TATATATATATATATATATATATATATATATA gran Sybil's Doom wax & <u>annanananananananananana</u>

"Never without your promise. Rose. I thought you leved me?"

The pretty face drooped against his is hand an open letter from his only coat sleeve.
"You know I do," in a reed-like whis-

"Then be my wife. Instead of going with me to to France to-morrow, come with me to

"You really mean it, Cyril?"

"I shall blow my brains out if you don't! Say you will come, Rose. I love you madly. I can't let you go. Say you will come!"

"To Scotland? But a Scotch marriage.

is no marriage; and, besides, you are a minor, and can not legally contract a

"In Heaven's name! how many objections will you raise, Rose?" the youngman cried, flushed and impetuous. "If the Scotch marriage does not suit you, we can easily be remarried upon our return to Engineer as for being return to Engiand; and, as for being a minor, there will be no one to dispute the legality of our union. Not my father-he never refused me anything He is not likely to begin now."
h, Cyril! But this is not like any thing else. Men have disinherited only

father will not. And, besides, he can not. Monkswood Priory is en-tailed—comes to me, with its fertile acres, if I were disinherited to-morrow. will listen to more objections. Rose You must say yes—you must be my wife! I love you madly! I can not live without you. My beautiful Rose, look up, and eay, 'Cyril, I love you, and I will go with you to-morrow!'"

He beut over her, his handsome face flushed, hot, red. his eyes glowing, alight with wine and love and excitement. She raised her dainty, drooping head at his bidding, and looked him full

in the face a glittering brightness in her large dark cycs.
"I love you, Cyril," she repeated. "and I will go with you to-morrow. Earth holds no dearer let for me than to be But if you repent later, re-

member, I have warned you."
"I will never repent!" he cried, with a lover's rapturous kles. "Our honey-moon will last until our heads are gray. In all broad England there is not as such happy man as Cyril Trevan-

She turned away her head to conceal smile—a smile strangely akin to dericion. It was gone like a flash.

"And now I must turn you out," she said "I have much to do between this and day-dawn. Whether one goes to France or Gretna Green, one must pack up. It is shockingly late besides. Mrs. Grundy will be horrified. For pity's sake, go at once!"

pushed him playfully to the door. The black October night was blacker and chillier than ever, and the bleak, wet wind blew damply in their faces. Mies Adair shivered audibly.
"I don't envy you your drive back," she said; "and the rain will overtake you if you don't hurry. We are likely

you if you don't hurry. We are likely to run away in a deluge to-morrow." "Blissful to-morrow!" exclaimed Cyril Trevanion. "Come rain and lightning and temptest, so that they bring me you, I shall thank them. For the last time, good-bye and good-night."

A love-like embrace; then the young man sprunk lightly into his night-cab and whirled away. Rose Adair stood in the deor-way until he disappeared, de-spite the raw blowing of the chill morn-ing wind. In the darkness her pretty ing wind. In the darkness her pretty face wore a triumphant glow.
"I have conquered!" she said, under

"I will be Cyril Trevanion's wife, as I knew from the first I would. Poor fool! And he thinks I care for him—a stupid boy of nineteen! The old life may go now. Mrs. Cyril Trevan-ion, of Monkswood Hall, may look upon the nast as a horrible dream, ove

On the close of day a post-chaise rattled up to the door of an Aberdeen hotel, and Lieutenant Trevanion handed out his bride. The "Scotch mist" hung clammy over everything, the sky was of lead, the coming night was bleak and drear; but the face of the young officer was brighter than a sunset sky. Was he not a bridegroom of four-and-twenty hours standing, and was not this radiant lit tle beauty beside him his bride?

"They will show you to your room my darling," he said. "I will join you presently. Here is your travelling-bag. It might hold the crown diamonds by its weight and the care you take of it.
The servant will take it."

he servant will take it."
"I will take it myself."
"I will take it myself."
She turned her back abruptly upon im him as he spoke, and followed the ervant upstairs. She dismissed the coman the moment she entered the and turned the key in the The boxes had been sent up. She knelt down at once before one of them and

unlocked and unstrapped it.
"I will conceal it here," she said.
"He is not in the least likely to find it, in any case; but it is safer here.

She unfastened her travelling bag and drew forth the contents, whose weight and her solicitude about it had puzzled Lieutenant Trevanion. It contained but one thing, a brightly her in the contained but one thing-a brightly burnished copper box, securely locked and clasped. The box, securely locked and clasped. The little bride thrust this box out of sight

among the garments in the trunk.

