

Sybil's Doom

Sybil's eyes fell, her color rose, and her heart beat. And Macgregor was already gone when the sweet voice called family after him:

"Mr. Macgregor!"
He turned round.
"You will not promise me, you will not quarrel with me—with Colonel Trevanion. He has been sufficiently punished already."

"An opinion which that gallant officer shares, I'll take my oath," Macgregor said, with one of his frank, careless laughs. "No, Miss Trevanion, we won't fight a duel, or anything of that sort. It's against my principles, and the colonel, too, I think. Set your mind at rest. He will trouble us no more."

He lifted his hat, and strode over the August fields, with the amused smile fading from his face, and leaving it set and stern.

"The coward!" he muttered; "the craven hound! Scoundrel as he is, I did not think there was enough base blood in him for the dastardly deed of to-day. And to think that he should be my—By Jove! what a pleasure it would be to shoot him!"

He passed on through the fields and woods, past the spot where he had vanquished the hero of the Crimea. That fallen hero was there no longer. No, crouched in the dense darkness of the tall ferns and underwood, he covered, a loaded pistol in his hand, the devil of murder in either eye. Twice he raised it, pointing straight at Macgregor, and twice his invincible cowardice overcame him, and it fell.

"Curse him!" he hissed, glaring with wolfish greed at the man who had vanquished him even here. I can't shoot. I'll wait. I'll see Edith first—I'll find the will, and then—and then!"

CHAPTER XIX.

Miss Trevanion's first act, upon finding herself alone, was to go up to her bedroom and indulge in that purely feminine luxury, a "splendid cry." She was a heroine, no doubt, and had behaved as such, her drums beating and colors flying in the heart of the battle; but when the battle was over and the field her own, she hurried to her fair face in the pillows and sobbed pitifully a full hour by her watch. Who knows? Jeanne d'Arc and Mlle. Corday and Mrs. Caule were strong-minded ladies, too, about whose courage there is no doubt; and yet, perhaps after the enemy was routed, and the Friend of the People dead in his bath, and Mr. Caule snubbed until death would have relieved their womanly hearts by the strongest sort of hysterics. History is silent; but women will be women, and it is not at all unlikely.

The heiress of Trevanion was not the best in the world strong-minded; but she had the pride of three or four centuries of noble men and women in her veins. They had been terrible warriors in their day, these Trevanions—had storm ed Antioch and entered Jerusalem—had been slaughtered at Flodden, at Chevy Chase, at Marston Moor, at Waterloo, anywhere you like, at the pleasure of the king—had been shot through the heart in the end of duels for their own. They had been tremendous fellows in border raids and civil wars, and in affairs of honor; the deadliest shots, the most admirable swordsmen, the nearest hands with the rapier you could find in three kingdoms; and the fiery blood never cooled down enough to create one politician, one prelate, or one statesman. And this impetuous, impassioned, fiery current ran in the veins of one tall, slender girl of nineteen as bodily as it ever beat in old Earl Malise Trevanion, who fought shoulder to shoulder with Lion Heart many and many a year ago. And she had been insulted—the deadliest, the deepest of insults, and by her own blood—God—by her dastardly, cowardly cousin!

"How dare he! how dare he!" Miss Trevanion sobbed, her eyes flashing stormily through her hot tears. "I will never forgive him never to my dying day!"
And then, like a sunburst through a thundercloud, came the memory of another face of another form—brave, kindly, grand! And Sybil, the hero-worshipper, the adorer of manly strength and physical courage, tingled all over as she remembered with what an overbearing ease this magnificent Macgregor had lifted her six-foot cousin and hurled him, crashing among the ferns, like an overgrown wasp doll. And even on the instant his face, as it had looked when turned to her—gentle, courteous, kind as a woman's—rose up, and Sybil covered her own face, hot with virgin blushes now, in both hands, and knew that she loved this stalwart competitor with her whole heart.

