ими Sybil's Doom ими й

Maltese window, wreathed with resca and honeysuckle and all things sweet— an exquisite picture in an exquisite frame. The rich June sunshine glowed in the deep red hearts of those fragrant roses, and sent shafts of fire athwart the brownish blackness of the girl's splendid hair. The white muslin robe she wore, with its rosy ribbons, fluttered in the faint, soft wind. She was neither a pronounced brunette nor blomde. She wore pink, and looked lovely; she wore blue, and looked love-lier still—wear what she might, she must ever be beautiful and thorough-head, of what they would she must bred; do what they would, she must ever be queenly. If you found her ever be queenly. If you found her sweeping a crossing for pennies, and she flashed upon you the light of those glorious eyes, you would have bated your breath and passe don, and left her "La Princesse" still.

She was quite alone, says for a frisky

She was quite alone, save for a frisky little Italian greyhound and a big, ma-jestic Newfoundland, stretched at full length near, and looking up at her with dramy reverie of the hero of ife-the "Count Lara" exiled from her life-the his father's halls-Cyril Trevanion-she espied a slender young man, dusty and travél-stained, cauntering slowly up to the house, smoking languidly as he walked. One glauce, and the young lady went hastily forward to meet him.

"It is Charley!" she said, aloud. "Come, Cyril," to the stately Newfoundland; "come, Sybil," to the frisky little Ital-

"come, Sybil." to the frisky little Italian. "here is your old tormentor, brother Charley."

She tripped away down the linden walk and encountered the languid traveler under the trees. He was her only brother, two years her junior, and just free from Eton. The resemblance between them was very marked as far as looks went. Charles Lemon was singularly handsome, and as vain as his almond shand or easy and slender feet and mond-shaped eyes and slender feet and hands as any reigning belle; but there all resemblance ended. "Dolce far niente" was the motto by which Master

some American forest, the try traits describely over everything, and main what an incurso kindle denkey he must red middew, the wind had the rate, nave the trainly roman, is old house all to themselves. There is no living faing there not even a watch dog- and feneral (revenion will not lear its name mentioned, the dear old manor in which hands for his rom been fired and resuggesting it. I'm year only broth-londerical the resuggesting it. mentioned, the dear old manor in which hundreds of bit race here fixed and dod."

"All? Charley stid, listening to this impressioned onCourt with service calm, that unfortunate constitutional stubs listened to Cyrit Trevanion's praise,

morals of Carrieg wid, Retening to this imposition of extinct with accordance and the brane. All the continues are all the imposition of extinues with accordance and the brane. My dear Stall permit met as if some the brane. My dear Stall permit met as if and an advantage of the continues of the

She stood now in the recess of a deep | the glass, my dear"-to the little waitress—"it must be that garrulity is in-fectious, Sybil, and that I catch the disorder from you. I'm not like this upon ordinary occasions, I find conversation rather a bore than otherwise; but when I come to Trevanion, I beat all the gos-

sping dowagers I ever met.'
Sybil laughed.
"You do talk, Charley, and as much nonsense as ever. Well, if your Mrs. Ingram is agreeable and amuses mamma, I shall be very happy to welcome her to Trevanion."
"Don't call her my Mrs. Ingram,"

Charley remonstrated, plaintively. "She isn't. I would have kissed her when I came away, but she declined. She's one of the intensely proper sort, you per-ceive. As though," said Charley, still more plaintively, "a seraph might not embrace me, and come to no harm by

"Charley, don't be absurd! I spend the evening at Chudleigh. Suppose you

Thanks-no-too much trouble. And "Thanks—no—too much trouble. And it's so dreadfully exhausting to watch that girl, Gwendoline. I hate girls that become, and bang doors, and make eyes at a fellow. She's jolly, I admit, and sings 'The Pretty Little Rat-catcher's Paughter' to perfection; but— By the bye, Sybil, I met a cousin of hers, a gallant major in the cavalry branch of the service, deer-stalking last autumn at Strathbane. He came up with Lord Anstrathbane. Strathbane. He came up with Lord Angus-home from the Crimea, with his lushing honors thick upon him-and he told me lets about your demi-god, Cyril