"Safe bind, safe find." While you are secure I am secure. I don't think Cyril Trevanion will ever find me out. The day that brings you to light sees the last of Rose Trevanion. Rose Trevanion. A new name. A new name. A new name, a new alias! How many have borne! Rose Lemoine, Rose Daw son, Rose Adair; and now-last, bright est and best-high-sounding Trevanion! What will be the next, I wonder, and which among them all will they carve on my tombstone?"

CHAPTER III.

"And it all ends here! My ambition dreams, my boundless pride, my grand aspirations for him—it all ends here! In the hour when I loved him dearest, I would sooner have slain him with my own hands than lived to see him fall so low!"

He was an old man, yet grandly erect in his sixtieth year; straight as a Nor-way pine, broad-shouldered, deep-chestway pine, broad-shouldered, deep-chested, royal browed and bright-eyed, as it was in the nature of the Trevanion, of ed almost before the wish was expressed.

his hand an open letter from his son, Cyril.

The letter told him of that only son's marriage—dwelling with lover-like rapture on his bride's peerless hearty, her transcendent sweetness and charms. It old him that she was the loveliest, the most innocent, the purest, the gentlest of her sex; but it also told him the

most innocent, the purest, the gentlest of her sex; but it also told him the awful fact that there was no withholding—that she was an actress.

"Beautiful and pure as an angel from heaven!" the old man quoted from the letter, with a bitter sneer—this spotless danseuse, this artless cherub from the boards of a third-rate London theatre! It used to be our London theatre! It used to be our boast that the Trevanion blood never bred fools or cowards. It has bred both in my son Cyril. Son! From this hour he is no longer a son of mine. Yet he is not quite a coward, either, or he would hardly dare to face me here."

For the open letter told him that the writer was coming to writer was coming to

"Beard the lion in his den; The Douglas in his hall."

And that, within a very few hours after its receipt, General Trevanion might look for a penitential visit from

"I will now fetch Rose with me, father," the young man wrote. "I know what a crime a low marriage is in your eyes. I know how you will revolt at first from the idea of an actress. But only wait until you see her, my father, in her exquisite beauty and youth, and grace and artlessness, and you will love her almost as dearly as I do."

her almost as dearly as I do."

The old lion read this passage aloud again, and laughed outright in the bitter intensity of his scorn.

"Fool! idot! driveler!" he cried, with passionate contempt, his fierer black eyes ablaze "I could curse the hour in which his mother gave birth to so besotted an imbecile! What judgment has fullen on the Trevanions, that the last of their name—one of the propulest and their name one of the proudest and noblest that ever old England boastedshould render himself an object of derision to gods and men? The last of his race, did I say? Nay, Sybil is that—and by the eternal Heaven! Sybil shall inherit every shilling I possess, every acre I command. The angelic actress from Drury Lane may soar back to the celestial regions she hails from, with the idiotic spooney of nineteen she has duped into marrying her, for all she will ever reign at Trevanion. Sybil Lemox shall be my heiress, and he shall not inherit the price of a rope to hang his self!

He dashed the letter fiercely aside, and started up, pacing up and down. The grand old face was stormy with rage; the fiery dark eyes, that never lowered their light to friend or foe, flashing with impotent passion. Rage, grief, shame, all distorted the massive countriance and the innersy hands countenance, and the ainewy hands clinched until the nails bled the palms. "And he dare come here! he dare face me! I don't know what shall keep me

me: I don't know what shall keep me from shooting him down like a dog!" He atrode up and down the magnifi-cent length of the library, quite alone in his impotent storms of fury. A spa-cious and splendid apartment, the wainscot lined with books from floor to ceiling, busts of grand old Greek poets gazand over the marble chimney-piece clock, with Amphytrite guiding a group

f fiery sea-horses, in bronze. In the deep fireplace where, for four hundred years, the blaze of Yule had risen high at Christmas-time, a sea-coal fire burned now, its red glow flashing fitfully on the dark paneling and wainsecting, on busts and pictures, books nzes, quaint old ese cabinets, and vases as high as your

The library was lighted by one vast Tudor window, with cushioned seats-a vindow that was a study in itself, and which overlooked a wide vista of velvet lawn, cool depths of fragrant fern and underwood, and waving belts of beech