"A gentleman by courtesy and the grace of God!" Sybil thought of the old words. "Brave as a lion, strong as another Hercules, gentle as a lady, tall, outland, handsome, well-bred. Ah! a queen might be proud of loving him."
Miss Trevanion wiped away her tears by a little, and went about the house with a face of such radiant, rosy loveliness that even Charles was roused out of his normal calm indifference to all subsidiary things into gazing at her in some surprise and more approbation.

"Really, my dear Sybil, you are growing good-looking! Have you been consulting Madame Rachel on the beautiful forever dodge? Macgregor told me yesterday that you resembled me very strongly, and, again, I begin to see the resemblance myself."

"You resembled hobbledochy!" Sybil said, laughing, and blushing enchantingly. "Your friend, Mr. Macgregor, has very little taste. He has not fallen in love with the prettiest woman in the county."
Mrs. Ingram.
"You wish he would, don't you?" Charles said, with a solemn twinkle of his blue eyes. "It's time enough, how- ever, he's only met her once. He's going there on Sunday evening, and he dines there on Sunday; each time the widow will be more irresistible than the other, and the man isn't alive who can resist Mrs. Ingram's superhuman charms three times running."

"Nonsense!" he laughed, but rather constrainedly.
"Hear him!" she said, "this prodigal son, this Russian hero—and he speaks of his father! What are you going to do?"
"What she told me to do—tear the old house stone from stage, upon the very trees, search every room of the estate, and find the dead man and the lost document. Dark as the mystery is, I will lighten it yet, and you will help me, Edith—Ingram."

"You speak from experience, no doubt. I do more justice to Mr. Macgregor's common sense. By the bye, how about that episode of the picture—the 'Rose full of Thorns,' you know? How does the artist account for the accidental resemblance?"

"He doesn't try to account for it," Charles said, "and I don't believe it is accidental. My opinion is that the cherry rose in the elegant Edith herself, and that she and Angus Macgregor know each other better than they choose to explain."

"And yet," Sybil said, nervously, "they met as utter strangers, did they not? Mrs. Ingram showed no sign of surprise or recognition?"

"No. She's a little Talleyrand in ringleads. Her face told nothing, and Macgregor's moves as much, when he doesn't wish it, as that marble Memnon. Still, I'm positive Macgregor could light up the mysterious little widow's past, if he chose. I as good as told him so, and he didn't deny it. It is to be hoped he will make a clean breast of it before our cousin Cyril quarters her on the family escutcheon. And that reminds me," Charles said, rising on his elbow and staring at his sister, "What the deuce have you been doing to Colonel Trevanion?"

"I? Don't be ridiculous, Charles! Nothing of course."

"It's not ridiculous, and you have been doing something. Don't fall into the immortal habit of telling falsehoods, Miss Trevanion! You and he leave here this morning together, as amicably as the two 'Babes in the Wood,' the grown-up colonel absolutely lightening up into smiles. An hour or so after, the colonel returns, alone, looking like the ace of spades, or an incandescent thunder-clap, and rides off as if the dickens were after him. And Calves, the new footman, comes up with a half sovereign in his hand and a look of densest amazement in his face, and tells me the 'cunning gull' had, with horders to pack up his clothes and things, which he'd send for them in the course of the day."

"Then he has gone," Sybil ejaculated, very pale, "and for good!"
"For no good, I should say, judging by his look. Did you give him his dismissal out walking, Sybil, or has the widow done it, or what? By Jove! if the mystery of the old general's disappearance is ever solved, and that other will found, it will be a black day for you. You need look no more from Cyril Trevanion."

"I never shall. He could shoot me this moment, I dare say, with the greatest pleasure. Don't say anything to mamma, Charles," turning to go. "She fidgets so, and asks so many questions. Charles was correct about the colonel. He had picked himself up out of the fern and underbrush, little the worse for his fall, when Macgregor and Sybil walked out of sight. He had reached the house, mounted the car, and returned to the scene of the disaster, to lie in wait, for the return of his conqueror. But he could not fire; his desperate resolve failed; the weapon fell useless in his grasp, and Mr. Angus Macgregor walked unharmed into the security of the Retreat."

