked in lavender?

Or when she called up her father's office and asked him to let Jimmy Slater come out for the day because she didn't want to leave Ches alone, and later got Jimmy on the phone and told him that a very pretty girl was also out for the day, did she suspect that Jimmy would show up in white flannels and looking as young and handsome as handsome youth can look?

"It was good of you to come, Jimmy. It's Miss Tulane, she'll look after Ches. You can make yourself at home here on the veranda and when she isn't busy you can entertain her. The net is up and the court just marked if you two want tennis."

"Lord, Sally, I thought you never were going to get back," was her husband's greeting as she came into his room late that afternoon. "My, how I missed you, girl." He made a pathetic gesture to inquire if Miss Tulane were within hearing.

"She's out with Jimmy."

"Listen, Sally, do you think you could persuade that girl to leave off that tickening perfume and drop that fool lip she's been affecting. I know I'll have another sick spell if I have to go back to the office with that."

"Well, honey, I don't think we need worry about it now." And the plump jolly-face went down against the tired sallow one and her gray eyes twinkled. For, as she came in hadn't she seen something on the vine-covered porch and hadn't her quick ears caught something that sounded like:

"Thank Heaven, I have got the old crank off my hands, now let's get in that set of tennis."

SAID TO BE OLDEST ORGAN

Musical Instrument Dating From the Eleventh Century Found in Church in the Pyrenees.

In a recent number of The King's Highway Ethel M. Billbrough describes places of interest in the Pyrenees. She describes, among other things, the little village of St. Savin with its old church and abbey:

"The church is remarkable for its eleventh century work and for the quaint old organ it possesses, which is literally crumbling to pieces with age. Its few remaining pipes fall feebly against each other, and on the front panels are carved three huge fantastic heads, with cavernous holes where mouths and eyes should be. The old peasant who showed us over the church explained that in days gone by, when the organ was being played, these grotesque faces were rendered more lifelike by a long tongue protruding from the mouth, while eyes

would suddenly emerge and roll about in the sockets. This was done, our guide informed us, to keep the attention of the congregation. He wound up by the proud declaration that it was 'the oldest organ in the world.'"

Napoleon's Bad Temper.

When Napoleon was a young cadet he went on one occasion to witness the ascent of a balloon in the Champs de Mars. He entered unperceived the inclosure which contained the balloon, which was then very nearly full and about to ascend, and requested the aeronaut to allow him to enter the car. The request, however, was refused, the reason given being that the feelings of the boy might embarrass the aeronaut.

"Though I am young, I fear neither the powers of earth nor of air!" Bonaparte is reported to have exclaimed.

On being requested to retire, the little cadet, enraged at the refusal, drew his sword and, slitting the balloon in several places, destroyed the apparatus which had been constructed with infinite labor and ingenuity.

Such was Napoleon's first and last attempt to ascend in a balloon.

No Royal Road.

Much of the discord and dissatisfaction of life results from the inevitable failure to beat the game of life without working.—Houston Post.

The Canadian Mining Institute.

In 1898 an act to incorporate the Canadian Mining Institute was adopted by the Parliament of Canada. The founding of the institute was for the following purposes:

First, to promote the arts and sciences connected with the economical production of valuable minerals and metals, by means of meetings for the reading and discussion of technical papers, and the subsequent distribution of such information as may be gained through the medium of publications. Second, the establishment of a central reference library and a headquarters for the purpose of this organization. Third, to take concerted action upon such matters as affect the mining and metallurgical industries of the Dominion of Canada. Fourth, to encourage and promote these industries by all lawful and honorable means.

In March, 1905, an annual general meeting of the institute was held in Montreal and bylaws were adopted. To-day the Canadian Mining Institute is the one strong national mining organization of Canada. Its annual general meeting is one of the events that mining engineers and others interested in the development of the Canadian mining industry look forward to. It is now planned to have two annual general meetings, one to be held in the east and one in the west.

Big Prices for Muskrat.

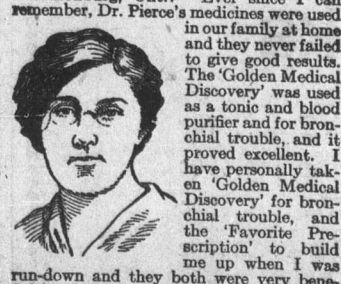
Muskrat has had really the greatest advance of all furs. From the 50 cents of a few seasons ago to an average of around \$3—and in the case of one exceptionally fine lot to \$5.10 was certainly a great rise.

Since all kinds of furs are bringing high prices, an increased number of people have started in fur farming, such animals as mink, skunk, marten, muskrat, etc., and there is no reason why they cannot all be raised at a profit, says the Black Fox Magazine.

If the kitchen windows have no awning, the shades should be dark blue or green.

Women of Canada Who Testify

Tillsonburg, Ont.—"Ever since I can remember, Dr. Pierce's medicines were used in our family at home and they never failed to give good results. The Golden Medical Discovery was used as a tonic and blood purifier for bronchial trouble, and it proved excellent. I have personally taken the Favorite Prescription to build me up when I was run-down and they both were very beneficial. Mother always used Dr. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed for pain; it also was very good. I feel safe in recommending all of Dr. Pierce's medicines knowing them to be good."—MRS. CLIFFORD MITCHELL.



Central Butte, Sask.—"I have used Dr. Pierce's Medical Discovery for a number of years and am pleased to recommend it as a blood purifier. I know it has no equal, as I used it for my boy for tuberculosis of the knee joint. My neighbors and friends were surprised with the results; in fact, I do not think he would be alive today had it not been for the 'Medical Discovery.' I also keep it on hand for coughs as it differs so from other cough medicines, instead of upsetting the stomach as most cough syrups do it is good for the stomach. I only wish I had known about Dr. Pierce's medicines sooner."—MRS. PERCY WOOD.

When you take Golden Medical Discovery, you are getting the benefit of the experience of a doctor whose reputation goes all around the earth. Still more, you get a temperance medicine that contains not a drop of alcohol or narcotic of any kind. Long ago Dr. Pierce combined certain valuable vegetable ingredients—without the use of alcohol—so that his remedies always have been strictly temperance medicines.

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