

Danderine Stops Falling Hair and Destroys Dandruff

Makes the Hair Grow Long, Heavy and Luxuriant and We Can Quickly Prove It

If You Wish to Double the Beauty of Your Hair at Once, Just Try a 25 Cent Bottle and Get This

Surely try a Danderine Hair Cleanse if you wish to immediately double the beauty of your hair with little trouble...



Besides beautifying the hair, one application of Danderine dissolves every particle of Dandruff; cleanses, purifies and invigorates the scalp...

WHAT'S BRED IN THE BONE.

CHAPTER III.

(Continued.)

Then she burst into tears, begged my pardon, kissing me hysterically, protesting the never knew any eye as kind, as patient, as clever...

After a few restless sighs she admitted that perhaps it would be best, as she had not been feeling quite herself all day...

"What creature? You mean—"

"I mean Olivia Seymour, or Massey whatever she calls herself. How stupid you are, Marie. Haven't I told you twenty times that she's coming to quarter herself upon us to-morrow in the very depths of her widowhood?"

"Oh, she's a widow, then?"

"Yes; her husband died a fortnight ago at Baden, and on her way home to her mother at Bourneborough, she purposely alighting here, and expects me, I dare say, to sit snivelling with her all day long; but she'll—"

"She is the lady you said—you hinted—Sir Richard long ago was supposed—supposed—"

"Supposed—supposed," mimicking my halting inquiry, "to be virtuously attached to; Marie, I am shocked! How can a young person of your Puritan principles take an interest in the unseemly subject of love? There,

"A BROKEN-DOWN SYSTEM. This is a condition (or disease) which doctors give many names, but which few of them really understand. It is simply weakness—a break-down, a falling out of the vital forces that sustain the system. No matter what may be its cause (for there are almost a hundred), the symptoms are much the same: the more prominent being, sleeplessness, sense of prostration or weakness, depression of spirits and general loss of energy for all the ordinary affairs of life. What, above it, is absolutely essential in all such cases is increased vitality—energy."

THERAPION No. 3 has by another known combination. So strong as it is taken in accordance with the printed directions accompanied, it restores the health to be restored.

cast down your eyes, and I'll tell you the whole thrilling romance, as far as I know it. Olivia and Richard are cousins; they saw much of each other in the springtime of life, played croquet, strolled down, scented country lanes together, exchanged upon times and locks of hair, et cetera; but it was a hopeless passion from the first, for Richard had no prospect of the honoretty then, was only a poor lieutenant, with scarcely five hundred a year over his pay; and Miss Celia's four elder sisters, under the guidance of an unwearied, devoted mother, were mated to men whose incomes averaged seven thousand a year.

"When Mr. Massey, a railway contractor and octo—to-what's the word?—cetogenerarian, appeared upon the scene, valentines were speedily burned, locks returned; and—ha! ha!—before the honeymoon was a fortnight old, Richard came unexpectedly for the title and estate, and I believe both the bride and her mother took to their beds for a week! But, listen, Marie, to the most heartrending part of the story has to come yet. The old husband, you must know, lingered on and on, full of complaints and peevishness, until people began to think he was immortal, and—and—ha! ha!—when he did die at last, it was found he had divided his property into fifteen even shares among his niece and nephews, and the devoted wife comes in for little more than her original settlement! Imagine the state of that lacerated heart! Imagine the time we shall have of it while she's here! Marie, you're a Samaritan by nature and rearing. To you, my dear, I bequeath the handkerchief. Let you and Richard mop up her tears between you, for I never knew what to say to persons in affliction, though I may suffer most acutely with them; my sympathy is, alas! good, quite dumb, quite dumb. Why, good gracious, here is the marquise come for me! I quite forgot to send word to the concierge that I was not going! It's too bad, bringing her up for nothing!"

The marquise entered, scented, powdered, painted. She was full of desolation and astonishment at her friend's sudden defection, and so charmed with the effect of Worth's chef-d'oeuvre that I perceived her ladyship's resolution would not hold out long, which indeed proved to be the case. In a few minutes she turned to me with the lovely, coaxing smile none of us could resist.