The Crimean hero emerged from the hiding place, remounted the car, and rode over to Chudleigh Chase. It wanted scarce half an hour to luncheon time, and he found his Dashing White Sergeant improving her appetite for that meal by a gentle saunter up and down the terrace. Brightly beautiful she looked in the sparkling sunlight, her fresh pink cheeks fluttering in the faint sea breeze, her silky black hair hanging half loose and uncurled with the heat, her ribbons and lace fluttering a cluster of roses in her bosom, and the long, velvet eyes more dewy and lustrous than ever. The pretty face was just a trifle weary, too; she had been fastidiously brushing all morning, and it is somewhat fatiguing to play the role of Prince's charming for three hours at a stretch. She turned to the colonel and held out her taper fingers.

"I thought you would come; you and I, my colonel, are on rapport. And I left Sir Rupert, who never eats lunch, to await you here. Have you had time to tell me, or why else wear that midnight sows? Have you been proposing to La Princesse, and has La Princesse snubbed us ineffectually for our pains?"
"You guess so well," Cyril said, sarcastically, "that you leave me little to tell. Yes, madame, I have obeyed your orders implicitly, and been rejected with scorn."
He ground his teeth at the recollection.

Mrs. Ingram shrugged her graceful shoulders.
"Yes, I should think so; it would require some courage to accept so grim a suitor. She rejected you, and that face, of course. But is there no appeal from her decision?"
"None," he said, moodily. "You should have heard her. By Jove! it reminds me of Lola Montez facing the Bavarian students—her fiery eloquence. It was the deadliest of insults; she would never forgive me to her dying day. My tender declaration ended in a rather stormy scene."

Colonel Trevanion did not choose to enlighten the widow further. It was not in human nature to tell the woman he loved how ignominiously he had been treated by the tenant of the Retreat.

"And you really quarreled with the heiress. You obstinate blunderer! You must try and make it up at once." "I will never make it up. I will never try to make it up." Cyril Trevanion said, fiercely. "I will never go back there again, unless I go as master—un- less I go to turn the whole lot into slush, neck and crop, out."
"What do you mean?"
"That I shall find the lost will, by heaven if the devil has not carried it, and the old general off bodily to Pandemonium."

The widow laughed.
"Hear him!" she said, "this prodigal son, this Russian hero—and he speaks of his father! What are you going to do?"
"What she told me to do—tear the old house stone from stage, upon the very trees, search every room of the estate, and find the dead man and the lost document. Dark as the mystery is, I will lighten it yet, and you will help me, Edith—Ingram."

"Will I?" with supreme carelessness. "I am not so sure of that. Besides, how do you know I can?"
She looked up; she looked down; their eyes met. The next instant he had grasped her hand in a vise-like grip.

"Edith," he hissed, "you know! The secret of Monkswold Waste is no secret to you! Help me find that will—the will that leaves Cyril Trevanion fifteen thousand a year—and share it with me! Be my wife, my queen, my idol! Cast off this white-haired old baronet, triumph over the girl who insulted and turned you out. Be my wife; turn her out; spend money like water. Edith, Edith, help me find the will!"

She drew her breath quick; her color rose and faded; the roses on her bosom heaved with the conflict within.

"Sir Rupert Chudleigh's rent roll is but eight thousand a year, and ten to one if his infernal pride will ever let him marry you—a nobody, an adventuress. The heiress of General Trevanion comes in fifteen thousand per annum, unencumbered, and will marry you out of hand. And you are not the woman I take you to be if the triumph over Sybil Lemoine is not worth a duke's ransom."

The handsome widow looked at him a little contemptuously.
"How spiteful you can be—for a hero and how eloquent that makes the stupidist. Yes, I should like to triumph over Miss Trevanion, and there are very few things I would not risk to attain that victory. But you—you ask a little too much. And in the very hour of triumph, this odious Macgregor will step forward and denounce you as a cheat and an importator."

"He can prove nothing. Cyril Trevanion is dead. They will only think him a madman. Let him do his worst. I defy him!"

"At a safe distance," the widow returned, "with a rifle brigade at Speelhaven, whose father had amassed millions in the fallow trade, who almost always was Miss Chudleigh's companion on these free-and-easy canters."

Gwen didn't care for the fallow trade, not being proud; nor for the millions, not being mercenary; but Lieutenant Dobbs and ambrosial whiskers, which curled themselves around her susceptible heart in no time, and beautiful, pathetic brown eyes that finished her at first sight.

There wasn't much in the gallant rifleman's head, perhaps. But when the outside was thatched with such a lovely crop of curling brown hair, what did that signify? And though the young lieutenant did not write his name ignominiously on the noble houses of Howard, of Mortimer, or of Montmorency could ever have been gifted by heaven with smaller or slappier hands and feet, or a straighter nose.

Yes, Lieutenant Dobbs was a uncommonly handsome young man; and his strong points were his extremities, and those dark, liquid eyes. His whole soul might be concentrated on the favorite of the Derby, or the newest pretty ballet girl's ankles, or the soft of his necktie; and he would look up at until you could have taken your affidavit he was composing some mournfully ethereal poem, or been jilted by a duchess at least.

Edith Ingram looked at him in amazement—in no terror, though, whatever—and, for the first time, perhaps, began to respect him a little. Women will honor the man who proves himself their master.

"Colonel Trevanion, how often must I request you not to swear in my presence? Do you suppose I, an instructor of youth and innocence, alias Gwendoline Chudleigh, can countenance such immorality? And you are truly bent on finding the will?"
"I have said so," doggedly.
"And if you find it, with my help, you are ready that instant to make me your wife?"
"This instant, if you wish."
"You swear it?"
"Bah! as if that were any security! I swear it ten thousand times, if you please. You will help me, then?"

The widow did not immediately reply. The dull, chalky pallor that sometimes crept over her face showed ghostly now under her rouge. She shivered, too, in the sultry air.
"You will help me?" Cyril Trevanion repeated, breathlessly. "Edith, my love, my life, tell me where to find this will that makes me the richest commoner in the county, and you my wife?"
She turned away from him, ghastly white with some inward dread.

"Give me until this evening to think," she said, hoarsely. "You don't know how horrible—" She broke off abruptly.
"Go—go—go!" she said, almost passionately. "I cannot decide now. Come to-night—come to dinner. It is Liberty Hall here, you know; and I will give you your answer then."
She broke from him as she spoke; he had caught her hand. She wrenched it violently away and fled into the house.

Cyril Trevanion looked after her blankly.
"She does know, then," he said, "Good heavens! she can't have murdered the old man, after all."
A moment after, as he mounted the car, he could have laughed at his own absurd supposition.

"She wouldn't do it," he said. "She has the luck; but there was no motive that I can see. And how could she murder him, and what could she do with the body? And yet she knows. It is all a muddle; but to-night will end it. She need not have taken the time to decide. She will do as I wish her when the time comes. This night will solve the mystery of Monkswold Waste."

It is an ill wind, they say, which blows nobody good. The wind which would blow Mrs. Ingram into the matrimonial arms of Sir Rupert would be the very ill of all ill winds to Sir Rupert's only daughter; but, pending that ill time, the hours which the fascinating widow spent bowing him were hours of freedom and joy to Gwen.

When the so-called governess sailed off in grand style to the baronet's study, of a morning, to write his letters, examine his accounts, and read George and Alfred de Musset, it was with the understanding that the young lady was to be "forming" would spend those hours in pianoforte exercise, or "doing" a French composition, or spelling out a decent English essay; and Gwendoline listened to her orders and directions with a face of preternatural and awful solemnity, and answered never a word.

Valuable Horse Saved By "Nerviline"

Was Too Sore and Lame to Work Quickly Cured by Nerviline.

"I have had a long experience in treating horses, and I can safely say that I know of no liniment for strains, sprains and swellings that is so useful around the stable as Nerviline." Thus writes Mr. J. E. Murchison from his home, Crofts Hill P. O. "I had a fine mare that wrenched her right foreleg, sore and swollen. I applied Nerviline, and it worked like a charm; in fact, that mare was in shape to work a day after I used Nerviline."

"We have used Nerviline on our farm for twenty-five years, and never found it wanting. For man or beast it is a wonderful liniment."

Five thousand letter recommend Nerviline as a general household liniment, as an all-round cure for aches and pains. Try it yourself.

Large size bottle, 50c., or sample size 25c., sold by all dealers, or The Cattarhogue Co., Kingston, Ont.

Like young Lochinvar, they'd "have fleet steeds who followed" and overtook the heiress of Chudleigh Chase.

I am not prepared to say how Miss Gwendoline passed those long, delightful summer days, free as any egyptian girl that ever roamed the green wood. She galloped miles and miles over the golden Sussex downs, and very rarely alone.

There was a certain young lieutenant in that rifle brigade at Speelhaven, whose father had amassed millions in the fallow trade, who almost always was Miss Chudleigh's companion on these free-and-easy canters.

Gwen didn't care for the fallow trade, not being proud; nor for the millions, not being mercenary; but Lieutenant Dobbs and ambrosial whiskers, which curled themselves around her susceptible heart in no time, and beautiful, pathetic brown eyes that finished her at first sight.

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FARM GARDEN

Milking Machines and the Health of the Cow.

The effect of the use of the milking machine on the health of the cow has been the subject of investigation at one of the Australian experiments. It was concluded that contagious udder diseases might be spread by the use of a dirty milking machine, the cups being kept clean, but with a clean machine the disease as the hands of the milker with milking type. It was found that the disease should not be spread by milking machines with clean cups and because a continual pressure of the metal ring at the top of the cup exerted, causing a congestion. It was concluded that there was no injury if the milking machines were the right type, were not used on diseased cows and were kept clean.

The color of honey is lighter on high lands than low; in the north than toward the equator; on calcareous than on ferruginous soils; in a wet than in a hot, mixture of two honeys is darker than either kind separately.

Phosphoric acid is the constituent of plant food that promotes the maturity of the grain. If the soil seems to be lacking in this constituent, acid phosphate should be applied as a fertilizer. From 20 to 25 pounds to the acre, according to the needs of the soil, is recommended.

A dairy cow has a wonderful capacity for consuming coarse food and converting them into butter fat. Every acre of hay, clover, or other crops on the farm. The manure returned to the soil will build up the soil and increase the profits from it.

Commercial fertilizers, when intelligently used, revive thin and worn soils and enable the farmer to start a progressive system of rotation, which brings larger crops. Manure can be made by using commercial fertilizers, but intelligence is necessary, as in all methods of farm management.

Cows standing in the barn in stalls on stormy days need currying more than in warm weather. A vigorous annual currying of the currying comb and a brush on the frosty mornings adds greatly to the comfort of the horses.

The feet of the horses should be different from that of the average work horse. This is due in a large measure to the peculiar demands of such an animal. It should be fed with a roughage in proportion to its size than a horse in ordinary work. The roughage should be of a different nature.

Stuffing the coat with hay or straw, or any very coarse feed, will spoil its looks and keep it from doing its duty. Keep this ration down by the use of some grains and less coarse feed.

More than enough of this substance to supply the needs of the United States, but the surplus is being sent to the lists of the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, according to Secretary Taft's discovery. The Secretary has declared, will mean a saving of \$25,000,000 a year to this country, as heretofore the surplus of the United States has been sent to the United States by buying surplus from Germany.

It is not a good food for fowls. It is simply an absorbent, and causes that simply generate in the crop or gizzard of the bird, and is a purifier, not a food, and many make the mistake of giving charcoal to the birds with their feed. The size of peas is the best size for the size of the bird, and when the size of peas is necessary for their use, some all that is necessary for their use.

The horses' feet should have attention given to them. Trim them into shape with a rasp to finish up with. When the hoofs are not enough to be shed don't let the hooves stay too long. No shoe should stay on a horse over eight weeks, and it should be reset once during that time.

Texas raises more turkeys than any other State in the Union, and where it is raised, turkey raising is the most profitable branch of the poultry business. The Federal census of 1900 placed the total number of turkeys grown in the United States at 62,000,000, with Texas supplying 60,000.

There is no section of the country immune from plant diseases and troublesome insects. The orchardist and the farmer should provide spraying materials and be ready for any emergency. Some seasons may not require severe fighting, but others will require vigorous assistance.

CARRYING A MESSAGE.
(Montreal Herald.)
At the last moment Mr. Gayley found he could not attend the garden party at Miss Fenton's house, and it was imperative that he should send his regards, so he summoned Michael, the family gardener.

"Tell Miss Bessie that I am very sorry, but business will prevent me coming," he said.
"Yes, sir," said Michael.
"Could you remember a line of poetry?"
"Can, indeed."
"What, then, though lost to sight, to memory dear."
Half an hour later Michael was delivering his message to Miss Fenton.

"The master said it's sorry he is he can't be with you," said Michael, "and he says that he's his sight, his memory's clear, and I may be forgiven for the truth I'm telling you."

MARCH WEATHER RHEUMATIC WEATHER

Victims Can Cure Themselves with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

With the coming of March people who are afflicted with rheumatism begin to have unpleasant reminders of their trouble. The weather is changeable—rainy and springlike one day, raw, cold and piercing the next. It is such sudden changes of weather that sets the pangs and tortures of rheumatism, lumbago and sciatica that, although weather conditions start the pains, the trouble is deeply rooted in the blood and can only be cured through the blood. All the lotions and liniments in the world can't cure rheumatism. Rubbing may seem to ease the pain while you are rubbing, but the blood can cure you. Only through the blood can you cure rheumatism. That's why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have so many thousands of cures of this trouble to their credit. The new, rich blood which they actually make drives out the poisonous acid, and rheumatism is vanquished. Here is an example. Mr. W. C. Douglas, Webbwood, Ont., says: "I was attacked with inflammatory rheumatism, which spread through my entire system. For two months I was not able to go about, and seemed to be hovering between life and death. My joints were swollen and my legs and arms were twisted until I expected that they would never return to their normal shape. The doctor seemed to help me, but not to cure me, and I would be better one day and worse the next. At this time a friend strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I got a dozen boxes. Soon after beginning the pills there came a change for the better, and I continued using the pills until I was quite well again. The swelling disappeared from the joints. My limbs returned to their natural shape and I feel as if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have saved me from being a rheumatic cripple. I hope my experience may prove a blessing to some other sufferer."

If you suffer from rheumatism, or any other disease of the blood, begin to cure yourself to-day with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHEN THE SHUTTERS ARE DRAWN.
The shutters is drawn at the Samuelson's place.
An' people that passes it by,
Jist ponder and think, with a sorrowful sigh,
An' smother a tear in their eye;
The neighbors come in with their offerin's of love,
An' they t'wixt 'em, too,
Or set in the kitchen a-whisperin' of 'em,
"Now what's the little ones do?"

The hired man patters a-doin' the chores,
Whilst tears keep him near his armchair,
He fixes the winders an' tinkers the doors,
For Wednesday draws closer to hand,
He thinks of her goodness, her motherly ways,
Of all that she missed in her life an' he says,
"Now what's the little ones do?"

The neighbors come in to their neighborly ways,
The neighbors who knew her in life,
Who know how she struggled an' saved
An' night an' day
To live to the name of a wife;
They know all the heart of the burden she bore,
An' how they of pleasure she knew,
An' tearfully ask as theye clost the door,
"Now what's the little ones do?"