"Oh, Charley!" with a little gasp. "And

you never told me before!"
"Don't be reproachful, my dear. You can't expect everyone to dream by night and muse by day on the lost heir of Monkswood. No, I never told you before, because I hate writing long lettters, and it would have taken a ream at least of best Bath laid to have satisfied you on that subject. And then there is really on that subject. And then there is really nothing to tell you but what you take for granted, and the Times has told Charles regulated the lazy tenor of his life.

"How do, Sybil?" Charley said, languidly, throwing away his cheroot, and permitting himself to be impetuously permitting himself to be impetuously descended. They made him a captain "How do, Sybil?" Charley said, languidly, throwing away his cheroot, and permitting himself to be impetuously kissed, with a gentle sigh of resignation. "Happy to see yeu again, and looking so nicely, too. Surrounded by puppies, big and little, as usual, I see—four-legged ones. Really, my benutiful sister, doing the grand agrees with you. You are as rosy as a milkmaid. And how's "Bon't be irreverent, Charley," Sybil answered, pulling his ear. "Poor dear uncle is no better. His physicians all agree that to return to England was certain death. Still, he would come his heart was set on it. What does it matter, he answered them, impatiently, 'whether I die this month or next? Sybil take me home,' and so here we are."

"Lainendly characferistic." Charley your.

intly, whether I die this month or next? Syb?, take me home, and so here we are."

"Taninently characteristic." Charley said in his slow, drawing voice. "Stubbernes, I believe, is one of the many agreeable traits of the Trevanions. The best of them will die before they yield an income." And to think that I that I, a useles, "good-for-nathing girl, should usure his tights should reign where he ought to be king! In. Charley, I hate mast be so very fatigning! You have a look in your face now sometimes that reminds me of those determines that dismond stomachers over there in the old half at Monks not. By the bye, are the family portrails left to go to the dogs with the rest?"

"Yea." Sypil answered, with a sigh, "It is all desolution at Morkswood Waste. The woodland is as wild as some American forest, the, by trails desolution, and house all to the dogs with the rest."

"Yea." Spill answered, with a sigh, "It is all desolution at Morkswood Waste. The woodland is as wild as some American forest, the, by trails desolutely over exceptions, and not have been the idea of any fellow taking a wire as induced, though the mast, have the triand, rounds sold house all to

Monkswood, and bid me wear this ring for his sake." A solitaire diamond glittered on the third finger of her left hand, the only ring she wore. "Except my mother and Charley, I have kissel one since. My hero! my brave, lionhearted Cyril! If he would only come back and take all! If I could only see him safe and hanny once more I would him safe and happy once more, I would have nothing left on earth to wish for."

have nothing left on earth to wish for."

Miss Trevanion drove her brother over to Chudleigh Chase in the ponyphaeton a little later, through the amber haze of the June sunset. Sir Rupert Chudleigh was their nearest neighbor, and Miss Gwendoline Chudleigh the aversion of Charley, and Sybil's devoted admirer and friend. They visited acch other at all times and all seconds. each other at all times and all seasons after the fashion of girls, and little Gwendoline, who was only sixteen plump as a partridge, and rosy as any female "chaw-bacon" in Sussex—pretty well idolized beautiful Sybil Trevanion.

Next morning Charley paid his respects to General Trevanion, and an nounced the coming of his mother and her companion. The old lion, with hair like a winter snow-drift now, and a face

like a winter snow-drift now, and a face deep-plowed with hidden care and cureless illness, lay in his darkened room, and listened impatiently.

"Let them come!" he said; "a poodle dog or a widow—what does it matter. so that Lady Lemox and her pets don't trouble me. Keep your mother and her widow out of our way. Sybil, my dear; and Charley, the less I see of you, the better I shall like it. Hobbledehoys were always my aversion." were always my aversion."

"Pleasant!" said Charley, in soliloquy, "very! Hobbledehoys, indeed! Reelly, Sybil, the old men of the present day are the horridest barbarians that ever cumbered the earth. I hope his vener-able noddle won't ache until I ask to see him again." Sybil barely expressed a laugh at her

Sybil barely expressed a laugh at her brothers wrath and astonishment. "Charley, don't talk slang—I hate it! And I must insist upon your speaking more respectfuily of my guardian, or not speaking at all."

The morning of the next day brought a telegram from Lady Lemox. She would arrive at Speckhaven by the fourforty train from London, and they were to meet her at the station with the carriage. Sybil told the general the news.

to meet her at the station with the carriage. Sybil told the general the news.

"Very well," was the response. "I don't care when she comes, but I can't spare you to go and meet her. Let Charley take the carriage and go, and inform Lady Lemox that when I desire to see her I'll send her word."

to see her I'il send her word."
So Charley went alone, and in state, to meet my lady and her companion. The station, like all stations, was at The station, like all stations, was at the fag end of the town, a dreary island in a sea of swamp and sandy plain, which the young man barely reached in time as the afternoon train rushed snorting in. He sauntered forward leisurely to meet his mother—a little dark woman, with a frettul, faded face that had been pretty once; and her companion, a bright little beauty with great black even a pleasant smile, and great black eyes, a pleasant smile, and abundant glossy black hair.

"Had Sybil come?" Lady Lemox peev-hly asked. "No? How very unkind "Had Sybii come?" Lady Lemox peer-ishly asked. "No? How very unkind and ungrateful of her, when she, Lady Lemox, had not seen her for three years. Children, nowadays, were utterly heartess-no doubt General Trevanion ab sorbed all her affection by this time. And how was the general? Fit to die of chronic cressuess and ill-temper. Really, Charles, such language was intolerable. Edith," to the black-eyed widow, "proy see that all those boxes and parcels are carefully disposed of. Those ailway porters are so rough and un-

All the way to the Park, Lady Lemox ran fretfully on in a sert of dismal mon-cloque, growing so menoteneus that it lulled Charley into gentie s'umber before they reached the house. Sybil met them at the deor, and threw herself, after her impulsive fashien, into her mother's

how glad I am to meet you again. How long it seems since we parted at Lemox. And, dearest manina, how very well you

"Looking well!" her ladyship murmu ed, repreachfully, "Sybil, how can you, when I am almost dead! You are lookwhen I am almost dead! You are looking the picture of health, I must say unite too healthy-locking for my taste; but there are people who admire that red and white style of thing. I due say. My dear, this is Mrs. lagram—Edith, my daughter, Sybili. I hope you have seen that her rooms are as convenient to mine as possible—I really could not exist without her help now. Delphine," to her French maid, "take those things up—I am completely wern out and must lie down before I dress."

Sybil herself led the way upstains, and showed the travellers to their apart-

NO MORE INDIGESTION

Montreal Man So III, Thought He **Would Die of Stomach** Disorders.



Just read what Mr. Larose says of the curative powers of Dr. Hamilton's

suffered from dyspepsia and in digestion for five years. I suffered so much that I could hardly attend/to my work. I was weak and lost all courage. I enjoyed no rest until I decided to follow your treatment. To my great surprise I immediately began to feel better. I am now using the second box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, and I feel so well that I want to tell you that I owe this great change to your famous pills. I recom-mend Dr. Hamilton's Pills to every person who is suffering from dyspepsia. Your grateful servant D. R. Larose, 338

Jolliette St., Montreal, P.Q."

All who have weak stomach and those who suffer with indigestion, headaches, biliousness, can be perfectly cured by Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Successfully used for many years, mild and safe, 25c per box of all dealers, or The Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

do I dislike her, then? and are thos great dark eyes bold, and that brilliant smile false? or is it only my unkind fancy?" It was the old rhyme of "Doctor Fell"G

"I do not like you, Doctor Fe!!, The reason why I cannot te!!; But this I only know full well, I do not like you, Doctor Fell."

over again.

They lingered late in the drawing oom. Lady Lemox had an aversion to early to bed and early to rise," and there was musel to while away the hours of the summer night. Mrs. Ingram played as brilliantly as she talked, and sung more sweetly than she smiled, in the richest of contraltos. Sybil listened enchanted, and sung duets with her, and half forgot her unreasonable dislike. They lingered so long that Charley, riding homeward, through the misty moon light, a little flushed and heated after the wassail, found them still chanting their canticles, and my lady turning

"What a dissipated lot you are!" the Etonian said, politely; "singing matins, I suppose, as those gay old coves, the friars, used to do over there at Monkswood. Speaking of Monkswood, Sybli," said Charley, hiccoughing, rather, "I heard a piece of news to-night that will interest you. I met a man at the mess—a Captain Hawksley, of the Fortieth Heavies—and he told me he saw the idol of your affections, Cyril Trevanion, a week ago in London. He'd been sick, i Hawkesley he thought of coming down Hawkesiev he thought of coming down here to recruit—native air, and all that sort of thing. Good-night, ladies, Sup-pose you sing, 'We won't go home till morning' by way of finale, and wind up

(To be Continued.)

A MOTHER'S PRAISE OF BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Mrs. Allen Mason, Carleton, N. B., writes: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets ever since I have had children, and that is going on fifteen years. I have by medicine dealers or my mail at 25 thought some explanation should be cents a box from The Dr. Williams' made, and be said:

sented also as being that of batchers, thieves, maidens, parish clerks and sailors. This no doubt has something to do with the remarkable energy displayed by Santa Claus in December.

"There, the last one of len has been liked, and now I'll show you where Brown lives."

"Thanks, but would you take it amiss

with the remarkable energy displayed by Santa Claus in December.

When he reached Holland the Dutch celled him "St. Nikolass," and soon the name became abbreviated to Sanklass. This latter title was carried to New York by the Dutch engignants, where the English colonists Anglicised it to Santy, wouldn't expect any Christman presents.

and afterwards Santa Claus, wouldn't expect any Christin.
The date allotted to Saint Nicholas in in their stockings to-night!

then is given a chair, and the children of the house are put through their cate-chism. Those who answer well receive a nice gift from the "angels," and the others are given a black dog by the

demons.

The black doggies are so fascinating that, alas! children have been known to answer badly in order to obtain one!

In Holland, too, St. Nikolaas pays his yearly visit to the children on December 6, when he finds many pairs of shoes on the various hearths waiting to be filled with gifts.

be filled with gifts.

French children also put their shoes

on the hearthstone or mantel piece, to receive presents from Jean Noel. In Germany, Christmas is an even greater festival than it is in England. Santa Claus as the Christ-child comes before Christmas Eve, in order to dis cover how the children of the house have behaved during the past year. A very delightful custom is still preserved on Christmas Eve among some of the German peasants. A table is spread for a meal in the feast room, and many can dles kept burning throughout the whole night, in case the Virgin and her Child, when bringing the children's gifts, should need refreshment.

need refreshment.

Despite St. Nicholas being the patron

saint of the country, Santa Claus, strangely enough, pays no recognized visit to Russia.

The little Finns, however, look forward to the visit of Santa Claus with great zest, who comes from an unknown island in the Arctic seas to bring them all that they want most; and in Fin-land he wears an immense fur coat and rides in his own traditional sleigh, drawn

by four galloping reindeer.

In one country only is Santa Claus supposed to receive any help in the distribution of presents. This is in Switzerland, where he is always accompanied by his wife Lucy, who wears the Swiss peasant costume and carries the things which are given to the little girls. In China, Santa Claus pays his annual visit on New Year's Day, which is, of course, the great day of the year to the rellow man. In that country he is rep esented by a tea trader, who carries resented by a tea trader, who carries on a bamboo pole two ordinary flat Chi-nese trays slung across his shoulders. These are filled with presents, which are distributed among the children. In America and the colonies, as in

England, the children hang up their stocking on Christmas Eve for Santa Claus to leave his gifts in. He is generally regarded in these countries as being a very jocial, burly old gentleman, with a long white beard and a fur trimmed searlet coat, which has very capacious

The latter garment he must find rather warm and cumbersome while duty in Australia and India.

NOTHING LIKE THEM FOR A SORE BACK

Dodd's Kidney Pills still doing great work.

Mrs. T. G. Alexander, of Hawthorne After Twelve Years' Suffering, Tells the Public What They Are Doing

Hawthorne, Ont., Dec. 18 .- (Special) There is nothing like Dodd's Kidner Fills for a sore back." That is the state ment of Mrs. T. G. Alexander, of thi place, and all her neighbors agree that she should know. "I suffered for twelve years from a pain in my back. Rheuma-t'sm and Heart Disesse," Mrs. Alexander continues. "I was always tired and ner-yous and my sleep was broken and ame-freshing. Since taking Dodd's Kidney Fills I am feeling so much better that I feel. I must say a good word for them."

them."

No matter how long you have suffered Dodd's Kidney Pills cannot fail to help you if your trouble is of the Kidneys, if you use Dodd's Kidney Pills carly the cure will be quick. If your trouble is of long standing it will take them longer for cure you. But they always longer to cure you. But they alway who have been cured are telling about it in the newspapers almost every day.

WHY HE SPANKED CHILDREN.

How the Settler Freyared the Young Ones for Christmas.

On the morning of the day before Christmas I dismounted at the door of a North Dakota cabin to inquire the whereabouts of a man living in that neighborhood, and the sounds from within told me that one of the child within told me that one of the child-ren was being spanked. When the spanking had been concluded the sci-tler opened the door and invited me in. I saw nine children standing up in a row, and the tenth one sitting down on the other side of the room. The man

thought some expranation should be made, and he said:
"It's the way I do every. Christmes time, and I had just began when you rode up. Can you wait till I have spanled the other nine?"
Of course, but may I ask why you do it? They lock to me to be nice, we I-behaved children."

They are as good children as you will find in the state, sir; but the spanking must go on."
"Yes, the spanking must go on," add

Santa Claus.

The original Santa Claus was St. Nicholas, the wonderful boy bishop of Myra, who died in 343, and who was the particular friend of children. He was the patron saint of Russia, and other and put through the machine, and patron saint of Russia, and other saint of man, who was to machine, and

nothing. I was licking 'em so the wouldn't expect any Christmas presen

DOGS OF WAR

(From the Lordon Chronicle)

Specialist Did Skin Trouble No Good

Very Itchy and Disfiguring. Got a Little Cuticura Soap and Cintment and Was Cured.

"For two summers I suffered with skin trouble on my arma, and on my legs from my knees down. My arms were badly disfigured, and I kept them covered. It came like the hives, and was very itchy. I consulted a specialist, who gave me medicine, as well as an ointment, but seemed to do no good. It was beginning to appear on my face.
"I got a little Cuticura Ointment and some Cuticura Soap. The first touch of Ointment seemed to relieve, and before the Cuticura Ointment was finished I was cured. I have not the least sign of trouble. I think it would have spread over my whole body if Cuticura Soap and Ointment had not cured me. I am delighted with them, and do feel pleased to think I have something I have confidence in. I tell all my friends about them, and I think Cuticura Ointment is the best I ever saw." (Signed) M. J. Boddy, 73 McCaul St., Terento, Dec. 22, 1910.

Cold-Sore Began to Heal With First Use of Cuticura Ointment.

"Cuticura Ointment.

"Cuticura Ointment cured a very bad cold-sore that gave me hours of severe pain and loss of sleep. I tried lots of other remedies but nothing did me any good till I tried Cuticura Ointment, and from the very first application it began to heal and now there is not even a scar left." (Signed) Mrs. W. Boyce, Mermaid Farm, P.E.I., Jan. S, 'II. For more than a generation Cuticura Scap and Cuticura Ointment have afforded the speediest, safest and most economical treatment for skin and scalp troubles, of young and old. Although they are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a liberal sample of each may be obtained free, from the Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., 57 Columbus Ave., Besten, U. S. A.

THE HOUSE OF MYSTERY.

Strange Actions by Father, Mother and Children at Christmas Time.

The mystery began with the husband coming home half an hour later than usual, so as to have the cover of darkness when leaving a package behind the vestibule doors, while he entered the house with a very innocent look on his face and told of his street car being blocked.

At midnight of that night, while his

innocent hearted wife was sleeping by his side, he sneaked out of hed and down stairs and secured the pack-

age and hid it in a closet.

The next step was taken by his wife. She took down from the pantry a pitcher in which she had been stor ing up dimes and nickels and pennies for months and months, and after counting them over, she sneaked down town in the forenoon and bought and lugged a parcel home and hid it away on the top shelf of a clothespress. Then one of the children came in one day and looked and acted very

mysterious, and shortly afterward might have been found hiding somemight have been found hiding some-thing among the rafters of the garret. Then, as the mother suddenly and unexpectedly entered the parlor one afternoon, she almost stumbled over a daughter who was down on her knees and reaching under the sofa. The mother cried out in her surprise, but asked for no explanations. Then desk and bareau drawers that had not been locked for a year were found closed tighter than a drum. Closet doors that had stood wide open were

doors that had stood wide open were doors that had stood wide open—were made fast. There was lingering behind when others went to bed. There was get-ting up before the others in the morn-ing. Each member of the family went around trying to look as innocent as a sheep, but at the time bearing a load of

guilt on his conscience. The strain was intense. The mystery could not last. The when the murder was sold efore Christmas. That far ily had simply been preparing to Santa Claus each other. It always acts that way, and it always turns out appily.

TO STOP A CRYING BABY

Rabies cry because they are sick. It may be a pain in the stomach, colie, or cramps—but in any case a few drops of Nerviline soothes away the distress and allows the baby to sleep peacefully. Where there are young children there should also be Nerviline. It cares all the minor ailments just as promptly as the doctor—and not so expensive. For nearly fifty years, Polson's Nerviline has been the great household remody of Canada. Sold everywhere in large 25c bottles.

SANTA ON THE WAY.

(W. D. Neshit in The Land of Make Believe," in Harper's.)

I can hear him singing faintly,
As he arges on his deer,
And his song is mellowed quaintly
As the measures strike the car.
But the lift of it is jully,
And the words of it are gay:
Get the mistletoe and holy; I have started on the way

I can hear the haef-heats thudding As the grow is flong behind, While the laden sleigh is sending With the swiftness of the wind: And the echoes now are fringing Broken murmure of the song That old Santa Claus is singing While the reindeer speed along:

Little fellow, little fellow, while you sit and dream of me,
sit and dream of me,
And the mervel of the meeting that
shall show the wondrous tree.
For your trust in all the fancies of the
shadow and the gleam.

BIRD IN CHRISTMAS TREE.

A half-starved partialge was found in a Christmas tree shipped from Maine to A. Dallas, in Waterbury, Coun. The tree had been tied so the bird was made a prisoner. When found, warmed and fed it revived.

"My doctor said I needed a change." "You; L employed an the aid ter." "Doctor