"Do you know, Marie, I think I'll change my mind again; I feel so much refreshed by that cup of tea and our little chat. And then, you know, after going to the trouble of dressing and having my hair done—it does seem absurd now, doesn't it? I'll stop only an hour or two! I won't wait for the coiffure at all! Good-night, good-night; and—and look after Sir Richard for me, will you, like a dear? I'm just running to give him a kiss and tell him what a goose he is to mind my nonsense; I'll send him to you then, to be refreshed with a cup of tea and to hear one of those sweet, drowsy old songs of yours he's so fond of."

I saw the marquise give her friend an arch, inquiring look, then whisper something into her ear something that amused Jessie immensely for she glanced from her friend to me, and from me to her friend, then burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"Oh, absurd idea, Marie, shall I tell you what the marquise says?"

"I told you what the marquise says?"

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"I told you what the marquise says?"

CHAPTER IV.

The widow arrived the next day clad in the heaviest of satins, and in a condition of mind and body that certainly called for our deepest sympathy. A torrent of tears coursed down her cheeks when Sir Richard folded her fraternally in his arms, and her head dropped upon his shoulder with such an air of abandon and limp despair that I thought for the moment she had fainted.

Luncheon over, we all sat grouped round the fire, with folded hands and distressed countenances, listening to the recital of her wrongs and woes. After a time Lady Nesbitt glided away with subdued step, and an apologetic murmur of an appointment in connection with some charitable undertaking, which would detain her until the dinner hour.

You needn't have looked so shocked, Richard; I heard her triumphantly explain to her husband, as she was starting for a hall after the widow had retired—I mean about the charitable appointment

man, they say, in the French cavalry, is to be Paris; and—

"Venus is the only figure left. Jessie, Jessie, I won't allow it. Your head is turned as it is. You would remain posturing with the apple in your hand, like Mrs. Skewton till you were a toothless old woman. I should never get you out of Olympus again. I won't allow it."

There was, however, no strong reprobaton in his face or voice, so Venus only laughed and rubbed her cheek against his hand.

"There's such commotion in Olympus, Dick; you can't think of such a happy spot as you might imagine. If you could but have seen the angry looks, the scornful smiles poor little Venus got this afternoon when Monsieur P—stopped suddenly before her. You know, Dick, Monsieur, who is an absorbed, thorough-paced artist, his head always away in Greece, comments on our appearance, our carriage, our good points and defects as if we were a row of statues."

"Oh, he does, does he?" murmured the husband, who did not seem to relish the information overmuch. "Yes, just a row of statues without any feeling at all. Well, Dick, when he stopped before me this afternoon he clapped his hand on his head and exclaimed enthusiastically: 'Ah, nous voici, our judgement is complete, enfin! A pocket Venus, to be sure; but our affair, just the same!' Then he called over the duchess and asked her, in quite a peremptory tone, why I had not been introduced before; and, summoning the other statues, began grouping us at once. Oh, it was such fun!"

"I'll attend the next grouping with you, my dear."

TRUE WORTH DEPENDS ON QUALITY

HUNTLEY & PALMER'S BISCUITS

FOR NEARLY SEVENTY YEARS Huntley & Palmers reputation has steadily grown. From small beginnings, Huntley & Palmers biscuit manufacture has become a landmark of industrial England. To-day, Huntley & Palmers Biscuits are enjoyed in every civilised country.

The history of this success is the history of Quality. Never in the manufacture of Huntley & Palmers Biscuits have second-grade materials of any kind been employed.

HUNTLEY & PALMER'S BISCUITS Quality considered, Huntley & Palmers Biscuits are the cheapest on the market. When buying biscuits, specify Huntley & Palmers, and refuse substitutes.