An' up in the room where the shutters are drawn,
With his tears rainin' bitter and hot,
The visions of chances that's wasted an' gone,
Come back to the man who forgot,
The dreams of green fields an' of pleas-
ure that are both worn and forgot,
The joys that he owed to her, too!
For there sits the man who neglected to act,
"Then what's the little ones do?"
—John D. Wells.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS CURE CONSTIPATION
No ailments causes more suffering to little ones than does constipation. Hardly a little one escapes this trouble—many of them suffer from it continually. The surest, easiest and safest remedy—one that is absolutely guaranteed to be free from harmful drugs—is Baby's Own Tablets. They never fail—they have cured thousands of cases. Concerning them Mrs. Lev. Blanchet, St. Racine, Que., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation and vomiting, and I have recommended them to several of my neighbors." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

NEW STYLE IN COIFFURES.
(By Julie Bottomley.)
There are so many coiffures that no one style may be designated as more fashionable than the others; but with all this variety, there are certain points of singularity in the new modes of dressing the hair. Thus, the middle and the side part are both worn, the hair may be dressed at the top or middle of the crown or across the back of the head, but in any case it will be so arranged as to cover the ears. In nearly every instance it is waved before dressing, and the greater number of coiffures of all descriptions show the hair rather closely pinned and conforming to the contour of the head.

Coils and braids are more popular than puffs, short curls are much in evidence, and whatever arrangement of the tresses is decided upon, the effect to strive for is that of good grooming. Heavy, smooth braids, regular waves, well made puffs and curls carefully arranged, insure this effect.

There is a departure from the very simple coils across the back of the head and the middle part which have been so universally worn. The simple and demure styles are bowditching, if the wearer is gifted with a pretty face, and a graceful neck and throat. But without these attributes it is more satisfactory to elaborate the coiffure, therefore the return of the full soft braid, bound about the head, the Psyche coiffure and the small pompadour. A Night curved fringe across the forehead is appearing with increasing frequency. The choice of styles is wide enough to insure a becoming choice to all types of faces. Woman's World for March.

50 CENTS PER WEEK

Puts An Organ or Piano in Your Home.

On Friday, March 15th, we commence our annual sale of all used instruments in stock. This year sees us with double the number we ever had. Some eighty-five instruments are offered, and among them organs being names of such well-known makers as Decker, Karn, Thomas, Doherty and Dominion. The prices of these range from \$15 to \$80 at the above terms. The pianos bear such well-known names of makers as Decker, Thomas, Herald, Weber, Wornum and Heintzman & Co. Every instrument has been repaired by our own workmen, and carries a five years guarantee, and as a special inducement we will make an agreement to take any instrument back on exchange for a better one any time within three years and allow every cent paid. Send post card at once for complete list, with full particulars.

Heintzman & Co., 71 King Street East, Hamilton.

THE POPULATION OF RUSSIA.

We gather from the Russian Year Book that on January 1, 1910, the population of Russia amounted to 160,748,400 and together with the Finnish provinces the total population amounted to 163,728,800 people. In thirteen and a half years, from the autumn of 1897 to January, 1911, in spite of war, cholera, and famine, the Russian population has increased by 33,990,000 souls—an annual growth of 2,732,000. In point of numbers, Russia is the first of all the white races.

The vast population is not entirely of Russian race; the empire counts 19 per cent of Tatars, 6 per cent of Poles and a considerable number of Lithuanians, Letts, Finns and Jews. In territorial extent Russia is the largest country in the world. It is forty-four times as big as France.

Three-quarters of the population are, it is said, engaged in agriculture, 10 per cent in various industries, 4.6 per cent in private service, 3.8 per cent in trade. All other occupations do not engage more than 7.5 per cent.

Although in Russia agriculture is generally the predominant occupation the largest proportion of people employed in this pursuit is found in Central Asia, taken by Siberia, with only 50 per cent, about 83 per cent; the second place is followed by the Caucasus, about 79 per cent, and Poland, with only 50 per cent. On the other hand, industrial pursuits, mining industries, etc., are more developed in Poland, which engages 15.4 per cent of the population employed; then comes European Russia, about 10 per cent, the last places being taken by the Caucasus and Central Asia.—Westminster Gazette.

Mrs. Jones—I'm not going to play another game of cards. I threw the last deck of cards into the stove this afternoon. Mr. Jones—Oh, burning your bridge behind you, eh?—Boston Record.