A grand oid place is this Monkswood Hall—a monastery once in the days long gone when there had been monks and monasteries all over England, before the Bluebeard and Royal Bluebeard and his red-haired daughter came to banish and burn and behead. And under the leafy areades of its primeval forest, of its majestic oaks, and towering elm and copper beech, the ghostly prior who had ruled there last, walked still, somebre and awful, with ecwl and gown, in the stormy moonlight and still, black dead of night. And some ghostly curse had fallen on the usurping race of the "bold, bad Trevanions"; for the legend ran, that for many a night house, a solemn bell tolled in windy turrets -- an awful beil, that no mertal eye might see, no mortal hands

might ring.
The Prior's Walk lay open to all-s woodland aisle—where the elms me above your head—where the ingitingal sung o' nights, and the sward was as emerald velvet—a long avenue of green heauty and delight, and a short cut to the village. But for all its loveliness and convenience, there were few in all Speckhaven who cared to brave ghostly horrors of the Prior's Walk at nghtfall. A grand and stormy old place, this Monkswood-where the strong Tre vanions, father and son, had reigne since the days of the seventh Henry-

of the show-places of the county The short November day was rapidly darkening down, and the mystic depths of fern looked illimitable seen from the stately Tudor window. The clock, above which the fair sea-goddess guided her fierce chargers, pointed to half past four, and as the night drew on the wing roured more wildly down the vast stocks of chimneys, along the vast, draughty halls, and around the numberless gable

ends. General Trevanion glanced impatiently at the time-piece as the spectral gloam-ing came on apace; his massive face set-tled slowly into a look of iron grimness

and determination.

The library door was fung wite and the thought crossed his mind. "Master Cyril, sir," announced the old, gray-haired butler, and noiselessly withdrew. General Trevanion stopped short in his walk, swung round and faced his son. The young man had advanced eagerly, but with the first look at his father's face, he halted hesitated stonned and

face, he halted, hesitated, stopped, and came to a standatill by the fire.

The old lion stood—a large writing-table between them—drawn up to his head thrown back. falle between them—drawn up to his full kingly height, his head throws back, his proua nostrils dilated, his dark eyes flashing. Cyril Trevanion, very pale, but altogether dauntless, encountered that look unflinchingly. So they met—father and son.

and son.

The young man was the first to speak.

"You have received my letter, sir?"
he said, very calmly.

"I have received it. Here it is."
He crumpled it up as he spoke, and flung it straight in the fire. One bright flash of flame—then it was gone.

Cyril Trevanion turned a shade paler than before. but the hold, myincible. than before; but the bold, invincible look on his face was very like that on General Trevanion's own.

"You are deeply displeased, sir," he said, still very quietly; "I expected as much. But wait until you see my wife—my Rose. Earth holds nothing half so lovely-half so sweet as she! Even the crime of being an actress will be forget ten and fergiven then."

"I will never see your wife!" General Trevanion answered, the fierce rage within him only showing in the works of his fiery nostrils, the flashing of his stormy eyes. "I will never see your wife, never see you! I disown you you are no longer a son of mine! For four hundred years you are the first of our race who ever made a mesaillance who mixed the pure blood with the filthy puddle in an actress' veins. No son ne shall bring disgrace on his name and house, and still remain my son. I will never speak to you. I will never see you, though I were on my death-bed I will never forgive you! In the hour you cross yonder threshold, through you cross yonder threshold, through which women, with royal blood in their hearts, have stepped as brides—in the demi-monde—your seraph of the canaille—you are as dead to me as though the coffin lid had closed above you and they had laid you in the family vault. If I slew you where you stood, your low-lived blood would hardly wash out

the stain of year disgrace!"

He stopped; but the lightning of his fiery old eyes spoke more eloquently than words. He stopped, for the effort to hold his passion in rein and speak steadily almost suffocated him. Cyril, drawn up to his full height, his handsome face stormily set, his dark eyes gleaming—tall, strong, princely— a son for any father's heart to exuit in -stood like a rock, listening and reply-

ing not. "I have let you come here," his father went on, "because from my own lips I would have you hear your fate. Take your strolling player, your painted bal-let dancer, and go forth to beggary, if command, though you were dying of hun-ger at my gates. Monkswood is en-tailed—Monkswood must descend to you; but even there you will feel the weight of my vengeance. I will lay-it waster than a warren—the timber shall be felled—the game hunted down

vermin-the house left to ruin and decay. When you and your wife come here at the old man's death, you will find a barren waste and four gaunt walls to call your home—nothing more. I have said all I have to say—I will never forgive you! Sybil Lennox shall be my heiress—for—you—I never want to hear of you, dead or alive. Go!"

Cyril Trevanion had spoken but twice

since his entrance into the room. Now, command, he turned without a word. He knew his father-not fiercer at the taking of Douro or Talavera—not deadly at the grand charge of Waterloo to the death or to the victory. He knew his father, and he knew without one syllable of entreaty or expostulation or defiance, he looked his ast foreevr upon his father's face, and

went forth to brave his fate. He left the library, crossed a tesselated pavement of white and black stone down a sweeping stair-way of slippery oak, black and polished, and wide enough to drive up the proverbial coachind-four. The vast baronial hall of the manor, with its gulfs of chimneys, its carved stone chimney-pieces, so lofty, days when they could be used, hung with days when they could be used, hing with family portraits by Holbein and Van Dyck—with branching antlers of red deer, suits of mail that strong old war-riors of the Trevanion blood had clanked in before the walls of Antioch in the Crusade days long syne. A grand and stately old entrance hall, where the tide of wassail, the blaze of yuie logs, had surged high many a merry Christmas. Massive doors of oak opened down the length of this interminable hall, and through some of these, standing ajar. the young man caught sight of long vis-tas of splendor and color, of glowing draperies, rich carving, and gleamin fire-light pictures of brightness an luxury, to dream of strangely in weary to come. His hand was on th door to depart, when the shrill cry of a child arrested him—a wild cry of and surprise, and the next instant little fairy figure came flying down the stairs, and plumped headlong into his arms.

"Cyril! Cyril! Cyril!" a perfect cream of childish ecstasy; "oh! Cousin

Cyril!' "Sybil!" the young man said, catching the fairy up, and kissing her; "my dear little pet Sybi!" This is, indeed, an astonisher! I thought you had gone for good to Scotland."

"Mamma is here, and baby Charley we are all come on a visit. But, oh, Cousin Cyril! I didn't know you coming! Uncle Trevanion never told me. You will stay as long as we do, won't you? Oh, how tall and handsome you are!" with little gushes of impetuous kissing. "And how glad I am that you are here!"

"My dear little Sybil," Cyril said, with

Back Full of Aches Headaches and Depression

Much of Women's Suffering is Need-less and Can be Prevented by the Use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.



That Stab-like Pain in the Back is Sure Indication of Kidney Trouble. Mrs. Anna Rodriguez writes as follows from her home in Valencia: "For a long time I suffered with failing strength and nagging headaches. My ondition grew steadily worse, my limbs became bloated and shaky, was sallow and thin, felt rheumatic pains, dizziness and chills. I unfortunately didn't suspect my kidneys, and was nearly dead when I discovered the true cause of my sufferings. I read so much about the wonderful health and strength that comes to all who use Dr. Hamilton's Pills that I felt sure they would help me Such blessing of health and comfort legot from Dr. Hamilton's Pills I can't describe. They speedily put me right, and their steady use keeps me active, energetic, strong and happy. I strongly urge others to regulate and tone their system with Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butter-

No greater medicine exists than Dr. Hamilton's Pills for the cure of indi-gection, constipation, flatulence, liver, bladder and kidney trouble. Refuse bladder and kidney trouble. Refuse substitutes for Dr. Hamilton's Pills 25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1,00, at all dealers or the Catarrhozone Company, Kingston, Ont.

light laugh, "what unconscious havo a light laugh, "what unconscious havoc I have been making with your five-year-old heart! And you really like me so much as this?"

"Like you! I love you better than

anybody—ever so much better than brother Charley. But then Charley's only three years old, and you're a great big I like big men,'

"And lovely uniforms—highly char acteristic of the sex! But it is grow ing dark, my fairy princess, and if I am to catch the seven-fifty train back to London, it is high time I was on the move. The fly from the railway is waiting for me just outside the gates."
"Going back? Oh. Cyril!"

"I must, my pet," the lieutenant said, smiling a little sadly at that reproach-ful cry. "It is Hobson's choice, if you you like—a stiver of my money you smiling a little sadly at that reproach-will never see again. Trevanion Park and all I possess—your mother's fortune included—is mine, to do with as I to Lady Lemox and baby Charley, and will, and not one farthing will you ever kiss me yourself."

"Il go with you to the gates. Yes I will!" impetuously, as she saw her companion about to object. "Wait until I get my cloak; I won't be a minute." She darted asway like a spirit— a little, slender thing, all in white, with bright brown ringlets down to her slender waist, and great wide eyes of lumnous blackness.

Gone and back like a flask,

time with a little cloak of scarlet cloth the hood drawn over the brown curls, and the bright, pretty face peeping out

rosily from te hood.

"Little Red Riding-Hood," the young on, my fairy. Very polite of you, I must say, to escort me so far. Are you in the habit of seeing your gentlemen friends to the entrance gates,

"MRS. JARLEY'S WAXWORKS."

There stood, until some months ago in High Holborn, two doors away from Museum street, and facing the end of Drury Lane, an old building which housed what was probabyl the original of Mrs. Jarley's Waxworks. It was once upon a time a popular exhibition, known as Ferkuson's Waxworks, founded by that gentieman in 1832 or 1833. In

known as Ferguson's Waxworks, founded by that gentieman in 1832 or 1833. In its extensive rooms and "promenade," were to be seen the characters King George III... Am Grimalat, as clown, hisry Queen of Scots, and that "Unfortunte Maid of Honour in the time of Queen klizsbeth who died from pricking her finger in consequence of working upon a Sunoay" (Lady Anne Wilson).

All these are enumerated in Mr. Ferguson's Catalogue (1849), which I have in my collection, the other personages mentioned in the "Old Curlosity Shop" having doubtless been changed into other calebrities, in accordance with the amiable custom of waxwork proprietors. An old gentleman, who was for many years connected with the show, told me that their show-woman, Mrs. Jarvis (not Mrs. Harris) was the very "moral" of Mrs. Jarley, and that she told him that Mr. Dickens was a frequent visitor and often spoke with her. Ferguson's would be, on Dicken's road to work either at the "Sun," or "Mirror of Parnament," or "Morning Chronicle" newspapers, as high road then ran down High Holborn through Broad street, and High street, Biccansbusy, to Oxford street. New Oxford street was not made until 1849.—Charles Von Noorden in the November Strand.

MOTHERS PRAISE **BABY'S OWN TABLETS**

Every mother who has once Haby's Own Tablets readily admits that there is no other medicine to equal them. They are a never failing cure of all stomach and bowel complaints and many a precious little babe owes health end even life itself to their use. reming the Tablets. Mrs. Fred Dove, Broadview, Sask., writes: 'I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little girl and have found them of such great benefit I would not be written. fit I would not be without them. are truly a wonderful remedy for little ones." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,

The fellow who brags about what he is going to do to-morrow generally keeps quiet about what he did yester

3 Ways to Cook ROUND STEAK

MOCK PORTER OUSE STEAK-Put one pound of round steak through the neat-hopper, and add a level teaspoonful of salt, a dash of pepper and two tablespoonfuls of water. Mix thoroughly and form into a cake the shape of a sirloin r porterhouse steak. Put an iron pan on the stove and grease it, and when not put in the steak. Cook the steak or a moment on one side, turn it with a cake-turner and sear the other, and then push it over a moderate fire, or put it in the oven to cook slowly for fifteen minutes, turning once or twice. Transfer it to a second platter, baste it with a little butter, and send it at once to the table. This may also be served with brown, sweet pepper or

STANLEY STEAK-Make chopped round steak into round cakes and broil or pan them. While they are cooking rubtogether two tablespoonfuls of but-ter and two of flour, add half a pint of milk, and stir until boiling. Add a ablespoonful of dry horseradish, or two tablespoonfuls of horseradish the vinegar, and half a teaspoonful of salt. Pour this mixture in the bottom of the platter, stand the steaks in it, and put half of a baked banana

SALISBURY STEAKS-Season one pound of chopped round steak with a teaspoonful of salt and the juice of half a lemon. Mix and form into round cakes half an inch thick. Broil or cook in a dry pan for eight minutes. Transfer to a heated plate, and paste with a little butter.

MONUMENT TO MME. DE SEVIGNE A statute of Mme. de Sevigne was unveiled to-day at Vitre in Brittany not far from where the Les Rochers, where she loved to live and the scenery of which she exquisitely described in letters. M. Paul Deschanel, the Acad-emician, delivered the inaugural address, and the company paid a visit to the Chateau des Rochers, in which the Netumitres family preserves many relics of its famous actress .- Paris corre pondence London Times.

CURED HIS WIFE SO HE TRIED THEM

Leon Sergent found new health in Dodd's Kidney Pills

Suffered With His Kidneys and Was Very Feeble, But Now He Is Feeling Fine.

Saint Walburg, Sask., Nov. 20. — (Special.)—One healthy, happy family in this neighborhood are always ready to speak a good word for Dodd's Kid-ney Pills. They are Mr. and Mrs. Leon Sergent, and here is the reason in Mr. Sergent's own words:

"I suffered with my Kidneye and I was very feeble. My urine was thick and had a brick-dust sediment. As Dodd's Kidney Pills had already cured my wife I bought three boxes. Now my urine is normal and I feel fine."

It is statements such as the statements with a three that

It is statements such as these that give Dodd's Kidney Pills their popularity. They are no cure-all. They simply cure diseased Kidneys and the ills that come from diseased Kidneys. But no matter what neighborhood you visit you find some ways well as well as the less than the second state of the second sta you find some man or woman who has been sick and in pain and has been cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills. For a score
of years this work has been going on
and to-day in every' part of Canada
Dodd's Kidney Pills are known as the one sure cure for Kidney Disease, Ur-Dropsy, Diabetes, and Bright's Disease

A BRITISH VETERAN

(From the London Standard.) The cldest soldier in the British army gunner at Windsor Castle, who to-day celebrated the fifty-second anniversary of his appointment as the Royal Gunner in the Round Tower of Windsor Castle. of his aptointment as the Royal Gunner in the Hound Tower of Windsor Castle. Although enarry 87 years of gae, he is still on the active hist and has drawn full military pay for sixty-five y-ars. Farsons still retains all his faculties, his sighting very good, and enjoys good health. He was porn at Morval, Past Lbo, Cornwall, in 1826, and at the age of 18 years joined the Royal Artillery at Devolport. He was at Quebec with his regiment for six years, and after three years home service was despatched to the Crimea. After being laid up for a time with-fever, Parsons returned to the seat of war the day before the charge of Balakiava, although he di dnot take part in that memorable charge, but was present at the battle of Inkermann. After the Crimea he went to Woolwich, and was appointed Royal Gunner at Windsor Costle on October 17th, 1839.
Parsons possesses six medals, including the Crimean medal, with bars for Sebastopol, Inkermann and Balakiava; the Tarkish medal, the long service medal, Queen Victoria's Jubilee medal, with a bar for the diamond jubilee, King Edwards. Coronation medal, and King George's Coronation medal, and King George's Coronation medal, and chief the Rossid Tower there has never been an accident it of the summer and the Rossid Tower there has never been an accident it is not a sunset. Summer and the Rossid Tower there has never been an accident it is not a sunset. Summer and the Rossid Tower there has never been and accident it is not at sunset. Summer and the Rossid Tower there has never been and sunset and has been hoisted during the Union Jack has been hoisted during the absence of the court.

IN THE FIRE-HOLE. The captain's fine in his coat of blue, The mate is big and handsome, too; But of the hundreds in her crew It's the coolies who make her go!

Eight hours off and four hours on, Shovelling coal till the voyage is done Stirring the flame till the race is won Sweat the coolies who make her go! Not even a name on the ship's pay roll, Only a number to take its toll.

Just small mites in the human whole—
Naked coolies who make her go!

No hint above of what's below, Keeping alive the fiery glow, Driving the engines fast or slow—Yeliow coolies who make her go! Tumble 'em up from the hell in the hold, See how they shiver out in the cold. Eyes like a cat, and faces like gold, These, the coolies, who make her so.

—Don C. Seitz, in Harper's Weekly.

HER FIRST EXPERIENCE.

(Boston Transcript.) Salesman—These are our best spring mutresses, madam. Mrr. Youngbride-wut haven't you any winter ones?

THE SHADOW OF POOR HEALTH

Dispelled Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

When the shadow of poor health falls on your life, when hope begins to fade and friends look serious, then is the time you should remember that thousands just as hopeless have been cured and restored to the sunsine of health by Dr. Williams, Pint Pilt Pilt. health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. T.e. neath by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. T.e.e.
pills actually make new, rich bio d,
which brings a glow of health to amacmic cheeks, cures indigestion, headaches and backaches, drives out the
aches and backaches, drives out the
stinging pains of rheumatism and of
neuralgia, strengthens the nerves and
relieves as no other medicine can do
the aches and pains which are the aches and pains which only women folk suffer from In any emergency of poor health give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, and they will not dissembly the trial of the property of the appoint you. Here is a case that will appoint you. Here is a case that will bring hope to many a weary sufferer. Mrs. F. K. Sanders, St. Thomas, Ont., says: "About four years ago I took a severe cold which I neglected, thinking that I would soon be all right again. But instead I found myself in a weak and run-down condition. I seemed to have no ambition to de anything and my heart and nerves became so had and my heart and nerves became so bad I was forced to bed. The doctor who was called in said the trouble was thronic anaemia, but in spite of his skilled attendance I was unable to sit up and eat, but had to be fed with a spoon. One day a visiting friend suggested my trying Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I sent for a half dozen boxes. In a short while I began to eat better and feel better, and by the time the pills were used I felt altogether different; my beart did not bother me, my lips and cheeks regained their natural clor, and everybody who saw me remarked on how well I was once more looking. Wishing to be on the safe side I took two more of the pills, which made a complete cure.

as I have had neither ache nor part
since, and I now weigh 146 pounds. I always recommend Dr. Williams' Pink ways recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I hope that this letter may in of my sisters who suffer as I dit."

Sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six.

boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Medicine Go., Brockville, Ont. WALKING STICK HANDLES.

Some of the Things That the Handles

May Contain. The ingenuity of the Frenchman has not been confined to the making of weapons out of apparently harmless canes. In fact there is quite a variety

of uses which the cane is made box and a match box, these being contained in the head, which is provided with a carefully concealed lid. The coin box is arranged to permit of depositing and easily removing the coin by a slight pressure of the thumb, thus obviating the necessity of fishing for coins in the

he necessity of fishing for coins in the Another cane handle shows a complete outfit of the game known as Petits Chevaux. When the lid is open betting can begin and the horse crossing the wire first wins the stakes. One of the latest Parisian novelties consists in a ladies' parasol handle containing a roulette wheel, which can be used for

gambling at any place or moment.

These handles have become very popular. They are of fine workmanship and One handle contains almost everything that one would be likely to need. A long sheet of paper is wound around the rod, from which pieces may be torn off for taking notes. When the lid is off for taking notes. When the lid is opened penknife, pencil, nail file, combs and looking glass are disclosed. These objects are small, but large enough for practical use.—Scientific American.

BE PRUDENT WITH THE WHIP. When a driver whips a horse, observes an exchange, he usually does so in an-ger or excitement, and does it unwisely ger or excitement, and does it unwisely it is possible to punish a horse prudent-ly and effectively, but that is not crue-ty. Ninety-nine per cent of the blows which horses receive are uncarned and which horses receive are unearned and harmful. Many drivers whip a horse immediately after he has shied from some passing object, like an automobile, which he does not understand, and which fills him with terror. It may be necessary to ply the whip to the frightened animal in order to keep him from the property of th ened animal in order to keep him from turning and upsetting the "rehide," or colliding with other objects, and this bringing disaster, but once the terroriz-ing object has been passed, the wilip-ping of the horse for having been fright-ened is simply cruelty, which only serves to infuse greater terror in the animal toward the object, and causes him to be more frightened at the next meeting.— Expured Advocate -Farmer's Advocate

Croup is Deadly!

It must be stopped quickly. Nothing so sure as Nerviline. Give it internally. and rub it on chest and throat croup son vanishes. No doctor can write a more efficient prescription than Pol-son's Nerviline, which reaches the trou-ble and cures quickly. The marvelous power of Nerviline will surprise you; it's the best household remedy coughs, colds, sore chest, croup and ternal pain of every kind. Large bot-tles have been sold by all dealers for nearly fifty years at 25c.

RED HAT IS WORN ONLY ONCE.

The red hat which the Pope himself will place on the heads of the new Car dinals is the crown of a prince of the Church. It is chief among the insignia of the office of Cardinal.

It is a small hat with two tassels on the brim. Hanging from the hat on either side are five rows of tassels, each row symbolizing a step in the religious life of the Cardinal; priest, vicar, bia-hop, archishop, cardinal. The red hat is never worn after the first time and is kept to be placed over the body of the cardinal when he is deceased.

The cardinals beretta is also made of red material. It has three semi-circular

mounts on top, with a cord loop in the centre. It is worn on unofficial occe-

New Zealand condenses and powders great quantities of milk