

THE USURPER

"She went off while her father was in prison; went wrong, I'm afraid. But she was a pretty, lady-like girl."

Some further conversation followed, which it is unnecessary to detail, and the Trale informed Neville that her could very likely secure lodgings at the cottage of Mrs. Parsons, who for years had been a servant at Lynne Court.

"I'll think of your suggestion," answered Neville; "but, first, I would like you to come to the inn at Stoneleigh and have some supper with me, and we can talk over old times."

Neville was anxious to show his old friend that he was not quite the penniless tramp he appeared. Trale assented, and presently they were jogging along side by side, on their way to Stoneleigh.

CHAPTER XVII.
Sylvia had fallen into good hands. Lorrimore and Mercy Fairfax vied with each other in their attention to the sick and bereaved girl, and Mercy's careful nursing and the constant change of air and scene soon brought color back to the pale cheeks and the wanted strength to her lithe, graceful form.

But the improvement ended there. She was physically whole, but the spirit had received a wound which seemed to defy even time and change.

She took no interest in anything, and though Lorrimore and Mercy were unremitting in their efforts to rouse her and who her to forgetfulness of her loss, they did not succeed.

"She seems to be living in dreamland, poor girl," said Mercy, and that very nearly described Sylvia's condition.

search; he meant going through all the big continental cities.

Sylvia parted from him with tears in her eyes and broken sentences of gratitude, but immediately afterward she sank into the old lethargy and indifference.

Mercy used to drive her about the delightful old city and the exquisite scenery around it, and Sylvia would look upon it all with about as much interest in her dreamy eyes as if she were asleep.

Mercy was almost in despair, but as patient as ever, and as tender and gentle.

One day her devotion met with some reward. Sylvia had complained of the wind—there is an east wind in Florence which is almost as chilly and penetrating as that of England—and Mercy had taken her into one of the churches.

Service was going on and the two women knelt reverently with the rest of the congregation. Suddenly Mercy felt the girl kneeling beside her tremble, and hard her sigh; one of the chorists was singing an exquisite solo, and sending forth a music which seemed to float like a strain from the heavenly choir through the grand old church.

Mercy said nothing, but Sylvia, as they drove home, murmured, "How beautiful! oh, how beautiful!" and that evening, as Mercy was dressing for dinner in the room adjoining Sylvia's she heard a voice singing the solo.

She would sit for hours in one place, and in almost a morose attitude, her head resting on her hand, her large eyes fixed on vacancy, apparently dead to all that was going on around her.

but his love made him proud, and he felt that it would be almost hard to go back, so to speak, empty-handed.

By this time he hated the very name of Sylvia Lyman, and yet he felt as if he were compelled to make one more effort to find him.

He resolved that he would spend just one more month in the search, and then, successful or unsuccessful, would go to Audrey and say, in the latter case:

"I have done my best to restore your friend to you and have failed. I will not hold you to your implied promise—you are free; but I love you still, and if you can return me a thousandth part of that love, be my wife!"

He went next morning to Sylvia's hotel to wish her good-by, and found her and Mercy consulting over an open letter.

Sylvia handed it to him with a smile. "I am glad you have come," she said. "Here is an offer from the manager of the London Opera. Shall I accept it or not?"

Lorrimore emitted a low whistle as he read the terms.

"Certainly. It is a grand offer. At this rate you will be a millionnaire, my dear Sylvia," he said, "I wonder what you will do with your money," and he smiled.

Sylvia smiled, then she sighed and looked away. If Jack had been alive there would have been no need for that question.

"Give it to Jack," would have been her answer.

"Sylvia finds a way of getting rid of a great deal of it easily enough," said Mercy. "I sometimes think that all the poor in Paris."

Sylvia laid her fingers on Mercy's lips. "No tales out of school!" she exclaimed, laughing. "But, indeed, I often ask myself the same question. And here is some more, and a very large sum. Shall I go?" she asked, as meekly as a ward addressing her guardian.

"Yes," I suppose so," Lorrimore replied, with a faint sigh. How he wished he could go to London, and be near Audrey! "I suppose so. It is a very good offer, and you were bound to go to London sooner or later. They will be delighted with you there, Sylvia."

"Do you think so?" she said, modestly. "Sometimes I'm afraid when I think of it and yet—she paused a moment, then went on softly—"I shall be glad to see England again. It is like home, though. I left it when I was such a little girl."

"You will stay with me, Mercy? You will always stay with me?" she said, when she told her.

And Mercy had drawn the girl to her heart and kissed her.

POOR BLOOD BRINGS MISERY

Pale Faces and Pinched Checks Show That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Are Needed.

Anemia is written on the features of ninety women and girls out of every hundred. Unmistakable are the signs of "too little blood."

The weaker sex is assailed at all ages by the evils resulting from bloodlessness, from the girl who is weak and languid, with dull eyes, pale, pinched cheeks, fitful appetite and palpitating heart, to the woman who feels never well, with gnawing pains in the back, aching limbs and nervous headaches.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are especially valuable to women of all ages, for they possess the power of making in abundance a case similar to mine cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I determined to try them. In a few weeks there was a decided improvement in my condition, and by the time I had taken seven or eight boxes I was again in the best of health, and able to enjoy myself as well as any of my young friends."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ASSISTANCE IN DRAINAGE.

The Department of Physics at the Ontario Agricultural College desires to announce the continuation of its program of assistance to farmers in matters pertaining to drainage. For the past three years we have been authorized by the Minister of Agriculture to go out and assist any farmers in taking the level of his lands for drainage purposes, in planning the sizes of tile for the different drains, and in calculating the grades and sizes of tile for the different drains.

A finished map bearing all the information in regard to the lands serves two purposes: First, it is used as a guide in constructing drains; Second, it may be preserved as a record of the exact location of every drain, so that if for any reason it should be necessary in years to come to find any drain it could be done accurately at a moment's notice.

The number of applications for assistance has increased very rapidly, so that last year we had many more than we could attend to. To enable us to meet this increased demand the Minister of Agriculture has this year given us a special appropriation whereby we have been enabled to double our staff for this work. A new feature is being added. We have found in the past that frequently the neighbors in the vicinity of the farm being surveyed were interested and wished to observe the operations. This suggested the desirability of making these demonstrations public, and this will be done wherever possible. Anyone interested will be welcome on all occasions. By this means we shall be able to instruct a much larger number of matters pertaining to drainage problems.

Anyone wishing drainage surveying done shall apply to Wm. H. Day, Department of Physics, A. G. Guelph. The only outlay connected with the work is the travelling expenses of one man, including meals, cartage of instruments and railway fare at one cent a mile each way.

and leather, textiles, drugs, coal and oil something like 10 per cent. But they do not reckon in the price of canned vegetables, which, as with flour, are higher, because of the bad growing weather of 1907, or the numerous preserves into whose composition enters sugar, which has advanced in price. Instead, the Bradstreet's table includes metals like iron, tin and copper, which have fallen 30 to 50 per cent. from a year ago, but which cut an altogether minor figure in current expenses.

The best sign of future reduction in cost of living is the promise of good crops in 1908; the war is the reviving tendency to speculative rise in prices. The most perplexing consideration is, who got or is getting the benefit of the fall in meat and cotton goods at first hand? Not the consumer, apparently.

MIMICRY IN NATURE.
Curious Likeness Between Animal and Vegetable Forms.
The Natural History Museum has familiarized most people with the idea of mimicry and adaptive phenomena of many kinds, says The Westminster Gazette. As Professor Dean, of Columbia University, has recently remarked, we have reached the stage at which the public is shown a butterfly mounted on a twig so as to show the protective resemblance between the insect and the leaves. But the leaves may be those of a beech-tree from the Fotherland, and the butterfly may have been born and bred in far Cathay.

There are many cases of plain coloration which seem to be of no use, and even may appear to be dangerous to the animal. And there are resemblances which seem to have no meaning whatever, and of these Professor Dean gives many instances. Japanese tradition relates that after a naval battle it was noticed that the carapace of a certain crab bore the impress of a human face, the face of a Taira warrior, to which "face" the crab was now given its name. Squash seeds, when drying, acquire during the process of unequal contraction certain irregular depressions on their surface. These often take the form of Japanese resemblances. Professor Dean has known a Japanese scholar puzzle over them for several minutes in the endeavor to read them. On the Chrysalis of the butterfly Fenicia tarquinia is a remarkable resemblance to a human face. Canadian in type, almost a larial mask of Tarquin himself.

The pupa of Spalgis, which hails from West Africa, mimics the face of a chimpanzee. Why should the larva of the crane-fly, which lives in wet, rotten wood or underground, benefit by looking exactly like an octopus? The pupae of bombycids are like mummy cases. Faces of French poodles are on the wings of the orange-winged Colia, and most boys have been combed and the like on youths' wings. A tree-hopper and its young are exactly like a group of tiny birds, with long necks, swelling breasts and drooping tails. The wings of the cobra is adorned with spectacles. That the sphenoid bone of a rabbit is like a fox's head has long been known, but many may not have recognized in the seed-pods of the anagallis the skulls of polecat "medicine" ornaments of savage tribes.

These and numerous other instances lead Professor Dean to warn us against too readily accepting every apparent instance of the protective doctrine.

Your druggist, grocer, or general store-keeper will supply you with Wilson's Fly Paper, and you should have it without them. Avoid unsatisfactory substitutes.

The Servant Problem.
Hashimura Togo, the inimitable Japanese schoolboy, whose letters appear in Collier's, gives some interesting experiences this week in telling of his struggles with the servant problem.

In part he says: "Have you got some good references of recommend to show you could hold situation of Servant Problem elsewhere?" he says it.

"Of sure I have!" I degrade, so I took from my inward vest following recommend of my intelligence which I wrote myself:
1—Mrs. G. W. O'Brien, honorable lady, whom I do not wish to let her name be known from fresh American gentleman who say "Jap boy!" with voice so I am very sorry when hot soup down him at collar & I am next irritate to race-riot with Wang So, China boy of dogly face & terminate there by hanging him by tail of his head to hot door-knob. good-bye, Mrs. C. W. O'Brien! Time there was 3 week.
2—Hon. Miss Maize Jones, young lady of considerable antiquity & large average weight, promise pay me 10c hr. teach her to read, & I teach her gently by uphill; but by downhill teaching become deliciously rapid because of nervousness enjoyed by hon. machinery. Japanese boy is earnest to stop it & can not do till Baker Wagen ensue & leave Hon. Maize broke among machinery. I am Hospital Corps for help; but Hon. Maize become loudly thankless. Time there was 4 hr. and no pay.
3—Board House of Mrs. Van Horn. There I am guaranteed for experienced window-wash. This is a high task of scrubbing and I am serious about it until muds-buckets overspill 3 stories to top of Episcopal Clergyman who notice it. Hashimura Togo depart with fire-alarm. Time there was 2 days, 15 minute.
4—Golden West Garage, where I am manure for automobiles. Are you acquainted to do?" say Hon. Boss. "O, gl-d-d!" I beret. I try, but Hon. Gasoline object by explosion. I do not care for this place. Time there was 6 minute.
5—I am nurse-maiden for delighted home of Douglas Williams, Sausalito. I am manure to perambulate Hon. God-frey, which is a baby, out near some fresh air which he enjoy breathing it. There I meet H. Wanda, Japanese socialist, who discourse with me about Private Ownership. While this important talk is doing, Hon. Baby get him to be detached from buggy-ride by one method or another. I am conversing too much to notice this until Hon. Mrs. Williams approach to say with hysteric, "Where is them Baby?" I should like to answer. By search for it I discover Hon. Baby slumbering amongst potato-bush by road. She do not thank me at departure. Time there was 3 days.—Collier's, May 30, 1908.

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