"This afternoon, for it just happened that I was telling the truth, sir—that my appointment was in connection with the relief of the poor Oh, Dick, I've been dying to tell you all about it since dinner. I thought we should never get her to bed, never! Fancy, dear—fancy—I had a note from the Marquise de Tescours this morning asking me to take part in the tableaux at the Duchesse de Marly's next month! They are being got up for those poor flooded out people, you know, and are to be the most artistic amateur representations ever attempted in Paris! I already no one talks of anything else! Every one is dying to get even the smallest part. But the duchess is a Spartan where selections is concerned, and will have no one but the best and most beautiful; and Monsieur P— (mentioning one of the leading artists of the day) has undertaken the management of everything—desigus all our costumes, assigns us—everything! Oh, it will be the most perfect and triumphantly classical thing ever seen! And, Marie, listen, listen; I'm put in the best tableau of the evening, the gem of the whole collection, every one says—'The Judgment of Paris.' And—and guess, guess! Whom do you think I'm to represent in the group? Guess, Monsieur!"

"Why, Minerva, of course."

"Minerva! Oh, Dick, you absurd boy! Minerva is Madame de la Riviere, the niece of the duchess; a fine woman, but little passe for the foot-lights, I must say. June is decreed to Sophie de Tescours, who will look the part to perfection; monsieur d'Arles-Segur, the finest

"It's of no use. You won't be let unless you join us professionally. Do I wish you would, Richard; we're awfully in want of shapely Homeric heroes. We have an Agamemnon scarcely five feet six, and an Achilles with a waist like one of the figures in a fashion-book. Our men are not up to the mark of the women at all, with the exception of Paris."

"Why don't you enlist Doll? He's a shapely young Briton enough. Ajax, Achilles, Hercules, the whole range of muscular mythology is open to him. Is Miss Ploastfield a member of your corps plastique, Jessie?"

"Miss Bloomfield! Dear me, no, Richard; rather not! Fancy the duchess asking Miss Bloomfield! Her ladyship retorted, with a disdainful bitterness that I had before noticed in her voice when that young lady was alluded to, and which made me surmise they must have had a serious tiff at the beginning of their acquaintance."

"The fair Bostonian seems to keep the lad in rather close attendance. Sir Richard remarked, casually referring to the subject after a few minutes' silence, 'Ha ha! he looked us up for an age; only came to see me twice when I was confined to the house, which was not what I expected from Doll, even in love. Do you come across him much in the course of your revels, Jessie?'"

"I see him, just occasionally," she answered, buttoning her glove. (To be continued.)

UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. O. TO FEB. 13th, 1912.

Table of unclaimed letters with columns for names and addresses, including entries like Adams, Alex., Adams, Annie, Adams, Mrs. George, etc.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plate

The Home Dressmaker should have a Catalogue Scrap Book of pattern cuts. These will be found useful to refer to from time to time. 9115-9106—A SMART AND SEWING MACHINE VICEABLE M.



This design is exceptionally fine for general or business wear. The waist is closed at the side, the belt has a peplum or skirt piece, the skirt has a train, and a set of contrasting material of fronts. The skirt is 'up-to-date' with its panel back and shaped waist. Pattern 9115 is cut in sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust measure. The Skirt is cut in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure, quires 1/2 yards of 4 1/2 inch material for the entire costume for a size 32.

Suitable materials for any of patterns can be procured from & SONS, Ltd. Samples on request. Mention pattern number. Mail promptly attended to.

9164. A UNIQUE AND STYLISH DESIGN FOR THE GROWN-UP GIRLS.



Girls' Dress With Deep Armholes, or Without Shield, Sailor Collar. Brown serge with facings of was used for this model, which equally well adapted for wash fabric. The deep armholes is a new feature that promises to become popular fronts cross slightly. The skirt is cut in sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years, quires 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for the 12 year size.

A pattern of this illustration, if you are interested, should be sent to any address on receipt of 10 silver or stamps.

PATTERN COUPON. Please send the above-mentioned pattern as per directions given below. No. Name

Address in full: